HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Embroidered Toilette or Pin Cushion.

THIS cushion is covered with blue silk ruffles, pinked in scallops, and with a star-shaped piece of embroidered white cloth; the embroidery on the latter is worked in knotted and satin stitch with gold thread, and silk in different shades of blue. To make the cushion, which is very high in the centre, cut for the bottom a circular piece of pasteboard or wood six inches in diameter, and cover it on both sides with muslin. On the outer edge of the bottom sew one side of a straight strip of muslin four inches and three-quarters wide and eighteen inches long, and join the ends of this strip. Gather the free side of the strip, and after filling the inner space tightly with emery or sawdust, push the gathers as closely as possible together. Finally, cover the opening in the middle of the cushion at the top with a circular piece of muslin, which is hem-stitched around the edge. Cut of blue silk two strips pinked on one side, each of which is two inches wide, while one is fifty-two and the other thirty-six inches long. Arrange the long strip intended for the lower ruffle in sixteen box-pleats, and fasten it on the cushion so that it slightly overlaps the under edge of the latter. Arrange the shorter strip in eight box-pleats, and set it on the cushion as shown by the illustration. Cut the piece to be embroidered of white cloth from Fig. 34, Supplement, in one piece, and embroider it as indicated on the pattern. Then pink this piece finely on the edge, and set it on the cushion in such a manner that each hollow between two points of the star-shaped piece comes on a box-pleat of the upper ruffle. The colors can be varied to match the furniture of the drawing or sitting room.



EMBROIDERED TOILETTE OR PIN CUSHION.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 34.

Black Velvet Mantle, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS black velvet mantle is especially suited to elderly ladies. It is wadded and lined with silk, and is trimmed with guipure lace five inches and one inch wide, gros grain rolls, and passementerie agrafes and buttons. Cut of velvet, wadding interlining, and silk lining two pieces each from Figs. 38 and 39, Supplement, lengthening them as much as may be required in the direction of the arrow-heads, having first joined on the pieces turned down in Supplement. Cut the sleeves in one piece each from Fig. 40, Supplement, observing the contour of the under part. Lay the wadding between net, and quilt it in diamonds with the silk lining, baste the material on the wadding, sew up the back, and join the latter with the fronts according to the corresponding figures. Finish the neck of the mantle with a double standing collar of velvet lined with silk. Fell the lining to the material on the front and bottom of the mantle. Sew up the sleeves from 4 to 5, trim them with lace and gros grain rolls, and set them into the armholes, bringing 5 on 5 of the fronts. Then sew the remainder of the trimming on the mantle as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern.

HAIR PAINTING.

AN original method of painting with human hair, which has never before been published, is herewith laid before the seekers after novelty. It was discovered by an ingenious lady who desired to preserve the hair of her children in some artistic form, and although she had already prepared hair ornaments in many different designs of weaving, wanted still another plan. She conceived the idea of painting with hair, and, after some experiments, succeeded in producing



Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET MANTLE.—BACK.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XL, Figs. 38-40.]



Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET MANTLE.—FRONT.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XL, Figs. 38-40.]

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pictures fully equal to fine India ink or sepia drawings, which showed all the shades of the original hair. The process is exceedingly simple, being merely this: each kind of hair is placed separately upon a plate and burned to ashes, then ground to a very fine powder, either with a palette-knife or on a slab with a muller, as one would grind paints in oil. If kept dry, these powders can be preserved in little bottles for future use.

When ready to paint your picture, mix a portion of each separately with a little liquid gum-arabic, and apply with a sable brush, as in water-color or India ink. Be careful to use each kind of hair for separate objects, or different parts of the design, so that the colors may be identified. Red hair will produce a reddish-brown paint, while black hair will be accordingly black. The effect of the picture will be very pleasing, and it will be worth doing, if only for the curiosity of having a picture actually painted with hair.

THE SOUL'S QUEST.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

A SAD soul knocked, as the night came down,
At the gate where Time as warder stands;
There was dust in the folds of her pilgrim gown,
And blood on the staff in her wounded hands.

Whence art thou come, with a cheek as pale
As the lilies drooping above thy brow?
Thine eyes are heavy, thy footsteps fail;
Thou sorrowful soul, what seekest thou?

Oh, I am worn with the rocky road
My faltering feet were forced to climb!
I have come up from a far abode
To beg for a boon, O pitiful Time!

And how hast thou reached these hidden towers
No mortal vision before hath found?
I have followed the lingering scent of the flowers
Borne out of my life's fair garden-ground:

Young buds of hope, and the lavish bloom
Of joys cut down in their splendid prime:
I am faint for lack of their rich perfume;
Give back my roses, O cruel Time!

I have taken thy flowers and planted them
Where the breath of an endless summer blows;
But left I not by their broken stem
A living lily for every rose?

Behold, they are wreathed around thy brow;
Thy tresses scatter their dewy balm;
More fair than the flowers of earth, I trow,
Are Memory's lilies, pure and calm.

Oh, fresh and sweet though my lilies be,
I thirst for those cups of spice again!
Thou pleading soul, I will render thee
The boon thou hast sought through toil and pain.

Unloose my lilies from out thy hair,
And bind in their place thy roses red.
Nay, nay, but suffer me still to wear
This fragrant bloom of the days that are dead.

Shall I rob for thy earth my garden wall
Of the lily leaf and the rich rose-vine?
Thou shalt enter at last and gather all,
But choose thou to-day 'twixt thine and mine.

Those roses the fullness of life had lent
The odor and flush of its fervid years;
But they breathed not the rare and subtle scent
Of the pure pale lilies born of tears.

Slowly at length to the weary track,
From the flowers she had followed so far astray,
Sweet Memory's chaplet bearing back,
The sad soul turned on her downward way.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872.

AN ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, with the conclusion of FARJEON'S brilliant Christmas Story, "BLADE-O'-GRASS," and a variety of other fine engravings and interesting matter, will be furnished gratuitously with our next Number.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of Walking Suit with Double-breasted Sacque, Basque, Apron-front Over-Skirt and Skirt, for Girl from 5 to 15 Years old, will be published with our next Number. For full list of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement in previous Numbers.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a rich variety of Ladies' and Children's Winter Dresses, Jackets, Mantelets, Basques, Sacques, Hoods, Gloves, Veils, Embroidery Patterns, Fancy-Work, etc., etc., with a choice selection of Engravings and Literary Matter.*

HOLIDAY GIFT-MAKING.

WE have lately heard it said, apropos of the approaching season, that it is the natural cupidity of our nature, loving to amass and receive gifts, which makes Christmases and birthdays seem, to all those fortunate beings who are surrounded by families and friends, the most charming days in the year, as they are the most expensive.

But we beg to take issue with any such assertion, since we are sure that it is, in the case of the former certainly, a number of totally different emotions that give rise to our enjoyment. For as the year draws toward its close there is the contagious cheer of the merry holidays, of the bracing weather, the spicy evergreen of church decorations, the ringing of church-bells, the religious significance of the time, and the magnanimous delight of giving gifts as well, that, all together, might kindle every heart with a warmth rivaling the blaze of any Yule-log that ever burned.

Gifts we take, to be sure, and gifts we give; and though in our Christmas fashions, as a people, we incline more to our old homely custom of hanging the stockings from the chimney-piece, ready for St. Nicholas, than we do to the beautiful German tree, with its tapers and its Christ-child—delighting to take our Christmas pantomime when the night-gowned children steal speechless over the floor in the gray of the morning to open their treasures, and silently find the greatest surprise of all in the toe—yet, whether taken from the stocking, the tree, the breakfast-table, or any other where, the gifts in all our homes that day are sure to be a sort of round-robin, for every body makes a point of gladdening every body else. So much so, indeed, that we know circles where the preparations for Christmas begin immediately after the smoke of the Fourth of July has cleared away—spare pennies being deposited in secret cash-boxes, sly stitches being set in surreptitious canvases, and lace-work and doll-work and worsted-work being done in unknown half hours before breakfast or bed, all with an eye to the festival whose distance daily lessens, and without a thought of self.

Perhaps the value of the gifts is trifling—in fact, it seems best that it usually should be so, and that objects should be cherished as tokens of the individuality and the fingercraft rather than of the prodigal purse. It is not the worth of the article in dollars and cents that touches the receiver's heart most deeply; it has another worth that encircles and surrounds it as a halo might—a worth whose elements are the kind thought, the painstaking self-devotion, the affectionate solicitude to please, and the evidence of constant remembrance during the manufacture of the little article that is given.

It is, indeed, one of the great blessings of life that so much happiness can always be wrought out of so little material. Look in such connection at the gifts of one daughter in almost any household of moderate income for the coming holiday. There is, perhaps, the head-dress for mamma, carefully contemplated and designed, so that the color of it here shall just set off the pale rose of the cheek, and the lace there shall just throw a shadow on the silvering hair—a half-dollar's worth of footing and floss; there is the necktie for a sister, a knotted ribbon, innocent of any costly brocading, but put beyond price by the wild rose painted on the fringed ends; there is the tatted yoke of an undergarment for the expectant bride of the family—it cost twenty cents, and uncounted minutes, but it looks like the rarest old Venetian altar lace; there is the doll for baby, dressed out of the piece-bag; the sandal-wood paper-cutter, decorated with a water-color of snowy frost-weed, for the brother just entering college; the handkerchief, made from a square of lawn, hem-stitched and initialed, for the brother just coming out of college; five dollars probably covering the whole, and leaving something to spare to add to the accumulated funds of all, the dozen dollars that shall buy papa's present—a set of home-made and home-embroidered shirts, or a traveling sachel of Java canvas, steel-mounted, and enriched with crest and cipher; or else some glory of a book—poems, maybe, that he shall read out to them round the fire; or pictures, that they shall crowd about to see him look at and admire; perhaps a half score sheets of DORÉ'S diablerie; perhaps the Sermon on the Mount, chromo-lithographed as only the Germans can do it and put it within common people's reach, each page illuminated, as if some old monk had dreamed over it in his cell till text and spirit took shapes of splendor to his dazzled eyes, each page a different vision from the last, with all manner of floral forms in arabesques of lapis lazuli and orpiment and gold, with scrolls and vines of tenderest tints, with script of silver and vermilion, as if the very letters of the heavenly lesson were figures of light themselves; or else, possibly, if the collected proceeds warrant it, a little port-folio of those wonderful photographs, given to charities, which Mrs. CAMERON takes of TENNYSON and the faces that fit his songs, of ANNE THACKERAY and her compeers, if she has any, of CARLYLE and his, of ladies of quality and of pauper babies, and gives them all such pose and light and elaboration as to bring the soul out so visibly that he might think he looked at pictures of the perfect race to come rather than of the faulty flesh and blood of our own generation.

Who says, seeing these things and kindred things brought about in home after home all up and down the land, that the Christmas-tide, from a domestic point of view, is an expensive season, when such pleasure can be procured with such slight outlay? And who really believes it owes its charm to avaricious gratification when such self-denial and industry are the common pleasures of its observance, and loving greetings and good wishes throughout the land are its universal ritual?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Moving On.

DEAR FRED,—In these brilliant December days how kindly Nature exerts herself to make us forget the bare trees and the frozen ground! Was the sky ever so blue? Was the sunlight ever more splendid? I walk up and down Broadway, and am never weary of watching the shops and the people. As Christmas comes, how every body hastens, as if the holidays would overtake us before we are ready! I think of that sly touch in Eliot Warburton's "The Crescent and the Cross," when, describing the passengers upon the outward-bound Mediterranean steamer, he says that some walked up and down the deck earnestly, as if doubting whether they would reach the paddle-box in time. So we are all bustling about with eager faces, especially you young fellows with younger fellows at home, for whose delight you must search every shop in town. All these busy people, running about the streets with little bundles under their arms and in their pockets and bags, are getting ready to play Santa Claus, and drop down the chimney on Christmas-eve.

We all stop to stare at the windows. Indeed, if there be a younger child than I, or one more enraptured with the fairy-land which reveals itself at this season, I have not found him. People bump against me, and touch their hats and beg my pardon, half fearing that they may have hurt the old gentleman. Bless your souls, my dear people! I had rather be bumped than not. I am of the mind of Sam Weller, on the Christmas ice at Dingley Dell; and I am for "keepin' the pot a-b'ilin', Sir," and rushing and bumping with proper holiday glee. Even the austere guardians of the public peace, the respected police, share in the universal hilarity. *Ex officio*, they have no emotions. They are the eyes and hands of the law. They know mankind only as orderly and disorderly. But in these days they relax into a common humanity. When we boys and girls, young and old, obstruct the sidewalks, and fairly dam the great living torrent of the streets, they say to us, like indulgent nurses, not like awful myrmidons of the law, "Move on, good folks, if you please; move on!"

I take my idle hands out of my overcoat pockets, and, bowing respectfully to the officer, I say, as I watch the endless throng, "'Tis what they seem to be doing, Sir." He looks at me kindly, but vouchsafes no reply. None is needed, for certainly they are moving on. From the oldest of us in the street, feebly hobbling in the bright holiday sun, to the airiest sprite of three years, with far-flying fluff of yellow hair, they are certainly obeying the policeman's order, and are moving on. Sometimes at noon I saunter slowly down town, and in the afternoon loiter back again, but there is no pause; the great tide is running still. Sometimes, when at a ball, watching fairies floating upon music, I forget time, which seems to forget them, then suddenly remembering, hasten out and homeward; the streets are dark, and there is no crowd; but little rills—drops of the stream, as it were—are still flowing. I see no policeman, I hear no order; but surely they hear and they obey, for they are still moving on.

And what, my dear Fred, are we doing upon this journey of ours, if not the same thing? We talk of manners upon the road. What road? And what are roads for but that we may move on? I take my place in the car, and presently the bell rings, and there is a steam hoot and yell, and away we go. I open my book and read, and occasionally I raise my eyes and see that we are moving on, and how swiftly! Fields and streams and towns and counties and States glide by the window. I read and read, and still we move on. Now we run through a hill, now we skirt the top of a mountain. Here is the richest farm, there is the most picturesque ravine. Now it is the street of a town, with wagons and people; then it is a lovely country-seat or a silent grove. Still we are moving on, and all these objects noiselessly move also. And what am I reading? Is it a story of Greece or Rome, of chivalry or kings? But they too—where are they? Have they not also moved on?

I saw lights in a scholar's room the other evening, although it was nearly midnight, and going in, I found him at his table among his books, happily at work. He turned to greet me, and raising one of the books, a thin volume, from the floor, he said that it was a funeral discourse upon a famous man more than two hundred years ago. Listen, he said, and read me some noble passages. But when I asked who is the lofty character so vividly described, and who is the orator who embalms his worth in eloquence, the scholar smiled and said that both were forgotten, and that in no biographical dictionary would their names be found. They have moved on and out of sight. I thought of Mirza's vision, and unconsciously taking a book from the table near me, I glanced at its title. It was once a book most familiar and endeared to me. There was a time when I seemed to know it by heart, when no author seemed to me to speak with such fascination; and to see it again was to be once more a youth floating about an inland stream with a brown-eyed girl, who is now the portly grandmother of blooming children. As I held the book in my hand, it was a spell of magic. I saw the grass and golden-hearted white lilies along the edge of the water. I saw the slow-receding shore as we drifted on the ever-moving stream. I heard the cry of the plover, the note of the robin in May. I heard my own voice as I read aloud from this very book. Still we moved on, and the gentle shore slowly changed. And now the shy girl has moved on to the calm matron, and the book out of my present sympathy or thought. What invisible police gave the order which so surely they all obeyed?

Laying down the book, I looked at the scholar, who had resumed his work. This was he, the studious recluse at college, declining the rough games, and elegant idling, and profuse waste of time and opportunity in which the rest of us so gladly indulged; who passed the long eveuing with Plato instead of the billiard-marker, and heard Homer and Dante sing instead of the nymph of the saloon. Then, amply armed, he moved on to the great arena in which the force of his mind and power of his character have been equally tried. The blooming, boyish Freshman has moved on to be indeed a Senior. The young college debater, awkward and confused, but full of the matter, has moved on to command the ear of nations. The flowing hair, the ruddy cheek, the young eye are gone; they have moved on to the gray locks and worn brow and hollow cheeks of the midnight scholar. The invisible, the divine police, has whispered to him also, kindly but inexorably, "Move on! move on!"

'Tis what they seem to be doing, I said to the policeman who gently admonished us; and, obeying him, I passed along to the hall where I knew that I should hear sweet singing. There was no orchestra, no chorus: there was only a piano and a group of four singers. They first sang together, and their voices were so exquisitely blended that they seemed one rich and infinitely varied voice. Then each sang separately; and one of them sang a song which long ago I heard from the greatest singer of her time. From that moment I was as an instrument upon which each song played as if it had been a living hand. And the music they played upon me was my youth and all its hopes, its dreams, its delights. That singer whom I heard had moved on, and so had I. The recluse student had moved on to be the famous scholar. The brown-eyed girl had moved on to be the grandmother of happy children. The famous man and the eloquent orator of two hundred years ago had moved on out of sight. And I had moved on from that youth listening to the great singer: and had I moved otherwise than as when the policeman spoke to us, and I moved slowly from the Christmas window, gazing with my old eyes from under the gray locks at the Christmas toys which my young eyes saw, enchanted?

For, my dear Fred, the drops move on, but the stream remains forever flowing. We say at school that the river empties into the gulf. Does it? Is there any less water behind? Does the Nile empty into the Mediterranean? Well, it takes a long time to run out. As I sauntered along in the holiday sun I remembered the orrery which the old professor used to show us as a reward of diligence. He turned the little crank, and all began; the planets moved on about the sun, the satellites about the planets. All were moving on with complicated motion; but I observed that nothing moved off. And so the orator whose eloquence lives longer than his fame has moved on out of sight, but he has not moved off. That handsome body of yours, dear Fred—that good, honest face, is not the same that I saw ten years ago. That has moved on out of sight, but not off into annihilation. I burn your note in my grate, and I shall read it no more, nor will eyes ever see it again. But it has only moved on, not off. It has moved on into new forms, into new combinations. But nothing is lost, nothing is lost.

That is the carol which the Christmas bells ring to me as I lie awake alone at night and hear them. That is the song of the waits, the treble voices of boys, which sometimes, in the country, I have heard on Mrs. Margery's moon-lit lawn. That is what the policeman says, although he does not know it: and the beautiful faces of the children, lighted with happiness on Christmas morning, say to me, "Moving on, moving on; we pass, but childhood remains; we move on, and shall one day be dust in the ground and souls in heaven;" but the blithe faces of children will still look eagerly in at these tempting windows, and while their little voices

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say their prayers to the infinite Parent on Christmas-eve, their thoughts will still dwell upon Santa Claus, sure that the choicest gifts of Heaven are about to come down chimney.

Christmas comes, and reminds us that while we are moving, others have moved on. My old friend next door looks in the glass each Christmas morning to mark the change since the last year. He keeps the record of his decay, so to speak, and times his moving on. It is a morbid habit, as ghastly as the tale of Hawthorne's Christmas banquet. But it is little, dear Fred, that we move on from year to year, for every year has its joys. And as the Christmas bells ring, I do not care whether I am dismally told that I have moved on twelve months nearer to the grave, for that has been true on every Christmas of my life; but I do care whether I can tell myself that I have moved on to greater forbearance and sympathy and generosity, and to those sweet charities of thought and conduct which make all the year a Christmas holiday.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

NEW-YEAR'S RECEPTION DRESSES.

FULL dress is now generally adopted by ladies when receiving New-Year's calls. This is not ball-room full dress of gossamer fabrics, with low corsage and mere atoms of sleeves, but the more stately toilette of dinners and receptions, such as rich silks and satins, made with half-long antique sleeves, and the pointed surplice necks that cover the shoulders, and slope low in front and back alike. Among the prettiest dresses prepared for the "glad New-Year" is one of pale rose silk. The skirt is a slight train, with the edge cut in petal points; the over dress is a Marguerite polonaise with pointed surplice neck, and bosom drapery of white tulle folds and point lace; the polonaise is very bouffant, and is draped behind by roses and leafy sprays, instead of the usual bows. Diamonds, powdered hair, and a pink ostrich tip worn toward the left of the head complete the toilette. A dress also made with a polonaise is of light blue silk draped by tea-roses and buds. The dress of a stylish matron is of mignonette green faille with ruffled flounces, narrow in front, but extending almost to the waist behind; the upper skirt is in the new shape, with long apron front and short back, like a postilion. Fringe and ruffles trim this skirt and the corsage. A New-Year's dress for a lady of exquisite taste is a slip of pale Nile green silk, covered with a Watteau polonaise of white crape lisse, edged with narrow pleating and wide Valenciennes lace. A belle from Havana also chose Nile green faille, trimmed with darker green, and a band of rich embroidery of rose leaves and buds on white muslin. The upper skirt has a flounce as wide as that on the train, and one of Worth's new sashes made of a width of the silk of the dress. A very rich dress of cream-colored Ottoman silk has a crape upper skirt of the same shade with the Nilsson apron, covered entirely with flowers. A young débutante's dress, worn at the Grand Duke's ball at the Academy, is white tulle, with the apron bordered by a garland of Provence roses. The becoming dress of a tall, graceful brunette is pink coral silk with a square train, finished by a wide Spanish flounce, straight, and sewed to the edge of the skirt, headed by two narrow bias ruffles. This annexed flounce makes the train very graceful, and should be lined with crinoline muslin, and edged with a white Swiss pleating underneath, to show when the train is swept about hurriedly. The basque is high, with a lovely jabot of point lace, and antique sleeves. An imported dress that has been greatly admired has a train and corsage of white gros grain, with sleeves and over-skirt of palest blue silk, trimmed with the appliqué-work and white chenille embroidery that Worth introduced this season. Quite young girls wear simple, inexpensive silks of pale solid color, with Watteau bows of black velvet hanging from the back of the neck; while bows without ends are on the bosom, elbows, and sides of the upper skirt. Tulle necklaces studded with flowers, with lockets or cross pendants, are tied behind, with ends hanging; narrow black velvet necklaces have also long ends, young girls sometimes contriving to put eight yards of velvet in loops and streamers of a single necklace.

A feather tip of ostrich or an aigrette of the white heron is the most fashionable head-dress. These are mounted almost on top of the head, and few drooping ornaments, either of feathers, flower sprays, or curls, are worn. Sometimes two or three roses are arranged to surmount the chignon of puffs, twists, and braids, forming a heading for a comb. The natural contour of the head is now plainly shown, as very little false hair is worn.

NEW-YEAR'S CARDS, TABLES, ETC.

Illuminated cards, inscribed with appropriate mottoes and "A happy New-Year," accompany the gifts offered on New-Year's Day. Ladies who have a large circle of acquaintances expect callers by ten o'clock, and are in the parlor ready "to receive." The drawing-room windows are opened, jardinières and Christmas wreaths appear between the curtains, and a lunch of delicate viands, salads, boned turkey, oysters, tongue, ham, rich cakes, fruit, French rolls, coffee, orgeat, etc., is spread on a table near, either in the drawing-room or in a room adjacent. Gentlemen have dropped the fashion of having "A happy New-Year" engraved on the cards they leave on this day, and now use their ordinary visiting-cards, leaving one in the card-receiver at each house, that the hostess may number up the guests of the day.

INVITATIONS, DINNERS, ETC.

Old fashions are being revived this season in the matter of invitations and parties. This is seen in the slender parallelogram cards of invitation now used, instead of square ones, and in the simple, almost prim, formula of the invitation. The fancy for monograms is abating also, and the initial of the family name of the host, in raised white or in silver, ornaments envelopes that inclose cards. Fashionable receptions are called "cotillion dinners," and include a dinner at six o'clock, a dance, and supper later in the evening. The invitations are worded simply, "Mrs. Henry W. Jones requests the pleasure of Miss Smith's company at dinner on Thursday, 9th of November next, at 6½ o'clock P.M." The words "Cotillion at 9 P.M." are in the left-hand corner of the card, and "R. S. V. P." on the right-hand. This card is sent to fifty or perhaps a hundred intimate friends, while the "dear five hundred," who are merely society acquaintances, have a card for the cotillion only. The hostess gives the caterer an order for a dinner at which a hundred persons will sit down; and for supper for several hundred at a later hour. Here the lady's trouble ends, if she gives the confectioner *carte blanche;* for he supplies not only the edibles, but flowers, music, china, silver, glass, candelabras; the *ménu*, printed on white satin; dancing cloth for the parlors; cloth for the halls, the supper-room, and library; a carpet and awning from the front-door to the curb-stone; waiters in swallow-tail coats and white cravats, a man to receive the carriages, and finally, women to wash dishes and clear away the débris. Space is, indeed, all the caterer asks; and if the dining-room is not large enough, he builds a temporary banqueting hall, usually an extension of the drawing-room floor, and opening its whole breadth. He drapes the walls with gay colors, festoons them with flowers, and arranges the tables around three sides of the room, leaving a large space in the middle. Instead of very tall pyramids and many high ornamental pieces, tables are now set with a succession of low, broad pieces, the chef-d'œuvres of the confectioner's art. The épergne of flowers in the centre is, of course, highest; at intervals each side are nougat pyramids in the form of a harp, a temple, or a globe; then there are queer little bee-hives—the hive of meringue, filled with chocolate creams, the top covered with pink and white spun sugar, and the base of candied fruits; delicious nougat is formed into baskets for holding pine-apple salad and "orange surprises," covered over with snowy spun sugar; cream and water-ices are moulded in bouquets of flowers and fruits of natural tints, and placed in baskets of colored block ice; fruits *vert*, grapes, bananas, oranges, pears, and lady-apples are seen in abundance; bonbons, mottoes, small fancy cakes, and candied fruits complete the dainty display of confectionery. Among the pretty side-dishes is an arcade of tongue, with chicken livers and amber jellies; chicken-salad in forms, incased in jelly; boned partridges, lobster-salad, oysters, and the epicure's favorite of marrow of bones cooked with celery. Orgeat, lemonade, Roman punch, and coffee are also served during the repast. When the dinner is concluded, the tables are reset for supper, with the ornamental confectionery that was not demolished at dinner, and a fresh supply of salads, creams, jellies, boubons, cake, and fruit.

DRESSED DOLLS.

Dolls' outfits are a feature in the toy shops this season, and little girls begin to be fastidious about the fit of dolly's shoes and slippers, and the graceful sweep of her train. Every article of wearing apparel is to be found ready for use. There are kid slippers, and buttoned boots with curved heels and dainty stitching, sold for 80 cents a pair; little parasols of silk, with fringed edge and a white handle, in imitation of ivory, for $1 75; long English stockings to garter above the knee; hoop skirts with ample tournures; Scotch plaid shawls, and Cashmere squares with borders imitating India designs; corsets, with bones and laces, embroidered in dainty fashion; sets of ermine fur, toilette articles, and ready-made suits of every fabric from buff linen to fine silks. The dolls, too, represent all ages and sizes, from the infant in long clothes to old ladies in caps and spectacles. The baby dolls have long robes of white muslin or spotted lawn, lace caps, and merino cloaks with double capes; one of these appears in the arms of a French nurse, arrayed in white cap, folded neckerchief, and apron. They cost from 40 cents to $5. Next are wax dolls with arch, expressive faces, much natural hair fashionably arranged, wax hands with tapering fingers, and wax limbs that sit or stand. These are $4 or $5, but cost when dressed from $20 to $35. For $20 is a wax blonde, with puffs and braids of light hair, tastefully dressed in a street suit of plum-colored Irish poplin, made with a Marguerite polonaise and flounced skirt. Dainty laces and pale blue necktie complete the attire. Another for $25 is in trained evening dress of pink silk, with over-skirt of white tulle, ruched and draped with rose-buds. Most attractive of all is a bride with long white silk dress, illusion veil, orange flowers, pearl jewelry, and bonny brown hair rolled back in Pompadour style. This is $35. A bride-maid standing near is in a low-necked dress of white tarlatan, all ruched and puffed in the prevailing fashion, and draped with flowers; while another beauty wears pale blue silk, with an over dress of white muslin.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses, to Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR; and for confectionery, etc., to A. LAUCH.

PERSONAL.

MISS THACKERAY has been at work for several years on a novel which will be called "Old Kensington," which will appear simultaneously in the *Cornhill Magazine* and in *Harper's Magazine*. Those who remember her "Story of Elizabeth" and "The Village on the Cliff" will be glad to know that the new story is pronounced by those who have read it to be entirely worthy the author, and a great advance on her previous works.

—Some time ago a lady presented to the Rev. Mr. SPURGEON $100,000 to found an orphan asylum for boys. The same lady has just offered Mr. S. a similar sum to found an asylum for girls. At the rate at which this sort of benevolence seems to be going on, both England and this country will ere long be crowded with charitable institutions, and nobody will have to go any where or do any thing.

—Mrs. COLT, of Hartford, having erected a costly and beautiful church in memory of her husband, is now building a school-house, to cost $60,000, in which to educate the children of her workmen.

—The Princess SALM-SALM, well known in this country, has been appointed secretary and amanuensis to the Archduchess SOPHIA, who is generally spoken of in Vienna as the lady who pulls very many political wires at the Austrian court.

—Little Miss LOTTA, the actress, is one of the funniest, Dickensiest little creatures that ever stepped before the foot-lights. Nothing could be more comical than the following description of a scene between herself and an interviewer of the Boston *Post:* "Yes, every body is very kind to me, women especially. I think I have more friends among them than in any other class. I like it, too, only sometimes I wonder why half my love-letters are from ladies. They send me bouquets, and I think if I could be spoiled, they certainly would spoil me; but you see I can't be. There's only one spoiled child in the family, and that's mamma. You see we've reversed things, and I'm not the baby—she is." She laughed, and went on: "Critics are the fun of my life. They are pretty good to me, as a rule, but they do say such queer things. One of them, the other day, gravely compared me to Maggie Mitchell. The idea! He evidently thought he was saying something very wise. But there can be no comparison between us. Why, Maggie's an artist, and I—well, I am myself, that's all. Maggie does beautiful things beautifully, and I—well, if I'm in pretty good spirits, I do funny things."

—Miss AUGUSTA J. EVANS—that was; she is the wife of a prominent railroad president now—is said to be writing a biography of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

—It is definitely settled that PAULINE LUCCA will come to this country next year, when the opera-going public will have the pleasure of hearing the "fair singer of Germany," as she is called in Europe. Mademoiselle LUCCA has created a great sensation in the musical circles of Vienna, Paris, London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg; and the foreign press predicts for her a genuine success in the United States. She is *petite*, animated, and graceful, and, in addition to possessing a magnificent voice, is said to be one of the finest tragediennes on the operatic stage.

—Speaking of FORREST, the actor, the Mobile *Register* says that some old Confeds who visited the St. Charles, in New Orleans, the other night, to see "Richelieu," were told that the principal actor was FORREST; but they could not be sold; they said they had served under FORREST, and knew better. By-the-way, a few evenings ago, during his engagement at the St. Charles, Mr. FORREST was in his room at the St. Charles Hotel, when a waiter presented him a card from a Mr. P——, who requested a moment's interview. A few minutes later the stranger, a gentleman doing business in the city, was introduced into the presence of FORREST. After an exchange of civilities, the stranger, handing Mr. FORREST the sum of one hundred dollars, told him that his father, who was an actor, like FORREST, had been dead some time; that when he died, among his papers was found a memorandum recording the fact that he had borrowed this sum from FORREST; and the object of the son's visit, after so many years, was to honor the sacred debt.

—GRAU gives RUBENSTEIN $40,000 for a concert tour in the United States.

—Speaking of the election of the Rev. Dr. MARC ANTONY DE WOLF HOWE to the new Episcopal diocese recently carved out of Pennsylvania, the Boston *Transcript* says that this is the ninth instance of the selection of bishops for the Episcopal Church from clergymen who have been rectors of Boston churches. Hartford boasts of a longer list—eleven: PHILANDER CHASE, JONATHAN M. WAINWRIGHT, GEORGE BURGESS, and THOMAS M. CLARK were rectors of Christ Church. Bishops DOANE, POTTER, WILLIAMS, KERFOOT, and NILES were connected with Trinity College.

—The WASHBURN family seems to have become a part of the government. In a few days WILLIAM B. WASHBURN, Governor elect of Massachusetts, and General C. C. WASHBURN, Governor elect of Wisconsin, retire from the House of Representatives, and then, for the first time in eighteen years, there will be no WASHBURN in Congress. After serving ten years in the House of Representatives, ISRAEL WASHBURN, Jun., was elected Governor of Maine. In the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-fifth Congresses, the three brothers WASHBURN were Representatives respectively from Maine, Illinois, and Wisconsin. Hon. E. B. WASHBURNE, now minister to France, in his fifth and sixth terms was "Father of the House."

—The Rev. Dr. PARSONS, who died recently in Louisville, was in early life an actor. Afterward he became a Methodist minister; but not finding that exactly to his mind he joined the Episcopal Church, and became quite a High-Churchman. In time he found this a bore, and so went back to the Methodists, with whom he continued firm and faithful until his death. He was a man of considerable ability.

—The Grand Duke has sent $5000 to Mr. ASPINWALL, to be given to the poor of this city, and Mr. ASPINWALL replies that $1000 of it will go to the relief of the children of destitute seamen, and the rest to the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor of New York.

—The later Russian emperors have had comparatively long terms of rule. ALEXANDER I., who succeeded PAUL, his father, in 1801, reigned until 1825. His son, NICHOLAS, reigned thirty years. ALEXANDER II., his son, who was born April 29, 1818, succeeded his father in March, 1855, and is still on the throne. His eldest son and heir, NICHOLAS, was born September 28, 1843. The young Prince ALEXIS, who now beams upon the U. S., is his third son.

—Sir WILLIAM JENNER, physician in ordinary to the Queen, and whose name appears signed to the bulletins of the health of the Prince of Wales, is fifty-six years old, and has a very high position in his profession. The Queen conferred a baronetcy on him three years ago.

—It was quite a mistake about Miss NILSSON'S losing such a mint of money by the fire at Chicago. She owned some land there, but no perishable hereditaments. A young lady that dispassionately pockets her thousand dollars every night she sings in opera for Mr. STRAKOSCH, is not in imminent danger of beggary, Chicago or no Chicago. Have you seen her in "Mignon?" Do that.

—General CLUSERET, who came so near having his head chopped off in Paris, and who has been in more than tepid water for the last fifteen years, has now gone to Mexico to do a bit of raiding for JUAREZ. Somebody will make holes in him yet. He's not good insurance.

—Madame MARIE SEEBACH, who last year occasioned some little curiosity in dramatic circles in this city, has been writing to the Vienna papers letters very depreciative of things in the United States. Among other things, she declares that she couldn't get a "decent meal" here. This was because she was too parsimonious to pay for one. Her closeness while here was proverbial. She determined to carry home with her every blessed penny she could save, and so cheered herself by living at the cheapest taverns in the country. But then she had a right to do so.

—One of the gifted and gushing girls who attended the ball given to the G. D. by the jolly tars of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, thus unburdened herself to the principal tar of Russia:

"GO, ALEXIS, go;
Perhaps some day you'll waken
Mid seasick pangs to know
The hearts that you have braken."

—There's no reverence in the *Williams Review*. It says that the Rev. H. WARD BEECHER'S vermiculate diet business is not original, because MARTIN LUTHER, three hundred and odd years ago, went into a Diet of Worms.

—Among his other accomplishments, the Grand Duke ALEXIS is quite a musical amateur. A few evenings before he left the Clarendon he opened the piano after dinner, and commenced to accompany himself in a few airs, which he sang in a very nice tone, and in very fresh, manly style. Two or three musical celebrities—professionals—happened to be within ear-shot, and they pronounced it to be quite the thing.

—VERDI, whom we all go to hear with such delight, is now said to be an old, rough, stiff, abrupt character, icy to mere acquaintances, avoiding society, never expressing an opinion—especially about musical matters—a man of untarnished honor, and of proverbial shyness.

—Captain SHAW, of the London Fire Brigade, has gone to Chicago to ferret out the cause of the fire, and why they didn't stop it quicker.

—They opened a new opera-house in Providence the other night, and Colonel LIPPITT, one of the cleverest, most agreeable, and most popular men in Providence Plantations, did them a neat speech, in which he mentioned it as one of the curious and permanently-to-be-remembered things in the annals of the town, that the celebrated GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE gave his last performance before his death in that city. We therefore charge our memory with the incident.

—The late Lord Chesterfield, who died from fever contracted at the same place where the Prince of Wales caught the disease, was unmarried and brotherless, so that the title goes to a collateral relative. At the decease of his notable ancestor, the author of the "Letters," the earl put a special clause in his will, that if his heir ever attempted to let or sell Chesterfield House, or ever slept at Newmarket—where Lord C. had lost heavily at gambling—he should pay a fine of $25,000 to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. His nephew obeyed the injunction, and at his death the estates amounted to $200,000 a year. His heir, the father of the Lord C. just deceased, ran a wild and dissipated career, and the value of the estate has largely diminished.

—Mr. JAMES VICK, a prominent and practical horticulturist, of Rochester, New York, has been made a corresponding member of the Royal Horticultural Society of London.

—The Marquis of Bute has in his gift seventeen "livings" in the Episcopal Church, the presentation to which bothers him, as he has joined the Church of Rome. To spare his feelings, the matter has been placed in the hands of trustees of the most elevated High-Church stamp.

—Mr. CHARLES TRACY, of Albany, has been made a knight of the order of St. Gregory, by Pope PIUS IX., for services rendered while in the Papal Zouaves.

—The WESTON of tailors is Mr. JIMMY YOLK, now ninety-four, who is now walking through Ohio as a professional "tramp." He has been on the tramp for seventy-five years, and visited many times every State in the Union, walking on an average 3000 miles every year. He has good sight and is able to work. He has just returned from a "breather" into Nova Scotia, and is now promenading toward Texas. One would not suppose that his "Yolk would be easy and his burden light," if he has to do that for a living.

—Madame REGINA DAL CIN, a famous surgeon of Austria, having performed one hundred and fifty successful operations in the city hospital at Trieste, was rewarded by the municipal authorities with a letter of thanks and a purse of gold.

—The habits of private servants in Paris are after the manner of public servants here. It is the paradise of pilferers. Madame THIERS lately told a young American lady that "Here all of them are rogues. I am obliged to lock up every thing after meals; if I did not, meat, liquors, dessert, every thing, would disappear. At the Tuileries it was found necessary to sew up the pockets of the servants to prevent their stealing. Had the pockets not been sewed up, guests would have gotten nothing on ball nights. Before this measure was adopted, Champagne, pies, chicken, even pieces of plate, disappeared in the pockets." Such is the vivacity of the French character!

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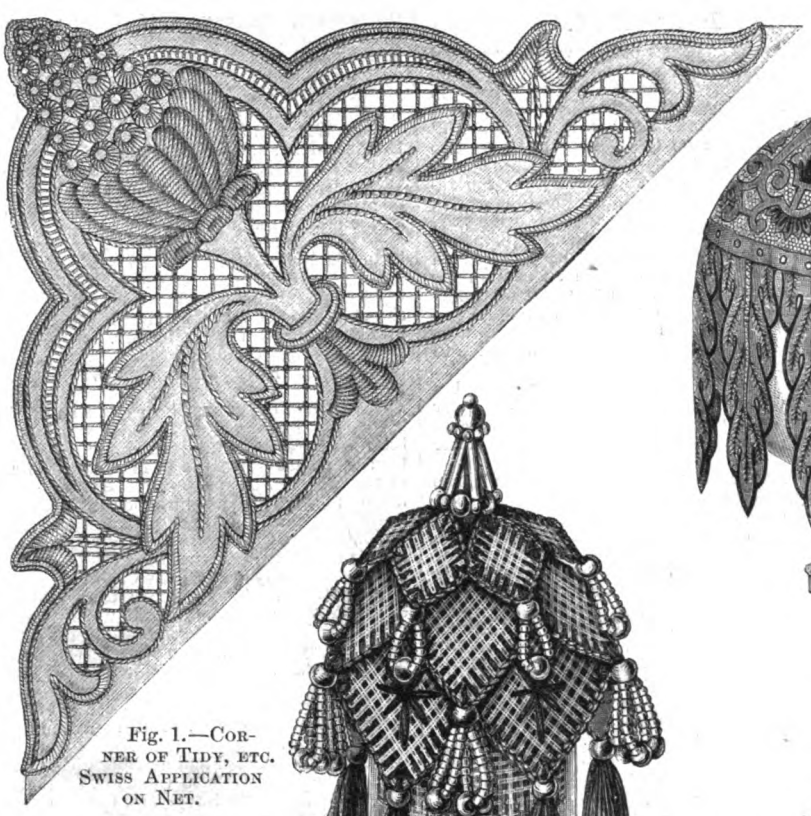


Fig. 1.—CORNER OF TIDY, ETC. SWISS APPLICATION ON NET.



Fig, 2.—CORNER OF TIDY, ETC. MULL APPLICATION ON LACE.

Corners of Ornamenting Tidies, etc.—Swiss and Mull Application on Netting and Lace, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—CORNER OF SWISS APPLICATION ON NETTING. This corner shows an application of Swiss muslin on a foundation of straight netting; the outlines of the design figures are partly hemstitched and partly button-hole stitched; the veins of the leaves and the berries are worked in half-polka and satin stitch. After finishing the embroidery, cut away the close material between the design figures and the double material on the outer edges.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF MULL APPLICATION ON LACE. The design of this corner is worked on fine Brussels lace in mull or cambric application. Work the outlines of the design and the dots in chain stitch, and the middle figure in satin stitch. When the close material between the design figures has been cut out, work the lace stitches as shown by the illustration. Finally, cut away the projecting material along the outer edges.

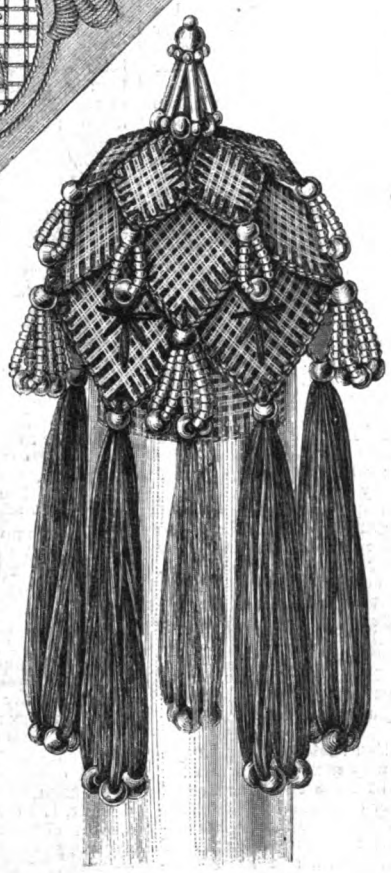


Fig. 1.—SILVER CANVAS LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.



LACE AND SILK LAMP SHADE.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 32 and 33.

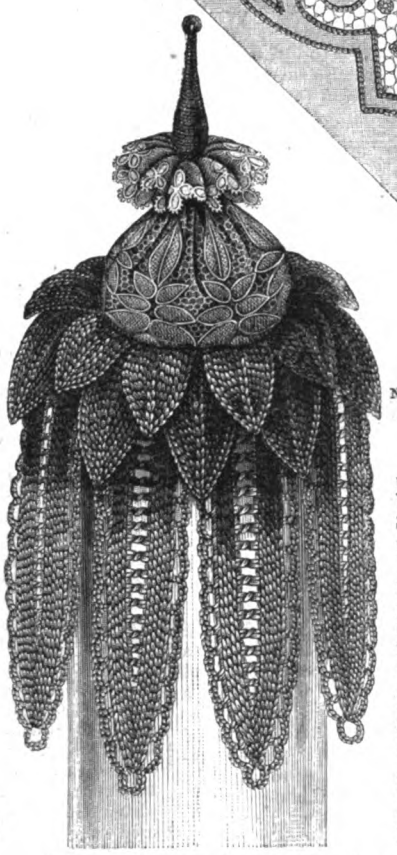


Fig. 2.—CROCHET LAMP-CHIMNEY COVER.

tern. Cut away the silk between the design figures. Sew the crape lining on the under side of the pieces, button-hole stitch the upper part along the slits from the point to *, and overhand the edges of the material together along each slit from the point to * on *. The under edge of the upper part of the shade is also button-hole stitched, in doing which the tabs are fastened at the same time. Cut away the projecting lace on the upper edge along the outlines of the design.

Lamp-chimney Covers, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This silver canvas lamp-chimney cover is trimmed with violet filling silk and large round and small cut steel beads. First make a tube of a strip of canvas three inches and three-fifths long and an inch and three-fifths wide by sewing the ends of the strip on each other; the under edge of this tube is button-hole stitched with violet silk. In a similar manner form a tube an inch high and somewhat narrower, and paste it inside of the larger tube. Then cut fifteen squares of canvas, five of which are three-fifths of an inch in size, five four-fifths of an inch, and five one inch in size. Button-hole stitch these squares around the edge with violet silk, and embroider the five largest in point Russe, as shown by the illustration. Sew the side corners of every five squares of the same size together, so that they form a ring, and fasten them on the outer canvas tube, as shown by the illustration. The squares of the two larger circles are sewed on at their upper corners, and the smallest squares at their side corners. Trim the under corners of all the squares with tassels—those of the two smaller circles with tassels of steel beads, and those of the lower circle with tassels of violet silk. The latter are two inches and four-fifths long, and



FLANNEL SLIPPER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 36 and 37.

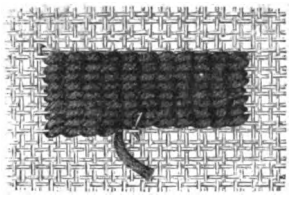
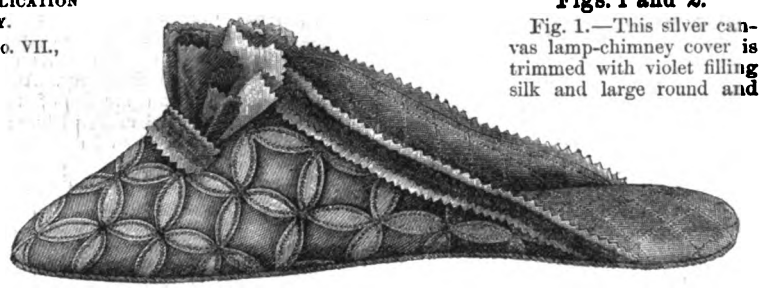
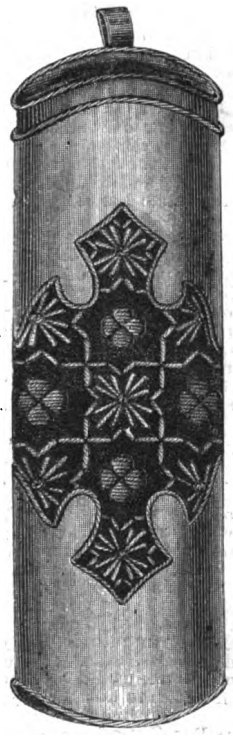


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF WORKING GOBELIN STITCHES.



CLOTH AND SATIN SLIPPER.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERED SPECTACLE CASE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 55 and 56.

Lace and Silk Lamp Shade.

THIS cover is made of green silk in application and satin stitch embroidery on fine white lace, and is lined with a double layer of green crape. Cut of lace and silk from Fig. 32, Supplement, which gives a quarter section of the upper part of the shade, one piece each, and cut the twelve tabs from Fig. 33, Supplement. Work the embroidery on the double layer of material with green sewing silk. The outlines of the design figures are worked in half-polka stitch, the leaf-like parts inside of the design figures in satin stitch, and the holes are button-hole stitched. Button-hole stitch the outer edge of the tabs, and ornament them in herring-bone stitch and diagonal ladder stitch, as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pat-

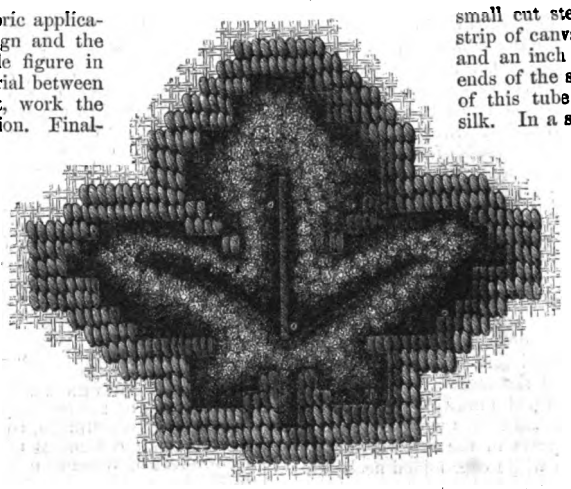
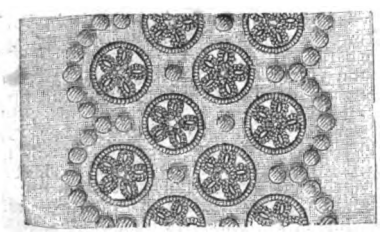


Fig. 4.—SECTION OF PLUSH EMBROIDERY FOR FOOTSTOOL.



KEY POCKET.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 31.



TATTED AND NEEDLE-WORK INSERTION FOR CAMBRIC APRON.—[See Page 5.]

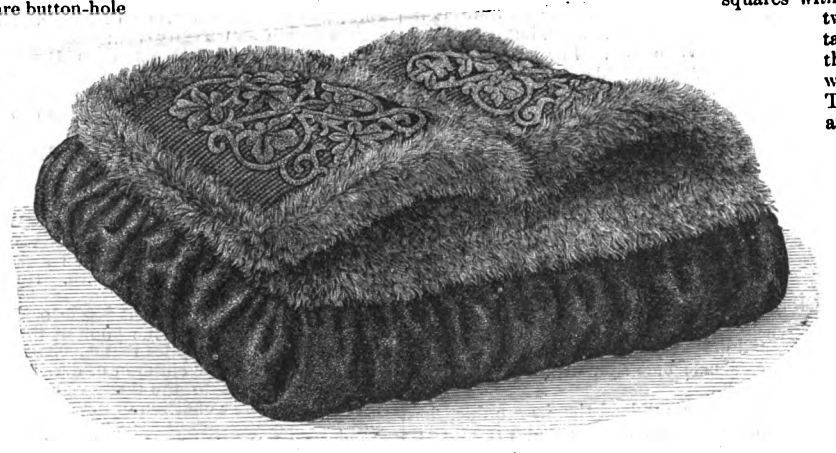


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED FOOTSTOOL.
For design see Supplement, No. XXI., Fig. 85.

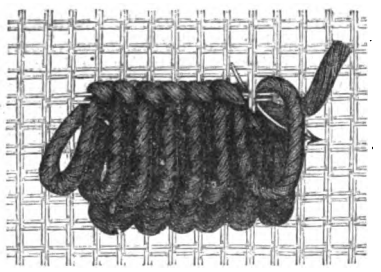


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF WORKING PLUSH STITCHES.

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consist of three loops, on which a large round steel bead is strung. A similar bead finishes the top of the tassels. Join the squares of the smallest circle at their upper corners also, in doing which form a handle of larger and smaller steel beads, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—For each of the eight long leaves, which form the lower part of this crochet lamp-chimney cover, make a foundation of 42 ch. (chain stitch); going back on this, and passing over the last 3 ch., work 1 sdc. (short double crochet) on the next ch., then always alternately 1 ch. and 1 dc. (double crochet) on the second following ch.; finally, 4 ch., and 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the free lower vein of the next foundation st. All around the so-formed open-work vein of the leaf crochet five rounds of sl., but at one end (point of the leaf) always work 2 sl. separated by 1 ch. on 1 st. (stitch); at the other end widen 2 st. in every second round, so that the leaf is rounded off. Finally, crochet one round of small ch. scallops all around the leaf as shown by the illustration. Work the short leaves in sl. in a similar manner, observing the illustration; crochet a row of sl. from the point of the leaf through the middle, simulating a vein. All the leaves are fastened on a cardboard tube covered with green silk. Finish the top with a button made of a pad of wadding and of wire, which is covered with green silk and white blonde. Wind green saddler's silk on the wire projecting from the button, and trim the upper end with a bead.



CAMBRIC APRON FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 4-6.



RED AND WHITE FIGURED FLANNEL FROCK FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD.

other sides with the front. Run the edges of the material and lining together along the slit. Face the bottom of the frock with a strip of the material an inch and three-quarters wide, and ornament it with three chain stitch rows of red silk as shown by the illustration. Arrange the frock in a pleat three-quarters of an inch deep at a distance of twenty inches from the slit at each side of the latter, and cut out a piece there an inch deep and two inches wide for the armholes. Lay the top of the back of the frock in pleats turned toward the back from the slit to each armhole to a width of four inches and a half, and sew it into a binding an inch and a quarter wide and four inches and a half long. Arrange the front of the frock on both sides, an inch and three-quarters from the middle, in a box-pleat two inches wide, and also in two pleats turned toward the armholes, so that the front is eight inches and three-quarters wide altogether. Sew a tab on the box-pleat at the right side of the frock, as shown by the illustration. This tab is made of a bias piece of flannel and of net, and is ten inches and a half long and two inches and a half wide on the bottom, sloped off on both sides toward the top to a width of one inch, and is pointed on the bottom as shown by the illustration.



LINEN APRON FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

For pattern see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-3.



DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15-20.



Fig. 1.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7-14.



Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.



Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15-20.

Frock for Child from 1 to 2 Years old.

THIS frock is made of figured red and white flannel. The trimming consists of a box-pleated ruffle piped on both sides with red silk and red silk buttons. Red silk belt with sash, on the ends of which fringe is knotted. Cut for the front of flannel and net a straight piece seventeen inches and three-quarters long and thirteen inches and three-quarters wide, which is sloped off on both sides toward the upper edge to a width of six inches. Then cut two straight pieces each twenty-nine inches and three-quarters wide, and corresponding in length to the front. Sew these pieces together on the back side, leaving a slit six inches long, and then join the quarter wide and eight inches and three-quarters long. For the shoulders, which join the front binding with the binding on the back, cut of the material and lining one straight strip each, an inch and a quarter wide and six inches long. The ends of this strip are sloped in such a manner that one of the sides is only four inches and a half long. In sewing on the shoulder, the shorter side should come on the armhole. The sleeves are cut from Fig. 6, No. II., Supplement, and are sewed up according to the corresponding figures, and trimmed with buttons. Sew the box-pleated ruffle on the frock as shown by the illustration, and finish the neck and sleeves with a Swiss muslin strip, pleated and trimmed with lace. The seam made by sewing on the lace is covered by insertion, through which colored ribbon is run. Hooks and eyes close the frock.

The trimming for the tab consists of a piping of red silk and red silk buttons. Having furnished the front of the dress with the tab, sew it into a double binding an inch and a



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 21-30.



Fig. 1.—PALETOT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.

Fig. 2.—PALETOT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

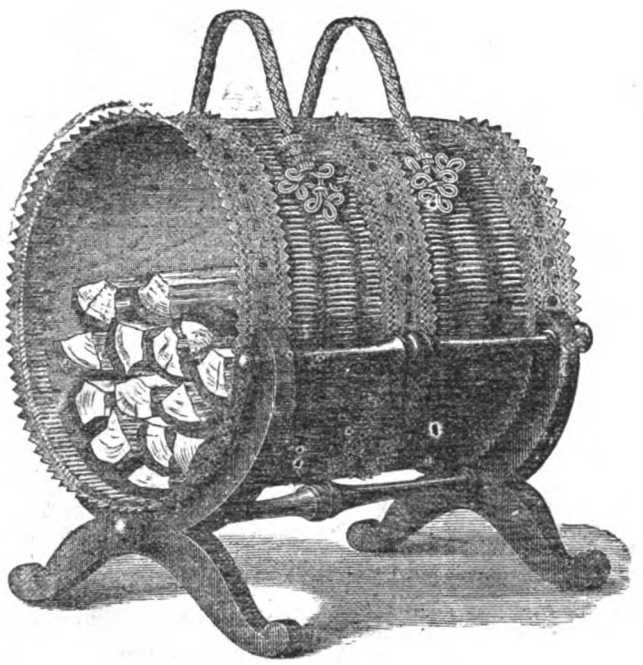
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 41-47.



Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.—BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 21-30.

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EMBROIDERED WOOD BASKET.

For design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 35.

Embroidered Wood Basket.

THIS pretty and useful basket is set in a frame of polished black oak; the basket itself is of white willow, trimmed with three strips of brown cloth. These strips are pointed on the outer edge, and ornamented, in the design given by Fig. 35, Supplement, with application, chain stitch, and point Russe embroidery; the former is worked with brown satin, and the latter with brown saddler's silk. The embroidery is edged on both sides with brown silk braid, which is fastened on with a cross seam of silk of the same color. Instead of brown cloth, the strips may be made of black cloth, and embroidered, in the Turkish style, with silk of different colors. The handles of the basket are also of willow.

Cambric Apron for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

See Illustration on page 5.

THIS fine cambric apron is trimmed with bias stripe of the material, and needle-work and tatted insertion and edging. Cut of cambric one piece from Fig. 4, Supplement, and two pieces from Fig. 5. Cut the sleeves in one piece each from Fig. 6, observing the contour of the under part. After sewing up the back of the apron from the bottom to a slit eight inches long, join them with the front according to the corresponding figures. Sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on the pattern, and cut away the material underneath the insertion. The illustration (page 4) shows a full-sized section of the insertion. The tatted figures of the insertion consist of five rings, each of which counts 5 ds. (double stitch), 1 p. (picot), 5 ds. After working the last ring, tie the beginning and end of the thread together, and cut it off. Sew these tatted figures on the insertion by means of half-polka stitches, as shown by the illustration, and cut away the material underneath these figures. The dots are worked in satin stitch. Having hemmed the edges of the slits narrowly, arrange the apron in pleats, bringing × on ●, and sew it into a double cambric binding two-fifths of an inch wide. Sew on the remainder of the trimming as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern, and furnish the apron with buttons and button-loops for closing. Trim the sleeves as shown by the illustration, sew them up from 9 to 10, and set them into the armholes, bringing 10 on 5.

Linen Apron for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

See Illustration on page 5.

THIS linen apron is trimmed with white cotton braid and a braiding of white soutache. Cut one piece from Fig. 1, Supplement, and two pieces each from Figs. 2 and 3. Join the back and fronts according to the corresponding figures, set a gathered flounce five inches and a quarter wide on the bottom of the apron, and cover the seam with the braid. Bind the apron on the edge and the neck with braid, and work the braiding as shown by the illustration. Bind the sleeves on the bottom and along the tab to *; braid them, and set them into the armholes according to the corresponding signs, in doing which the tab should overlap the sleeve. Sew the point of the tab on the sleeve. A button and a button-hole stitch loop close the apron.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

LYING IN WAIT.

MR. GRANGER went back to Yorkshire; and Clarissa's days were at her own disposal. They were to leave Paris at the beginning of March. She knew it was only for a very short time that she would be able to see her brother. It was scarcely natural, therefore, that she should neglect such an opportunity as this. There was so much in Austin's life that caused her uneasiness; he seemed in such sore need of wiser counsel than his poor empty-headed little wife could give him; and Clarissa believed that she had some influence with him: that if he would be governed by the advice of any creature upon earth, that counselor was herself.

So she spent her mornings in baby-worship, and went every afternoon to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard, where it happened curiously that Mr. Fairfax came even oftener than usual just at this time. In the evening she staid at home—not caring to keep her engagements in society without her husband's escort—and resigned herself to the edifying companionship of Miss Granger, who was eloquent upon the benighted condition of the Parisian poor as compared with her model villagers. She described them sententiously as a people who put garlic in every thing they ate, and never read their Bibles.

"One woman showed me a book with little pictures of saints printed upon paper with lace edges," said Sophia, "as if there were any edification to be derived from lace edges; and such a heathen book too—Latin on one side and French on the other. And there the poor forsaken creatures sit in their churches, looking at stray pictures and hearing a service in an unknown tongue."

Daniel Granger had been away nearly a week; and as yet there was no announcement of his return; only brief business-like letters, telling Clarissa that the drainage question was a complicated one, and he should remain upon the spot till he and Forley could see their way out of the difficulty. He had been away nearly a week, when George Fairfax went to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard at the usual hour, expecting to find Austin Lovel standing before his easel with a cigar in his mouth, and Clarissa sitting in the low chair by the fire, in the attitude he knew so well, with the red glow of the embers lighting up gleams of color in her dark velvet dress, and shining on the soft brown hair crowned with a coquettish little seal-skin hat—a *toque*, as they call it on that side of the Channel.

What was his astonishment to find a pile of trunks and portmanteaus on the landing, Austin's easel roughly packed for removal, and a heap of that miscellaneous lumber without which even poverty can not shift its dwelling! The door was open; and Mr. Fairfax walked straight into the sitting-room, where the two boys were eating some extemporized meal at a side-table under their mother's supervision: while Austin lounged with his back against the chimney-piece, smoking. He was a man who would have smoked during the culminating convulsions of an earthquake.

"Why, Austin, what the—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Austin—what *does* this mean?"

"It means Brussels by the three-fifteen train, my dear Fairfax, that's all."

"Brussels? With those children and that luggage? What, in Heaven's name, induces you to carry your family off like this, at an hour's notice?"

"It is not an hour's notice; they've had an hour and three-quarters. As to my reasons for this abrupt hegira—well, that involves rather a long story; and I haven't time to tell it to-day. One thing is pretty clear—I can't live in Paris. Perhaps I may be able to live in Brussels. I can't very well do worse than I've done here—that's *one* comfort."

At this Bessie Lovel began to cry—in a suppressed kind of way, like a woman who is accustomed to cry and not to be taken much notice of. George Fairfax flung himself into a chair with an impatient gesture. He was at once sorry for this man and angry with him; vexed to see any man go to ruin with such an utter recklessness, with such a deliberate casting away of every chance that might have redeemed him.

"You have got into some scrape, I suppose," he said presently.

"Got into a scrape!" cried Austin, with a laugh, tossing away the end of one cigar and preparing to light another. "My normal condition is that of being in a scrape. Egad! I fancy I must have been born so.—For God's sake don't whimper, Bessie, if you want to catch the three-fifteen train! *I* go by that, remember, whoever stays behind.—There's no occasion to enter into explanations, Fairfax. If you could help me I'd ask you to do it, in spite of former obligations, but you can't. I have got into a difficulty—pecuniary, of course; and as the law of liability in this city happens to be a trifle more stringent than our amiable British code, I have no alternative but to bid good-by to the towers of Nôtre Dame. I love the dear disreputable city, with her lights and laughter, and music and mirth, but she loves not me.—When those boys have done gorging themselves, Bessie, you had better put on your bonnet."

His wife cast an appealing glance at George Fairfax, as if she felt she had a friend in him who would sustain her in any argument with her husband. Her face was very sad, and bore the traces of many tears.

"If you would only tell me why we are going, Austin," she pleaded, "I could bear it so much better."

"Nonsense, child! Would any thing I could tell you alter the fact that we *are* going? Pshaw, Bessie! why make a fuss about trifles? The packing is over: that was the grand difficulty, I thought. I told you we could manage that."

"It seems so hard—running away like criminals."

Austin Lovel's countenance darkened a little.

"I can go alone," he said.

"No, no," cried the wife, piteously; "I'll go with you. I don't want to vex you, Austin. Haven't I shared every thing with you—every thing? I would go with you if it was to prison—if it was to death. You know that."

"I know that we shall lose the three-fifteen train if you don't put on your bonnet."

"Very well, Austin, I'm going. And Clarissa—what will she think of us? I'm so sorry to leave her."

"Oh, by-the-way, George," said Austin, "you might manage that business for me. My sister was to be here at five o'clock this afternoon. I've written her a letter telling her of the change in my plans. She was in some measure prepared for my leaving Paris, but not quite so suddenly as this. I was going to send the letter by a commissionnaire; but if you don't mind taking it to the Rue de Morny, I'd rather trust it to you. I don't want Clary to come here and find empty rooms."

He took a sealed letter from the mantel-piece and handed it to George Fairfax, who received it with somewhat of a dreamy air, as of a man who does not quite understand the mission that is intrusted to him. It was a simple business enough too—only the delivery of a letter.

Mrs. Lovel came out of the adjoining room dressed for the journey, and carrying a collection of wraps for the children. It was wonderful to behold what comforters, and scarfs, and gaiters, and muffetees those juvenile individuals required for their equipment.

"Such a long, cold journey!" the anxious mother exclaimed, and went on winding up the two children in woolen stuffs as if they had been royal mummies. She pushed little papers of sandwiches into their pockets—sandwiches that would hardly be improved by the squeezing and sitting upon they must needs undergo in the transit.

When this was done, and the children ready, she looked into the painting-room with a melancholy air.

"Think of all the furniture, Austin," she exclaimed; "the cabinets and things!"

"Yes; there's a considerable amount of money wasted there, Bess; for I don't suppose we shall ever see the things again; but there's a good many of them not paid for—there's comfort in that reflection."

"You take every thing so lightly," she said, with a hopeless sigh.

"There's nothing between that and the Morgue, my dear. You'd scarcely like to see me framed and glazed *there*, I think."

"Oh, Austin!"

"Precisely. So let me take things lightly while I can. Now, Bess, the time is up. Good-by, George."

"I'll come down stairs with you," said Mr. Fairfax, still in a somewhat dreamy state. He had put Austin's letter into his pocket, and was standing at a window looking down into the street, which had about as much life or traffic for a man to stare at as some of the lateral streets in the Bloomsbury district—Caroline Place, for instance, or Keppel Street.

There was a great struggling and bumping of porters and coachmen on the stairs, with a good deal more exclamation than would have proceeded from stalwart Englishmen under the same circumstances; and then Austin went down to the coach with his wife and children, followed by George Fairfax. The painter happened not to be in debt to his landlord—a gentleman who gave his tenants small grace at any time; so there was no difficulty about the departure.

"I'll write to Monsieur Meriste about my furniture," he said to the guardian of the big, dreary mansion. "You may as well come to the station with us, George," he added, looking at Mr. Fairfax, who stood irresolute on the pavement while Bessie and the boys were being packed into the vehicle, the roof of which was laden with portmanteaus and the painter's "plant."

"Well—no, I think not. There's this letter to be delivered, you see. I had better do that at once."

"True; Clarissa might come. She said five o'clock, though, but it doesn't matter. Good-by, old fellow. I hope some of these days I may be able to make things square with you. Good-by. Tell Clary I shall write to her from Brussels, under cover to the maid as usual."

He called out to the coachman to go on, and the carriage drove off, staggering under its load. George Fairfax stood watching it till it was out of sight, and then turned to the porter.

"Those rooms up stairs will be to let, I suppose?" he said.

"But certainly, monsieur."

"I have some thoughts of taking them for—for a friend. I'll just take another look round them, now they're empty. And perhaps you wouldn't mind my writing a letter up stairs—eh?"

He slipped a napoleon into the man's hand—by no means the first that he had given him. New-Year's Day was not far past, and the porter remembered that Mr. Fairfax had tipped him more liberally than some of the lodgers in the house. If monsieur had a legion of letters to write, he was at liberty to write them. The rooms up yonder were entirely at his disposal; the porter laid them at his feet, as it were. He might have occupied them rent-free for the remainder of his existence, it would have been supposed, from the man's manner.

"If madame, the sister of Monsieur Austin, should come by-and-by, you will permit her to ascend," said Mr. Fairfax. "I have a message for her from her brother."

"Assuredly, monsieur."

The porter retired into his den to meditate upon his good fortune. It was a rendezvous, of course, cunningly arranged on the day of the painter's departure. It seemed to him like a leaf out of one of those flabby novels on large paper, with a muddy wood-cut on every sixteenth page, which he thumbed and pored over now and then of an evening.

George Fairfax went up stairs. How supremely dismal the rooms looked in their emptiness, with the litter of packing lying about!—old boots and shoes in one corner; a broken parasol in another; battered fragments of toys every where; empty color-tubes; old newspapers and magazines; a regiment of empty oil-flasks and wine-bottles in the den of a kitchen—into which Mr. Fairfax peered curiously, out of very weariness. It was only half past three; and there was little hope of Clarissa's arrival until five. He meant to meet her there. In the moment that Austin put the letter in his hand some such notion flashed into his mind. He had never intended to deliver the letter. How long he had waited for this chance—to see her alone, free from all fear of interruption, and to be able to tell his story and plead his cause, as he felt that he could plead!

He walked up and down the empty painting-room, thinking of her coming, meditating what he should say, acting the scene over in his brain. He had little fear as to the issue. Secure as she seemed in the panoply of her woman's pride, he knew his power, and fancied that it needed only time and opportunity to win her. This was not the first time he had counted his chances and arranged his plan of action. In the hour he first heard of her marriage he had resolved to win her. Outraged love transformed itself into a passion that was something akin to revenge. He scarcely cared how low he might bring her, so long as he won her for his own. He did not stop to consider whether hers was a mind which could endure dishonor. He knew that she loved him, and that her married life had been made unhappy because of this fatal love.

"I will open the doors of her prison-house," he said to himself, "poor fettered soul! She shall leave that dreary conventional life, with its forms and ceremonies of pleasure; and we will wander all over the earth together, only to linger wherever this world is brightest. What can she lose by the exchange? Not wealth. For the command of all that makes life delightful, I am as rich a man as Daniel Granger, and any thing beyond that is a barren surplus. Not position; for what position has she as Mrs. Granger? I will take her away from all the people who ever knew her, and guard her jealously from the hazard of shame. There will only be a couple of years in her life which she will have to blot out—only a leaf torn out of her history."

And the child—the blue-eyed boy that George Fairfax had stopped to kiss in Arden Park that day! It is one thing to contemplate stealing a wife from her husband—with George Fairfax's class there is a natural antipathy to husbands, which makes that seem a fair warfare, like fox-hunting—but it is another to rob a child of its mother. Mr. Fairfax's meditations came to a stand-still at this point—the boy blocked the line.

There was only one thing to be done; put on the steam and run down the obstacle, as Isambard Brunel did in the Box Tunnel when he saw a stray luggage-truck between him and the light.

"Let her bring the boy with her, and he shall be my son," he thought.

Daniel Granger would go in for a divorce, of course. Mr. Fairfax thought of every thing in that hour and a half of solitary reflection. He would try for a divorce, and there would be no end of scandal—leading articles in some of the papers, no doubt, upon the immorality of the upper middle classes; a full-flavored essay in the *Saturday*, proving that Englishwomen were in the habit of running away from their husbands. But *she* should be far away from the bruit of that scandal. He would make it the business of his life to shield her from the lightest breath of insult. It could be done. There were new worlds in which men and women could begin a fresh existence, under new names; and if by chance any denizen of the Old World should cross their path untimely—well, such unwelcome wanderers are generally open to negotiation. There is a good deal of charity for such offenders among the traveled classes, especially when the chief sinner is lord of such an estate as Lyvedon.

Yet, varnish the picture how one will, dress up the story with what flowers of fancy one may, it is at best but a patched and broken business. The varnish brings out dark spots in the picture; the flowers have a faded, meretricious look, not the bloom and dew of the garden; no sophistry can overcome the inherent ugliness of the thing—an honest man's name dishonored; two culprits planning a future life, to be spent in hiding from the more respectable portion of their species; two outcasts, trying to make believe that the wildernesses beyond Eden are fairer than that paradise itself.

His mother—what would she feel when she came to know what he had done with his life? It would be a disappointment to her, of course; a grief, no doubt; but she would have Lyvedon. He had gone too far to be influenced by any consideration of that kind; he had gone so far that life without Clarissa seemed to him unendurable. He paced the room, contemplating this crisis of his existence from every point of view, till the gray winter sky grew darker, and the time of Clarissa's coming grew very near. There had been some logs smouldering on the hearth when he came, and these he had replenished from time to time. The glow of the fire was the only thing that relieved the dreariness of the room.

Nothing could be more fortunate, he fancied, than the accident which had brought about this meeting. Daniel Granger was away. The flight, which was to be the preface of Clarissa's new existence, could not take place too soon; no time need be wasted on preparations, which could only serve to betray. Her consent once gained, he had only to put her into a hackney-coach and drive to the Marseilles station. Why should they not start that very night? There was a train that left Paris at seven, he knew; in three days they might be on the shores of the Adriatic.

CHAPTER XL.

MR. GRANGER'S WELCOME HOME.

CLARISSA left the Rue de Morny at three o'clock that day. She had a round of calls to make, and for that reason had postponed her visit to her brother's painting-room to a later hour than usual. The solemn dinner, which she shared with Miss Granger in stately solitude, took place at half past seven, until which hour she considered her time at her own disposal.

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Sophia spent that particular afternoon at home, illuminating the new Gothic texts for her school-rooms at Arden. She had been seated at her work about an hour after Clarissa's departure, when the door opened behind her, and her father walked into the room.

There had been no word of his return in his latest letter; he had only said generally in a previous epistle that he should come back directly the business that had called him to Yorkshire was settled.

"Good gracious me, papa, how you startled me!" cried Miss Granger, dabbing at a spot of ultramarine which had fallen upon her work. It was not a very warm welcome; but when she had made the best she could of that unlucky blue spot, she laid down her brush and came over to her father, to whom she offered a rather chilly kiss. "You must be very tired, papa," she remarked, with striking originality.

"Well, no; not exactly tired. We had a very fair passage; but the journey from Calais is tedious. It seems as if Calais oughtn't to be any farther from Paris than Dover is from London—there's something lopsided in it. I read the papers all the way. Where's Clary?"

"Clarissa has gone to pay some visits."

"Why didn't you go with her?"

"I rarely do go with her, papa. Our sets are quite different; and I have other duties."

"Duties, pshaw! Messing with those paint-brushes—you don't call that duty, I hope? You had much better have gone out with your step-mother."

"I was not wanted, papa. Mrs. Granger has engagements which do not in the least concern me. I should only be in the way."

"What do you mean by that, Sophia?" asked her father, sternly. "And what do you mean by calling my wife Mrs. Granger?"

"There are some people so uncongenial to each other, papa, that any pretense of friendship can be only the vilest hypocrisy," replied Sophia, turning very pale, and looking her father full in the face, like a person prepared to do battle.

"I am very sorry to hear this, Sophia," said Mr. Granger; "for if this is really the case, it will be necessary for you to seek some other home. I will have no one in my house who can not value my wife."

"You would turn me out of doors, papa?"

"I should certainly endeavor to provide you with a more congenial—congenial, that was the word you used, I think—a more congenial home."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sophia. "Then I suppose you quite approve of all my stepmother's conduct—of her frequent, almost daily visits to such a person as Mr. Austin?"

"Clarissa's visits to Austin! What, in Heaven's name, do you mean?"

"What, papa! is it possible you are ignorant of the fact? I thought that, though my stepmother never talked to *me* of her visits to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard, you of course knew all about them. Though I hardly supposed you would encourage such an intimacy."

"Encourage such an intimacy! You must be dreaming, girl. My wife visit a portrait-painter—a single man?"

"He is not a single man, papa. There is a wife, I understand; though he never mentioned her to us. And Clarissa visits them almost every day."

"I don't believe it. What motive could she have for cultivating such people?"

"I can't imagine—except that she is fond of that kind of society, and of painting. She may have gone to take lessons of Mr. Austin. He teaches, I know."

Daniel Granger was silent. It was not impossible; and it would have been no crime on his wife's part, of course. But the idea that Clarissa could have done such a thing without his knowledge and approval offended him beyond measure. He could hardly realize the possibility of such an act.

"There is some misapprehension on your part, Sophia, I am convinced," he said. "If Clarissa had wished to take drawing-lessons from Austin, she would have told me so."

"There is no possibility of a mistake on my part, papa. I am not in the habit of making statements which I can not support."

"Who told you of these visits? Clarissa herself?"

"Oh dear, no; Clarissa is not in the habit of telling me her affairs. I heard it from Warman; not in reply to any questioning of mine, I can assure you. But the thing has been so frequent that the servants have begun to talk about it. Of course, *I* always make a point of discouraging any speculations upon my stepmother's conduct."

The servants had begun to talk; his wife's intimacy with people of whom he knew scarcely any thing had been going on so long as to provoke the gossip of the household, and he had heard nothing of it until this moment. The thought stung him to the quick. That domestic slander should have been busy with her name already; that she should have lived her own life so entirely without reference to him! Both thoughts were alike bitter. Yet it was no new thing for him to know that she did not love him.

He looked at his watch meditatively.

"Has she gone there this afternoon, do you think?" he asked.

"I think it is excessively probable. Warman tells me she has been there every afternoon during your absence."

"She must have taken a strange fancy to these people. Austin's wife is some old school-fellow of Clary's, perhaps."

Miss Granger shook her head doubtfully.

"I should hardly think that."

"There must be some reason—something that we can not understand. She may have some delicacy about talking to me of these people; there may be something in their circumstances to—"

"Yes," said Miss Granger, "there is *something*, no doubt. I have been assured of that from the first."

"What did you say the address was?"

"The Rue du Chevalier Bayard, No. 7."

Mr. Granger left the room without another word. He was not a man to remain long in doubt upon any question that could be solved by prompt investigation. He went out into the hall, where a footman sat reading *Galignani* in the lamp-light.

"Has Mrs. Granger's carriage come back, Saunders?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir; the carriage has been back a quarter of an hour. I were out with my mistress."

"Where is Mrs. Granger? In her own rooms?"

"No, Sir; Mrs. Granger didn't come home in the carriage. We drove her to the Shangs Elysy first, Sir, and afterward to the Rue du Cavalier Baynard; and Mr. Fairfax, he came down and told me my mistress wouldn't want the carriage to take her home."

"Mr. Fairfax—in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard!"

"Yes, Sir; he's an intimate friend of Mr. Hostin's, I believe. Leastways, we've seen him there very often."

George Fairfax! George Fairfax a frequent guest of these people whom she visited! That slumbering demon, which had been sheltered in Daniel Granger's breast so long, arose rampant at the sound of this name. George Fairfax, the man he suspected in the past—the man whom he had done his best to keep out of his wife's pathway in the present, but who, by some fatality, was not to be avoided. Had Clarissa cultivated an intimacy with this Bohemian painter and his wife only for the sake of meeting George Fairfax without her husband's knowledge? To suppose this was to imagine a depth of depravity in the heart of the woman he loved. And he had believed her so pure, so noble a creature. The blow was heavy. He stood looking at his servant for a moment or so, paralyzed; but except that one blank gaze, he gave no sign of his emotion. He only took up his hat, and went quietly out. "His looks was orful!" the man said afterward, in the servants' hall.

Sophia came out of the drawing-room to look for her father, just a little disturbed by the thought of what she had done. She had gone too far, perhaps. There had been something in her father's look when he asked her for that address that had alarmed her. He was gone—gone *there*, no doubt, to discover his wife's motives for those strange visits. Miss Granger's heart was not often fluttered as it was this evening. She could not "settle to any thing," as she said herself, but wandered up into the nursery, and stood by the dainty little cot, staring absently at her baby brother as he slept.

"If any thing should happen," she thought—and that event which she vaguely foreshadowed was one that would leave the child motherless—"I should make it *my* duty to superintend his rearing. No one should have power to say that I was jealous of the brother who has robbed me of my heritage."

CHAPTER XLI.

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

It was dusk when Clarissa's carriage drove into the Rue du Chevalier Bayard—the dull gray gloaming of February—and the great bell of Notre Dame was booming five. She had been paying visits of duty, talking *banalités* in fashionable drawing-rooms, and she was weary. She seemed to breathe a new life as she approached her brother's dwelling. Here there would be the free, reckless utterance of minds that harmonized, of souls that sympathized—instead of stereotyped little scraps of gossip about the great world, or arid discussion of new plays and famous opera-singers.

She did not stop to ask any questions of the complacent porter. It was not her habit to do so. She had never yet failed to find Austin, or Austin's wife, at home at this hour. She went swiftly up the darksome staircase, where never a lamp was lighted to illumine the stranger, only an occasional candle thrust out of a door-way by some friendly hand. In the dusk of this particular evening there was not so much as a glimmer.

The outer door was ajar—not such an uncommon thing as to occasion any surprise to Clarissa. She pushed it open and went in, across a dingy lobby some four feet square, on which abutted the kitchen, and into the salon. This was dark and empty; but one of the folding-doors leading into the painting-room was open, and she saw the warm glow of the fire shining on the old Flemish cabinets and the brazen chandelier. That glow of fire-light had a comfortable look after the desolation and darkness of the salon.

She went into the painting-room. There was a tall figure standing by one of the windows, looming gigantic through the dusk—a figure she knew very well, but not Austin's. She looked quickly round the room, expecting to see her brother lounging by the chimney-piece, or wandering about somewhere in his desultory way; but there was no one else, only that tall figure by the window.

The silence and emptiness of the place, and *his* presence, startled her a little.

"Good-evening, Mr. Fairfax," she said. "Isn't Austin here?"

"Not at this moment. How do you do, Mrs. Granger?" and they shook hands. So commonplace a meeting might almost have disappointed the sentimental porter.

"And Bessie?"

"She, too, is out of the way for the moment," replied George Fairfax, glancing out of the window. "You came in your carriage, I suppose, Mrs. Granger? If you'll excuse me for a moment, I'll just run and see if—if Austin has come in again."

He went quickly out of the room and down stairs, not to look for Austin Lovel, who was on his way to Brussels by this time, but to tell Mrs. Granger's coachman she had no farther use for the carriage, and would not be home to dinner. The man looked a little surprised at this order, but Mr. Fairfax's tone was too peremptory to be unauthorized; so he drove homeward without hesitation.

Clarissa was seated in her favorite easy-chair, looking pensively at the wood fire, when George Fairfax came back. She heard his returning footsteps, and the sharp click of a key turning in the outer door. This sound set her wondering. What door was that being locked, and by whom?

Mr. Fairfax came into the painting-room. It was the crisis of his life, he told himself. If he failed to obtain some promise from her to-night—some definite pledge of his future happiness—he could never hope to succeed.

"Time and I against any two," he had said to himself sometimes in relation to this business. He had been content to bide his time; but the golden opportunity had come at last. If he failed to-night, he failed forever.

"Is he coming?" Clarissa asked, rather anxiously. There was something ominous in the stillness of the place, and the absence of any sign of life except George Fairfax's presence.

"Not immediately. Don't alarm yourself," he said, hurriedly, as Clarissa rose with a frightened look. "There is nothing really wrong, only there are circumstances that I felt it better to break to you gently. Yet I fear I am an awkward hand at doing that, at the best. The fact is, your brother has left Paris."

"Left Paris!"

"Yes, only a couple of hours ago." And then Mr. Fairfax went on to tell the story of Austin's departure, making as light of it as he could, and with no word of that letter which had been given him to deliver.

The news was a shock to Clarissa. Very well did she remember what her brother had told her about the probability of his being compelled to "cut Paris." It had come, then, some new disgrace, and banished him from the city he loved—the city in which his talents had won for him a budding reputation, that might have blossomed into fame, if he had only been a wiser and a better man. She heard George Fairfax in silence, her head bowed with shame. This man was her brother, and she loved him so dearly.

"Do you know where they have gone?" she asked at last.

"To Brussels. He may do very well there, no doubt, if he will only keep himself steady—turn his back upon the rackety society he is so fond of—and work honestly at his art. It is a place where they can live more cheaply, too, than they could here."

"I am so sorry they are gone without a word of parting. It must have been very sudden."

"Yes. I believe the necessity for the journey arose quite suddenly; or it may have been hanging over your brother for a long time, and he may have shut his eyes to the fact until the last moment. He is such a fellow for taking things easily. However, he did not enter into explanations with me."

"Poor Austin! What a wretched life!"

Clarissa rose and moved slowly toward the folding-doors. George Fairfax stopped her at the threshold, and quietly closed the door.

"Don't go yet, Clarissa. I want to speak to you."

His tone told her what was coming—the scene in the conservatory was to be acted over again. This was the first time they had been actually alone since that too-well-remembered night.

She drew herself up haughtily. A woman's weakness makes her desperate in such a case as this.

"I have no time to talk now, Mr. Fairfax. I am going home."

"Not yet, Clarissa. I have waited a long time for this chance. I am determined to say my say."

"You will not compel me to listen to you?"

"Compel is a very hard word. I beseech you to hear me. My future life depends on what I have to say, and on your answer."

"I can not hear a word! I will not remain a moment!"

"The door yonder is locked, Clarissa, and the key in my pocket. Brutal, you will say. The circumstances of our lives have left me no option. I have watched and waited for such an opportunity as this; and now, Clarissa, you shall hear me. Do you remember that night in the orchard, when you drove me away by your coldness and obstinacy? And yet you loved me! You have owned it since. Ah, my darling, how I have hated myself for my dullness that night!—hated myself for not having seized you in my arms, if need were, and carried you off to the end of the world to make you my wife. What a fool and craven I must have been to be put off so easily!"

"Nothing can be more foolish than to discuss the past, Mr. Fairfax," replied Clarissa, in a low voice that trembled a little. "You have made me do wrong more than once in my life. There must be an end of this. What would my husband think, if he could hear you? what would he think of me for listening to you? Let me pass, if you please; and God grant that we may never meet again after to-night!"

"God grant that we may never part, Clarissa! Oh, my love, my love, for pity's sake be reasonable! We are not children, to play fast and loose with our lives. You love me, Clary. No sweet-spoken pretenses, no stereotyped denials, will convince me. You love me, my darling, and the world is all before us. I have mapped out our future; no sorrow or discredit shall ever come nigh you—trust a lover's foresight for that. Whatever difficulties may lie in our pathway are difficulties that I will face and conquer—alone. You have only to forget that you have ever been Daniel Granger's wife, and leave Paris with me to-night."

"Mr. Fairfax! are you mad?"

"Never more reasonable—never so much in earnest. Come with me, Clarissa. It is not a sacrifice that I ask from you: I offer you a release. Do you think there is any virtue or beauty in your present life, or any merit in continuing it? From first to last, your existence is a lie. Do you think a wedding-ring redeems the honor of a woman who sells herself for money? There is no slavery more degrading than the bondage of such an alliance."

"Open the door, Mr. Fairfax, and let me go!"

His reproaches stung her to the quick; they were so bitterly true.

"Not till you have heard me, my darling—not till you have heard me out."

His tone changed all at once, softening into ineffable tenderness. He told her of his love with words of deeper passion than he had ever spoken yet—words that went home to the heart that loved him. For a moment, listening to that impassioned pleading, it seemed to Clarissa that this verily was life indeed—that to be so loved was in itself alone the perfect joy and fullness of existence, leaving nothing more to be desired, making shame as nothing in the balance. In that one moment the guilty heart was well-nigh yielding; the bewildered brain could scarcely maintain the conflict of thought and feeling. Then suddenly this mental agony changed to a strange dullness, a mist rose between Clarissa and the eager face of her lover. She was nearer fainting than she had ever been in her life before.

George Fairfax saw her face whiten, and the slender figure totter ever so slightly. In a moment a strong arm was round her. The weary head sank on his shoulder.

"My darling," he whispered, "why not leave Paris to-night? It can not be too soon. Your husband is away. We shall have a start of two or three days, and avoid all risk of pursuit."

"Not quite," said a voice close behind him; and looking round, George Fairfax saw one of the folding-doors open, and Daniel Granger standing on the threshold. The locked outer door had availed the traitor nothing. Mr. Granger had come up stairs with the porter, who carried a bunch of duplicate keys in his pocket.

Clarissa gave a sudden cry, which rose in the next instant to a shrill scream. Two men were struggling in the door-way, grappling each other savagely for one dreadful minute of confusion and agony. Then one fell heavily, his head crashing against the angle of the door-way, and lay at full length, with his white face looking up to the ceiling.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L.—Bias folds are not now stitched on the outside, but are sewed on by blind stitches on the wrong side. They are lined with foundation muslin.

A CANADIAN GIRL.—The pattern sent you will answer for a dress like the sample. We do not know the price. The shade is stylish.—You should get a postal order for the money for your club.

CONSTANT READER.—Polonaise is pronounced as if spelled po-lo-naze, accenting the last syllable.—An Astrakhan loose sacque is what you want.

ELLEN.—We do not sell perforated stamping patterns. The fancy stores advertised in our columns can probably supply you.

MRS. M. F. G.—Stitch merino kilt pleats to the dress skirt three or four inches above the edge. The hemmed edge hangs loose like a ruffle. We can not send answers with patterns.

W.—The plain waist house dress pattern is very suitable for alpaca. A black velvet bonnet with different colored feather tips to change to suit dresses is selected by brides. White bonnets are entirely out of fashion, and light-colored velvets are only worn in the evening, or on very dressy occasions.

MRS. B.—Make your white wrapper by the Gabrielle pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV., or by the Watteau Wrapper in *Bazar* No. 42, Vol. IV. Trim with bands of worked insertion and kilt pleats of muslin.—We know nothing of the machine but from the advertisement.

HAGAR AND RACHAEL.—Use the darker fringe, and head it with one or two folds of the dress material. Full box-pleated waists are becoming to slender persons, but a slight person who is not very tall can also wear close-fitting waists. Pink is becoming to a pale complexion, blue to a florid one with flaxen hair.

L. E. S.—Blue and green plaids are still worn. Use the Worth basque pattern, and make the wrap a Watteau sacque with cape.

MISS H.—Loose sacques are very little worn without over-capes. Yours would be more stylish if slightly shaped to the figure.

MRS. L.—Ermine furs are not worn with mourning. Black marten or Astrakhan are most appropriate, and many ladies wear seal-skin.

MAUD.—Slippers are a suitable though hackneyed gift. Can you not find out the number of your friend's shoes, and have the slippers made up? It is bad taste to give a friend a present that will put him to expense.

A. SINCLAIR.—Some fine jet beads on your soutache will add to its beauty. Get a bonnet if it is becoming. The color you mention will look well for evening or on dressy occasions.—We do not see how any one can avoid using soap on the face in order to be clean, as it is as much exposed as any part of the person except the hands. Soap does not injure the skin unless it is exposed to great cold or great heat immediately after washing.

VETERAN.—Thin muslin polonaises, or basques and upper skirts, are still stylish over black silk for small evening parties. Wear [illegible] curls and hanging braids beside your Grecian twist and coil; also a crown braid over frizzes above the forehead.

MRS. E. E. H.—Your grey Japanese is not nice enough to go with your green silk adjustable train. Get a plain gray silk for petticoat, and trim with ruffles of the same. If you choose, you need only get the three front widths of gray, and sew your green train of four or five widths to this at the sides. Make a long revers of the green down the seam where it joins the gray, and dot it with large green bows. A basque is very suitable with this dress. Folds of tulle are placed obliquely inside square necks. Velvet ribbon is not so much worn around the neck as gold chains are.

NAN.—Read reply above to "Nineteen."

HELEN S. H.—Abbott's "History of Napoleon" costs $10.

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THE OLD YEAR OUT, AND THE NEW YEAR IN.

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Suits for Children and Dolls, Figs. 1–7.

Fig. 1. — DOLL'S VISITING DRESS. Blue silk dress, with long train and double skirt. The under-skirt is trimmed with a ruffle, and the over-skirt with fringe. Black velvet paletot, trimmed with lace. White silk parasol. Velvet bonnet with roses, and a long gauze veil looped about the neck.

Fig. 2.—DOLL'S PEASANT COSTUME. Petticoat of red and black flannel, red cashmere skirt, black velvet peasant waist, white linen blouse and apron. The latter is furnished with a bodice and pockets, and is trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Cap of white cambric.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. The skirt and blouse-waist of this suit are of light gray poplin; the skirt is trimmed with bias strips of gray and maroon plaid poplin; the over-skirt and peasant waist are of maroon poplin, trimmed with velvet ribbon of the same color. Maroon velvet ribbon in the hair.

Fig. 4.—DOLL'S SUIT. White cambric dress, trimmed with tucks, insertion, and needle-work strips.

Fig. 5.—DOLL'S SUIT. Gray ladies'-cloth dress and jacket. Velvet béret, trimmed with feathers.

Fig. 6.—DOLL'S HOUSE DRESS. Striped red and black poplin under dress, trimmed on the bottom with two gathered ruffles. Over-skirt and basque-waist of black silk, trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the same.

Fig. 7.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. The suit is made of pink alpaca, and trimmed with side-pleated ruffles of the same. Belt with sash, and bow for the hair of pink gros grain ribbon.



DOLL'S SUIT.—[Height of Doll without Head, 17¾ Inches.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 64–70.



DOLL'S BRIDAL TOILETTE.
[Height of Doll without Head, 21 Inches.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 57–63.



DOLL'S WALKING DRESS.
[Height of Doll without Head, 21 Inches.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 79–84.



DOLL'S PEASANT COSTUME.—[Height of Doll without Head, 17¾ Inches.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 71–75.



DOLL'S EVENING DRESS.
[Height of Doll without Head, 21 Inches.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 76–78.

Flannel Slipper.

See illustration on page 4.

THIS red flannel slipper is furnished with a revers of white flannel, and trimmed on the front with a flannel bow. The revers and bow are ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red silk. The cork sole is lined with red flannel on the inside. Cut of a double layer of red flannel one piece from Fig. 36, Supplement; cut the revers of white flannel from Fig. 36 also, but only from the upper edge to the straight line indicated. Cut the sole of a double layer of flannel from Fig. 37, Supplement, in one piece. Having button-hole stitched the revers with red silk along the pointed outer edge, and ornamented it in point Russe embroidery, join it with the shoe (Fig. 36), which has previously been sewed up from 58 to 59. The seam made by sewing on the revers is covered with a strip of red flannel



Fig. 1.—DOLL'S VISITING DRESS. Fig. 2.—DOLL'S PEASANT COSTUME. Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. Fig. 4.—DOLL'S SUIT. Fig. 5.—DOLL'S SUIT. Fig. 6.—DOLL'S HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 7.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

FIGS. 1–7.—SUITS FOR CHILDREN AND DOLLS.

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cut in points. Now join the slipper with the flannel sole according to the corresponding figures, sew the cork sole under the slipper, and trim the latter with the bow.

OVER THE SNOW.

Oh, William, poet-king, own you were wrong
Where boldly you uttered your dictum in song,
That May and the spring days owned love in its prime,
When the passion scorns fetters of season or time.
I saw her—I loved her, and how could I fail,
Though Christmas was blowing its bitterest gale,
Though snow-flakes in silver were falling around,
And frost at its keenest had fettered the ground?
All ruffled and hunger-tamed feathered fowl fled
But a few yards in flight at the snow-muffled tread;
And 'twas so with fair Lilian, storm-ruffled bird,
When there by the hill-side my step she first heard:
All startled and eager, o'erburdened she stood,
As I leaped into view from the edge of the wood;
The wind tried to waft her, the snow-flakes to hide,
Each aiding the evergreens clasped to her side.
And love? What, in winter, the landscape all bare?
Yes, I wooed and I won, for I vow I was there.

I'd arrived down from town, but was left in the lurch,
At the house—"No, Sir, out—evergreens—deck the church."
I stopped for no more, for my heart knew no rest,
And away o'er the crunching snow started in quest.
How the spirits of air seemed to mock at my pain,
When now here and now there I'd each smarting eye strain!
But no—naught but snow-flake and snow-laden bough,
And the wind through the pines in a low moaning sough;
But I searched on and searched with my heart in a glow,
Till I met with a tiny track over the snow.

Pitapat, pitapat, my poor heart and each trace—
The former all flurry, the latter all grace—
And I knew by the foot-prints my darling had made
I was right on the trail, though the storm sprites betrayed.
And now in mad anger they leaped to the fray:
With a rush and a sweep came each evergreen spray,
To sweep the snow surface and bare the soft track,
Till the gravel lay snow-swept, the soft furrows black;
But onward, still onward! the foot-prints ahead,
When the snow came in whirl-drifts to cover the tread.
They were there, though, still there, 'neath the wide-spreading fir;
But now the harsh brier hand dared me to stir,
As it caught at each garment; the storm, too, came down
To beat me away with its mightiest frown.
But love laughed at rivals; I knew she was there,
And flung down my gage to the spirits of air,
As I dashed on through snow, rime, through coppice and wood,
To where all leaf-laden my startled fawn stood—
Stood at gaze—for a moment as white as the snow,
Then her cheeks bid to rival each berry's red glow,
And her parted lips' pearls shone in mistletoe sheen,
While she clasped in her arms her vast bouquet of green.
Enemies all, from the laurel that lay
On the soft heaving breast, with the cedar and bay,
And a *chevaux-de-frise* of the holly—all arms,
To act as a fortress for Lilian's charms;
And I said, could I laurel or bay leaf have been!
When my heart said, "My lad, you're sufficiently green."
Well, I loved, and she knew: there was welcome that day;
It was Christmas—the rest is to come off in May.

ON A BOUGH.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"DEAR MR. ABICHT,—We celebrate Christmas-eve this year, as all years, by lighting Christmas candles in Fatherland fashion. Will you not come and enjoy them with us? We shall be a strictly family party; but that is rather an inducement, I think, when one is so far from home as you are; and besides, you know, Mr. Heddermann looks upon you and all his young countrymen rather as *sons* than strangers.

"I write in English, partly not to expose my poor German, and partly because Gertrude begs me to do so, that you may be sure to reply in the same language. She says she is proud of her scholar, and desires me to tell you that the tree is to be lit at seven o'clock *precisely*, and she hopes you will be punctual to the minute.

"Yours most sincerely,
"*Tuesday.*" LUCY V. R. HEDDERMANN.

"DEAR MADAME,—It gives me much happiness to accept with pleasure, as Miss Gertrude teach me to do. The sight of the Christ tapers will be welcome to my German eyes, so far from Germany. Make my assurances to Miss Gertrude that I shall be prompt, and my regrets that she may not find this English *sans réproche*. I beg also to be presented to your niece, and, kissing your hand, am always, dear madame, Yours,
"*Wednesday.*" MAXIMILIAN ABICHT.

"DEAR MR. ABICHT,—Mamma is so very busy today that she desires me to write in her name to thank you for that *beautiful* note, and to say that as my aunt, Miss Van Ripp, can not come till the later train on Christmas-eve, we must put off lighting the tree till *half past eight*. You will come then, won't you? We shall all be dreadfully disappointed if you don't. Your English was *splendid!*

"*Auf Wiedersehen,*
"GERTRUDE HEDDERMANN."

In these three notes lie the key of the mystery. A plague on post-offices and drop-letter boxes! If note number one had only miscarried, then note number two would never have been written, and there would have been no worse consequences than the failure of one guest at the Christmas celebration; while if note number three had arrived safely, instead of wandering off Heaven only knows why or where, Max Abicht wouldn't have been left standing, hat in hand, in the dining-room of the Heddermanns' English basement, wondering unspeakably at the manner of his reception.

Unversed in American customs, he did not know whether or not this was the way in which guests were generally welcomed in a republic—namely, by a servant who, with a loudly uttered Irish exclamation, shoved them into a pitch-dark room, clapped the door to, and, clattering down some mysterious stairs or other, appeared no more. If the custom, it certainly was an embarrassing one. If not, something must be wrong, and he racked his brains to discover what this could be. Had he mistaken the day? No. Saturday, Monday, Tuesday; it certainly *was* Wednesday, certainly *was* Christmas-eve. What could it mean?

It meant simply that the fair Gertrude, in her bower above, was too busy with a French novel and a hair-dresser to notice rings at the bell; that Mr. Heddermann, belated by the payment of his holiday largesses, was not yet up from the office; that Mrs. Heddermann, having dined early to leave the evening free, was now, while waiting the arrival of her sister, confabulating delightfully with a friend in the back-parlor, all unconscious of our hero, the topic of her discourse being himself, his prospects, good looks, family, and his *probable* engagement to her daughter. The two ladies, with their coffee-cups and shining tray, made quite a comfortable little oasis in the big begilt room; and just as Max below essayed a distracted fumble after means of exit, mamma above was saying:

"We had half a hint on the matter before he came over, you know. Old Abicht, his guardian, desires the match, and so do all the family. A girl of my Gertrude's expectations is not to be picked up every day; the young man has sense enough to see *that*—not that he needs to marry money with *his* property. But then wealth naturally does seek wealth; and when you come to put money and beauty and accomplishments all together, why—" Mrs. Heddermann interrupted herself and took a sip of coffee.

"And is the matter all settled?" asked the friend.

"Hem—well, not in so many words," replied the mother, diplomatically; "but, of course, we all see how it is going. Gertrude is a difficult girl to please—a very difficult girl; still, I *think*—" And the sentence ended with a significant smile.

Meantime Max Abicht, unconscious of the happy destiny thus lightly sketched out for him above stairs, was groping in a vague way about the gloomy apartment below. He thought it *must* be the dining-room, in which he had once partaken of a sumptuous repast; but the darkness confused his recollections. For the life of him he couldn't remember on which side the door ought to be. He poked and felt and stumbled, grazed now a chair, now a table, now something big, which seemed a sideboard; but door-handle found he none. Then he dropped his hat, and, stooping for it, brought his head with resounding whack against some hard object. The blow bewildered him still farther; and at last, finding himself near a chair, he sat meekly down, put his recovered hat on his knee, and resolved to sit still till some one came with a lamp to relieve him of the awkwardness of the situation.

Just then a door not far from him swayed slightly, as if moved by some sudden current of air, and revealed a streak of light. Max started up and advanced; but as he laid his hand on the knob, voices became audible on the other side, and, half hesitating, he paused. It was not the door into the hall, but one which led into an inner pantry; and there (he could just see her through the crack) sat pretty Annette Thayre, Mr. Heddermann's sister's child, in neat ruffled jacket, white apron, and rolled-up sleeves, polishing silver, which a maid-servant standing near handed to her, wet and steaming, from a tub of hot water.

Max had seen Annette before, and had been struck by the sweet and piquant character of her beauty, which blended rather curiously both the German and American styles. He had also admired the long fair braids which she wore over her shoulders, and which reminded him of the *mädchen* of his own country, and had thought more than once that it would be pleasant if Annette would sometimes join in the conversation, instead of sitting silently by and absorbing herself in her sewing. But there was handsome, full-blown Gertrude always on hand, prattling, coquetting, playing on the piano, and otherwise taking up attention; so his half-formed wish to make better acquaintance with Miss Thayre came to nothing. Now, engaged in this homely domestic occupation, she looked to him prettier than ever. Watching the quiet little figure and the small, busy fingers, Max thought of his mother rubbing up tea-spoons in like manner when he was a little boy. He thought of a dozen other old-fashioned and suggestive pictures, and a glow of home-like recollection suffused his heart.

There was a new look in the usually bright face, which he now observed—a certain vague, tender gravity softening its blooming lines; and being a sentimental young fellow at bottom, he set himself wondering what it meant. Why was this dainty little maiden doing servants' work in her uncle's house so late on a holiday eve? And while thus, pondering and uncertain, he lingered for a moment, Annette spoke.

"There, that is done. Now I will go and dress," she said, laying down the silver pitcher she had been rubbing, and beginning to untie her apron. But just then "Annette!" sounded in loud, imperious tones down the speaking-tube.

"Yes, aunt."

"I forgot the big tray and the chocolate pot. Send Mary down to fetch them, and give them a good cleaning, will you? They are shockingly dull."

"Yes, aunt." The voice was bright; but as Annette re-tied her apron she looked a little disappointed.

"I declare, Miss Annette," said the maid, "you'll be all tired out before the company comes."

"Oh no, Mary," with a smile. "It won't take long to do the other things, I guess. Only run and bring them as fast as you can—that's a good girl."

"Annette!" rang another voice from the upper end of the tube. "Annette, are you there?"

"Yes, Gertrude. What is it?"

"My over-skirt is all mussed and doubled over in packing, and I want you to dry-flute the ruffles before you come up. Amalie will take it down and leave it in the hall when she goes. Do be as quick as you can, and don't let Bridget *touch* it, or she'll ruin the lace."

"But, Gertrude," called Annette up the tube, "I'm afraid I can't do that and be ready to come down to the tree."

"Never mind if you aren't," was the uncompromising answer. "I've got to have it, any way. And it won't signify if you should be a few minutes late; you'll have your things just the same."

"Well, there!" ejaculated the indignant Mary—"if that isn't too bad! You've been kept busy all day, miss, and now you ain't a-going to have a minute left you to dress. And it's Christmas-eve and all."

"Never mind, Mary," said Annette, in a weary, patient voice. "Christmas-eve isn't much when one is not in one's own home, and I never cared about it particularly since I came to New York. So it won't really make any difference if I am late. And Miss Gertrude wants to look nice, for, you know, Mr. Abicht is coming."

"I only just wish *I* was a man, and had eyes! I'd use 'em," muttered the wrathful Mary, as she flounced away. Annette rested her head upon her hand. Max saw—he was sure he saw—a tear roll down her cheek.

Good gracious! what a horrible position this was—evesdropping, peeping, overhearing. And all quite against his will! What should he do to get out of this frightful predicament, in which at any moment he was liable to be discovered? With a sort of desperate tiptoe rush he gained the other end of the room, and, oh joy! his hand struck a door-knob. Noiselessly he turned it. It *was* the hall; there was the lighted gas, the front-door—blessed avenue of escape! With nervous yet quiet movement he opened, he shut. No burglar ever let himself out more gingerly. Once safely in the street, under the frosty moon, he breathed freely, and began to think over the scene he had witnessed.

"The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's egg," says the proverb. We are inclined to think that the deity who presides over love-affairs may be of scarcely larger size. Certainly the time spent by Max Abicht *perdu* behind the pantry door could not have exceeded three minutes and a quarter, but short as it was, it decided his after-destiny, as you will see.

Half an hour's walking in the crisp, cold air calmed his excitement. Consulting the time, he found it eight o'clock. So returning on his path, he rang the second time at Mr. Heddermann's door-bell. The same wild figure opened the door. It was, in fact, the cook's cousin, a recently imported specimen, who being tolerated in the household as an occasional supernumerary, had taken advantage of the situation to sally forth for a "peep at the quality;" and thus, unconsciously to herself, twice performed the part of a *deus ex machina* in the evening's entertainment.

This time, however, she did not indicate the dining-room; but motioning Max up stairs, followed, and held open a parlor door for him to enter. Max advanced, the door closed behind him, and again he found himself at fault. It was the front-parlor this time, dedicated to the special use and behoof of the Christmas-tree. There it stood, green, stately, bedecked—its fascinating load of mysterious parcels and rows of unlighted tapers revealed by a dim flicker of gas overhead. Max had in his pocket some trifles provided for the occasion; and though somewhat embarrassed at finding himself again where he was evidently not intended to be, the opportunity of disposing of these seemed too good to lose; and drawing them out, he proceeded to quest about in search of proper places for their suspension.

The tree was all ticketed with names in true German fashion. Max turned away his eyes discreetly when he met his own, and proceeded to attach a pretty casket of *Sèvres* to the branch labeled "Die Mutter;" next a dainty bonbonnière in pink enamel and silver went on to the plethoric bough which bore the inscription, "Trudchen;" and a something in paper, well tied up, on that intended for Mr. Heddermann. One more bonbonnière remained; and he looked about him. Yes, there at the back of the tree was a small twig marked "Annette." It was a very small one, and held but one tiny parcel, though, by way of making the effect gay, a couple of gilt balls and a red apple were tied on either side. Max thought of the patient little worker down stairs, and his heart swelled. He hesitated, colored, hesitated again. Then determination shone in his face. Dropping the bonbonnière again into his pocket, he drew a ring from his finger, tore a leaf from a note-book, and, writing a few rapid lines beneath the gas, made a small package, and with dextrous fingers hung it on the neglected bough. A deep flush dyed his cheeks, and his eyes glittered strangely, as, closing the parlor door behind him, he stood in the hall. Just then Mrs. Heddermann came sweeping down stairs.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Abicht, how good you are to be so prompt!" she exclaimed, holding out her hand. "What a cold, cold night it is! Pray come in to the fire. Gertrude will be down in a moment. The tree will be lighted almost immediately now—at half past eight, as her note told you."

Max bowed and smiled. He began to comprehend the how and why of the misunderstanding, but preserved discreet that silence which, we are told, "breaks no bones."

It was all like a dream to him. He saw the company assembled. Gertrude rustled in, all crisp and beautiful, in azure silk and diaphanous muslin; he was introduced to this person and that, connections of the Heddermann family; he conversed and was conversed with, and played his part well and like a man. But all the time a vague sense of sleep-walking was over him, and his thoughts were hanging, with his mother's ring, on that unseen bough in the next room. He looked so often at the door that Mrs. Heddermann observed and marveled; but the grand business of lighting commenced, and took off her attention. And just as the folding-doors rolled back, and the tree stood revealed, with all its many colored tapers and glittering fruits, a gentle little figure, clad in simple white, stole in and joined the company, unobserved by all.

Unobserved by all except one, that is. Amidst the chattering, laughing confusion, the exclamations of wonder, the "How lovely's," and "Oh, thank you's;" amidst Mrs. Heddermann's caressing words and Gertrude's overdone raptures about her casket, still Max contrived to follow with his gaze that little figure. He saw the wistful, smiling face as she untied the parcel, the wondering eyes that read the note, the deep, deep rosy flush that came with the reading! And no wonder, for these were the words, written by that audacious Max in German:

"A youth passed near a violet, but he saw it not, till on the air its fragrance was borne to him. Then he perceived that it was the most modest and most beautiful of flowers, and he desired it for his own. And he said to the violet, 'Oh, violet, pardon that I knew you not before. I am late, but I love; and loving late, I shall love always.' And the violet said— What did the violet reply? I dare not guess!

"But perhaps a violet can not speak so soon. I would not frighten its fragrance. But if the blossom I covet can feel in her heart one secret possibility of regard, if I need not utterly despair, should she place on her finger this ring which once my mother wore, I shall see the sign of hope when I kiss her hand, and, thanking God, I shall be happy. MAX ABICHT."

Trembling, our hero watched with furtive looks the reading of this billet. He saw the sweet face of the reader quiver with a smile which was half a tear, saw the little hands fold up and hide the paper; then the eyes were raised. His own met them, full of beseeching eagerness. And he saw no more, until, in the general hand-shaking which followed the distribution of the gifts, he found himself close to Annette, who was leaning against the table with downcast eyes. He held out his hand; hers went timidly forth to meet it, and lo! on one of those slender fingers shone—the ring!

And so Max Abicht won his prize. Not immediately, or as a matter of course. There were some difficulties in the way. Gertrude pouted, and Mrs. Heddermann did all that in her lay to hinder the wooing. But that must be faint heart indeed that can not grapple with *such* obstacles. Before another Christmas-day all was happily settled. Max took his bride home with him, and this year, in a fair German city, a stately tree will be dressed by the hands of Annette, or "Violet," as her husband calls her. She has forgiven his eavesdropping, and he declares an intention, daily growing stronger, of settling a pension on that unaccountable Irish worthy who, starting him on "passionate pilgrimage" about Mrs. Heddermann's dining-room, secured his treasure of a wife, and made him a happy man for life.

PROFESSOR X—— AND HIS EGG.

LATE one afternoon, in a room dimly lighted by the sun, which strove in vain to force its way through the dusty panes, a small man might have been seen in a state of great excitement, dancing, with hammer and chisel in hand, about a large box covered with foreign stamps and brands, which a custom-house dray had just deposited at his door. This much we would say here—it was Professor X——, the well-known enthusiast in natural history, and this box had absorbed his waking and sleeping thoughts for many a day; for it had come all the way from New Zealand, and contained what was believed to be an egg of the dinornis, that gigantic bird of past ages, whose fossil remains, showing that it was fully twelve feet in height, are now to be seen in several museums.

Now the professor was not overburdened with the good things of this world; he was, besides, the father of a large family. It is not, then, to be wondered at that his scientific pursuits and their consequent expense were sore grievances to the wife of his bosom, a somewhat elderly and acid matron, whose energies were directed more to the "wherewithal ye shall be clothed" question, particularly as relating to her numerous and struggling brood, than to the investigation of fossil remains: so that the slanderous were not so far wrong when they said that the professor did not ride his hobby altogether at his ease. Be this as it may, the worthy lady carefully concealed her feelings as she stood, with her eight olive-branches beside her—much in the style of the wife and children of John Rogers, as figured in the "New England Primer"—and watched the great egg unpacked and deposited in its place in the cabinet.

That night, in the small hours, as he lay in bed, the professor had a thought which brought him suddenly to a sitting position. The egg had seemed unusually heavy when lifting it. Could its contents still remain within it? It was found, the letter that preceded it had told him, in a saline deposit, the little end downward. He recalled to mind that he had heard that farmers' wives preserved eggs in freshness for winter use by stowing them away in layers of salt, the little end downward. "Eureka!" he exclaimed, suddenly—an unfortunate remark; for his drowsy wife beside him, awaking to dim consciousness, concluded hastily that her husband had the nightmare, and shook him till the teeth rattled in his head.

But the thought thus started would not die away. If the egg thus perfect could be hatched, and the bird be produced in a living state, his name would be forever immortal. The idea took such possession of him that he went early that morning to his mathematical friend, Professor Surd, and laid the matter before him, at the same time asking his aid in finding out to what

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degree of heat and for how long a time the egg must be exposed to secure the desired result. Professor Surd bent every energy to the task, merely requiring some simple facts as starting-points as, for instance, the amount of heat generated by an ordinary hen when setting—a point which our friend settled at the expense of sundry severe digs in the hand, given by a vicious old hen, under whom he finally succeeded in inserting a thermometer. Professor Surd, as we have said, bent every energy to the task, and to such good purpose that at the expiration of the third day he presented his friend nine foolscap pages covered with algebraic formulæ, which ended in the final result that the egg must be subjected to a temperature of 113° for twenty-three days.

The situation, as the professor revolved it in his mind, was dark indeed. His purse was empty, and he knew no way to fill it. It was December, and cold enough it was, as he knew to his cost, for he had turned his great-coat the week before into the vertebræ of an icthyosaurian, an article desirable indeed, but of little use to keep off the cold wind. Only one plan could he think of, and he shuddered as the domestic scene that it must cause rose to his mind. It was, in brief, to turn all the heat of the furnace into the little room just over it, and to shut it off from the rest of the house. What his wife would do, what his children, in a house without fire, when the thermometer was below zero, he thought it best not to consider, for he had made up his mind that, no matter what the cost, the egg should be hatched. Nevertheless, he was not quite bold enough to put his plan into direct execution, but decided to try first a course of strategy. In pursuance of this plan, Mrs. X—— sat nearly petrified with astonishment the next morning when she heard her husband propose that, as she looked a little run down, she should take the children, except Murchy—short for Murchison, the professor's eldest—and make a visit of a day or two at her mother's in the country. But if she sat silent, not so the little X——s. Such a shout of approval arose from the favored seven at the thought of grandma's cake cupboard, and other special delights, that the parents were fain to cover their ears with their hands. And so it was agreed, and was acted on; and by twelve o'clock Mrs. X——, with moist eyes and a "Good-by, dear, thoughtful, self-denying John!" was gone. Had she seen the exultant war-dance which took place in the hall the moment the door was closed behind her, she might have had doubts as to the amount of self-denial, particularly could she have followed his steps into his study, where he calmly sat down to write to her his fears—in a letter dated the next day—that Murchison was developing strong symptoms of the whooping-cough; that he had sent for old nurse Ellen; and that, perhaps, she had better stay at her mother's till it was decided, etc.

"And now to business," quoth the professor, as he made his way to the cellar, and inspected the amount of fuel and the condition of the furnace. There was coal enough to last for two weeks, he calculated, and ten minutes' work cut off the heat from every flue except the one that went to the little room directly overhead, up which, in the course of half an hour, a raging blast was pouring. The egg was suspended where the heat could reach it on every side, and a large thermometer was so placed that its figures could be easily read through the glass pane set in the door. The professor brought down his bed and placed it just where through the pane he could watch the thermometer and all in the room, while an alarm-clock on the floor by his side roused him every hour during the night to shovel coal upon the fire. And so two weeks went on, during which daily bulletins had gone forth telling how Murchy was getting over the whooping-cough, and how the professor looked forward to having them all at home again. But now trouble, like a gloomy cloud, gathered upon the horizon. The coal was giving out, and Murchy returned from the office whither he had been dispatched with an order for another ton with the answer that the last must be paid for first. What could be done? The clothes posts in the yard lasted but a little time, and the flooring of the back-balcony was soon consumed. The example of Palissy the Potter rose before him, and he exclaimed, with enthusiasm, "Murchy, bring down the furniture from the attic!"

Two days after a ring of a peculiarly savage character at the door caused the professor's heart to leap into his mouth. "Murchy," he said, in a faint tone, "it is your mother." And so it was. The cat was out of the bag, and the one who had untied the bag and let her out was Murchy himself. He had written to his brother without his father's knowledge, and had stated, "Me and papa are having a jolly lark trying to hatch that big egg. We've used up all the coal, and the furniture in Bridget's room, and to-morrow we're going to begin on my room."

It may be imagined the state of mind into which the communication threw Murchison's mamma; but I leave the reader to fancy her state of mind on arriving and finding her worst anticipations verified. Her mother had accompanied her, and wife and mother-in-law attacked the professor so lustily that the poor man exclaimed, in despair, that they could not have cackled more loudly had they laid the egg themselves.

They were somewhat put out, however, to find that in spite of their eloquence their victim was obdurate, for he left them suddenly in one of their highest bursts, and disappeared down cellar, where they followed just in time to see the foot-board of the nursery bed disappear into the raging flames.

A compromise was at last effected. Mother-in-law agreed to pay for three tons of coal, and the professor signed an agreement that the furniture should not be touched; and the ladies departed in high dudgeon, shaking off, as it were, the dust from their feet.

And now the professor settled himself down for another week, though day by day his excitement increased as the time drew nigh when either victory or defeat must perch upon his banners. The twenty-second night he spent upon his knees, not engaged in the manner that position would seem to imply, but staring through the pane of glass, watching for any indication that might betoken life in the shell. Was it fancy that, toward morning, he thought he heard a sound like that made by workmen chipping stone? and could it be that his eyes deceived him? for if they had not, the shell had surely cracked; nay, while he still stared, incredulous, it fell to pieces, and before him stood a live dinornis. To say that the professor was hilarious would be to say nothing. He gave a shout that fairly startled himself, and caused the newly born bird to slowly turn its head and give a prolonged stare, ended, the professor could have sworn, by a knowing wink.

Success had come, and the professor was hilarious; but his hilarity decreased suddenly when he saw how the appetite of the bird increased. Before it was a week old it would take half a bushel of corn a day, and its rate of growth was astonishing. Mrs. X——, too, had returned home, and apparently the little trip had not improved her health or her disposition. She had lately taken a mathematical turn in her studies, and every day at dinner the professor was served with a course of statistics as to how the amount thus far expended on the bird would have purchased two pairs of pantaloons and a pair of shoes for each of the boys. As the bird grew, the statistics increased so fearfully that the professor would have fain filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, could he have done so in quiet.

And so the days went on; and yet, to say truth, the professor himself began to be alarmed at the question of expense, for the bird's appetite was something amazing. Now, in May, at four months of age, it really seemed at times as if it would eat him out of house and home. Nothing could appease its cravings. That very morning, as he had stood in the back-yard, near the kitchen door, in his slippered feet, blacking his boots, the bird had sidled up beside him, and had deliberately swallowed the boot which he had just successfully polished and laid upon the bench beside him. "No wonder," thought the desponding man, "that the natives of New Zealand called these birds Moa; their cry for more! more! is ever in my ears. No wonder that the species is extinct; doubtless it is because they died of starvation, having eaten up every thing."

The peculiarities of the bird were becoming by this time considerably developed, and afforded to the professor an interesting, though at times, as we have seen, a painful study. Its personal appearance I shall not attempt to describe, for this reason, in all frankness, that it would show to be entirely false the description which Cuvier has given, and I would not willingly hold up so deserving a man to ridicule. But of its peculiarities I may speak without casting discredit on any scientist; and of these the most noted began in this way: Early one summer morning, when daylight had hardly begun to show its first gleams in the eastern sky—it was three by the professor's watch—he himself and the whole neighborhood were awakened by a noise which could only be compared to the disconnected blasts of the engine when a cow is disporting herself on the track before it. Without waiting to attire himself, he rushed to the window and put out his head. At every window in the whole block he saw a similar head, each roused by the noise. Looking above him, he saw Murchison, his son, and from him came the exultant shout,

"Oh, pa, it's the dinornis trying to crow!"

Horror of horrors! it was too true. For one half hour the bird practiced its newly found accomplishment, and though at the end of the half hour it had considerably improved on its first effort, yet when the professor came down to breakfast he found in his yard a collection of old slippers, boots, and boot-jacks, which lay thickly scattered about, while in their midst placidly stood the dinornis, calmly making a breakfast over the most tender of the missiles. Regularly now during the night, at the hours of twelve and three, the bird would send forth its dolorous cry, and as regularly some neighboring window would go open with a smash, and the next instant a crash would be heard in the yard as the missile struck the ground. Four suits had been begun against the professor for maintaining a public nuisance. A sheriff's officer sat upon the steps of his front-door with a process to serve upon him, and one on the area steps, while two straddled the fence of the back-yard. But the professor was not thus to be caught. He applied himself more closely to his studies, and for exercise he perambulated his house-top.

But alas for the professor! though he exerted all his arts, the bird would crow only at the prescribed hours, and a plan for exhibiting him as a crowing phenomenon had to be given up.

But I must hasten on to my close, and tell the final catastrophe. One lovely morning in September the professor was standing at the back nursery window tossing in his arms his youngest, the baby Darwina, not yet four months old. As the weather was balmy, the window was open, and the clear air came freshly to him as he stood. In the yard was the dinornis, now nine months old, and grown to its full height of twelve feet. Seeing his master standing there, the bird moved his ungainly body across the inclosure, and stood with his head just inside the window. Darwina screamed, and her papa, anxious to overcome her fears, held her out toward the bird. There was a sudden motion forward on the part of the dinornis, an opening of the mighty beak, a sudden gulp, and baby was gone—the dinornis had swallowed her. The professor stood riveted to the spot with horror. Not so his worthy spouse. From the back part of the room she had been a witness of the scene. Seizing the heavy fire-shovel, she rushed at the bird, and dealt it a blow upon the head that felled it as beneath a butcher's cleaver. There lay its ungainly length along the ground, lifeless; but imagine, gentle reader, the mother's feelings when, from the prostrate carcass, she heard distinctly an infant's wail. The dinornis had an unhealthy habit of swallowing every thing without mastication, and thus it was, no doubt, the case that baby Darwina was at that moment in its stomach, and alive, its slightest ruffle uncrumpled. The thought had barely time to pass through the mother's brain ere she seized from the table the carving-knife, and rushed frantically to the rescue. The professor roused from his lethargy, and was at her side. "Give me the knife," he cried; "a careless cut might ruin the skin so that it could not be stuffed." His state was truly remarkable—his devotion to science and his love for his child were at variance. At times he would brush the perspiration from his brow, and cry, "Courage, courage; my child; help is near!" and then bend more busily to his work. But at last, when the bird was finally opened, it was too late, for poor little Darwina was stiff and cold, and the professor—well, the professor put a double row of crape on his hat, and went into bankruptcy.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE present is evidently the period to which the wise man alluded when he remarked, "Of making many books there is no end." The sight of a New York bookstore, resplendent with countless gift books for the holidays—books elegant in bindings of red, blue, black, brown, and green, with gold and silver trimmings; books abounding in choice illustrations of every conceivable kind; books for babies, books for boys, books for girls, books for every body, and all printed in such beautifully clear type—the sight of such a collection as is spread out in our large bookstores about Christmas-time would have bewildered any papa or mamma of fifty or even of twenty-five years ago, and made their little folks quite frantic. In those days there was no surplus of books even in families who were esteemed comfortably "well off." A new volume was occasionally purchased, but usually these were of too solid a kind to be comprehended by the younger members of the household. A few well worn but most carefully preserved books for children were the source of never-failing delight. They were read and re-read endlessly. How many can remember the pleasure with which they thumbed the roughly bound and coarsely printed (as they would now seem) volumes of the "Parent's Assistant," "Evening Entertainments," "Temperance Tales," and, perhaps, an odd volume of the "Swiss Family Robinson!" or, it may be, some stray novel of the stamp of "Display," by Jane Taylor, had crept into the household, and was suffered to remain, to the delight of young story-lovers. Few indeed were the picture-books; nor would the children who are looking for the New-Year's gifts of 1872 regard them as worth a glance. Yet that old volume of "Peter Parley's Magazine" was a treasure; so also "Peter Parley's Picture-Book," the "People's Magazine," with its heavy wood-cuts, and the "Youth's Companion," its first story headed by a small, dull picture, which every Saturday night delighted young eyes. If by chance New-Year's, or Christmas, or a birthday added some small story-book to the treasured collection, it was hailed as a prize, and, having been carefully covered, was read by each child until the contents were pretty thoroughly committed to memory.

Happy children of to-day, for whom ready pens continually write and skillful pencils sketch—for whom the most fascinating tales and the most attractive pictures are specially prepared at each holiday season! The list of children's books for 1872 is too lengthy for mention here; but if the young folks can coax their elders into bookstores about this time, the attractive volumes will make their own appeal to the eye.

Jean Ingelow's name is generally mispronounced in this country. The *g* is soft, as in Angelo.

The Emperor Napoleon and the Empress keep neither carriage nor horses of their own, but hire them for excursions. Napoleon has renounced the idea of remaining at Chiselhurst, for which he was to pay a rent of $6000 a year; but having heard that the proprietor could get more for it, and being unwilling to incur an obligation, he is looking out for a villa in or near London.

During the year in which occurred the marriage of the Prince of Wales—1863—about 1500 girls in Great Britain received the name of Alexandra, and nearly 3000 boys were registered Albert Edward. The Albert Alexanders were also numerous, and the birth registers for the period abound in other indications as to the interest taken in the young couple at the time. The following are some of the combinations that were then conferred as personal names: Regina Alexandra, Prince Albert Edward, Alberta Alexandra, Alexander Albert, Alexandra Victoria, Alexander Denmark, etc.

When the water was recently cut off so suddenly in Boston on account of the formation of ice, the milkmen heard great complaint from their customers because of the unnatural thickness of the milk. They comforted them with the assurance that the thing should not happen again.

The titles and honors of the Prince of Wales are thus recounted in the books of history of the English peerage: Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, Great Steward of Scotland, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Chester, Carrick, and Dublin, Baron of Renfrew and Lord of the Isles, Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, Knight of the Elephant of Denmark, Knight of the Golden Fleece, and a general in the British army. The Prince is a Knight of the Garter. The patronage of twenty-nine church livings is invested in him, chiefly as the owner of the Duchy of Cornwall, and he appoints the rectors of the Episcopal Establishment accordingly.

The Grand Duke went to Lowell to visit the factories. When he reached the City of Spindles, and disembarked from the train, it was with a careless, easy gait, with his hands in his pockets, and apparently entirely unconscious of the crowd that was looking for him. His nonchalance had the effect of turning attention from him, and the deceived spectators did not know until he had passed that they had looked upon a prince.

The art galleries of New York present unusual attractions at this holiday season.

St. Petersburg has about the population of Philadelphia; Moscow about that of Brooklyn.

During the year 1870, 3705 parcels were received at the Smithsonian Institution for persons in this country, the Institution having received 5182 articles for its own collection. There were also transmitted to foreign countries through the Smithsonian 1805 packages, containing many thousand articles. The French and German war has doubtless diminished the number of packages and scientific publications which have been received during 1871.

A petition signed by three thousand Brooklyn ladies was recently presented to the Board of Aldermen, asking for a better observance of the Sabbath by the closing of saloons and stores on that day.

Whatever views one may hold upon the much-mooted question of drinking wine, we think no lady who conscientiously and thoughtfully considers the matter would be willing to add the least iota to the too often overwhelming temptations which meet every young man while making his New-Year's calls. If courtesy requires the gentleman to drink the glass of wine offered by some lady friend at each house visited, or if he *fancies* courtesy requires this, his calls must be few, or the evening hours will show an unsteady step, a dulled brain, rude conduct, and often helpless intoxication. Even if you believe there is no harm in using wine on ordinary occasions, will not every lady make New-Year's Day a special exception? Do not offer to the young man who offers to you the congratulations of the season that which may bring him to harm and disgrace. Let your hospitality be apparent in other things. Spread as dainty a table as you please; let there be no lack of good things to eat; and a cup of hot coffee or chocolate, offered with graceful attention, will be acceptable to any guest. It is in the power of the ladies of our large cities, by simply refraining to offer the wine-glass to their guests on New-Year's, to save from ruin many a young man. The etiquette which demands that any one, for courtesy's sake, should drink one glass after another during the socialities of the first day of the year, should be abandoned by all well-wishers of society.

In England the Christmas festivities used to take place in the hall, which was really the most important part of the old Saxon house. A vocabulary of the fifteenth century enumerates as the ordinary furniture of the hall: "A board, a trestle, a banker, a dorser, a natte (table-cloth), a table dormant, a basin, a laver, fire on a hearth, a brand or torch, a Yule-block, an andiron, tongs, a pair of bellows, wood for the fire, a long settle, a chair, a bench, a stool, a cushion, and a screen."

Prince Albert, the consort of Queen Victoria, died on the 14th of December, 1861, after an illness of two weeks. Three days before his death he expressed the belief that he should not recover; but as he continued without specially unfavorable symptoms, the Queen took a drive on the 13th without any idea of danger. On her return his limbs were cold, and he was not expected to survive the night. Congestion of the lungs set in, and he expired on the evening of the next day, having retained his senses to the latest moment of his life.

Warwick Castle, which has been injured irreparably by fire, was one of the most magnificent of the feudal fortresses of England—indeed, was almost the only great baronial stronghold which was in a really good state of preservation. It was used as a family residence by the Earl of Warwick, who was born in 1818, and succeeded to the title in 1853. The building was situated on a steep acclivity between the town of Warwick and the river Avon. Tradition and history state that Warwick Castle was founded by Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred. The castle contained a fine collection of paintings and other works of art, which have been mostly destroyed by the fire.

Placarded in the post-office of a Vermont village is the following notice:

My wife, Mary Miller, having deceived me in regard to her age before marriage, claiming to be 26 only when she was 32, with teeth badly decayed, while I am not 22 with perfectly sound teeth, therefore I will pay no debts of her contracting.

His
L. H. × Church.
mark.

The Queen of Holland has climbed up Vesuvius in a sedan-chair. There is a royal road to some things—if not to learning.

The following marriage notice is clipped from a Texas paper:

Married, on the 1st instant, by early candle-light, at the wigwam of the bride, in the town of Mason, Mason County, Texas, by James M. Hunter, Esq., presiding justice of said county, Señor Robert Gardner, of the Republic of Mexico, to Miss Amy Perryman, of the renowned tribe of Seminole Indians, and one of the few followers of the noted chief Wild-Cat. Quite a number of guests were present to witness the two loving hearts blended together, and partake of the magnificent preparations that were supplied for the entertainment, which would have done honor to the royal lodges of the proudest chieftain.

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Hats and Bonnets for Young and Elderly Ladies, Figs. 1–7.

Fig. 1.—BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY. This bonnet is made of gray velvet, and is trimmed with an ostrich feather of the same color and gray gros grain ribbon. A scarf of black figured tulle and lace an inch and three-quarters wide, on the back of the bonnet, falls on both sides, and is tied under the chin. A ruche of white crape is set inside of the bonnet. Cut the frame first of a double layer of stiff lace from Figs. 53 and 54, Supplement, each in one piece. Arrange the crown, Fig. 54, in pleats, as indicated on the pattern, and join it, according to the corresponding figures, with the rim, which has previously been sewed up from 29 to 30, and wired on the edge as indicated on the pattern. Bind the frame with silk, cover it smoothly with velvet, and trim as shown by the illustration. The cluster of bows on the left side of the bonnet covers the seam made by sewing on short ends of tulle trimmed with lace and long hanging gros grain ribbons.

Figs. 2 and 3.—GRAY FELT HAT FOR YOUNG LADY. This hat, which Fig. 3 shows without the trimming, is trimmed with folds of gray gros grain and black lace. On the back of the hat is a scarf of black figured tulle and lace, white ostrich feathers, and long drooping white heron feathers.

Figs. 4 and 5.—BLACK SILK FELT HAT FOR YOUNG LADY. This hat is finished on the edge with a binding and roll of black velvet. The remaining trimming is formed by two rows of gathered black lace, the seam of which is covered by a roll of velvet, ostrich feathers, bows and ends of velvet ribbon, and a long spray of leaves with berries. Fig. 5 shows the hat untrimmed.

Figs. 6 and 7.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH HERON FEATHERS. The trimming for this bonnet consists of black lace, black gros grain bows and strings, and white ostrich and heron feathers. A white ruche is set inside the front. Fig. 7 shows the frame for the bonnet.

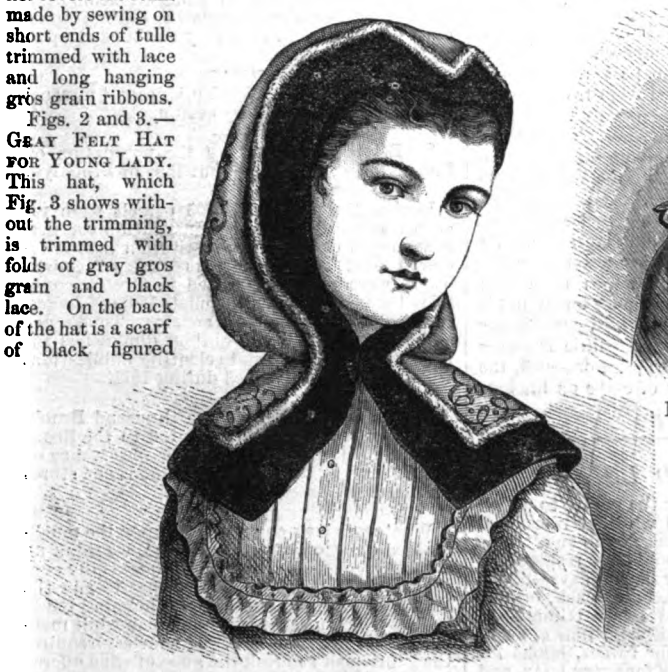


Fig. 1.—HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 48–52.



HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



Fig. 2.—HOOD FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 48–52.

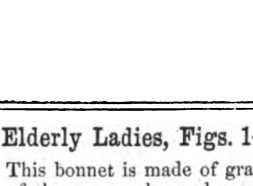


Fig. 5.—BLACK FELT HAT WITHOUT TRIMMING.



Fig. 1.—BONNET FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 53 and 54.

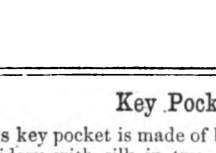


Fig. 7.—FRAME FOR BONNET, FIG. 6.

Cloth and Satin Slipper.

See illustrations on page 4.

THIS red satin slipper is ornamented with application embroidery of gray cloth and red saddler's silk. The inside of the slipper is thinly wadded, and lined with red cashmere lining. The trimming for the slipper consists of two pinked strips and a bow of satin and cloth. The sole is made of braids of twine.

Key Pocket.—[See illustration on page 4.]

THIS key pocket is made of brown silk, and is ornamented in half-polka stitch embroidery with silk in two shades of brown. The inside of the pocket is wadded, and lined with brown silk. Cut two pieces of brown silk from Fig. 31, Supplement, and on one of these work the embroidery as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern. Baste the other piece of silk on wadding which has previously been laid between soft net and quilted, together with the latter, in diamonds. Then baste the material on the lining, run the edges together, fold down the piece along the dotted lines given, and overhand the side edges together from 54 to 53 on 53 and from 56 to 55 on 55. Edge the pocket on the outer edge with brown silk cord, and on the middle of the flap fasten a button and an elastic cord loop four inches and a half long, which serve to close the pocket.

Embroidered Footstool, Figs. 1–4.

See illustrations on page 4.

THIS pretty footstool is furnished with a cover on the upper surface. The bolster for the cushion is four-cornered, three inches high, eighteen inches and a half wide, and twelve inches long; it is covered on the upper surface with white fur, on the under surface with enameled cloth, and on the outer edge with a puffing of dark red plush. The cover consists of two parts, and is worked in plush and gobelin embroidery with red worsted in two shades, lined with white fur, and trimmed with fur strips as shown by Fig. 50. The embroidery on both parts of the cover is worked in the design given by Fig. 85, Supplement; the leaves, stems, and vines in plush stitch with tapestry worsted in the lighter shade, and the foundation in Gobelin stitch with fine zephyr worsted in a darker shade. Figs. 2 and 3 show the manner of working these stitches. To make the plush stitch first form a loop with the working thread; then, passing over two threads of the canvas, take up two *horizontal* threads, and, finally, work a half cross stitch from right to left (see arrow-head on Fig. 2). After working the design figures cut open the loops and clip the figures of the design. A design figure worked in this manner is shown in full size on Fig. 4. Work the gobelin stitch for the foundation in crosswise rows, each on one thread of the canvas, always passing over two vertical threads and taking up one horizontal thread (see Fig. 3). The darker worsted may also be used for the design figures, and the lighter worsted for the foundation, if desired. Sew the embroidered pieces, lined with fur, on the cushion as shown by Fig. 1, and set on the trimming as shown by the same illustration.

Embroidered Spectacle Case.

See illustrations on page 4.

THIS spectacle case, consisting of two parts that slide into each other, is made of card-board covered with brown silk. The outer part is ornamented with velvet application edged with gold cord, and trimmed with embroidery of brown saddler's silk and gold thread. Cut, first, of card-board one piece from Fig. 55, Supplement, leaving an extra edge one-fifth of an inch wide on one side. Cover this piece on the inner side with glazed paper, and close it in a ring, pasting one side one-fifth of an inch wide on the other side. Cut of silk one piece also from Fig. 55, and for the soufflet cut of a double layer of silk one piece from Fig. 56, Supplement. Sew on the silk the velvet figure, which is cut in one piece as indicated on Fig. 55, Supplement, and ornamented in point Russe and satin stitch embroidery as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern.—Paste the silk cover on the card-board, in doing which fasten the soufflet at the same time according to the corresponding figures. Cover the edges of the material at the top and bottom of the case with fine cord. The inner part of the case, which is designed to hold the spectacles, is made similar to the outer part, only, to enable it to slide into the latter, it is cut two-fifths of an inch narrower, and is not embroidered. In joining on the soufflet fasten on a ribbon loop at the same time, which serves for a handle.



Fig. 3.—GRAY FELT HAT WITHOUT TRIMMING.



Fig. 2.—GRAY FELT HAT FOR YOUNG LADY.
[See Fig. 3.]



Fig. 4.—BLACK FELT HAT FOR YOUNG LADY.
[See Fig. 5.]

THE HOME CIRCLE.

NO doubt, taking people exactly as they are, dropping in upon the *ménage*, getting a peep at the arcana, is the best way of studying a family, or any particular woman of it. A Frenchman was once asked to dinner, with an assurance from his host that he would not make a stranger of him. "But I beg you will make a stranger of me," said the wily Frenchman, who doubtless calculated that, in the latter capacity, he would have the best chance of a good dinner. The fine old Oriental notion of taking your salt with a man no longer belongs to a set dinner. A dinner is ordinarily a matter of social barter or diplomacy; but if you take a chance family meal with a man and his people, you at once establish kindly and intimate relations with him. If you have a tutored eye, you may read so much of character and habits in this kind of intercourse—infinitely more than at parties. You will know more of a person by a little fireside intercourse than by casual meetings at parties for years together. You may talk of the perils of young men when they come up to town; but there is no better safeguard than giving such young fellows the associations of home and sweet woman. Parents make an immense mistake in taking too severely monetary a view of a young fellow's prospects. I never knew a young fellow under so ever a dun cloud who, with purpose and ability, could not work out his way into the sunlight. Better a long engagement or an early marriage than many other evils.



Fig. 6.—BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH HERON FEATHERS.—[See Fig. 7.]

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EVENING TOILETTE.

THIS exquisite vaporous evening dress is made of white tulle and Malines lace, trimmed with zinnias of rich, bright colors, with dark leaves, which have the effect of the warm tints of autumn leaves, and produce a striking effect among the clouds of tulle. The trained skirt is puffed all the way to the waist, and trimmed with a deep flounce. The over-skirt is of plain tulle, edged with Malines lace headed with a puff, and is caught up with zinnias so as to form diamond puffs. A long trailing spray of dahlias loops it at one side. Low puffed waist, edged round the neck with zinnias, and short sleeves. A coronet of the same flowers encircles the head, and a single zinnia is set on the crown. Necklace of gold pendants. White kid gloves and slippers.



EVENING TOILETTE.

PARIS MODES.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WILL it come? Will it stay where it is? Such are the questions which the Parisians ask each other daily concerning the National Assembly, and which those best informed also answer daily in inverse directions. It is very true that M. Thiers desires the Assembly to sit in Paris; it is also very true that the Assembly does not desire it; and none the less true, if I may credit private advices, that it will remain at Versailles. The mob knows the way too well to the Palais Bourbon. It is true that it also knows the way to Versailles; but at least it has only been there once, and since then Fort Mont Valérien has been built, which renders this way less easy and secure.

According to all probability, therefore, Paris will continue bereft of the Assembly. It is none the less animated and brilliant for want of the parliamentary sessions; for the deputies, ministers, and officials of all kinds live in Paris, though they sit at Versailles. Hitherto the reunions have been limited to a few official dinners. If there is dancing, it will be non-officially. The ruling powers are neither of the age nor taste to relish dancing, and think rightly that this diversion would ill comport with the present state of affairs. Besides the ceremonious dinners, M. Thiers always has one or more functionaries at his table. He talks during the meal with the brilliancy and frankness for which he is renowned; then, when dinner is over, he calls his guests around him, makes them sit by his side on the sofa, puts a few direct and studied questions to them, and then — falls asleep. Meanwhile Madame Thiers dozes on one side of the chimney-piece, enveloped in an ample burnous; and her sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, who never quits her, follows her example on the other side. The evenings at President Thiers's are not very gay, therefore; but gayety is not what we need just now: what we need is to work, to arm ourselves, and to stand ready to profit by the contingencies that can not fail to arise in Europe, now that rapacity and ambition seem let loose on this unhappy continent. No one doubts for an instant that the military law, making soldiers of all the people, will be passed as soon as the Assembly meets. The deputies are nearly all assembled already at Paris.

Those who sulk at the great city, those who are afraid, and those who are nothing, and wish to be nothing there, continue to linger in the country. But château life has wholly changed its character during the last two years. Formerly what was called château life was a perpetual masquerade, in which the disguises were changed three or four times a day. For breakfast, the guests arrayed themselves in a peasant dress; for hunting, in a musketeer dress; for dinner, in a historical costume; and for the evening dance, in a toilette that partook of all these three styles. Every lady, on her arrival, was followed by fifteen trunks, each as large as a baggage wagon, apart from the packages which were sent her daily from Paris by the reigning milliners and dress-makers. Now life at the châteaux is simply family life, with the addition of a few intimate friends, without show, without historical costumes, and, above all, without balls. The ladies' trunks are filled with fine tapestry patterns and materials for knitting and fancy-work, instead of extravagant costumes; and the few toilettes that are there are just enough to enable the wearers to dress decorously, and even well, for nothing in the world could persuade a Frenchwoman to look dowdy. The preparations for a country visit are summed up, without exception, in dresses of dark colors—prune, cypress green, slate, golden-brown—all very simple, it is true, but so graceful! Forced to be grave, to find sombre effects, and, in a word, to renounce extravagance, Parisian taste surpasses itself this year in delicate and ingenious combinations; it willingly adopted uniformity of colors, while varying the light and shade by diversity of fabrics, thus combining silk with wool, velvet with silk and wool, and velvet with satin. Then suddenly changing its tactics, it set to work to combine opposite colors: tea-rose with bright pink, white with black, blue with gray or pale pink, and violet with the delicate pink of the Bengal rose. These decided colors are employed simultaneously to the best advantage in tulle dresses, where they blend in a vaporous cloud which softens the contrast.

Suits still continue to be worn in the daytime. They are subdivided into three classes: the richest are of satin and velvet; the next, which are equally elegant, are of silk and cashmere, with a silk skirt and cashmere over-skirt, embroidered color on color; and lastly, suits made entirely of woolen fabrics. Fringed stuffs, with woven bands, are generally chosen. This band is cut lengthwise of the goods, and is fringed out. It is used as a border for the different pieces of the suit—skirt, over-skirt, waist, and paletot. The dress-makers, however, not content with this stereotyped trimming, vary it effectively with black velvet bands of different lengths.

At the risk of betraying national secrets to foreigners, I will say that preparations are on foot for a great revolution in our cotton manufactories in March. They are busy in making flowered chintzes in large patterns for next summer's dresses, copied from the stuffs worn in the reign of Louis XVI., with all the improvements in printing and dyeing that have been made since that epoch. We may be sure of seeing marvelous fabrics at a marvelously low price. These chintzes will be cut in the fashion of Marie Antoinette's time, with ruches and flounces, sleeves reaching to the elbow, and open waists with large pleats in the back, and worn with pleated fichus of fine white linen, and black velvet necklaces scalloped with gold. This kind of manufacture, which was timidly attempted two years ago, remained confined within a very small and select circle. The great success which it obtained therein would naturally have resulted in its universal propagation last year; but in March we had something else to do than to manufacture chintzes, and the enterprise was delayed a year. But, thanks to French designers and manufacturers, we shall lose nothing by waiting.

The work on the Grand Opera is actively pushed. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is rising from its ruins, and may be finished by next summer. The burned theatres and houses in the vicinity of the Château d'Eau have also been built, it is said by a financial company, who ask no other compensation from the city than the privileges pertaining to the theatres rebuilt. The public buildings alone, the Tuileries, Hôtel de Ville, Ministère des Finances, Conseil d'État, etc., display their blackened walls, open to the day. A wicked wag asked the other day, "What is the use of rebuilding the Conseil d'État, since there is no councilor of state; the Tuileries, since there is no king; and the Ministère des Finances, since there is no money?"

The execution of the Communists Ferré, Rossel, and a wretched soldier of the 49th Line, who had deserted and attempted to assassinate one of his superiors, took place yesterday. It may be said of Rossel that he was condemned and wept by all France. He at least was not one of the savage vagabonds that burned Paris and inaugurated the second reign of terror: he had neither plundered, burned, nor assassinated. But alas! his very honesty rendered his crime more inexcusable. In the face of the enemy he did the enemy's work by firing on the government and the army of his country — he, a soldier! In spite, therefore, of the morbid indulgence which criminals inspire in France, it was impossible to save him, or even to commute his punishment. He met his death in a way to excite universal sympathy—with humility and simplicity—while Ferré struck theatrical poses by his side; he declared that his comrades could not have acted otherwise than they did, and only fulfilled their duty in condemning him to death, and asked Colonel Merlin, the president of the council of war by which he was tried, to receive his adieux. A Protestant clergyman—his mother, Madame Rossel, was an Englishwoman — accompanied him to the place of execution. M. Thiers shut himself up in his room the whole day, refusing to see any one, and heart-broken at having been unable conscientiously to save this criminal, who, above all in the Commune, deserved his sympathy.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

TABLEAUX.

TABLEAUX are most effective, if well managed and carefully rehearsed; they make large demands on the wardrobes of the performers, but, well done, they quite repay a little trouble. A stage, slightly raised and separated by a sort of proscenium or by heavy curtains, is necessary; between the audience and the actors stretch tightly a screen of coarse green gauze, light from the sides an below (lights from above throw such ugly shadows), and behind the figures be sure to have a dark, dull background, either of curtains, screens, or scenes. In cases where real effects are desired, the lime light will be found a most desirable adjunct. No talking can be allowed; but music is most useful if appropriate, and choruses behind the scenes would in some cases materially heighten the effect. Foot-lights can always be managed thus: either by tin lamps with candles in them (thick wax are best), or by leading off a pipe from the meter, and laying it with burners along the front of the stage and up the two sides. A common stop-cock can easily be soldered into the pipes, and the gas thus raised or lowered. The following are good scenes to illustrate: Rebecca's Visit to Rowena ("Ivanhoe"); Ivanhoe at the feet of Rowena after the Tournament; the Lady of the Lake looking after the Knight of Snowdon; Balcony Scene, "Romeo and Juliet;" Garden Scene from "Faust;" Death of Joan of Arc; Charlotte Corday or Madame Roland in the Tumbril on the Way to Execution; the Peri at the Gate of Paradise; the Veiled Prophet; the Farewell of the Lovers ("Fire Worshipers");

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Prospero regarding Miranda and Ferdinand; Mary Queen of Scots refusing to sign; King Charles's Farewell to his Children. Realization of the following pictures: "Ophelia," "Black Brunswicker," "Huguenot" (Millais), "Broken Vows" (Calderon). "Marie Antoinette going to Death" (Paul Delaroche), "Fortunes" (George Leslie), etc.

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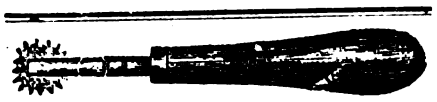
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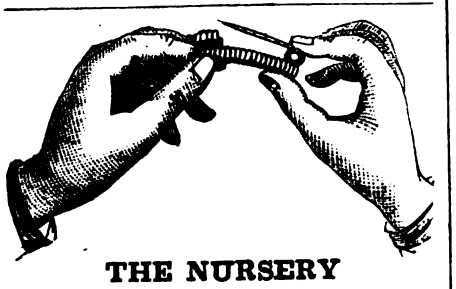
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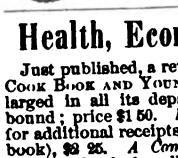
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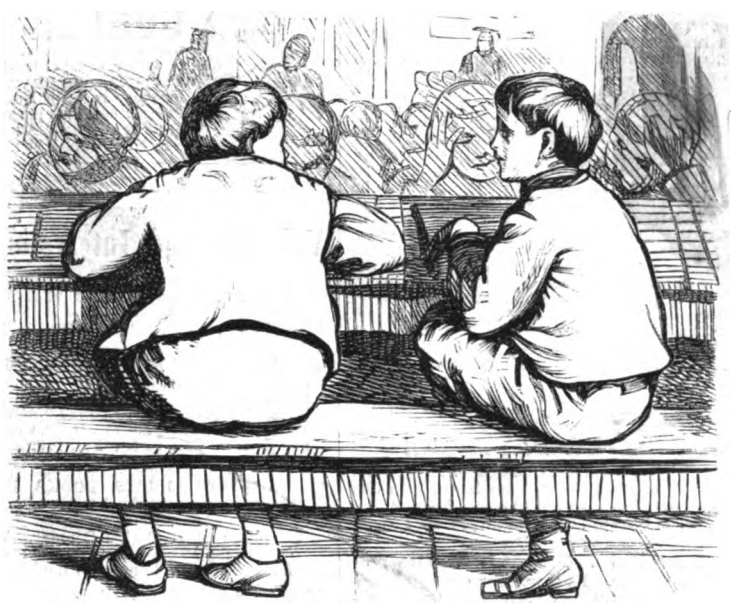
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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 18.]

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 15 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 2.—DINNER DRESS. Fig. 3.—EVENING DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Suit for Girl from 5 to 15 Years old, with Double-breasted Sacque, Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-Skirt, and Under-Skirt, in eleven Sizes, from 22 to 32 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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Ladies' and Children's Dresses.

See Illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 15 YEARS OLD (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit, which consists of a double-breasted sacque, postilion basque, apron-front over-skirt, and under-skirt, is made of blue cloth. The under-skirt is trimmed with a kilt pleating of the material. The over-skirt and basque are trimmed with fringe. The collar and cuffs of the sacque are faced with chinchilla fur, for which velvet may be substituted.

The pattern is graded to fit girls from five to fifteen years old, in eleven sizes, from 22 to 32 inches, bust measure. To take this, pass a tape measure straight around the body, under the arms, drawing it moderately tight. No other measure is needed.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises four articles—double-breasted sacque, postilion basque, apron-front over-skirt, and under-skirt.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, back, collar, sleeve, and cuff. The fronts are fitted with extra width, the right overlapping the left. The back is cut with a seam in the middle, which is left open below the waist. The neck is high in the back, and is fitted with a collar with a seam in the middle, and turned over to meet the lapels which are turned back on the front. Plain coat sleeve, finished at the wrist with a small cuff. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the V at the neck, to turn back the lapels and turn down the collar, and to sew on the buttons and cut the button-holes, and also the size and shape of the under part of the sleeves. Put the pattern together by the notches. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. An outlet of an inch is allowed, in this pattern and the postilion basque, for the seams on the shoulder and under the arm, and a quarter of an inch for all the others. Baste up the garment, and try it on wrong side out before sewing, and if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams.

POSTILION BASQUE.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The basque is high in the neck, and closed down the front with buttons and button-holes. The fronts are fitted with one dart on each side and cross basque seams. The neck is finished with a cord. The back is fitted closely to the figure with a seam in the middle. The extra width at the seams under the arms and on the back at the waist line is laid in a box-pleat, turning underneath. The coat sleeve is sewed plain in the armhole in the manner described for the double-breasted sacque. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arm, to take up the darts in front, the cross basque seams, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Put the pattern together by the notches, and baste up and try on as above described. If the sleeves are too long or short, take from or add an equal quantity at the top and bottom, keeping the same shape.

APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side gore, full back breadth, and piece for the length of the tape. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth, to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the side gore, with the edge that has the single notch laid on the edge of the goods. The three perforations in the side gore show where to lay the two pleats, one overlapping the other, and turning upward. The perforation in the middle of the back shows where to sew on the tape to drape the back. One end of the tape is sewed to the middle of the belt, and the other is tacked to the single perforation in the back of the skirt. The front gore is left plain, while the side gore and back breadth are gathered and sewed to the belt.

UNDER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, side gore, and full back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth, to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces like the pattern given of the side gore, with the edge that has the single notch laid on the edge of the goods. A straight and a bias edge will thus come together. Cut two breadths like the pattern given of the full breadth. Put the pattern together by the notches. The front gore is sewed to the belt plain; the side gores are laid in small pleats, and the back breadth is gathered. The kilt pleating on the bottom of the skirt is four inches deep for a child five years old. An inch is added for each size, making fourteen inches for a girl of fifteen. If the skirt is too long or short, take from or add to the bottom, keeping the same shape.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, for whole suit for girl five years old, 6½ yards.

Seven-eighths of a yard are added for each year.

Fringe for trimming, 2½ yards.

Buttons for sacque and basque, 12.

Fig. 2.—DINNER DRESS. Dress of leaf brown satin, trimmed with a very deep flounce, lined with pink satin and laid in large pleats, with the heading falling back to show the pink lining. Over-skirt trimmed with fringe and ruches lined with pink satin. Low-necked basque-waist of leaf brown satin, and pink satin vest. Short pink satin sleeves. Pleated mull chemise Russe. Roses in the hair.

Fig. 3.—EVENING DRESS. Dress of blue gauze, trimmed with flounces of the material. Trained over-skirt and low waist of the same material, with long hanging sleeves fastened to the folds of the over-skirt with blue ribbon bows. Blue ribbon in the hair.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

THE ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT furnished gratuitously with the present Number contains the conclusion of FARJEON'S brilliant Christmas Story, "BLADE-O'-GRASS;" "THE HANCOCK SECRET," an Illustrated Story by Mrs. E. LYNN LINTON; the "BACHELORS' CHRISTMAS DINNER," a piquant humorous illustration, by EDWIN A. ABBEY; and other interesting matter.

THE Publishers would call attention to the series of Literary and Pictorial SUPPLEMENTS issued gratuitously with HARPER'S BAZAR, and containing brilliant Stories, Poems, and Essays, by the most eminent writers of Europe and America, with splendid illustrations from the pencils of distinguished artists. The BAZAR, with its tasteful fashions, graphic pictures, and sparkling literature, is confessedly the fullest, as well as the most entertaining and practically useful, Family Journal in the country.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the Girl's Suit, illustrated on our first page, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a rich variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' Winter Dresses and Wrappings; Children's Dresses; Fancy Articles, etc.*

REPUBLICANS ABROAD.

SOCIAL equality and simplicity of life and manners are generally supposed to be cardinal elements of the republican character. However much these excellent principles may garnish his talk and give flavor to his actions at home, they can seldom be detected as influencing in the slightest degree the life and discourse of the American abroad.

Our countrymen and country-women are recognizable certainly every where in Europe on their perpetual move from the banks of the Thames to the falls of the Nile; but, we are ashamed to say, it is not by their rigid conformity to republican opinions and manners, but their affectation of aristocratic pomp and sentiment. Now the mock-Cæsar of France has had his purple so rudely torn from his shoulders by the rough hands of Germany, there may be "none so poor to do him reverence;" but it is notorious that the Americans in Europe were the readiest to flutter admiringly about the glitter of NAPOLEON the Third while in the fullness of his false glory. It is said that he often enumerated the Parisian Americans among the stanchest advocates of the empire, with an expression on his lips of a condescending compliment to their judicious sense of good government; but who can doubt that it was echoed by an inward laugh of scorn at the republican partisans of his rotten dominion?

Aristocratic Europe, indeed, does not recognize the American traveler, ordinarily, by any contrast he may present by his peculiar nationality to its opinions, manners, and customs. He is rather noticeable by his abandonment of the principles of the political and social creeds of his own country, and his ready acceptance of what he finds abroad the most divergent from them. The American republican is often thus, like most proselytes, apparently more of a believer in his new faith than the old established worshipers. He is easy to recognize by his free admiration of all the symbols of domination, his eagerness to be received and known among the aristocratic classes, and his determination, by self-assertion and show of wealth, to avoid all chance of passing undistinguished among the throng of ordinary travelers.

There are none so eager for an experience of court life as our people abroad. An American plenipotentiary confessed that the most arduous function of his mission was to satisfy the numerous claims of his countrymen to the honor of bowing down before Majesty. All the absurd formalities of lace, ruffles, impracticable long swords, and bag-wigs, crouching in and backing out, with the attendant expense of time and money, are no obstacles to the importunate desire of citizen John Smith to bend himself before a throne with a live emperor, king, or queen upon it.

It is often said in Germany that none but princes and fools travel in a first-class railway carriage. Americans might be added, were it necessary, to make a subdivision of the last comprehensive clause of the proposition. There is, in fact, no distinction between the first and second class carriages, except that the one is lined with broadcloth and the other with appropriate plush, for which princes and f—first-class American travelers pay a considerable increase of price.

American ladies are universally flattered abroad with the remark that they dress better than the Parisian dames themselves. They accept complacently the equivocal compliment, and do their best to deserve it. "Equivocal compliment," however, is hardly the term to apply to what is, in reality, in the mouth of all persons of prudent and judicious taste, a rebuke of the overdress and expensive habits of our too showy dames. American women have the reputation in Europe of having corrupted even corrupt Paris by their inordinate love for costly finery; and there is not a place on the Continent, however retired, where our country-women are not recognized by their flaunting and expensive attire.

In all the hotels throughout Europe the citizens of our great republic compete with princes and grand dukes for the possession of the finest apartments, and so surpass them in their ordinary expenses that it is no longer said of the prodigal traveler that he spends money like an English milor or a Russian count, but like an American. The London *Daily News*, while chuckling over the fact that the misfortune of Paris has become the opportunity of London, calculates upon the probability of a large additional influx into the English metropolis of American families, whose "ability," it says, "to drive up the rents of houses is well known." This seems the only suggestion awakened in the mind of the English editor by the probable arrival in London of our fellow-citizens. The American ability to drive up prices, and inclination to indulge in all kinds of showy expense, seem just now to be deemed in Europe the grand characteristics of our nation. If social equality and simplicity of manners are essential to republicanism, we fear that our countrymen, however good citizens they may be at home, are hardly entitled to be called *republicans abroad.*

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Echoes.

MY DEAR SETH,—When you go to Europe do not forget the Tyrol. It is one of the most picturesque and romantic of countries, as you may infer from Longfellow's "Hyperion." Of course I think of it as it was many years ago; but as it then seemed as if it had been essentially unchanged for centuries, I do not suppose that you would find a region very different from that I remember. Yet a certain beautiful Jewess, dark-eyed, and with a rich Oriental dusk in her complexion, and who staid at the hotel at Gmünden, I fancy that you would hardly see. She was not more than eighteen years old, and she must be older now, or time has treated her much more kindly than the young man who, with the kindly sympathy of youth, communicated to her his admiration (of the scenery) in very meagre German. She was traveling with her parents, and we had been fellow-travelers in steamer and diligence for several days, until we had made very amiable acquaintance.

We stopped at Gmünden for a day or two. O happy day or two! how perfectly remembered! how infinitely far away! The little village, with the church tower like the minaret of a mosque, is built upon the shore gently sloping to the lake, the Traunsee—unless I associate the little lake with the wrong village. It was September, and the moon was full. All day I strolled about looking at the placid, picturesque scenery, and at the Traunstein, the bare, perpendicular cliff of rock that rose from the lake upon the farther shore. There were little boats with sails and other little boats with oars upon the water, but not so many of them as to disturb the sense of romantic solitude. The world seemed to be a very beautiful world that soft September day. Home and old friends seemed as remote as that day itself now seems. There were no cares, no fears. The fullness of youth and of health subdued every thing to itself; and as I recall that sunshine, forever vanished, there was a Sabbath repose over the whole scene.

It has sometimes occurred to me that if the Jewish maiden of the age of eighteen had not been my traveling companion for some time, the day upon the shore of the Traunsee would not have been quite so beautiful at the time, nor so delicately outlined in my memory. We see landscapes with our feelings as much as with our eyes; and the beauty—is it in the scene, or in ourselves? At tea, just as I was handing the bread-and-butter to the Jewish maiden, her mother said to me that they were going out upon the lake in the evening to hear the echo, and that they would be very happy if I would go. The daughter, as she took a large piece of bread-and-butter, looked at me and smiled. It seemed to me the loveliest day I had ever known, and the most beautiful of all possible worlds. I assented so eagerly that the Jewish maiden, as she helped herself to the sausage of the country, looked at me again, and once more smiled. We were not to go until it was quite evening, and when the moon should have risen.

Going upon calm water by moonlight in a boat is one of the oldest but forever freshest passages of romance. I never think of it, or read of it in song or story, without recalling my enthusiastic traveling companion of those European days, who had just graduated at the theological school, and had come out to Europe to see the world before quitting it for the care of a secluded parish among the hills. He had been in Venice, and we were comparing our recollections of that city. As he proceeded he kindled himself. "Oh, it is enchanting!" he exclaimed. "Does this poor earth afford any happiness so exquisite as that of floating about the moon-lit canals of Venice in a gondola with the head of a virtuous woman whom you love upon your shoulder?" It was a dream only—a fancy. Theologicus was thinking of that farmer's daughter beyond the ocean to whom his heart was given, and who has been for many a year the minister's wife among the hills.

The evening was like the day, but more delightful. The moon was high above the Traunstein as we pushed from the shore, and, talking gayly, we glided toward the centre of the lake. The lights of the village as we receded looked like stars setting. We heard the ringing of a distant bell and the sound of singing. The peace and the beauty were so profound that our conversation flagged, and at last stopped altogether. As we moved on all sounds but the low beat of the oars died away. At last that, too, quietly ceased. We were in the middle of the lake, alone upon the placid water. Then the boatman put a bugle to his mouth, and turned toward the smooth face of the vast cliff of the Traunstein, and played clearly a melancholy air. He stopped, and we waited in rapt silence. After a few moments the same melancholy air was played back to us from the mountain-side in tones infinitely more delicate and aerial—"the horns of elf-land faintly blowing." It was the most perfect, the most wonderful of echoes.

How long ago it was! yet how vivid the recollection is, as if I had been in the boat last night, and had heard that fairy music! It was a dream of romance so perfect that I wondered how it would end. Then I heard the Jewish maiden saying to her mother, "Didst thou bring the bread-and-butter?" Her hunger was that of youth and health, and rowing upon the water by night gives such an appetite! Again the boatman played, and again in silence we awaited the exquisite response. Nymphs from Claude Lorraine's landscapes, imprisoned in the mountain, might so have sung their sorrows to the moon—so tenderly plaintive, so hopeless of reply. Then slowly rowing away, the boatman played his bugle as we receded, and fainter and farther the soft refrain returned. I listened and listened; and I hear that echo still, as if even now it came back to me from the Traunstein, although that boatman plays the bugle no more, and the Jewish maiden—whom I never again saw—doubtless butters bread for beloved grandchildren.

For many a day after I left the Traunsee and the Tyrol I was curiously attracted by every legend describing echoes. One I remember in a strange old book at Nuremberg. A party of satyrs rollicking through the woods descried a nymph, and chased her. Like Daphne she fled affrighted, and they swiftly pursued. Seeing a huge precipice, she instinctively flew toward it, hoping for some shelter, for some chance of succor in her extremity. But as she came near to it her strength was spent, and she began to falter. Seeing her, as they believed, surely in their power, the burly satyrs raised a brutal shout of triumph. But scarcely was it ended when an answering shout from the cliff, as if a legion of evil sprites were hidden there and waiting, brought the brutish crew to a stand, and gazing at each other in terror, and believing that they were taken in a snare, they turned and fled from the echo of their own voices, and the nymph was saved.

It is long since that evening upon the Traunsee; yet how often I am reminded of that wonderful echo of the Traunstein! and in the most unexpected manner! In our greater journey than that through the Tyrol we are perpetually hearing echoes, dear Seth, until sometimes the air seems to be full of their music, heard or unheard—for it is of this music that Keats's line is true,

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter."

Benevolens sent me yesterday his annual Christmas gift, for I know not what generosity impels him to remember me every year at this happy time. Opening the package, I found all the poems of the year. It was like having an aviary fully stocked sent to my winter chamber. It made the sun shine

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and the flowers bloom at New-Year's. When I saw the pretty volumes scattered about my room they seemed to be so many twittering and chirping songsters conspiring to baffle winter and Jack Frost. And so in the evening, lighting my gas and dropping the heavy curtains over the window, and cracking the soft coal in the grate to make a brighter blaze, I seated myself and opened the first of the books that I touched.

In a few moments I seemed to be hearing echoes. For although the verses were freshly written and the book was new, my mind was full now of a strain of Chaucer, now of a melody of Herrick, now of a quirk of Cowley, now of the rich imagery of Keats, now of the subtilty of Browning. I took up another and another of the pretty volumes, but they played back to me Wordsworth or Byron or Tennyson, as the Traunstein played back the bugle melodies of the boatman. I did not quarrel with the great Traunstein upon that September evening because it played no ditties of its own. The echoed music was delightful, and enough. Nor on this winter evening did I quarrel with the little Traunsteins because they echoed back another music than their own. As an artist working at a great picture constantly studies it reflected in a little hand-mirror, sure that he shall so perceive exactly its effect, I seem, in these pretty volumes—these little echoing hand-mirrors—to see more truly the beauty of the masters whom they reflect.

Yet has that Traunstein music and moonlight bewitched me? For I was looking over the wonderful photographs of fish which Professor Piscator took last summer, and in the soulp, the Spanish mackerel, the halibut, the skate, yes, and in the shark, I saw, to my amazement, the shadowy images, the deep-sea echoes, so to say, of some of our most respected and eminent fellow-citizens. If I should address a certain grave merchant as Monsieur Mackerel, he would treat me with grave disdain. And yet were the merchant's face a tune which I could play to the Traunstein, that faithful mountain would play me back a Spanish mackerel. If I should refer to a distinguished statesman as Senator Shark, I could hope for no votes from his party friends if I should run for alderman, and yet I am confident that if the honorable gentleman should look over the side of a ship at sea, the little fish would glide in terror away, sure that they had seen a shark surveying them, or, at least, that some huge mirror had passed above them in which they saw a shark reflected.

It is a world of echoes, then, and we need not play bugles to hear them. When I see Una, that young girl who—I will confess it—is more beautiful than the Jewish maiden, and watch her gentle and patient ways, and feel the soothing charm of her pure presence; when I see her unspoiled by flattery, yet full of bright gayety and sweetness; without affectation, yet with natural superiority; visiting the widow and the fatherless with a balm in her word and her way for every affliction—I seem to hear a sweet song; and it is the echo of the first Christmas benediction of the angels, "Peace on earth, good-will to men." And, dear Seth, as all roads lead to Rome, so all sermons end in the same improvement. If the young poets and Una, and the merchant and the Senator, are all echoes; if, like the Traunstein, we must echo whether we will or not, yet, unlike the Traunstein, we can choose what melodies we will reproduce. We may repeat the coarse chorus of the satyrs, or the Christmas hymn of Bethlehem.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

GIRLS' SUITS.

THE suit illustrated on our first page, and of which a pattern is given, represents the jaunty street costumes worn by girls from five to fifteen years old. Girls under twelve years wear skirts of the length shown in the picture, disclosing an inch or two of white stocking above the high boots, while misses just in their teens wear skirts reaching to the ankle; and herein consists the main difference in their attire. The skirt is simply gored, and kilt pleating is the trimming most popular at this season. The upper skirt is merely a matter of measurement, having a short apron front, with longer side and back breadths caught up to be slightly bouffant. The trimming of this skirt is usually a bias band of silk or velvet, with fringe or a ruffle on the edge. The waist is a short basque, with but one dart in front; the back is formed of two pieces joined by a seam down the middle, in which postilion pleating is added below the waist. Side forms are dispensed with in girls' dresses, as they have a womanly look, and all the slope required by undeveloped figures can be given in the seams under the arms and down the back. The basque is edged with trimming like that on the upper skirt, and sometimes a vest is outlined by a band or folds. Button-holes, with buttons—moulds covered with the fabric of the trimming—are down the front. A standing frill of pleated muslin or Valenciennes lace is basted inside the neck of the dress and around the wrists of the coat sleeves. White folded lawn ties, edged with lace, are also worn by young misses.

The graceful paletot is of thick tricot beaver cloth of dark color, or of black velvet or velveteen. Cashmere is not in favor for these garments. Berlin-made sacques, shaped like our model, are shown in nut brown, black, navy blue, and deep green cloth, lightly wrought with embroidery or soutache, or bound with black velvet or a fold and fringe. These were $20 at the beginning of the season, but are reduced to $12 or $15. Black velvet sacques of the same fashion, bordered with Astrakhan or ermine, are now sold for $25 or $30. Such wraps are worn with suits of any color, and it is now the exception rather than the rule to see the paletot of the material of the dress.

The quiet dark colors in vogue for ladies' dresses are adopted for children, and it is already an unusual thing for girls to wear bright green or red dresses in the street, as they did formerly. These dark serviceable colors are commended because they are warm-looking and do not fade or show soil easily. The navy blue suits that have been the special fancy of young girls for two or three seasons are now rivaled by those of myrtle green and plum-color. Soft twilled fabrics, such as serge, merino, and satine, are chosen in these colors. All-wool serges, fine, soft, and flexible, are sold for $1 a yard. Satines of choice shades range from 65 cents to $1; these goods are only commended when of the finest quality, as low-priced satines are poor fabrics, attractive at first by their lustrous surface, but this soon wears off, and leaves a flimsy base that looks shabby, and has very little warmth. A few cashmeres of light quality but of choice colors are shown for $1 50 a yard, and thick substantial merinoes of serviceable plum, gray, blue, and brown shades are $1. The repped goods, such as poplin and velours, that ladies have abandoned, are purchased at low prices for children and misses. Real Irish poplins, of Pim's best make, as silky on one side as the other, are sold for $2, and silk-and-wool velours or épingeline, only repped on one side, are $1 25 a yard. Very pretty dresses are also made of the low-priced silks, with black grounds and bright cherry, blue, or green stripes. These silks are from 75 cents to $1 a yard, and should be trimmed with bias ruffles and pipings of the color of the stripe.

Plaid suits still remain the popular school attire, but the gay tartans of many hues have been replaced by fancy plaids of sombre colors, such as dark green, blue, or brown broken plaids with black, and occasionally a bar of orange or white. The Forty-second plaid of mixed blue and green is the only tartan now considered stylish.

A pretty wrap, often worn with plaid suits, is a loose sacque and talma cape. The trimming is wool fringe of the colors of the plaid, with each twisted strand almost as thick as a lady's finger. Plaid polonaises over black silk or alpaca skirts are also worn by young girls. A stylish suit, worn by a slender, graceful girl of thirteen, has a black silk skirt reaching to the ankle, and covered as far as is visible with kilt pleating; the over-skirt of Forty-second plaid is shaped like that of which we give a pattern this week, and edged with twisted fringe; the waist is a simple basque; the wrap a paletot of blue beaver bound with black velvet; the hat a dark blue felt Tyrolean, with blue and green game feathers in the band. The long light hair hangs in two plaits of three tresses, and a seal-skin boa and muff complete the toilette.

Seal-skin sacques and turbans, like those worn by ladies, are the wrappings people of wealth provide for girls from ten to fifteen years old. The price is from $60 to $80. White cony sacques are now made in larger sizes than those offered early in the season, and are worn by girls of ten. They cost from $8 to $18. Long sacques of black velvet, confined by gay sash ribbons, and walking coats of cashmere or poplin, make tiny little girls comfortable. Black silk-finished velveteen sacques, prettily braided, are sold for $10.

For evening dresses light pink and blue silks are prettily made up, with crape ruffles and overskirts of crape. A Christmas dress for a young girl is two skirts of blue and white striped silk, with a basque of pale blue velvet trimmed with white passementerie and Valenciennes lace. A stylish over dress to be worn with silk slips is of white Swiss muslin, and has more the appearance of an apron than a polonaise. It is of the princesse shape, with waist and skirt in one, fastens behind, has a half-low square neck and antique sleeves (coat shape, cut off at the elbows), and is bordered with a single pleating, or else a row of Valenciennes lace.

Much flowing hair slightly crimped, cut off straight, without straggling ends, and a single plaited tress hanging down the middle and tied with ribbon, is the fashionable coiffure for the demoiselles under consideration.

BOYS' SUITS.

Boys from five to ten years old wear a most comfortable, tasteful, and, indeed, picturesque suit in the street. It consists of the King William overcoat, the Tyrolese hat with tiny scarlet feathers, buttoned Polish boots, and long scarlet stockings. The overcoat is a long, easy-fitting sack, with a large round cape falling below the elbow. The cloth is either dark blue or Lincoln green. Wide black braid for binding, and a single row doubled and following the edge of the garment, is the simple trimming. The Tyrolean hat is of soft felt the color of the overcoat; the high sloping crown is sunken at the top, or else the tip is fastened down to the left side; the brim is turned up all around, and the wide band of repped ribbon has a scarlet wing stuck in it. The stockings of scarlet merino, gloves of scarlet cloth, and pebbled morocco boots buttoned over the ankle complete all that is visible of this jaunty costume.

The house suit worn by boys of this age has the knee-breeches, vest, and jacket illustrated in the *Bazar* last spring. Black velveteen is used for quite small boys, and blue, gray, and green cloth for larger ones. An imported suit of Lyons black velvet for a boy of five years is braided, à la militaire, with thick black braid on jacket and pants, and has a low-rolled collar to show the vest beneath. This costs $40. Velveteen suits, similarly made, range from $14 to $17; brown and blue cloth suits for boys from four to nine years old are shown ready made for $17 or $18.

The long-popular kilt skirts still commend themselves as warm, comfortable garments for boys wearing petticoats. A variety of these is supplied to wear with a jacket of black velveteen. They are made of dark blue, brown, green, or gray cloth of light quality; the pleats all turn one way, and are so deeply folded and pressed that they remain flat and smooth; a space in front is left without pleats, and ornamented by three black rosettes. They are also made of the matelassé plaids that have the appearance of being quilted. Kilt suits entirely of cloth cost from $12 50 to $20; those with velveteen jacket and plaid kilt from $20 to $22; imported suits, with kilt of Pim's Irish poplin in clan tartans, with silk velvet jacket, plaid stockings, slippers, belt, game pouch—every thing to complete the costume of a young Highlander—cost from $50 to $75.

Stout, sturdy boys of eight or ten years wear short jaunty pea-jackets of thick Melton or chinchilla, and dispense with overcoats. These are plainly made for school, while handsome ones are bordered all around with fur. Seal-skin turbans, shaped like those worn by gentlemen, are the winter hats desired above all others by small boys and youths. Curled Astrakhan and the smoother Persiani turbans are second choice.

Little fellows not yet in trowsers are wrapped in flannel-lined sack overcoats of black velvet, or of velveteen, lightly braided with soutache, or bordered with gray cony fur. Made of velveteen, with narrow cony border, they cost from $11 to $16. When these little men are too short and chubby to look well in fully pleated kilt skirts, they are arrayed in belted Gabrielles of matelassé plaids. A pretty effect is given to these by cutting them bias. An inch-wide band of bias black velvet, a velvet belt, pockets, collar, cuffs, and buttons finish them off in good taste. The cap is the Scotch turban, with velvet crown, and broad-rolled brim of velours, with repped ribbon bow and streamers behind.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

ON the 19th of December, after some proper hints preliminary in the public press, Miss OLIVE LOGAN gave herself, heart and hand, to Mr. WILLIAM WIRT SIKES. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, as eminent now as a preacher as he was early in life as a blacksmith, welded the twain at the temporary Gretna, 55 West Ninth Street. On the same evening the bride lectured at Warwick, New Jersey. In SHAKSPEARE'S "Henry VI." occurs a scene which may be not inaptly quoted in connection with the marriage and the place whither the happy pair hied them for their honey-moon. We alter two names only in the quotation:

"Then, gentle LOGAN, welcome unto *Warwick*;
And welcome, SIKES: I hold it cowardice
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawned an open hand in sign of love.
* * * * * *
But welcome, SIKES; my daughter shall be thine."

—The Countess de Chambord (Mrs. HENRY V.), who is quite ill, is an Austrian archduchess, daughter of FRANCIS IV., Duke of Modena, and the Princess MARIA BEATRICE, of Sardinia, and is consequently great-granddaughter of MARIA THERESA and grandniece of MARIE ANTOINETTE. Born in 1817, she is three years older than the count. She is aunt to Don CARLOS, Duke de Madrid, her sister having married Don JUAN DE BOURBON.

—Mrs. MYRA BRADWELL, editor and proprietor of the Chicago *Legal News*, was among the burned in the great singe; but with the enterprise characteristic of the woman of Chicago, she promptly got out the paper, and hasn't failed to publish it with the old regularity.

—A lady has been appointed post-miss at West Point—Miss AUGUSTA BLANCHE BERNARD. The cadets do not relict thereat.

—The citizens of Cambridge, Massachusetts—an intelligent people—have elected Mr. HOUGHTON, the publisher, mayor of the city.

—The Hon. ROBERT C. WINTHROP, in the brilliant speech with which he opened the dinner-talk at the ALEXIS dinner, said that "Our honored guest comes to us from a region of rigorous and relentless cold, the mere mention of whose protracted and terrible winters is almost enough to freeze our blood—a land of whose brave and enduring soldiery our own Boston-born FRANKLIN once said, that they were habituated to march cheerfully up to their chins in snow, and then intrench themselves contentedly and comfortably in ice." This is very neat. But how unlike the very Western way in which the Chicago *Republican* writes of the pending visit of the eminent Russ: "He stands over six feet, and we have no public halls wherein he can dance without bumping his head through the plaster; still, let him come, and he may tread on our trains, and draw all of our sweet silks out at the gathers, and we will not say, 'Stupid!'"

—JOAQUIN MILLER is at his old home in Oregon. He expresses himself as quite pleased with his literary success in England and here, and seems to have determined to devote himself with great assiduity to the attainment of higher and more enduring honor in the literary world. A gentleman who knew him well in Oregon says he has for years been a close student of the British classics, having them always at hand, and devoting to them most of his time when not occupied as a county judge.

—Miss MAUD BANKS, daughter of the Hon. N. P. BANKS, when in France last fall with her father, had several pleasant interviews with President THIERS. One day at dinner the old President talked and talked about Boston, and found that Miss B. could talk Boston perfectly. Before leaving Paris she asked the President for his autograph, to which he thus responded:

"VERSAILLES, *October* 14, 1871.

"MADEMOISELLE,—A warm desire to be agreeable to you leads me to seek and to find the time to address to you these few lines. I have been at work since five o'clock in the morning, and it is with difficulty that I succeed in commanding a few minutes to tell you how happy I have been to make the acquaintance of your father and your own, and with yours that of the young Americans of Boston, so simple, so amiable, and speaking French so naturally and with such grace. I have one wish for them—that you may not be a rarity among them; for you would be such every where, even in my dear Paris, to which I am very partial. Please express to your compatriots the interest which I feel in our old friend America, to your father the esteem with which he has inspired me, and accept for yourself, with my respects, my best wishes for your happiness.

A. THIERS,
"President of the French Republic."

What a gallant old Frank!

—The President of France has instructed the French representatives in Italy to say that if the Pope demands an asylum in France, he will be received with the most respectful solicitude and veneration. "At a word from him," says the President, "all will be ready to receive him. I offer him the Château of Pau. Once at Civita Vecchia, he will find himself aboard a frigate, where he will be unassailable; but yet I do not believe the Pope contemplates leaving Italy."

—The Princess FREDERICK CHARLES, one of the finest amateur artists in Europe, is painting the whole series of battles in which her husband took command during the French campaign. She is assisted by several young female art students in Berlin, and the kind of academy thus established by her highness is kept up with the greatest liberality.

—Mr. EDMUND YORKE, the oldest Fellow of the University of Cambridge, died a few days since, at the age of eighty-five. He took his degree in 1810.

—MATILDA PHILLIPS, a younger sister of ADELAIDE, has recently gone to Milan to make her début in opera. She possesses a beautiful soprano voice, and her instructor predicts great things for her.

—WACHTEL gets good wages. CARL ROSA pays him $28,000 for fifty performances, and next year will bring him out in Italian opera with PAREPA-ROSA.

—The Rev. H. M. GALLAHER, of Brooklyn, one of the most brilliant *raconteurs* now in the lecture field, spoke to the people of Boston a few evenings since, and added a fresh idea to the many that have been given as to the difference between wit and humor. He said he should define wit and humor to a child by telling him that a witty man might be wicked, but a humorous one never.

—The wealthiest woman in Austria was Princess PAULINE DE METTERNICH. Her real estate was appraised at sixteen millions of florins. Her husband, Prince RICHARD, spent most of her large fortune during the twelve years he was Austrian embassador at Paris.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS is called by the Edinburgh *Scotsman* "a sort of American ROCHEFORT, GAMBETTA, and VICTOR HUGO rolled into one." It might have added—with more scholarship and culture than all of them combined.

—President ELLIOT, of Harvard, was the subject of all sorts of waggery by the college boys on the occasion of the Grand Duke's visit to the university. A brass band and thirty-five hacks were ordered in Boston, ostensibly by President E.; and the hacks came, and went home again. A ton of ice was delivered to the president on another bogus order.

—The historian MICHELET, who has been reported as being seriously ill, is not ill at all. His wife says he has nearly finished a work on the history of the nineteenth century, treating of the career of the first NAPOLEON, and a sequel to his "History of the Revolution."

—Colonel T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, one of the most Bostonian of Boston's literary folk, makes this curious and not inapt criticism on EMERSON'S style: "His unit of structure is the sentence, and the periods seem combined merely by the accident of juxtaposition. Each sentence is a pearl, and the whole essay is so much clipped from the necklace; but it is fastened at neither end, and the beads slip off; when you try to replace them you find that they belong in one place as well as in another."

—Mrs. WILLIAMS, wife of Judge WILLIAMS, the new United States Attorney-General, is well known and much admired in Washington. She is a remarkably handsome woman, tall, good figure, and of graceful carriage. She is a brilliant brunette, with a very fine complexion. In conversation she is lively and interesting.

—Prince MURAT is about to marry the daughter of the Princess of Elba, the niece of the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE.

—The *Magnolia*, a New Orleans publication, is under the editorial direction of Madame MASSENA, a creole lady of that city.

—Lord GORDON, Scotch and opulent, has bought two townships of land in Western Minnesota for a Scotch colony. A portion of the colonists have already arrived, with many fine thorough-bred cattle, designing to engage in stock-raising.

—JAMES W. MARSHALL, the discoverer of gold in California, has arrived at his old home in Lambertville, New Jersey, after an absence of thirty-six years.

—HENRY MEIGS, formerly of this city, but for some years past a heavy contractor in South America, building pretty much all their railways and other important public works, has lately bought up most of the suburbs of Lima, Peru, with the intention of building cottages after American plans. He also proposes to indulge in the delight of publishing a paper.

—Archdeacon DENISON, a brother of the Speaker of the House of Commons, has removed his name from the books of the University of Oxford, on the ground that it has become "an irreligious body." He can not go Professor JOWETT, HUXLEY, DARWIN, and the like, and therefore backs out altogether.

—Mr. EDWARD JENKINS, author of "Ginx's Baby," has given to the public another work equally clever—"Lord Bantam"—being the history of an aristocratic baby, quite the opposite of the indigent Ginx. It is a sharp and telling satire on the uselessness of the English aristocracy, and is destined to be socially and politically, in England, a great success.

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Fig. 1.—POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY FOR SWISS MUSLIN OR LINEN COLLAR.

Designs for Swiss Muslin or Linen Collars, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE collars are worked on a double layer of Swiss muslin, nansook, or linen, with fine embroidery cotton in point Russe and back stitch. The outer edge is ornamented with a row of stitching. If the collar is designed for a morning or house dress, it can be made of gray or écru linen or cambric, and embroidered with black or red silk.

Spanish Reed and Bead Flower-pot Screen.

THIS screen is made of Spanish reeds, large and small yellow enameled beads, and small bronze string beads. When the requisite number of reeds have been cut of an even length (eighteen reeds five inches long in the original), bore a hole half an inch deep in a vertical direction on the ends of each reed, exactly in the middle of the cut; in a similar manner bore a hole in a horizontal direction through each reed in the middle of its length, and also in each end at a distance of three-quarters of an inch from the latter. It is best to use a fine gimlet for this purpose. In the vertical holes on both ends of the reeds fasten with gum-arabic fine pins furnished with bronze glass buttons, having first slid a large enameled bead on each pin. Break off the point of the pin as much as may be required. The separate reeds thus far completed are then joined by passing a piece of fine wire, on which enameled and bronze beads have been strung as shown by the illustration, through the horizontal holes in the reeds. Finally, trim the cover on the upper edge with bead fringe. For each bead scallop, which is fastened to the upper row of beads as shown by the illustration, take up on coarse thread six times alternately 1 brz. b. (bronze bead) and 5 en. b. (enameled beads), then 1 more brz. b. For the fringe first fasten the thread to the first brz. b. of a scallop, * take up 13 en. b., 1 brz. b., 1 large en. b., 1 brz. b., and 13 en. b.; draw the thread through the next brz. b. of the scallop, and repeat from *, looping every following bead scallop through the preceding scallop, as shown by the illustration.





Fig. 1.—RIBBON AND BEAD NAPKIN RING. SPANISH REED AND BEAD FLOWER-POT SCREEN.

Napkin Rings, Figs. 1 and 2.

THE foundation of both these napkin rings is a card-board ring, which is formed of the cylinder of a round pasteboard box nine inches in circumference and an inch and a quarter high, which is covered smoothly with white linen or shirting.

Fig. 1.—RIBBON AND BEAD NAPKIN RING. To make this napkin ring sew on the ring just described five pieces of narrow blue satin ribbon, and on both sides of these, black velvet ribbon of the same width; these ribbons are all sewed on at one end, and lie side by side. Make a long string of fine crystal beads, wind it up in a ball, fasten one end of the string to the cover, and wind the string in close rows around the hoop; in doing this always alternately lay one ribbon over and one ribbon under three rows of beads (see illustration). Finally, sew the ends of the ribbons on the beginning of the latter, and cover the seam made by doing this with two rows of beads.

Fig. 2.—BEAD NAPKIN RING. For this napkin ring sew silver bugles of suitable size on the card-board ring as shown by the illustration; to do this string the bugles on coarse double thread, and always pass the thread through on the inside between the card-board and the lining. Leave a small space between each two bugles, and afterward cover every two bugles crosswise, as shown by the illustration, with alternate stitches of a string of steel beads. On the outer edges of the ring simulate a row of wound cord with bias rows of a string of steel beads, as shown by the illustration.

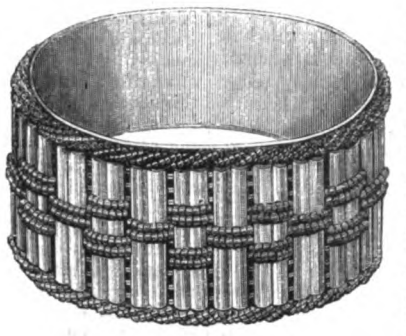


Fig. 2.—BEAD NAPKIN RING.



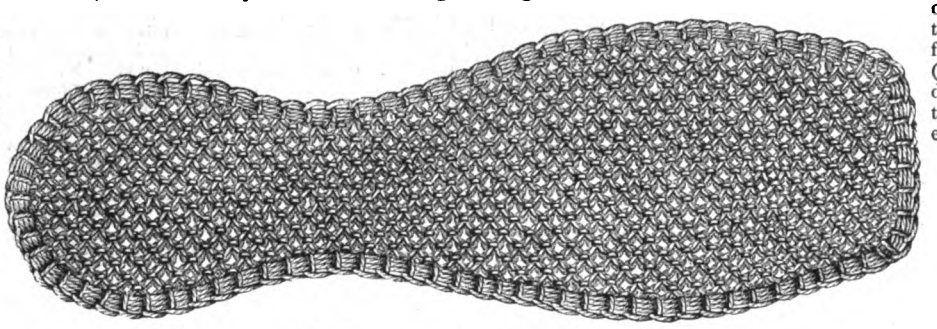
Fig. 2.—WHITE EMBROIDERY FOR SWISS MUSLIN OR LINEN COLLAR.

Knotted Sole for House Shoe.

THIS sole is knotted with twisted twine. Begin the sole at the front edge, crochet, first, a loose foundation of 12 ch. (chain stitch) with the cord. Fasten this foundation on a sewing-weight, and to each stitch tie a piece of twine ninety-two inches long, so that both halves hang down at an equal length from each stitch. The knots are worked as shown by Fig. 2 on page 484 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 31, Vol. IV., but instead of the double knots, work only single knots for the sole. For every knot four twine ends hanging beside each other are always required, as shown by the illustration; the two inner threads are used for a foundation, and the two outer threads for working the knots. To do this proceed as follows: Lay the left outer piece of twine in a loop to the right over the foundation, pass the right outer piece underneath the foundation, and then interloop it with the left piece of twine (see Fig. 2 on page 484 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 31, Vol. IV.). In working the following row of knots transpose the latter by working together two ends of one and two ends of the other knot strand. In order to form the shape of the sole, widen and narrow on the outer edge, which is done by laying on and leaving off two ends of twine each. After finishing the knot-work, lay the threads as evenly as possible on the outer edge of the sole, and cover them with long button-hole stitches, as shown by the illustration.

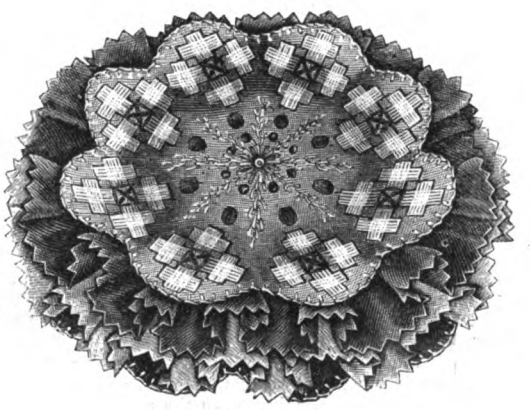
Glass and Bead Candlestick Ornament.

THE original is made of a four-cornered glass plate, round, cut, and smooth beads, and grelot crystal beads of various sizes. The glass plate is three inches square, with a round piece an inch and a quarter in diameter cut out in the centre. All along the outer edge of the glass plate, as well as along the middle, where the piece has been cut out, is a row of large cut crystal beads strung on wire. In order to fasten these on, stretch five rows of small round crystal string beads on each of the four corners of the glass plate; the thread on which these beads are strung is fastened to the wire between every two beads (see illustration). The bead strands which hang down on the four sides of the glass plate, and the tassels on the corners of the latter, are fastened in a similar manner. The manner of work-



KNOTTED SOLE FOR HOUSE SHOE.

GLASS AND BEAD CANDLESTICK ORNAMENT.



EMBROIDERED PEN-WIPER.

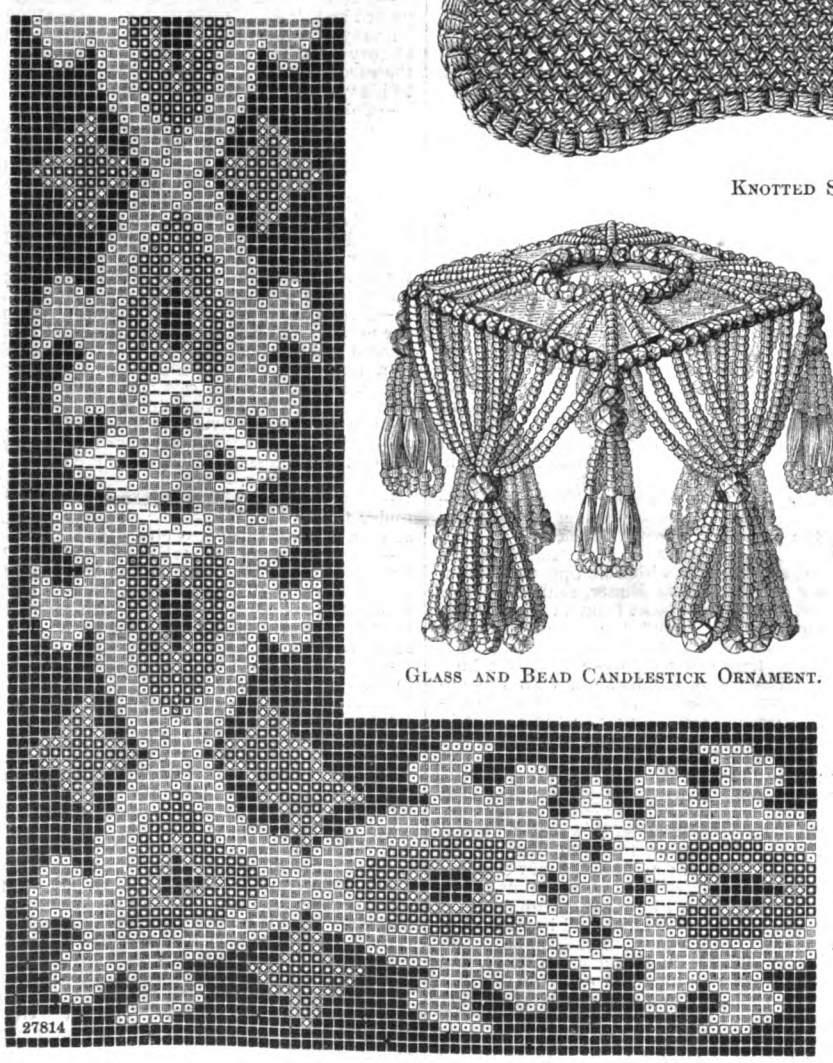


Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR BORDER OF RUGS, COVERS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Dark Green; ⊡ Light Green; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ⊡ 3d, – 4th (lightest), Fawn (the last silk).

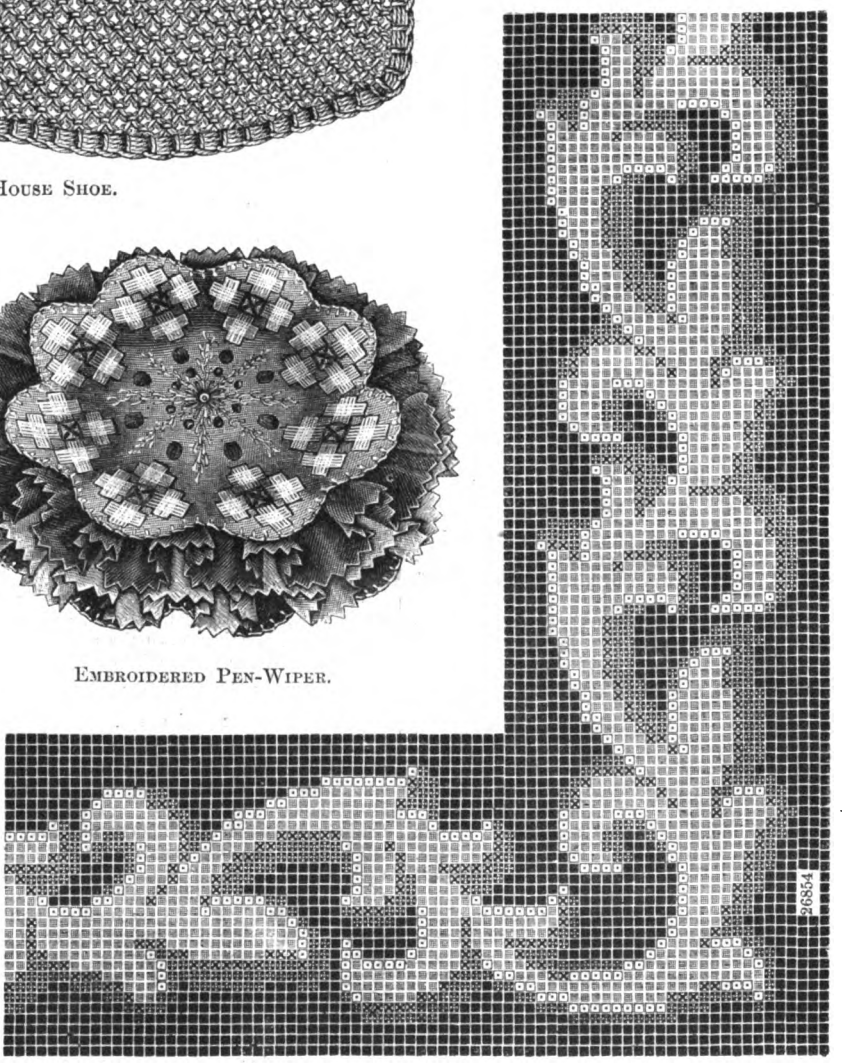


Fig. 2.—TAPESTRY DESIGN FOR BORDER OF RUGS, COVERS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Reddish-Brown; ■ 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ■ 3d, ⊡ 4th (lightest), Stone Gray (the last silk).

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ing these is shown by the illustration. It must be observed, however, that every nine bead strands which are joined to the outer edges of the glass plate are worked in connection with the tassel below by passing the thread on which the beads are strung back and forth through the large cut bead which forms the head of the tassel.



Fig. 2.—VELVET BERET WITH FUR TRIMMING. [See Figs. 3 and 4.]



Fig. 3.—VELVET MUFF WITH FUR TRIMMING. [See Figs. 2 and 4.]



Fig. 5.—VELVET MUFF WITH FUR TRIMMING. [See Fig. 6.]



Fig. 1.—ASTRAKHAN ROUND HAT.



Fig. 8.—COLLAR WITH MUFF, FIG. 7.

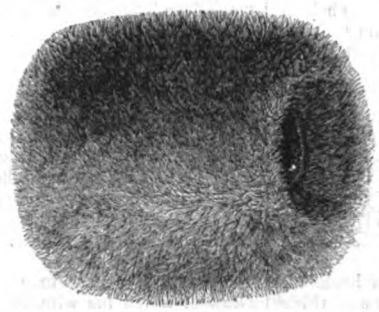


Fig. 7.—BLACK MARTEN MUFF.—[See Fig. 8.]

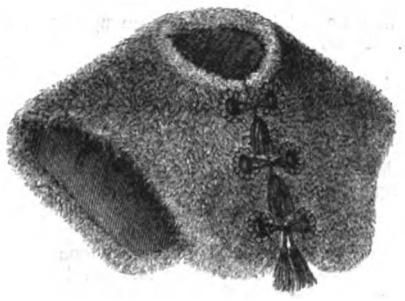


Fig. 4.—COLLAR WITH FIGS. 2 AND 3.



Fig. 6.—BOA WITH MUFF, FIG. 5.

FIGS. 1-8.—FUR HATS, COLLARS, AND MUFFS.

Embroidered Pen-Wiper.

See Illustration on p. 20.

To make this pen-wiper take two circular pieces three inches and three-quarters in diameter—one of black and the other of red cloth; cut these out in eight scallops on the outer edge, and button-hole stitch them with long stitches of colored silk. On the middle of each piece work a star-shaped embroidery figure, for each ray of which work a row of herring-bone stitches of yellow silk, and in the centre of this piece work a small star with long stitches of violet silk. Between the rays fasten separate steel beads, and work oblong dots in satin stitch. In each scallop, at a distance of a quarter of an inch from the edge, sew a figure cut of silver canvas on the foundation by stretching several stitches of colored silk on the middle of the figure. For the inner part of the pen-wiper cut a circular piece of card-board an inch and a quarter in diameter, and on the edge of this sew on one side a strip of black, and on the other side a box-pleated strip of red cloth; these strips are pointed on the edge and sewed up on the ends. Cover the card-board on both sides with a round piece of black frieze. Finally, sew the embroidered pieces of cloth on the pleated strip in such a manner that the black piece of embroidery comes on the red strip and the red piece on the black strip of cloth.

Fur Hats, Collars, and Muffs, Figs. 1-8.

Fig. 1.—ASTRAKHAN ROUND HAT. This Astrakhan hat is trimmed with black feathers and black gros grain ribbon. The crown is encircled by a box-pleated strip of gros grain; the seam made by sewing this on is covered with a fold of the same an inch and a quarter wide. On the side is a gros grain bow with two long ends, which are edged with a gros grain ruffle. Black ostrich feathers form the remaining trimming.

Figs. 2-4.—BLACK VELVET BERET, MUFF, AND COLLAR, WITH FUR TRIMMING. The beret, shown by Fig. 2, is made of black velvet, with the revers trimmed with chinchilla fur. On the side of the beret is an aigrette of gray feathers and a fan-shaped bow with loops and long ends of black gros grain ribbon. The muff, shown by Fig. 3, is covered with black velvet, the pleats of which are turned upward on one side of the muff, and downward on the other side. The muff is lined with black satin, and trimmed on both sides with a strip of chinchilla an inch and three-quarters wide, a bow of black gros grain, and cords and tassels of the same color. The chinchilla collar to match this muff, Fig. 4, is lined with black satin, and closed with passementerie agrafes and buttons.

Figs. 5 and 6.—FUR-TRIMMED VELVET MUFF, WITH FUR BOA. The muff, Fig. 5, is made of black velvet, and is trimmed with strips of silver-fox. To make it cut a piece of velvet nine inches and a quarter wide and nineteen inches and a quarter long, and join the ends. Set the strips of fur on the velvet two inches and a quarter from the outer edge. Furnish the muff with a wadding interlining and a black satin lining, bind both sides with a strip of velvet an inch and three-quarters wide, and through the double layer of the latter run narrow elastic braid. On the left side of the muff set a bow of black gros grain ribbon two inches and a quarter wide. The silver-fox boa, Fig. 6, to match this muff is forty-eight inches long, and is tied in front with black gros grain ribbons.

Figs. 7 and 8.—BLACK MARTEN MUFF AND COLLAR. The muff is eight inches long and sixteen inches in circumference, and is lined with black satin. The collar, which is trimmed with fur tassels, is also lined with black satin, and is closed with black passementerie agrafes and tassels.

Black Velvet Mantle, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS black velvet mantle is lined with silk, interlined with net, and trimmed with black lace seven inches and a quarter wide, a velvet ruffle bound with gros grain, and gros grain rolls. The fronts are cut heart-shaped. Passementerie buttons and cord loops close the mantle.

Tapestry Designs for Borders of Rugs, Covers, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See Illustrations on page 20.

THESE designs may be used for small rugs, covers, chair cushions, etc. They are worked on coarse or fine canvas with double or single zephyr worsted, according to the purpose for which they are designed. Worked with floss silk in petite point, or with beads, such borders are also adapted for almanac-frames, for ornamenting port-folios, etc.

A MEDICINAL BOUQUET.

SIMPLY in taking a country walk it is astonishing how many things there are that stand in near relationship to medicine and all healing arts. Let us go out into the highways and hedges, and gather up some medicinal bouquets. There have been medicated bouquets, and fine ladies have sucked them, and perished. There is the fox-glove. From its inodorous leaves, reduced to powder, we obtain the powerful medicine digitalis. It is one of our most valuable sedatives. From this ornamental ash we extract the pure essence which was once extravagantly commended by physicians, and is admirably adapted for disease. The sweet violet is found in the "Materia Medica," and in some parts of the country is extensively grown for chemical and medical purposes. On waste grounds and by the road-side you find the common henbane, as powerful and sometimes more useful than opium. In cases of neuralgia, put some leaves in your pipe and smoke it. Lettuces often make one sleepy; the lactucarium extraction is a harmless narcotic. An-



Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET MANTLE.—FRONT.



Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET MANTLE.—BACK.

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other powerful narcotic is the hemlock, which you will find under hedges and in any kind of rubbish: the cup to which the Elain condemned Socrates. The crocus and convolvulus have very decided medical uses. On ruined walls you find the clove-pink, or gillyflower, once greatly prized by your forefathers, but now chiefly employed to give flavor and color to sirup. Then there are the plants to which the general name of atropa is given, so called from the goddess of destiny, because the effects are so fatal. The chief of these is the belladonna, or deadly-nightshade. You may find it, in many parts, upon calcareous soil. The berries are very alluring, beautiful, and sweet-tasted, and children and careless people have often suffered even to the loss of life by eating them. It is said that Macbeth conquered the Danes by mixing nightshade with the wine and water he sent them. The first symptoms are those of intoxication, fits of laughter, and violent gestures. Another kind of atropa is the mandragora, or mandrake, so called from the supposed resemblance of the root to the human form. Something similar is told of Hannibal and the mandrake to the story of Macbeth and the nightshade. Machiavel has made its fabulous powers the subject of a comedy. The queen-like lilies have precious roots, whose fibres, preserved in spirits, were sovereign remedies for cuts and bruises.

Then there is the basil—we remember heath basil-pot—haunting green, sunny banks, and called the self-heal—the pimpernel of many virtues; the camomile, and the feverfew, and the "devil's-bite;" for, as an old author says, "the devil did bite the root out of jealousy, for its great virtues in healing sicknesses."

What are called the teas of flowers or herbs are often very useful. Colt's-foot tea is said to be good in phthisis. Yarrow is extensively used as an antifebrile. The common horse-radish (*Cochlearia*) has a decidedly medicinal character. There is no spice comparable for herbs to rosemary, thyme, savory, mints; and for seeds to fennel and caraway seeds. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's-tongue, yarrow, melilot, and St. John's wort made into salve; and elder, camomile, mallows, camfrey, and smallage made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. Even common stinging nettles have a medical use. An able medical writer regrets that urtication, or stinging with nettles, is a practice not sufficiently appreciated. In cases of paralysis it is likely to be more useful than any blister or stimulating friction. There is a case in the medical books of a young man who was only roused from lethargy by repeated urtication of the whole body. During the process he would open his eyes and laugh, and then sink away again. In three weeks, however, he was cured.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—(*Continued.*)

CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

THIS was George Fairfax.

Clarissa threw herself upon her knees beside the prostrate figure.

"George! George!" she cried, piteously.

It was the first time she had ever uttered his Christian name, except in her dreams; and yet it came to her lips as naturally in that moment of supreme agony as if it had been their every-day utterance.

"George! George!" she cried again, bending down to gaze at the white blank face dimly visible in the fire-light; and then, with a still sharper anguish, "He is dead!"

The sight of that kneeling figure, the sound of that piteous imploring voice, was well-nigh maddening to Daniel Granger. He caught his wife by the arm, and dragged her up from her knees with no tender hand.

"You have killed him," she said.

"I hope I have."

Whatever latent passion there was in this man's nature was at white-heat now. An awful fury possessed him. He seemed transformed by the intensity of his anger. His bulky figure rose taller; his full gray eyes shone with a pitiless light under the straight, stern brows.

"Yes," he said, "I hope I have killed your lover."

"My lover!"

"Your lover—the man with whom you were to have left Paris to-night. Your lover—the man you have met in this convenient rendezvous, day after day, for the last two months. Your lover—the man you loved before you did me the honor to accept the use of my fortune, and whom you have loved ever since."

"Yes," cried Clarissa, with a wild hysterical laugh, "my lover! You are right. I am the most miserable woman upon earth, for I love him."

"I am glad you do not deny it. Stand out of the way, if you please, and let me see if I have killed him."

There were a pair of half-burned wax-candles on the mantel-piece. Mr. Granger lighted one of them, and then knelt down beside the prostrate figure with the candle in his hand. George Fairfax had given no sign of life as yet. There had not been so much as a groan.

He opened his enemy's waistcoat, and laid his hand above the region of the heart. Yes, there was life still—a dull beating. The wretch was not dead.

While he knelt thus, with his hand upon George Fairfax's heart, a massive chain, loosened from its moorings, fell across his wrist. Attached to the chain there was a locket—a large gold locket with a diamond cross—one of the ornaments that Daniel Granger had given to his wife.

He remembered it well. It was a very trifle among the gifts he had showered upon her; but he remembered it well. If this had been the one solitary gem he had given to his wife, he could not have been quicker to recognize it, or more certain of its identity.

He took it in the palm of his hand and touched the spring, holding the candle still in the other hand. The locket flew open, and he saw the ring of silky brown hair and the inscription, "From Clarissa."

He looked up at his wife with a smile—such a smile!

"You might have afforded your lover something better than a second-hand *souvenir*," he said.

Clarissa's eyes wandered from the still white face, with its awful closed eyes, only to rest for a moment on the unlucky locket.

"I gave that to my sister-in-law," she said, indifferently. "Heaven only knows how he came by it." And then, in a different tone, she asked, "Why don't you do something for him? Why don't you fetch some one? Do you want him to die?"

"Yes. Do you think any thing less than his death would satisfy me? Don't alarm yourself; I am not going to kill him. I was quite ready to do it just now in hot blood; but he is safe enough now. What good would there be in making an end of him? There are two of you in it."

"You can kill me, if you like," said Clarissa. "Except for my child's sake, I have little wish to live."

"For your child's sake!" echoed her husband, scornfully. "Do you think there is any thing in common between my son and you, after to-night?"

He dropped the locket on George Fairfax's breast with a contemptuous gesture, as if he had been throwing away a handful of dirt. *That* folly had cost dearly enough.

"I'll go and fetch some one," he said. "Don't let your distraction make you forget that the man wants all the air he can get. You had better stand away from him."

Clarissa obeyed mechanically. She stood a little way off, staring at that lifeless figure, while Daniel Granger went to fetch the porter. The house was large, and at this time in the evening for the most part untenanted, and Austin's painting-room was over the arched carriage-way. Thus it happened that no one had heard that fall of George Fairfax's.

Mr. Granger explained briefly that the gentleman had had a fall, and was stunned—would the porter fetch the nearest doctor? The man looked at him rather suspiciously. The lovely lady's arrival in the gloaming; a locked door; this middle-aged Englishman's eagerness to get into the rooms; and now a fall; and the young Englishman is disabled. The leaf out of a romance began to assume a darker aspect. There had been murder done, perhaps, up yonder. The porter's comprehensive vision surveyed the things that might be—the house fallen into evil repute by reason of this crime, and bereft of lodgers. The porter was an elderly man, and did not care to shift his household gods.

"What have they come to do up there?" he asked. "I think I had better fetch the *sergent de ville*."

"You are quite at liberty to do that, provided you bring a doctor along with him," replied Daniel Granger, coolly, and then turned on his heel and walked up stairs again.

He roamed through the empty rooms with a candle in his hand until he found a bottle of water, some portion of which he dashed into his enemy's face, kneeling by his side to do it, but with a cool off-hand air, as if he were reviving a dog, and that a dog upon which he set no value.

George Fairfax opened his eyes, very slowly, and groaned aloud.

"O God, my head!" he said. "What a blow!"

He had a sensation of lying at the bottom of a steep hill—on a sharp inclined plane, as it were, with his feet uppermost—a sense of suffocation, too, as if his throat had been full of blood. There seemed to him to be blood in his eyes also; and he could only see things in a dim, cloudy way—a room—what room he could not remember—one candle flaring on the mantel-piece, and the light of an expiring fire.

Of the things that had happened to him immediately before that struggle and that fall, he had, for the time being, no memory. But by slow degrees it dawned upon him that this was Austin Lovel's painting-room.

"Where the devil are you, Austin?" he asked, impatiently. "Can't you pick a fellow up?"

A grasp stronger than ever Austin Lovel's had been dragged him to his feet, and half led, half pushed him into the nearest chair. He sat there, staring blankly before him. Clarissa had moved away from him, and stood amidst the deep shadows at the other end of the studio, waiting for her doom. It seemed to her to matter very little what that doom should be. Perfect ruin had come upon her.

The porter came in presently with a doctor—a little old gray-headed man, who wore spectacles, and had an ancient doddering manner not calculated to inspire beholders with any great belief in his capacity.

He bowed to Mr. Granger in an old-fashioned ceremonious way, and went over to the patient.

"A fall, I believe you say, monsieur?" he said.

"Yes, a fall. He struck his head against the angle of that door-way."

Mr. Granger omitted to state that it was a blow between the eyes from his clenched fist which had felled George Fairfax—a blow sent straight out from the powerful shoulder.

"There was no seizure—no fit of any kind, I hope?"

"No."

The patient had recovered himself considerably by this time, and twitched his wrist rather impatiently from the little doctor's timid grasp.

"I am well enough now," he said, in a thick voice. "There was no occasion to send for a medical man. I stumbled at the door-way yonder, and knocked my head in falling—that's all."

The Frenchman was manipulating Mr. Fairfax's cranium with cautious fingers.

"There is a considerable swelling at the back of the skull," he said. "But there appears to have been another blow on the forehead. There is a puffiness, and a slight abrasion of the skin."

Mr. Fairfax extricated his head from this investigation by standing up suddenly, out of reach of the small doctor. He staggered a little as he rose to his feet, but recovered himself after a moment or so, and stood firmly enough, with his hand resting on the back of the chair.

"If you will be good enough to accept this by way of fee," he said, slipping a napoleon into the doctor's hand, "I need give you no farther trouble."

The old man looked rather suspiciously from Mr. Fairfax to Mr. Granger, and then back again. There was something queer in the business evidently, but a napoleon was a napoleon, and his fees were neither large nor numerous. He coughed feebly behind his hand, hesitated a little, and then with a sliding bow slipped from the room.

The porter lingered, determined to see the end of the romance, at any rate.

It was not long.

"Are you ready to come away?" Daniel Granger asked his wife, in a cold, stern voice. And then, turning to George Fairfax, he said, "You know where to find me, Sir, when you wish to settle the score between us."

"I shall call upon you to-morrow morning, Mr. Granger."

Clarissa looked at George Fairfax piteously for a moment, wondering if he had been much hurt—if there were any danger to be feared from the effects of that crushing fall. Never for an instant of her life had she meant to be false to her husband; but she loved this man; and her secret being discovered now, she deemed that the bond between her and Daniel Granger was broken. She looked at George Fairfax with that brief, yearning look, just long enough to see that he was deadly pale, and then left the room with her husband, obeying him mechanically. They went down the darksome staircase, which had grown so familiar to Clarissa, out into the empty street. There was a hackney carriage waiting near the archway—the carriage that had brought Mr. Granger. He put his wife into it without a word, and took his seat opposite to her; and so they drove home, in profound silence.

Clarissa went straight to her room—the dressing-room in which Daniel Granger had talked to her the night before he went to England. How well she remembered his words, and her own inclination to tell him every thing! If she had only obeyed that impulse—if she had only confessed the truth—the shame and ignominy of to-night would have been avoided. There would have been no chance of that fatal meeting with George Fairfax; her husband would have sheltered her from danger and temptation—would have saved her from herself.

Vain regrets. The horror of that scene was still present with her—must remain so present with her till the end of her life, she thought. Those two men grappling each other, and then the fall—the tall figure crashing down with the force of a descending giant, as it had seemed to that terror-stricken spectator. For a long time she sat thinking of that awful moment—thinking of it with a concentration which left no capacity for any other thought in her mind. Her maid had come to her, and removed her out-of-door garments, and stirred the fire, and had set out a dainty little tea-tray on a table close at hand, hovering about her mistress with a sympathetic air, conscious that there was something amiss. But Clarissa had been hardly aware of the girl's presence. She was living over again the agony of that moment in which she thought George Fairfax was dead.

This could not last forever. She awoke by-and-by to the thought of her child, with her husband's bitter words ringing in her ears:

"Do you think there is any thing in common between my son and *you*, after to-night?"

"Perhaps they will shut me out of my nursery," she thought.

The rooms sacred to Lovel Granger were on the same floor as her own—she had stipulated that it should be so. She went out into the corridor from which all the rooms opened. All was silent. The boy had gone to bed, of course, by this time: very seldom had she been absent at the hour of his retirement. It had been her habit to spend a stolen half-hour in the nursery just before dressing for dinner, or to have her boy brought to her dressing-room—one of the happiest half-hours in her day. No one barred her entrance to the nursery. Mrs. Brobson was sitting by the fire, making believe to be busy at needle-work, with the under-nurse in attendance—a buxom damsel, whose elbows rested on the table as she conversed with her superior. Both looked up in some slight confusion at Clarissa's entrance. They had been talking about her, she thought, but with a supreme indifference. No petty household slander could trouble her in her great sorrow. She went on toward the inner room, where her darling slept, the head-nurse following obsequiously with a candle. In the night-nursery there was only the subdued light of a shaded lamp.

"Thank you, Mrs. Brobson, but I don't want any more light," Clarissa said, quietly. "I am going to sit with baby for a little while. Take the candle away, please; it may wake him."

It was the first time she had spoken since she had left the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. Her own voice sounded strange to her; and yet its tone could scarcely have betrayed less agitation.

"The second dinner-bell has rung, ma'am," Mrs. Brobson said, with a timorously suggestive air; "I don't know whether you are aware."

"Yes, I know, but I am not going down to dinner; I have a wretched headache. You can tell Target to say so, if they send for me."

"Yes, ma'am; but you'll have something sent up, won't you?"

"Not yet; by-and-by, perhaps, I'll take a cup of tea in my dressing-room. Go and tell Target, please, Mrs. Brobson; Mr. Granger may be waiting dinner."

She was so anxious to get rid of the woman, to be alone with her baby. She sat down by the cot. Oh, inestimable treasure! had she held him so lightly as to give any other a place in her heart? To harbor any guilty thought was to have sinned against this white-souled innocent. If those clear eyes, which looked up from her breast sometimes with such angelic tenderness, could have read the secrets of her sinful heart, how could she have dared to meet their steadfast gaze? To-night that sleeping baby seemed something more to her than her child: he was her judge.

"Oh, my love, my love, I am not good enough to have you for my son!" she murmured, sobbing, as she knelt by his side, resting her tired head upon his pillow, thinking idly how sweet it would be to die thus, and make an end of all this evil.

She staid with her child for more than an hour undisturbed, wondering whether there would be any attempt to take him away from her—whether there was any serious meaning in those pitiless words of Daniel Granger's. Could he think for a moment that she would surrender him? Could he suppose that she would lose this very life of her life, and live?

At a little after nine o'clock she heard the door of the outer nursery open, and a masculine step in the room—her husband's. The door between the two nurseries was half open. She could hear every word that was spoken; she could see Daniel Granger's figure, straight and tall and ponderous, as he stood by the table talking to Mrs. Brobson.

"I am going back to Arden the day after to-morrow, Brobson," he said; "you will have every thing ready, if you please."

"Oh, certainly, Sir; we can be ready. And I'm sure I shall rejoice to see our own house again, after all the ill-conveniences of this place." And Mrs. Brobson looked round the handsomely furnished apartment as if it had been a hovel. "Frenchified ways don't suit me," she remarked. "If, when they was furnishing their houses, they laid out more money upon water-jugs and wash-hand basins, and less upon clocks and candelabras, it would do them more credit; and if there was a chair to be had *not* covered with red velvet, it would be a comfort. Luxury is luxury, but you may overdo it."

This complaint, murmured in a confidential tone, passed unnoticed by Daniel Granger.

"Thursday morning, then, Mrs. Brobson, remember; the train leaves at seven. You'll have to be very early."

"It can't be too early for me."

"I'm glad to hear that; I'll go in and take a look at the child—asleep, I suppose?"

"Yes, Sir; fast asleep."

He went into the dimly lighted chamber, not expecting to see that kneeling figure by the cot. He gave a little start at seeing it, and stood aloof, as if there had been an infection that way. Whatever he might feel or think, he could scarcely order his wife away from her son's bedside. Her son! Yes, there was the sting. However he might put her away from himself, he could not utterly sever *that* bond. He would do his best; but in the days to come his boy might revolt against him, and elect to follow that guilty mother.

He had loved her so fondly, he had trusted her so completely; and his anger against her was so much the stronger because of this. He could not forgive her for having made him so weak a dupe. Her own ignominy—and he deemed her the most shameful of women—was not so deep as his disgrace.

He stood aloof, looking at his sleeping boy, looking across the kneeling figure as if not seeing it, but with a smouldering anger in his eyes that betrayed his consciousness of his wife's presence. She raised her haggard eyes to his face. The time would come when she would have to tell him her story—to make some attempt to justify herself—to plead for his pardon; but not yet. There was time enough for that. She felt that the severance between them was utter. He might believe, he might forgive her; but he would never give her his heart again. She felt that this was so, and submitted to the justice of the forfeiture. Nor had she loved him well enough to feel this loss acutely. Her one absorbing agony was the fear of losing her child.

Daniel Granger stood for a little while watching his son's placid slumber, and then left the room without a word. What could he say to his wife? His anger was much too great for words; but there was something more than anger: there was a revulsion of feeling, that made the woman he had loved seem hateful to him—hateful in her fatal beauty, as a snake is hateful in its lithe grace and silvery sheen. She had deceived him so completely; there was something to his mind beyond measure dastardly in her stolen meetings with George Fairfax; and he set down all her visits to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard to that account. She had smiled in his face, and had gone every other day to meet her lover.

Clarissa staid with her child all that night. The servants would wonder and speculate, no doubt. She knew that; but she could not bring herself to leave him. She had all manner of fantastic fears about him. They would steal him from her in the night, perhaps. That order of

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Daniel Granger's about Thursday morning might be only a ruse. She laid herself down upon a sofa near the cot, and pretended to sleep, until the nurse had gone to bed, after endless fussings and rustlings and movings to and fro, that were torture to Mrs. Granger's nerves; and then listened and watched all the night through.

No one came. The wintry morning dawned, and found her child still slumbering sweetly, the rosy lips ever so slightly parted, golden-tinted lashes lying on the round pink cheeks. She smiled at her own folly, as she sat watching him in that welcome daylight. What had she expected? Daniel Granger was not an ogre. He could not take her child from her.

Her child! The thought that the boy was *his* child very rarely presented itself to her. Yet it had been suggested rather forcibly by those bitter words of her husband's:

"Do you think there is any thing in common between my son and you, after to-night?"

For Daniel Granger and herself there might be parting, an eternal severance; but there could be no creature so cruel as to rob her of her child.

She staid with him during his morning ablutions; saw him splash and kick in the water with the infantine exuberance that mothers love to behold, fondly deeming that no baby ever so splashed or so kicked before; saw him arrayed in his pretty blue-braided frock, and dainty lace-bedizened cambric pinafore. What a wealth of finery and prettiness had been lavished upon the little mortal, who would have been infinitely happier dressed in rags and making mud-pies in a gutter than in his splendid raiment and well-furnished nursery—an uninteresting nursery, where there were no cupboards full of broken wagons and headless horses, flat-nosed dolls and armless grenadiers, the cast-off playthings of a flock of brothers and sisters—a very chaos of rapture for the fingers of infancy! Only a few expensive toys from a fashionable purveyor—things that went by machinery, darting forward a little way with convulsive jerks and unearthly choking noises, and then tumbling ignominiously on one side.

Clarissa staid with the heir of Arden until the clock in the day-nursery struck nine, and then went to her dressing-room, looking very pale and haggard after her sleepless night. In the corridor she met her husband. He bent his head gravely at sight of her, as he might have saluted a stranger whom he encountered in his own house.

"I shall be glad to speak to you for a quarter of an hour, by-and-by," he said. "What time would suit you best?"

"Whenever you please. I shall be in my dressing-room," she answered, quietly; and then, growing desperate in her desire to know her fate, she exclaimed, "But oh, Daniel, are we really to go back to Arden to-morrow?"

"*We* are not," he said, with a repelling look. "My children are going back to-morrow. I contemplate other arrangements for you."

"You mean to separate my baby and me?" she cried, incredulously.

"This is neither the place nor the time for any discussion about that. I will come to your dressing-room by-and-by."

"I will not be parted from my child!"

"That is a question which I have to settle."

"Do not make any mistake, Mr. Granger," Clarissa said, firmly, facing him with a dauntless look that surprised him a little—yet what can not a woman dare, if she can betray the man who has loved and trusted her? "You may do what you please with me; but I will not submit to have my child taken from me."

"I do not like talking in passages," said her husband; "if you insist upon discussing this matter now, we had better go into your room."

They were close to the dressing-room door. He opened it, and they went in. The fire was burning brightly, and the small round table neatly laid for breakfast. Clarissa had been in the habit of using this apartment as her morning-room. There were books and drawing materials, a table with a drawing-board upon it, and a half-finished sketch.

She sank down into a chair near the fire, too weak to stand. Her husband stood opposite to her. She noticed idly that he was dressed with his usual business-like neatness, and that there was no sign of mental anguish in his aspect. He seemed very cold and hard and cruel as he stood before her, strong in his position as an injured man.

"I am not going to talk about last night any more than I am positively obliged," he said; "nothing that I or you could say would alter the facts of the case, or my estimation of them. I have made my plans for the future. Sophia and Lovel will go back to Yorkshire to-morrow. You will go with me to Spa, where I shall place you under your father's protection. Your future life will be free from the burden of my society."

"I am quite willing to go back to my father," replied Clarissa, in a voice that trembled a little. She had expected him to be very angry, but not so hard and cold as this—not able to deal with her wrong-doing in such a business-like manner, to dismiss her and her sin as coolly as if he had been parting with a servant who had offended him.

"I am ready to go to my father," she repeated, steadying her voice with an effort; "but I will go nowhere without my child."

"We will see about that," said Mr. Granger, "and how the law will treat your claims, if you care to advance them—which I should suppose unlikely. I have no compunction about the justice of my decision. You will go nowhere without your child, you say? Did you think of that last night when your lover was persuading you to leave Paris?"

"What!" cried Clarissa, aghast. "Do you imagine that I had any thought of going with him, or that I heard him with my free-will?"

"I do not speculate upon that point; but to my mind the fact of his asking you to run away with him argues a foregone conclusion. A man rarely comes to that until he has established a right to make the request. All I know is, that I saw you on your knees by your lover, and that you were candid enough to acknowledge your affection for him. This knowledge is quite sufficient to influence my decision as to my son's future—it must not be spent with Mr. Fairfax's mistress."

Clarissa rose at the word, with a shrill, indignant cry. For a few moments she stood looking at her accuser, magnificent in her anger and surprise.

"You dare to call me *that!*" she exclaimed.

"I dare to call you what I believe you to be. What! I find you in an obscure house, with locked doors; you go to meet your lover alone; and I am to think nothing!"

"Never alone until last night, and then not with my consent. I went to see Mr. and Mrs. Austin—I did not know they had left Paris."

"But their departure was very convenient, was it not? It enabled your lover to plead his cause, to make arrangements for your flight. You were to have three days' start of me. Pshaw! why should we bandy words about the shameful business? You have told me that you love him—that is enough."

"Yes," she said, with the anger and defiance gone out of her face and manner, "I have been weak and guilty, but not as guilty as you suppose. I have done nothing to forfeit my right to my son. You shall not part us!"

"You had better tell your maid you are going on a journey to-morrow. She will have to pack your things—your jewels, and all you care to take."

"I shall tell her nothing. Remember what I have said—I will not be separated from Lovel!"

"In that case, I must give the necessary orders myself," said Mr. Granger, coolly; and, saying this, he left the room to look for his wife's maid.

Jane Target, the maid, came in presently. She was the young woman chosen for Clarissa's service by Mrs. Oliver—a girl whose childhood had been spent at Arden, and to whose childish imagination the Lovels of Arden Court had always seemed the greatest people in the world. The girl poured out her mistress's tea, and persuaded her to take something. She perceived that there was something amiss, some serious misunderstanding between Clarissa and her husband. Had not the business been fully discussed in the Areopagus down stairs—all those unaccountable visits to the street near the Luxembourg, and Mr. Fairfax's order to the coachman?

"Nor it ain't the first time I've seen him there neither," Jarvis had remarked; "me and Saunders have noticed him ever so many times, dropping in promiscuous like while Mrs. G. was there. Fishy, to say the least of it!"

Jane Target was very fond of her mistress, and would as soon have doubted that the sun was fire as suspected any flaw in Clarissa's integrity. She had spoken her mind more than once upon this subject in the servants' hall, and had put the bulky Jarvis to shame.

"Do, ma'am, eat something!" she pleaded, when she had poured out the tea. "You had no dinner yesterday, and no tea, unless you had it in the nursery. You'll be fit for nothing, if you go on like this."

Fit for nothing! The phrase roused Clarissa from her apathy. Too weak to do battle for her right to the custody of her child, she thought; and, influenced by this idea, she struggled through a tolerable breakfast, eating delicate *petits pains*, which tasted like ashes, and drinking strong tea with a feverish eagerness.

The tea fortified her nerves; she got up and paced her room, thinking what she ought to do.

Daniel Granger was going to take her child from her—that was certain—unless by some desperate means she secured her darling to herself. Nothing could be harder or more pitiless than his manner that morning. The doors of Arden Court were to be shut against her.

"And I sold myself for Arden!" she thought, bitterly. She fancied how the record of her life would stand by-and-by, like a verse in those Chronicles which Sophia was so fond of: "And Clarissa reigned a year and a half, and did that which was evil"—and so on. Very brief had been her glory; very deep was her disgrace.

What was she to do? Carry her child away before they could take him from her—secure him to herself somehow. If it were to be done at all, it must be done quickly; and who had she to help her in this hour of desperate need?

She looked at Jane Target, who was standing by the dressing-table dusting the gold-topped scent-bottles and innumerable prettinesses scattered there—the costly trifles with which women who are not really happy strive to create for themselves a factitious kind of happiness. The girl was lingering over her work, loath to leave her mistress unless actually dismissed.

Jane Target—Clarissa remembered her a flaxen-haired cottage girl, with an honest freckled face and a calico bonnet; a girl who was always swinging on five-barred gates, or overturning a baby brother out of a primitive wooden cart—surely this girl was faithful, and would help her in her extremity. In all the world, there was no other creature to whom she could appeal.

"Jane," she said at last, stopping before the girl and looking at her with earnest, questioning eyes, "I think I can trust you."

"Indeed you can, ma'am," answered Jane, throwing down her feather dusting-brush to clasp her hands impetuously. "There's nothing in this world I would not do to prove myself true to you."

"I am in great trouble, Jane."

"I know that, ma'am," the girl answered, frankly.

"I dare say you know something of the cause. My husband is angry about—about an accidental meeting which arose between a gentleman and me. It was entirely accidental on my part; but he does not choose to believe this, and—" The thought of Daniel Granger's accusation flashed upon her in this moment in all its horror, and she broke down, sobbing hysterically.

The girl brought her mistress a chair, and was on her knees beside her in a moment, comforting her and imploring her to be calm.

"The trouble will pass away, ma'am," said the maid, soothingly. "Mr. Granger will come to see his mistake. He can't be angry with you long, I'm sure—he loves you so."

"Yes, yes, he has been very good to me—better than I have ever deserved; but that is all over now. He won't believe me—he will hardly listen to me. He is going to take away my boy, Jane."

"Going to take away Master Lovel!"

"Yes; my darling is to go back to Arden, and I am to go to papa."

"What!" cried Jane Target, all the woman taking fire in her honest heart. "Part mother and child! He couldn't do that; or if he could, he *shouldn't*, while I had the power to hinder him."

"How are we to prevent him, Jane — you and I?"

"Let's take the darling away, ma'am, before he can stop us."

"You dear good soul!" cried Clarissa. "It's the very thing I've been thinking of. Heaven knows how it is to be done; but it must be done somehow. And you will come with me, Jane? and you will brave all for me, you good, generous girl?"

"Lor, ma'am, what do you think I'm frightened of? Not that stuck-up Mrs. Brobson, with her grand airs, and as lazy as the voice of the sluggard into the bargain. Just you make up your mind, mum, where you'd like to go, and when you'd like to start, and I shall walk into the nursery as bold as brass, and say I want Master Lovel to come and amuse his mar for half an hour; and once we've got him safe in this room, the rest is easy. Part mother and child, indeed! I should like to see him do it! I warrant we'll soon bring Mr. Granger to his senses."

Where to go? yes, there was the rub. What a friendless creature Clarissa Granger felt as she pondered on this serious question! To her brother? Yes, he was the only friend she would care to trust in this emergency. But how was she to find him? Brussels was a large place, and she had no clew to his whereabouts there. Could she feel even sure that he had really gone to Brussels?

Somewhither she must go, however—that was certain. It could matter very little where she found a refuge, if only she had her darling with her. So the two women consulted together, and plotted and planned in Clarissa's sanctum; while Daniel Granger paced up and down the great dreary drawing-room, waiting for that promised visit from George Fairfax.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.

ABOUT thirty years ago, when "doing" Frankfort under the guidance of a *cicerone*, I recollect being taken to an exceedingly small and dirty street in the *Juden-Gasse*, or what might be called the *slums* of the town, and being assured that there dwelt the mother of the Rothschild race, and that no one dare to cleanse either the house or the adjoining synagogue from its primeval filth as long as the old lady lived, so wedded was she, like the rest of her tribe, to ancient customs and antiquarian dirt.

In the middle of the last century that identical house bore the sign of a broad shield, with the inscription *Zum Rothen Schild*, "The Red Buckler," where dwelt a poor Jew named Moses Amschel, whose son Meyer, the founder of the family wealth, was born there in 1743. The father had gradually, as is so frequently done in Scotland, assumed the name from the sign-post which his house bore. Thus Moses Amschel von Rothen Schild, or "Moses of the Red Shield," like mine host of the Red Lion so common in English provincial towns, became *Moses Roth's schild*, and hence by a very natural transition this was changed into the wide-world name of ROTHSCHILD.

Meyer began life as an errand-boy to his very poor father, who wished to make his son a rabbi, as the ambitious cotter of Ireland hopes to see one of his kin a Maynooth priest. It was, however, ordered otherwise; and Meyer's first step in life was passing from the situation of errand-boy in his paternal home to that of a small clerk in the house of Openheim, the banker of Hanover. And the cause of his great rise may be traced as follows:

In the year 1801 the Hanoverian General Von Estorff, a personal friend of William IX., Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, was consulted by the latter respecting a suitable person for the situation of banker to the court. Von Estorff had observed Meyer Rothschild as the cleverest clerk of Openheim's house, and proposed to introduce him to the landgrave as one of the best financiers he had ever met. On being summoned to the palace one afternoon, Rothschild found William and Von Estorff engaged at chess, the latter evidently getting the best of it. The Jew stood for a long time waiting patiently behind the landgrave's chair, without a word having been spoken by any one, until at length William, turning abruptly to Rothschild, said, "Do you know any thing of this game?"

"A little; and if your highness will give me leave to suggest certain moves, I think you would win the game."

"Out with it, then," replied the landgrave. And by following the clerk's advice William won the game, which so pleased him that he at once promoted Rothschild to the office of court banker.

Five years later, when William had to fly from the tyranny of Bonaparte, which then overshadowed Germany (in striking contrast to the marvels of Sedan and Metz in the year 1870), he intrusted his wealth, which was very great, to the care of the diligent banker; and the landgrave's confidence in him was such that he would take no note or acknowledgment from Rothschild of the large sums intrusted to his care. The banker, with commendable foresight, concealed several millions in hogshead casks of wine which were standing in his cellar, and thus preserved the money from the rapacious hands of the French soldiery—who, like their successors, the Prussians, when invading France, were noted for their inability to distinguish between the *meum* and the *tuum*—when Bonaparte took possession of Frankfort.

Rothschild's first great financial success was at the commencement of the Spanish contest in 1808, when his bank was the only firm which could efficiently assist the English government in finding means for carrying on the war. With William's sanction, Rothschild's wine-casks were made to disgorge their gold, and thus food for firing the cannon, to carry on the well-known metaphor of men being "food for powder," was found.

Meyer Rothschild died in 1812, leaving by will the sum of £100,000 sterling to found a refuge for poor Jews of Frankfort; and five sons—viz., Amschel of Frankfort, Solomon of Vienna, Nathan of London, Charles of Naples, and James of Paris—as the respective heads of great financial firms in those cities, to carry on the work which their father had so successfully begun.

It is related that when Charles Rothschild, of Naples, speaking of his own children to his elder brother, called them "the young barons," Amschel retorted, sharply, "Pshaw! make them men of business. The title of baron won't gain them a kreutzer."

It was by carrying out this principle to the fullest extent that the Rothschild family may trace the origin of their colossal fortune.

An anecdote is recorded of Nathan Rothschild which will show the perils attached to the possession of such enormous wealth. On the occasion of his giving a grand banquet to a number of distinguished men, one of his guests, observing the lavish display of wealth with which his table was groaning, made use of a very natural expression when exclaiming, "What a happy man, baron, you must be!" "Happy man, did you say?" replied Rothschild. "How is it possible for any one to be happy on receiving such a missive as this just before sitting down to dinner?" And taking from his pocket a letter, he showed his astonished guest its contents, which contained the modest request of a loan of £500, with the addition, "If you don't send it at once I'll blow your brains out!"

Money-making was the one pursuit and sole enjoyment of Nathan's life. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in the summer of 1820 with a letter of introduction from his brother Amschel, of Frankfort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This"—patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein—"this is my music, which we understand on Change." It was in the scramblings and fightings, the plots and tricks of money-making, not at all in the spending, and not much in the hoarding of it, that his soul delighted. "I hope," said a dinner companion on one occasion—"I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would *not* wish that." "I am sure I *would* wish that," replied Nathan; "I wish them to give up mind and body, heart and soul, to business. This is the way to be happy. It requires a deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it." Hence when two eminent clergymen, who took a warm interest in the Jews, called upon him with a view to induce him to aid in their restoration to Palestine, as his great wealth, it was thought, might influence the Sultan, Nathan declined, upon the all-potent plea that "London was his Palestine, and that he could not further such an object in any way."

At another time two strangers were admitted into the private room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane. They were tall foreigners, with beards and mustaches, such as were unknown in the City before the beard mania set in so powerfully as it has done of late; and Nathan was frightened at their appearance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets; and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his loud cries of "Murder!" The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent, who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy than themselves, had found some difficulty in producing the letters of introduction with which they were armed!

The same intense spirit of money-making appears to have been equally the mania of all the Rothschilds. Of James, the youngest son of Meyer, and head of the Paris house, who once entertained Napoleon III. in such an imperial manner at his Château Ferrière, and who died in 1868, leaving, according to public rumor, the colossal fortune of £44,800,000, it is related, as a proof of the strength of the ruling passion within him, that, foreseeing his death would cause a great fall in the shares of the Lombard Company, of which he was the president and chief support, he speculated largely for the fall just before he died; by which means the immense profits accruing therefrom went to the benefit of his heirs!

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WINTER FA

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[See Page 26.]

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WINTER FASHIONS.

See Illustration on double-page.

ONE of the best male judges of womanly attire, the celebrated Count d'Orsay, was heard to remark that "an English girl dressed by a Frenchwoman was first cousin to a divinity;" and no doubt the men of our day will indorse his opinion when they look at the group of charming English-speaking women arrayed according to the dictum of French dress-makers, and thus realizing as near as may be D'Orsay's idea of the celestials.

The simple demi-toilette to the extreme left will please the most puritanical taste. It is made in pink taffetas and white muslin. Figs. 2 and 3 require a more minute description; the one is a ball dress; the skirt of faille, bouton d'or, richly trimmed *en tablier* with pleatings of white crape, divided by crosswise bands of black velvet and bows of the same, with bouquets of tea-roses and foliage. Long train of black satin, trimmed with deep black French lace and bands of velvet. Low bodice of black satin, with stomacher of bouton d'or. Bouquet, and velvet bow at the back of the waist. Coiffure of white feathers and roses. The third is also an evening toilette. Petticoat of white poult de soïe, with alternate puffings of tulle and Brussels lace, and very open pleatings of white silk, lined with maize-colored satin; between each fold is a bouquet of yellow roses and fancy grass. Train of duchesse violet satin, with deep Brussels lace flounce at the edge, trimmed like the petticoat; the violet pleatings are lined with maize satin. Low bodice with deep points in the front, and bouquet at the back of the waist.

Fig. 5 is a costume suitable for a dinner or afternoon tea. On a petticoat of bright mauve poult de soie is a deep flounce, over which falls a narrower one of Irish point lace, surmounted by three crosswise tucks of silk edged with waved fringe. Bodice *en cœur*. Round basque, trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

Of the two out-door costumes, the first is of cachemire. The under-skirt, of steel-color, has four alternate flounces of dark blue and steel, divided by bands of black velvet. Tunic of steel-color, with blue *revers*, long at the back and looped up with bows. Seal-skin jacket. Black velvet and blue faille bonnet, with a jet coronet and two small blue feathers. Her companion wears an under-skirt of violet faille, on which is placed a Russian pleated flounce of black velvet; above this a flounce of violet faille headed by a very rich black and violet fringe and large tassels, arranged under a black velvet puffing. Black velvet polonaise, trimmed with violet bands, fringe and tassels to match the skirt. Jacket of black velvet, trimmed with sable. Velvet hat, with sable band and tail; at the back a knot of velvet, wide end and fringe. The figure to the extreme right has a Havana brown faille costume. On the skirt two deep flounces headed and edged with frayed quillings; tunic to correspond. Long cloth jacket, semi-tight, three shades lighter, bordered with dark brown velvet and knotted fringe. Brown velvet pelerine, with large bows and long ends of brown faille. Brown velvet bonnet, with salmon-colored faille and feathers.

Fig. 7's costume consists of rifle green satine cloth faced with velvet; black chip hat trimmed with black velvet piped with green; aigrette and long ostrich feather.

Of the background figures little is seen but their heads. The caps are worthy of attention as being much larger than hitherto worn, and exceedingly becoming to the wearers. One for a married lady is composed of Honiton lace, with claret-colored velvet, and a white frosted water-lily on the left side. Another, for a younger matron, is of point d'Alençon and cerulean blue satin. The third, a pert little Dolly Varden, is made of clear muslin, with Valenciennes lace and gas green velvet.

It is satisfactory to perceive that the chignons are decidedly moderating, and in some instances the shape of the head is plainly visible.

THE OUPHE OF THE WOOD.

By JEAN INGELOW.

"AN Ouphe!" perhaps you exclaim; "and, pray, what might that be?"

An Ouphe, fair questioner, though you may never have heard of him, was a creature well known (by hearsay, at least) to your great-great-grandmother. It was currently reported that every forest had one within its precincts, who ruled over the woodmen, and exacted tribute from them in the shape of little blocks of wood ready hewn for the fire of his under-ground palace—such blocks as are bought at shops in these degenerate days, and called "kindling."

It was said that he had a silver axe, with which he marked those trees that he did not object to have cut down; moreover, he was supposed to possess great riches, and to appear but seldom above ground, and when he did, to look like an old man in all respects but one, which was that he always carried some green ash keys about with him, which he could not conceal, and by which he might be known.

Do I hear you say that you don't believe he ever existed? It matters not at all to my story whether you do or not. He certainly does not exist now. The Commissioners of Woods and Forests have much to answer for, if it was they who put an end to his reign; but I do not think they did. It is more likely that the spelling-book used in woodland districts disagreed with his constitution.

After this short preface, please to listen while I tell you that once in a little black-timbered cottage at the skirts of a wood a young woman sat before the fire rocking her baby, and, as she did so, building a castle in the air. "What a good thing it would be," she thought to herself, "if we were rich!"

It had been a bright day, but the evening was chilly; and as she watched the glowing logs that were blazing on her hearth, she wished that all the lighted part of them would turn to gold.

She was very much in the habit—this little wife—of building castles in the air, particularly when she had nothing else to do, or her husband was late in coming home to his supper. Just as she was thinking how late he was, there was a tap at the door, and an old man walked in, who said,

"Mistress, will you give a poor man a warm at your fire?"

"And welcome," said the young woman, setting him a chair.

So he sat down as close to the fire as he could, and spread out his hands to the flames.

He had a little knapsack on his back, and the young woman did not doubt that he was an old soldier.

"Maybe you are used to the hot countries?" she said.

"All countries are much the same to me," replied the stranger. "I see nothing to find fault with in this one. You have fine hawthorn-trees hereabouts; just now they are as white as snow; and then you have a noble wood behind you."

"Ah, you may well say that," said the young woman. "It is a noble wood to us; it gets us bread. My husband works in it."

"And a fine sheet of water there is in it," continued the old man. "As I sat by it to-day it was pretty to see those cranes, with red legs, stepping from leaf to leaf of the water-lilies so lightly."

As he spoke, he looked rather wistfully at a little saucepan which stood upon the hearth.

"Why, I shouldn't wonder if you are hungry," said the young woman, laying her baby in the cradle, and spreading a cloth on the round table. "My husband will be home soon, and if you like to stay and sup with him and me, you will be kindly welcome."

The old man's eyes sparkled when she said this, and he looked so very old, and seemed so weak, that she pitied him. He turned a little aside from the fire, and watched her while she set a brown loaf on the table, and fried a few slices of bacon; but all was ready, and the kettle had been boiling some time, before there were any signs of the husband's return.

"I never knew Will to be so late before," said the stranger. "Perhaps he is carrying his logs to the saw-pits."

"Will!" exclaimed the wife. "What, you know my husband then? I thought you were a stranger in these parts."

"Oh, I have been past this place several times," said the old man, looking rather confused; "and so, of course, I have heard of your husband. Nobody's stroke in the wood is so regular and strong as his."

"And I can tell you he is the handiest man at home," began the wife.

"Ah, ah," said the old man, smiling at her eagerness; "and here he comes, if I am not mistaken."

At that moment the woodman entered.

"Will," said his wife, as she took his bill-hook from him, and hung up his hat, "here's an old soldier come to sup with us, my dear." And as she spoke she gave her husband a gentle push toward the old man, and made a sign that he should speak to him.

"Kindly welcome, master," said the woodman. "Wife, I'm hungry; let's to supper."

The wife turned some potatoes out of the little saucepan, set a jug of beer on the table, and they all began to sup. The best of every thing was offered by the wife to the stranger. The husband, after looking earnestly at him for a few minutes, kept silence.

"And where might you be going to lodge to-night, good man, if I'm not too bold?" asked she.

The old man heaved a deep sigh, and said he supposed he must lie out in the forest.

"Well, that would be a great pity," remarked his kind hostess. "No wonder your bones ache if you have no better shelter." As she said this, she looked appealingly at her husband.

"My wife, I'm thinking, would like to offer you a bed," said the woodman; "at least, if you don't mind sleeping in this clean kitchen, I think we could toss you up something of that sort that you need not disdain."

"Disdain, indeed!" said the wife. "Why, Will, when there's not a tighter cottage than ours in all the wood, and with a curtain, as we have, and a brick floor, and every thing so good about us—"

The husband laughed; the old man looked on with a twinkle in his eye.

"I'm sure I shall be humbly grateful," said he.

Accordingly, when supper was over, they made him a bed on the floor, and spread clean sheets upon it of the young wife's own spinning, and heaped several fresh logs on the fire. Then they wished the stranger good-night, and crept up the ladder to their own snug little chamber.

"Disdain, indeed!" laughed the wife, as soon as they had shut the door. "Why, Will, how could you say it? I should like to see him disdain me and mine. It isn't often, I'll engage to say, that he sleeps in such a well-furnished kitchen."

The husband said nothing, but secretly laughed to himself.

"What are you laughing at, Will?" said his wife, as she put out the candle.

"Why, you soft little thing," answered the woodman, "didn't you see that bunch of green ash keys in his cap; and don't you know that nobody would dare to wear them but the Ouphe of the Wood? I saw him cutting those very keys for himself as I passed to the saw-mill this morning, and I knew him again directly, though he has disguised himself as an old man."

"Bless us!" exclaimed the little wife, "is the Wood Ouphe in our cottage? How frightened I am! I wish I hadn't put the candle out."

The husband laughed more and more.

"Will," said his wife, in a solemn voice, "I wonder how you dare laugh, and that powerful creature under the very bed where you lie!"

"And she to be so pitiful over him," said the woodman, laughing till the floor shook under him, "and to talk and boast of our house, and insist on helping him to more potatoes, when he has a palace of his own, and heaps of riches! Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Don't laugh, Will," said the wife, "and I'll make you the most beautiful firmity you ever tasted to-morrow. Don't let him hear you laughing."

"Why, he comes for no harm," said the woodman. "I've never cut down any trees that he had not marked, and I've always laid his toll of the wood, neatly cut up, beside his foot-path, so I am not afraid. Besides, don't you know that he always pays where he lodges, and very handsomely, too?"

"Pays, does he?" said the wife. "Well, but he is an awful creature to have so near one. I would much rather he had really been an old soldier. I hope he is not looking after my baby: he shall not have him, let him offer ever so much."

The more the wife talked, the more the husband laughed at her fears, till at length he fell asleep, while she lay awake, thinking and thinking, till by degrees she forgot her fears, and began to wonder what they might expect by way of reward. Hours appeared to pass away during these thoughts. At length, to her great surprise, while it was still quite dark, her husband called to her from below:

"Come down, Kitty; only come down and see what the Ouphe has left us."

As quickly as possible Kitty started up and dressed herself, and ran down the ladder, and then she saw her husband kneeling on the floor over the knapsack, which the Ouphe had left behind him. Kitty rushed to the spot, and saw the knapsack bursting open with gold coins, which were rolling out over the brick floor. Here was good fortune! She began to pick them up, and count them into her apron. The more she gathered, the faster they rolled, till she left off counting, out of breath with joy and surprise.

"What shall we do with all this money?" said the delighted woodman.

They consulted for some time. At last they decided to bury it in the garden, all but twenty pieces, which they would spend directly. Accordingly they dug a hole, and carefully hid the rest of the money, and then the woodman went to the town, and soon returned laden with the things they had agreed upon as desirable possessions; namely, a leg of mutton, two bottles of wine, a necklace for Kitty, some tea and sugar, a grand velvet waistcoat, a silver watch, a large clock, a red silk cloak, and a hat and feather for the baby, a quilted petticoat, a great many muffins and crumpets, a rattle, and two new pairs of shoes.

How enchanted they both were! Kitty cooked the nice things, and they dressed themselves in the finery, and sat down to a very good dinner. But alas! the woodman drank so much of the wine that he soon got quite tipsy, and began to dance and sing. Kitty was very much shocked; but when he proposed to dig up some more of the gold, and go to market for some more wine and some more blue velvet waistcoats, she remonstrated very strongly. Such was the change that had come over this loving couple, that they presently began to quarrel, and from words the woodman soon got to blows, and, after beating his little wife, lay down on the floor and fell fast asleep, while she sat crying in a corner.

The next day they both felt very miserable, and the woodman had such a terrible headache that he could neither eat nor work; but the day after, being pretty well again, he dug up some more gold, and went to the town, where he bought such quantities of fine clothes and furniture, and so many good things to eat, that in the end he was obliged to buy a wagon to bring them home in; and great was the delight of his wife when she saw him coming home on the top of it, driving the four gray horses himself.

They soon began to unpack the goods and lay them out on the grass, for the cottage was far too small to hold them.

"There are some red silk curtains, with gold rods," said the woodman.

"And grand, indeed, they are!" exclaimed his wife, spreading them over the onion bed.

"And here's a great looking-glass," continued the woodman, setting one up against the outside of the cottage, for it would not go in at the door.

So they went on handing down the things, and it took nearly the whole afternoon to empty the wagon. No wonder, when it contained, among other things, a coral and bells for the baby, and five very large tea-trays adorned with handsome pictures of impossible scenery, two large sofas covered with green damask, three bonnets trimmed with feathers and flowers, two glass tumblers for them to drink out of—for Kitty had decided that mugs were very vulgar things—six books bound in handsome red morocco, a mahogany table, a large tin saucepan, a spit, and silver waiter, a blue coat with gilt buttons, a yellow waistcoat, some pictures, a dozen bottles of wine, a quarter of lamb, cakes, tarts, pies, ale, porter, gin, silk stockings, blue and red and white shoes, lace, ham, mirrors, three clocks, a four-post bedstead, and a bag of sugar-candy.

These articles filled the cottage and garden; the wagon stood outside the paling. Though the little kitchen was very much encumbered with furniture, they contrived to make a fire in it; and having eaten a sumptuous dinner, they drank one another's health, using the new tumblers to their great satisfaction.

"All these things remind me that we must have another house built," said Kitty.

"You may do just as you please about that, my dear," replied her husband, with a bottle of wine in his hand.

"My dear," said Kitty, "how vulgar you are! Why don't you drink out of one of our new tumblers, like a gentleman?"

The woodman refused, and said it was much more handy to drink it out of the bottle.

"Handy, indeed!" retorted Kitty; "yes, and by that means none will be left for me."

Thereupon another quarrel ensued; and the woodman, being by this time quite tipsy, beat his wife again. The next day they went and got numbers of workmen to build them a new house in their garden. It was quite astonishing even to Kitty, who did not know much about building, to see how quick these workmen were. In one week the house was ready. But in the mean time the woodman, who had very often been tipsy, felt so unwell that he could not look after them; therefore it is not surprising that they stole a great many of his fine things while he lay smoking his pipe on the green damask sofa which stood on the carrot bed. Those articles which the workmen did not steal the rain and dust spoiled; but that they thought did not much matter, for still more than half the gold was left; so they soon furnished the new house. And now Kitty had a servant, and used to sit every morning on a couch, dressed in silks and jewels, till dinner-time, when the most delicious hot beefsteaks and sausage-pudding or roast goose were served up, with more sweet pies, fritters, tarts, and cheese-cakes than they could possibly eat. As for the baby, he had three elegant cots, in which he was put to sleep by turns; he was allowed to tear his picture-books as often as he pleased, and to eat so many sugar-plums and macaroons that they often made him quite ill.

The woodman looked very pale and miserable, though he often said what a fine thing it was to be rich. He never thought of going to his work, and used generally to sit in the kitchen till dinner was ready, watching the spit. Kitty wished she could see him looking as well and cheerful as in old days, though she felt naturally proud that her husband should always be dressed like a gentleman—namely, in a blue coat, red waistcoat, and top-boots.

He and Kitty could never agree as to what should be done with the rest of the money: in fact, no one would have known them for the same people. They quarreled almost every day, and lost nearly all their love for one another. Kitty often cried herself to sleep—a thing she had never done when they were poor. She thought it was very strange that she should be a lady and yet not be happy. Every morning when the woodman was sober they invented new plans for making themselves happy, yet, strange to say, none of them succeeded, and matters grew worse and worse. At last Kitty thought she should be happy if she had a coach; so she went to the place where the knapsack was buried and began to dig; but the garden was so trodden down that she could not dig deep enough, and soon got quite tired of trying. At last she called the servant, and told her the secret as to where the money was, promising her a gold piece if she could dig it up. The servant dug with all her strength, and with a great deal of trouble they got the knapsack up, and Kitty found that not many gold pieces were left. However, she resolved to have the coach; so she took them and went to the town, where she bought a yellow chariot, with a most beautiful coat of arms upon it, and two cream-colored horses to draw it.

In the mean time the maid ran to the magistrates, and told them she had discovered something very dreadful, which was, that her mistress had nothing to do but to dig in the ground, and that she could make money come—coined money: "which," said the maid, "is a very terrible thing, and it proves that she must be a witch."

The mayor and the aldermen were very much shocked, for witches were commonly believed in in those days; and when they heard that Kitty had dug up money that very morning, and bought a yellow coach with it, they decided that the matter must be investigated.

When Kitty drove up to her own door she saw the mayor and aldermen standing in the kitchen waiting for her. She demanded what they wanted, and they said they were come in the king's name to search the house.

Kitty immediately ran up stairs and took the baby out of his cradle, lest any of them should steal him, which, of course, seemed a very probable thing for them to do. Then she went to look for her husband, who, shocking to relate, was quite tipsy, quarreling and arguing with the mayor, and actually she saw him box an alderman's ears.

"The thing is proved," said the indignant mayor; "this woman is certainly a witch."

Kitty was very much bewildered at this; but how much more when she saw her husband seize the mayor—yes, the very mayor himself—and shake him so hard that he actually shook his head off, and it rolled under the dresser! "If I had not seen this with my own eyes," said Kitty, "I could not have believed it; even now it does not seem at all real."

All the aldermen wrung their hands.

"Murder! murder!" cried the maid.

"Yes," said the alderman, "this woman and her husband must immediately be put to death, and the baby must be taken from them and made a slave."

In vain Kitty fell on her knees; the proofs of their guilt were so plain that there was no hope

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of mercy; and they were just going to be led out to execution when—why, then she opened her eyes, and saw that she was lying in bed in her own little chamber where she had lived and been so happy; her baby, beside her in his wicker cradle, was crowing and sucking his fingers.

"So, then, I have never been rich, after all," said Kitty; "and it was all only a dream! I thought it was very strange at the time that a man's head should roll off."

And she heaved a deep sigh, and put her hand to her face, which was wet with the tears she had shed when she thought that she and her husband were going to be executed.

"I am very glad, then, my husband is not a drunken man; and he does *not* beat me; but he goes to work every day, and I am as happy as a queen."

Just then she heard her husband's good-tempered voice whistling as he went down the ladder.

"Kitty, Kitty," said he, "come, get up, my little woman; it's later than usual, and our good visitor will want his breakfast."

"Oh, Will, Will, do come here," answered the wife; and presently her husband came up again, dressed in his fustian jacket, and looking quite healthy and good-tempered—not at all like the pale man in the blue coat who sat watching the meat while it roasted.

"Oh, Will, I have had such a frightful dream," said Kitty, and she began to cry. "We are not going to quarrel and hate one another, are we?"

"Why, what a silly little thing thou art, to cry about a dream!" said the woodman, smiling. "No, we are not going to quarrel as I know of. Come, Kitty, remember the Ouphe."

"Oh yes, yes, I remember," said Kitty; and she made haste to dress herself and come down.

"Good-morning, mistress; how have you slept?" said the Ouphe, in a gentle voice, to her.

"Not so well as I could have wished, Sir," said Kitty.

The Ouphe smiled. "*I* slept very well," he said. "The supper was good, and kindly given, without any thought of reward."

"And that is the certain truth," interrupted Kitty; "I never had the least thought what you were till my husband told me."

The woodman had gone out to cut some fresh cresses for his guest's breakfast.

"I am sorry, mistress," said the Ouphe, "that you slept uneasily—my race are said sometimes by their presence to affect the dreams of you mortals. Where is my knapsack? Shall I leave it behind me in payment of bed and board?"

"Oh no, no, I pray you don't," said the little wife, blushing and stepping back; "you are kindly welcome to all you have had, I'm sure: don't repay us so, Sir."

"What, mistress, and why not?" asked the Ouphe, smiling. "It is as full of gold pieces as it can hold, and I shall never miss them."

"No, I entreat you, do not," said Kitty; "and do not offer it to my husband, for maybe he has not been warned as I have."

Just then the woodman came in.

"I have been thanking your wife for my good entertainment," said the Ouphe; "and if there is any thing in reason that I can give either of you—"

"Will, we do very well as we are," said his wife, going up to him and looking anxiously in his face.

"I don't deny," said the woodman, thoughtfully, "that there are one or two things I should like my wife to have, but somehow I've not been able to get them for her yet."

"What are they?" asked the Ouphe.

"One is a spinning-wheel," answered the woodman; "she used to spin a good deal when she was at home with her mother."

"She shall have a spinning-wheel," replied the Ouphe; "and is there nothing else, my good host?"

"Well," said the woodman, frankly, "since you are so obliging, we should like a hive of bees."

"The bees you shall have also; and now good-morning both, and a thousand thanks to you."

So saying, he took his leave, and no pressing could make him stay to breakfast.

"Well," thought Kitty, when she had had a little time for reflection, "a spinning-wheel is just what I wanted; but if people had told me this time yesterday morning that I should be offered a knapsack full of money, and should refuse it, I could not possibly have believed them!"

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WHATEVER other gifts chance to drop from Christmas-trees into the hands of happy children, none are, for the moment, more pleasing than the gayly colored fancy boxes beneath whose shining lids nestle tempting bonbons, which it is supposed to be the special province of Santa Claus to bestow on all good boys and girls. The number of these fancy boxes sold during one holiday season is astonishing. Made in every conceivable shape, of every possible color, and ornamented with pretty and unique pictures; with ribbons, with gold and silver, and even with gems in some cases; designed not merely for bonbons, but as receptacles for handkerchiefs, for collars, for gloves, and for nicknacks generally—they attract the gaze and please the taste, and commend themselves to all buyers of holiday gifts. Chancing to make some small purchases in this line of a wholesale and retail dealer in Maiden Lane—one of the many down-town manufacturers and importers—we learned that his average sales during the holiday season amounted to more than a hundred thousand boxes. While many of these were made in his own establishment—twenty women being then employed—great quantities were of foreign manufacture. "It is cheaper," said the dealer, himself a foreigner, "to import them. We can not get them up here so nice, and for a few cents, as they do in France and Germany. They have so little to pay for rent, and so little to pay for what they eat there, that we here can not do like them. Besides," continued he, taking up a little box, "we have not here these little pictures; they come from there. But the work-people in Berlin have been demanding more pay, and this year not all the boxes have been made which were promised to be sent to this country. The manufacturers there could not keep their engagements, because the people would not work without more pay." Yet, glancing through his large room, piled with boxes, we could not feel that there would be any painful lack of fancy boxes this year, even though foreign fingers might have paused to rest a while.

"Xylonite" is the term applied to a substance which is coming into use as a substitute for wood, ivory, and tin. It is composed of oxide of zinc, kneaded up with collodion and camphor, and then forced between hot metallic plates into the desired form. Caution is recommended, however, in the use of this substance, as it is very inflammable.

The Russians still reverence the Empress Catherine as much as if she were alive; and the government has recently allotted a sum of 400,000 rubles for the erection of a statue to her memory.

"Bridal trips" are unknown in Japan. The newly wedded pair are not left to themselves, but overwhelmed with visits and invitations, always accompanied with feasts and prolonged libations.

During the year included in the last report of the Postmaster-General 2407 new offices have been established, and 854 discontinued, making the present number 30,045. The free delivery system has been in operation in fifty-two different cities, with these results: number of letter-carriers, 1419; mail letters delivered, 112,612,693; local letters delivered, 27,045,760; newspapers delivered, 32,610,353; letters collected, 113,287,602.

Jack Frost often steals his way into the house, and makes sad work among the pet plants which have been so carefully tended and so greatly treasured. If such a mishap occurs, an exchange says: "Don't hurry them into a warm room, to thaw out by the side of a stove, as you would a frost-bitten chicken. Let them remain where they were frozen; close the window-shutters or drop the curtains, so as to make the room quite dark; then sprinkle the plants with cold water direct from the cistern, and wait for the result. Do not allow the room to become warmer than forty-seven degrees for twenty-four hours. If a few drops of spirits of camphor are thrown into the dish of water before sprinkling, it will be all the better. Plants treated in this way, though frozen so badly that water will freeze in drops on the leaves when sprinkled, yet by keeping the room dark and cool for an entire day, they will come out unharmed."

Among the jewels of Eugénie, which, it is said, have been offered for sale in London, was a wonderful necklace of black pearls—the only one in existence—each pearl being as large as a marrowfat pea. Also an emerald cross, quite unique, the emeralds being oblong, and set edge to edge, with nothing between them. One brooch was a butterfly, the body of which was a large opal about two inches in length, and the wings, set on springs, were of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds.

A most remarkable instance of kleptomania was that of a Scottish clergyman, distinguished for learning and piety. He was detected in wholesale Bible-stealing. It was further discovered that he had organized a wide missionary district, and left a Bible or a Testament at every cottage where it was needed along the route. The most touching fact in the story is that he was arrested while on his knees by the bedside of a dying old man, with a stolen Bible lying open before him on the bed.

"What made you steal the Bibles, Mr. B——?" asked the sheriff, with a pious horror in his face.

"God made me steal them, good man," was the reply. "He was weary of seeing his poor people perish of Gospel-hunger, because the rich Bible Society could not afford to feed them without the bawbees, well knowing that they had no bawbees; and so God set me to steal them and save them."

He could not be persuaded that he had done wrong. The delusion of the clergyman, who was a very poor man, naturally suggested insanity. Though he was perfectly sane on all other points, a learned physician in a neighboring town positively swore that he was the "victim of moral mania."

The census returns, soon to be published, show that there are in the United States 20,320 blind persons, and 16,205 deaf and dumb; and there are 96 persons who are blind, deaf, and dumb. The deaf and dumb die earlier than the blind, and in New York there are only 21 over seventy years old. In the United States there are 141 blind persons over one hundred years old.

Russia excels in banquets. The magnificence of the entertainments of Russian magnates is proverbial. Judging from the *diner à la Russe*, we may expect that the good taste which suggested that mode of arranging the table and viands will extend to the quality and composition of the dishes. The Russians (that is, the educated classes who give and eat dinners) have a great appreciation of good living. They are great amateurs of dining. Nature has given them some exceptionally fine raw material, and they have known how to avail themselves of it. Their repertory of dishes is extensive. If you enter a "traktir," or restaurant, you will have presented to you a carte of dishes (in an unknown tongue) containing, instead of half a dozen joints and as many *entrées* and sweets, a list of two or three hundred different *plats*. Among so many there must be some not yet known to us, and worthy of our adoption. The Russians, like the Germans and other Northern nations, are fond of a subacid flavor in their food; many of their soups are thus flavored; and where they are not, a very common thing is for a dish of clotted sour cream to be placed on the table, from which the consumer may take what is necessary to give his *plat* the degree of acidity which suits his palate. A very little of this sour cream goes a great way, however, a spoonful or two being sufficient to convert a very excellent dish of brown soup into what, according to our lights, would be considered a sour and unpalatable mess.

English journals mourn over the great fire at Warwick Castle as a national disaster—a destruction of a page in English history which neither time nor skill can replace. The fire is said to have broken out in the private apartments of the countess. These, though of no great size, were a treasure-house of art. The drawing-room was paneled with the finest French carving, of the time of Louis XVI., and was hung with choice works of modern art, collected by Lady Warwick, herself an artist of great ability. The saving of the state apartments was due to the massive stone wall which separated the baronial hall from the red drawing-room. The two children were sleeping over the banqueting-hall, and had barely time to escape through the hall before the flames would have cut off retreat by that way. Lord Warwick was about to entertain his annual Christmas shooting-party, and upward of five hundred cartridges were stored in the gun-room. When the fire was approaching that room the footmen, with thoughtful courage, rushed into it, and carried the ammunition into a distant part of the building. The cedar room and the state bedroom happily escaped damage, though it was thought necessary to remove furniture and paintings. The exterior of the building was but slightly injured; but an inspection of the paintings shows that more damage was done than was at first believed. All the art treasures in the great hall were destroyed except the painting, "Battle of the Amazons."

The theatres of the Romans were fitted up with numerous concealed pipes, that passed in every direction along the walls, and were connected with cisterns of water or with machines for raising water. Certain parts of the pipes were very minutely perforated, and were so arranged that, by turning one or more cocks, the liquid escaped from them, and descended upon the audience in the form of dew or extremely fine rain. This might have been very refreshing for a hot evening, and very useful in case of a fire; but how about the elegant hats and dresses of the ladies? We fancy, nowadays, they would object to any such method of cooling the atmosphere, except in cases of dire necessity.

At the Alabama State Fair, held this year at Selma, the prettiest young lady on the grounds was awarded a set of handsome furs. Nothing was offered the homeliest woman; but the ugliest man was presented with a suit of clothes, while the "prettiest man" only received a "set of shirts," which was certainly very unfair treatment.

Fortunately fashion and good sense unite, at the present time, in covering a baby's neck and arms. May this fashion long continue! A distinguished Paris physician said, "I believe that, during the twenty years I have practiced my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms." He further remarks, "I have seen more than one child, with habitual cough or hoarseness, entirely relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm."

The Speaker of the British House of Commons receives a salary of $25,000—the same that is given to the President of the United States—and also has a fine residence, furnished and kept in repair at public expense. On retiring from office he is created a viscount, and has a pension of $20,000, which on his death passes to his eldest son.

Pearls require careful attention, if their beauty is to be preserved. After they have been worn, before putting them away they should be gently wiped with the softest silk or jewelers' wool. The moisture of the hair is likely to injure them. Some say that pearls should occasionally be washed with soap and water, but this should not be done by an inexperienced hand.

A Southern paper is getting up a new edition of the Book of Proverbs, or of one chapter of it. This is a sample: "Blessed is the woman who compoundeth a pudding in silence, for she is more to be envied than she who maketh a tart reply."

An exchange remarks: "Some people, ignorant of what good editing is, imagine the getting up of selected matter to be the easiest work in the world to do; whereas it the nicest work that is done on a paper. If they find the editor with scissors in hand, they are sure to say, 'Ah! *that's* the way you get up original matter, eh?' The facts are, that the interest, the morality, the variety, and usefulness of a paper depend in no small degree upon its selected matter, and few men are fully capable of the position who would not themselves be able to write many of the articles they select. A sensible editor desires considerable selected matter, because he knows that one mind can not make so good a paper as several."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. C. H. D.—You can only make a short skirt and basque out of a trained skirt. You will require a polonaise of some other fabric to wear over it. Put bias velvet folds and fringe around the skirt.

CARRIE.—Get a black alpaca or silk under-skirt, or else velveteen.

MRS. D. P.—Get sheer linen lawn, with or without a small black dot or hair stripe. Make with yoke waist, or a basque and single skirt, trimmed with side pleatings. The seal-skin sacques are more fashionable than black Astrakhan, though elderly ladies prefer the latter.

T. F. B. K.—We furnish covers to the *Bazar* at 75 cents. You can get them put on by any book-binder. An index is given away with the last number of the volume.

IGNORANCE.—Send $1 and your address to Harper & Brothers, asking that the "Bazar Book of Decorum" be sent you.—Cashmere and seal-skin are the most used for sacques. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV.

WESTERN BRIDE.—Your husband's friends should have called upon you first, but it was your husband's duty to send them cards announcing your arrival here and address during your stay.

FANNIE.—Black silks are often worn to church weddings, and afterward to the reception; but as they are sombre-looking, you should brighten yours up with laces or a white muslin over dress.

A READER.—Make your handsome purple armure by Worth basque pattern. Omit the ruffles, and use velvet bands.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Use bands of gray silk and fringe to trim your gray alpaca. Alter it by Plain-Waist House Dress pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV., and wear with a Watteau sacque and cape.

B. E. A.—The pale apricot and salmon tints, also pearl gray, and very pale Nile green ribbons, look well with garnet.

HENRIETTA.—We have refused repeatedly to give recipes for coloring the hair. Besides, it is no longer fashionable to wear bleached yellow hair. This last assertion, we hope, will induce you to give up your foolish wish.

BUTTERNUTS.—The basque pattern is right. Your material is barége, and will probably color black very well.

MY BOY.—Children a year old and older wear high necks and long sleeves. Your material is épingeline.

CONSTANT READER.—Visiting-cards are of unglazed Bristol-board, with the name in plain scrip.

MAHON.—Make a flounced skirt of your darkest sample, a polonaise and Watteau sacque with cape of the light material. It is merine. Trim with velvet and fringe.

PIONEER.—English all-wool water-proof is lightest and finest for cloaks; but the American cloth, if all wool, will wear well, and is warmer. Dark blue and plum-colored water-proof are more stylish than the black.

JENNIE K.—Make a new basque and over-skirt to your black silk by pattern of house dress sent you.

BAZAR.—Bias overlapping folds of the fabric are the appropriate trimmings for mourning.

MARY S.—We have back numbers of the *Bazar* that give directions for folding shawls like cloaks.

MRS. C. D.—Get black Lyons velvet, and make by pattern of Watteau Sacque with Cape, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV.

A. C. MITCHELL.—Make your lavender silk dress with plain basque and ruffled demi-train skirt. Put some white tulle and lace about the neck and sleeves.

MRS. C. H.—We will send two copies of the *Bazar* one year for $7.

MISS S., OF CHARLOTTE HALL.—We have no such pattern. There is no such thing as a polonaise with a basque in front and back. We have polonaises trimmed to simulate a basque, and one with a postilion basque back, but belted in front.

A. B.—Black water-proof is said to wear best. A Watteau sacque with cape is the best design for your velvet cloak, as it cuts the velvet less than any other fashionable pattern. Wear a black hat and brown gloves with your brown suit.

MRS. W. H. P., OF BERLIN.—No, we have nothing to do with the chart you mention.

MRS. E. L. A.—Make your black silk dress for general wear with two skirts and a basque. Thread lace is most fashionable, but fringe is quite as popular, and is cheaper.

F. E. H.—Your subscription expires January 27, 1872, with *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V.

TERESA.—In cutting your wrapper you will have to conform somewhat to the printed design, making the border extend down the front and around the skirt and sleeves.

K. C. B.—Pillows are square, and their size depends on the width of the bed. They are two square pieces of ticking sewed together without side pieces, and should be thirty-six inches square, or larger if necessary, for the two must cover the head of the bed. Pillow-shams are two or three inches larger than the pillows.

SANITY.—Black marten is the fashionable fur trimming, and costs from $3 to $5 a yard, according to width and quality.

MARY R.—Make your brown cashmere by Marguerite polonaise pattern. Use the lighter for the polonaise, the darker for skirt and for trimming.

AN ADMIRER.—Read answer above to "Mary R.," and trim your satine with velvet and kilt pleating.

HATTIE LOWE.—A short person should wear demi-trains and polonaises in preference to two skirts with a basque, and should avoid flounces, using flat folds, bands, and fringe or lace. The most becoming dresses for brunettes are black silk, and cashmere brightened by scarlet neck-ties and hair-ribbons—dark shades of blue, reddish-maroon, red plum, and clear gray; for evening dresses the stylish yellow-tinged pinks, coral, pearl-color, salmon, and white.

CANADIA.—Remodel your blue repped dress by pattern of Plain-waist House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. It will then serve for the house, and also for street, with an extra wrap of black cashmere.

BESSIE.—Read answer above to "Teresa." You must gore your wrapper very slightly.

MRS. A. C. W.—Your sample of American silk is the fabric sold under that name. It resembles poplin more than gros grain, but is said to be all silk, though not of the purest quality.

A. B. S.—Read Banting's book on reducing corpulency.—Make your blue silk dress by Marguerite Vest-Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV.—We do not make purchases for our readers.

H. S. L.—We have not examined the hair switches you mention, and can give no opinion with respect to them.—A pattern of basque for a girl of twelve is now ready.

L. M. H.—Make your opera cloak of white or pearl-colored cashmere or cloth a round large talma, with double Watteau fold behind, and trim with a band of silk of the same shade and fringe. Make your tea-rose silk with demi-train ruffled very high, and a basque with pointed front and long bouffant back. Cut the neck pointed, and the sleeves in antique shape, ruffled at the elbow.

STAR.—Make the waist of your gymnastic suit a box-pleated blouse by pattern sent with Watteau mantle in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV. Make your cloth cloak a sacque with cape. Black marten, a long, soft, black fur, is what you want. Over-skirts are looped high at the sides and behind, or else left to droop in the way you describe.

A COUNTRY LASS.—Your material is Irish poplin. Make by pattern of Marguerite Vest-Polonaise Suit, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV. Trim with bias velvet and fringe of the same shade.

ANNA C.—Black velvet, cashmere, or dark green or blue cloth, made by pattern of Watteau Sacque with Cape, illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV., are the stylish stuffs and pattern for cloaks.

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THE INVALID DOLL.

HOW fond children are of making believe! In early life the imagination possesses an almost magical power, which, in too many of us, is weakened by the prosaic realities of advancing years. Here is kind-hearted Annie (we ought to call her Annchen, as the original picture is by a German) trying to make herself thoroughly miserable, and probably to some extent succeeding. Dolly, so Annie's imagination wills it, has fallen ill, and Dolly must be cuddled and nursed, and medicine must be administered, and she must be supposed to make wry faces over a gray powder, and possibly brother Freddy will be requested to come in and personate the family apothecary. The other day, in a hospital ward, we saw the exact converse of this picture, namely, a poor little pale-faced invalid girl fondling a perfectly healthy dolly—a dolly with hard red cheeks and great round eyes. Let our younger readers put the two pictures together, and the next time they are making believe that their dolls are ill, let them think of other little girls, who, though their heads are aching and their eyes are weary, are nevertheless making believe to be well, and through the force of that blessed faculty of imagination often succeeding for a while.

APOLOGIES.

UPON the book-shelves first exciting inquiry in a child's mind there stood one volume lettered mysteriously "Watson's Apology." The title was not self-explanatory. Long-winded apologies had, indeed, been heard of; but an apology lasting through a tolerably thick octavo was something to be investigated further. The title-page threw some additional light on the mystery; for there it stood "Watson's Apology for Christianity." But youthful faith sniffed its disgust. "And pray what apology does Christianity want? And who is Watson, that he should apologize for it? Christianity is very much obliged to him!" The sneer—as sneers often do—showed a partial, imperfect apprehension of the point in hand, and was hard upon Watson; but the inquiry, as far as it went, strengthened a dawning prejudice—an impression which time has not obliterated—that apologies are insolent things; in their nature impertinent and presumptuous. We do not, of course, speak of extorted apologies, about which there can be but one opinion. The whole tribe, whether handsome, frank, ample, or grudging, are essentially hard for the apologizer to stomach. But there are people who are always making apologies uncalled for, to whom they are meat and drink. Apologies are the medium of their accost, the staple of their intercourse, their notion of civility, their method of making themselves affable and pleasant, the oil which is to make the wheels of society run smooth. Such a habit is clearly incompatible with humility and a just self-estimate. It is an unpardonable assumption that the attentions in which they may happen to fail are matters of importance to the non-recipients of them. Experience teaches us of certain persons that from the moment we come under their ken, in street, church, or market, they are spinning apologies—something civil to excuse omissions, some device by which to secure the credit of kindness or sympathy without the trouble. Here is a person, such a one seems to say, to whom I have not shown all the consideration which he is naturally solicitous to receive from me. I must apologize. "Mr. So-and-so," he begins, "I am ashamed to look you in the face; but if you knew my engagements"—or, "I fear I passed you the other day without recognition; but indeed it's the way I often serve my best friends. Pray forgive—pray excuse." Or it is some act of forgetfulness which may have wounded our self-love; some supposed expectation which they have disappointed; some opinion they hold in opposition to our own; some success on which they have neglected to congratulate us. And all the while we are driven to the feeble resource, the self-contempt, of protestations and disclaimers. For apologies are not passive inflictions; they are among the severest taxes on good nature and forbearance—of all forms of self-assertion the most embarrassing to those exposed to them. Apologies put every body they come near in a false position—irksome, uneasy, irritating, exasperating—and, what is worse morally, into a position of insincerity, bordering, it may be, in sheer desperation, on absolute fibbing. The object of apologies finds himself, from the very nature of the case, in a predicament out of which it is impossible to escape with credit. We would gladly tell our friend that if he kept away for six months we should never miss him; that his seeing us or not is a matter absolutely insignificant; that, above all, his company and apologies bore us inexpressibly at this moment. But whatever looked like pique would only minister to the complacency which it is our object to put down. The apologizer must, for the time being, take the superior stand.

All volunteered fluent apologies have some mixture of a lie in them. No person who plans apologies plans to speak the plain truth. If he is scrupulous, and also ingenious, he contrives a veneer of fact; but the substance is false; an actuating principle or motive is kept out of sight. Nobody who is fair and above-board in conscience



THE INVALID DOLL.—[FROM A PICTURE BY H. SCHLESINGER.]

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and aims has the apologizing impulse. Charlotte Brontë, in her favorite M. Paul, notices its absence as a noble characteristic. "There is no sham, no cheat, and no hollow unreal in him. Apology never dropped her slippery oil on his lips —never proffered by his pen her coward feints and paltry nullities; he would give neither a stone nor an excuse—neither a scorpion nor a disappointment." The trick of apologizing obscures the very perception of worth and value, the distinction between bread and a stone. If these paraders knew themselves, they would know their neighbors better; but as they are scarcely conscious that what they say does not represent what they think, so they do not perceive that a practice of shams necessarily alienates and isolates them from any true intercourse.

Timidity is a different and a more excusable stimulant of apologizing. There may be an abject flow of apologies as well as an insolent. Where people have no insight into character, they often stumble into them from the want of any thing else to say. It is very painful to be apologized to as if this were our one accessible point, and conversation on this basis is a very uncheerful exercise; but it is more painful to see the throes of the naturally ingenuous under the pangs of shame and an uneasy conscience. They can neglect unsatisfactory friends, but a dead cut is beyond them. So they devise sneaking apologies, coward excuses, at a safe distance, which they dispatch by every opportunity. "Oh! are you going to see so-and-so? will you say—will you tell them that I was intending—that I hope soon—that I have been so busy," etc., etc. Nobody is obliged to make himself unpleasant by the delivery of impertinent civilities at second-hand. Nor is it safe to trust others with the carriage of such delicate wares. An elder brother, invited to dine with old friends whom he looked down on, declared he would not go, but charged his junior to say something civil for him. "Is not Mr. Reginald coming?" asked the solicitous hostess. "He said he wouldn't," was the form in which the youthful emissary accomplished his commission.

We suspect that an accomplished man of the world does without the machinery of apologies altogether, as being clumsy and subject to inconveniences. There are occasions when ordinary men must "say something," must excuse themselves, and make out a case, even though the fallacies are too transparent to deceive the most credulous. It is the act of a master-mind to turn the tables upon those to whom apology is due. It is told of Lord Palmerston that having appointed six o'clock to dine with the civic magnates of a country town, he had not made his appearance when ten o'clock struck. In despair, the assembled company sat down to such dinner as was left to them, and were still engaged on the fish when the great man was ushered in. They looked for an apology, but with bland smiles and serenest courtesy he knew how to put them all in the wrong, simply observing, "I am glad you did not wait." If any body felt uncomfortable and as if good manners had been violated, it was not Lord Palmerston.

The present age may congratulate itself that apologies are no longer the necessity of polite conversation which they once were. If people now are profuse in them, it is because they fit something in their own nature; nobody exacts them. How men lived through the elaborate verbiage of disparagement which seems to have accompanied every social ceremonial in the last century may puzzle us, only there were cut-and-dried forms which did duty on both sides, and spared a harassed invention.

All that we have said relates to voluntary, gratuitous apologies, the class of obtrusive explanations which have their origin in a desire to set off and make the best of self, rather than to humble that self before a just displeasure—excuses which are prompted by egotism rather than sympathy. It should be a rule to make no apologies which cost us nothing; they are mere selfish indulgences. It is much easier for the listener to behave properly under the confession of a genuine shame and sense of misconduct than under the smug inflictions we complain of. Somebody ought to be uncomfortable under any apology that is worth the name, and common justice shows that the sufferer should not be the recipient of excuses. There are few persons to whom the question can be indifferent, for few of us are absolutely guiltless toward our less attractive acquaintance of making a string of civil artificial words do the duty of self-sacrifice. No two things are more opposite than the volunteered and the compulsory apology. This was felt by a man of a violent temper, which was perpetually precipitating him into scrapes; after frankly avowing himself in the wrong to the persons he had injured, he added, "The worst of this temper of mine is that I have to apologize to fools." The poor and untaught find apologies so impossible to a proud nature that, rather than say the word, they will encounter any amount of hardship and privation. But of all sufferers, of all grudging, unwilling apologizers, an honest child is the greatest. To him to have to say, "I am sorry, *mea culpa*, I have been to blame," is the bitterness of humiliation. He has learned no subterfuges, finds no soothing, emollient balm in the way of doing it; he stands in the depths in which his elders only profess to find themselves. Be indulgent to the struggle between nature and grace. Do not press too far the sore and wounded spirit. Excuse much awkwardness in the manner, and some evasions even in the matter, mindful that, of the two extremes, it is better for the character through life to find apologies hard work than easy.

PRINCE ALBERT AS A CHILD.

JUST now, when the heir-apparent to the English throne is lying on a bed of sickness, a picture of Prince Albert at the age of four may be found especially interesting. The original model of this subject is by Miss Fellows, of Wolverhampton, and our engraving is copied from a photograph by Mr. Haseler of that town. The idea of modeling this subject was suggested to Miss Fellows by the picture by Döll, which appears as the frontispiece to that well-known book, "The Early Years of the Prince Consort." The subject was recently exhibited in the Royal Academy in marble, by command of the Queen.



PRINCE ALBERT WHEN A CHILD.—[BY CATHERINE ALLISON FELLOWS.]

Prince Albert did not justify the old adage, "Fair in the cradle, foul in the saddle," for he was not only a handsome man, but a very lovely baby. Here is his mother's description of him: "Albert is charming, remarkably beautiful. He has large blue eyes, a very small mouth, a pretty nose, and dimples in both his cheeks. He is big and lively, and always good-tempered."

And his grandmother writes: "Little Alberinchen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel. He is very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief."

Later we read, about the date of the portrait, "Albert is lovely as a little angel with his fair curls."

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THE readers of *Harper's Bazar* will find the most complete assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear, Gloves, etc., etc.; also Robes de Chambre and House Coats, for Holiday Presents, at UNION ADAMS & Co.'s, 637 Broadway, near Bleecker St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW.—Either of HARPER'S and that Best of Magazines, THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, sent a year for $6 00; and MARSHALL'S splendid Engraving of WASHINGTON sent to all who send 10 cts. extra for mailing. Address, at once, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

EXAMPLE FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. M. L. SLOPER, Cottonwood Falls (formerly of Leavenworth), earned, in dress-making, with a Wheeler & Wilson Machine, in 65½ months, $13,340; in 1866 she earned $4250; in December, 1867, $435. The machine has been constantly employed since 1861 without a cent for repairs.—[*Com.*]

A HARMLESS

And most delightful toilet preparation for beautifying the complexion and preserving the skin is Laird's "Bloom of Youth." Genuine prepared only by George W. Laird. It is perfectly simple and pure, and warranted free from any material detrimental to health. It is far superior to the old fashion beautifiers, such as powders, chalk, meen fun, etc., etc., for imparting youth and beauty to the skin. The "Bloom of Youth" is preferable to any other preparation offered for the same purpose. Sold at all druggists and fancy-goods stores. Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer prevents the hair from turning gray, and returns gray hair to its natural color.—[*Com.*]

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.—The oldest paper for young people in the country—noted for its charmingly written stories, and for the rare and judicious skill with which it is edited.—[*Com.*]

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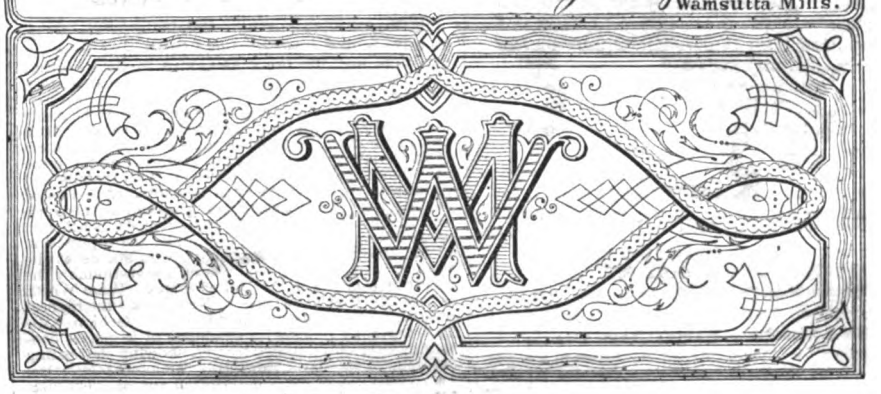
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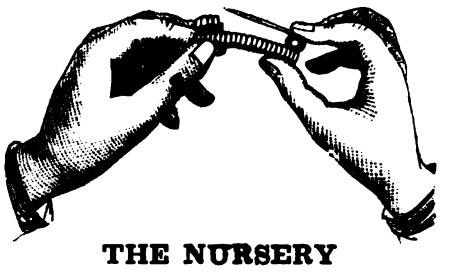
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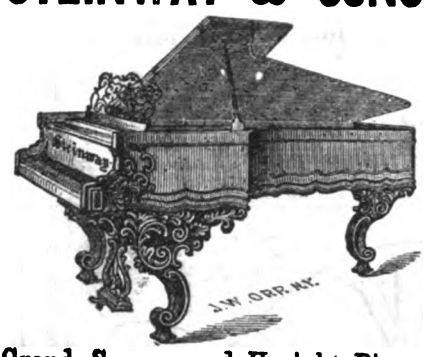
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FACETIÆ.

ALL that is necessary for the perfect enjoyment of the fragrant sausage is—*confidence.*

A Leavenworth paper, in urging enlistments in a Kansas regiment about to be raised to fight the Indians, says, "The service will last for three or four months only, and will be a source of health, pleasure, and profit to all who enlist."

On a cold day one likes to see the fire getting up, yet one grumbles at a rise in coals.

"Why is it," said a school-mistress to a scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school, and are so disobedient now?"

"Because," answered the young hopeful, looking up into the school-mistress's face, "I wasn't much acquainted with you then."

When may a watch be said to be very improvident?—When it loses time.

A NOOSE-PAPER—A marriage-certificate.

SAD STORY.—A poor half-witted creature was once wrongfully beheaded. His head wasn't worth much, it is true, but yet it was a loss to him.

In proof of the assertion that cattle will stray into strange places, we may say that we have seen a *cow hide* in a shoe-maker's shop.



MIXED PICKLES.

SUSAN (*in terrified accents*). "Oh, Mum, here's Master Willie, 'm, has been and broke his Gran'pa's Ink-Bottle in the Library, and Cut his Finger dreadful, 'm!" GRANDMAMMA'S DARLING (*gleefully alluding to his nasal organ*). "And got a Marble up by Doze, Gra'dba!"

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Black Draughts.
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Goloshes.
Comforters.
No Hot Water.
Round Game—for Love.
Instructive Toys.
Little Pocket-Money.

MOCK-TURTLE—Kissing before company and fighting afterward.

One of Mrs. Partington's godchildren is too little to spell *cat*. She spells *kitten*, though, easily.

MOVING FOR A NEW TRIAL—Popping to Mrs. No. 2.

You had better lend a man your name on a bill than lend him your umbrella, because the first is pretty sure to be returned.

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient, sometimes, to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.



SPECIAL OCCASION.

"Well, by rights, they goes down stairs for James to Brush; but when we're very late of a morning, I just takes 'em up and Shakes 'em, and puts 'em down again!"



A CAUTION.

LAURA. "Oh, Amy! you ought never to Wear a Ring on your Forefinger unless you are really Engaged. Mamma says it often prevents a Good Offer!"

Dr. Kennicott, the great Hebraist, was an ardent lover of figs. On the walls of Exeter College still grows a patriarchal fig-tree, which, in one particular year, only produced one fig. This the doctor watched assiduously from day to day, gloating over it as it assumed substance and color. To prevent any interference with his pet he affixed a card over it, a few days before it ripened, bearing the words, "Dr. Kennicott's fig." Alas! the very morning on which he hoped to feast on it, an irreverent under-graduate stole it; and, worse still, reversing the card, left it where the fig should have been, with the slightly changed inscription, "A fig for Dr. Kennicott."

A ZOOLOGICAL QUERY.—A young naturalist is anxious to know whether the young of the seal is called a cygnet. We can't say; we always use adhesive envelopes.

HINT TO TOPERS.—How to keep a holiday—keep sober.

PORTLY FEMALE. "Be careful, cabman! I'm so afraid of his tumbling down! It's very slippery on that asphalt."

CABBY. "All right, mum! You 'set' well back, mum, and I'm blessed if he could go down if he tried!"

The young lady with speaking eyes has made them quite hoarse by over-using them.

Queen Elizabeth had fourteen hundred dresses. What extravagance! Half the number ought to be enough for any lady.



YE INFANT PRODIGY.

MAGGIE. "Why is your Hair so Gray, Mamma?"
MAMMA. "Well, because you're such a Naughty Child sometimes."
MAGGIE. "What a Naughty Child *you* have been! Poor Grandma's Hair's *quite White!*"

A paper having been asked, "What is the best treatment to prevent the development of hydrophobia in dogs?" replies that if the dog gets water enough, it is pretty certain he can't have the disease. The safest way to insure him an abundance of this indispensable fluid is to anchor him in about seven feet of water so that his head will be from eighteen to twenty inches below the surface.

An artificial florist who lives upon the second floor may be called a second Flora.

A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other, and, turning to his companion, he said,

"Why is a lady unlike a mirror?"

She "gave it up."

"Because," said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking; a lady speaks without reflecting."

"Very good," said she. "Now answer me: why is a man unlike a mirror?"

"I can not tell you."

"Because the mirror is *polished*, and the man is not."

THE PLEASANTEST RINGING IN ONE'S EARS—That of the dinner-bell.

THE BEAU FOR PICNICS—The rainbow.

Why are our sidewalks in winter like music?—If you do not C sharp, you will B flat.

Why is an omnibus strap like conscience?—Because it is an inward check on the outward man.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 3.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Tulle and Lace Veils, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This veil of figured black tulle is bordered on the upper edge with black lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and on the remaining edges with lace an inch and a quarter wide. Cut the veil in one piece from Fig. 15, Supplement, and cut the barbes from Fig. 16—one of the full size of the pattern, but the other only from the upper edge to the straight line. Join the barbes with the back edge of the veil in such a manner that their upper ends form the continuation of the upper edge of the veil, and the points come together. In adjusting the veil the barbes are pinned together in the back.

Fig. 2.—This veil of figured tulle is edged with black lace half an inch wide on the top, and an inch and a quarter wide on the remaining edges. Fig. 17, Supplement, gives the pattern for the veil. Through the narrow lace on the upper edge of the veil run narrow silk ribbon, the ends of which are tied behind in adjusting the veil.



Fig. 1.—TULLE AND LACE VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 15 and 16.

Fig. 2.—TULLE AND LACE VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 17.

FASHIONABLE EMPLOYMENTS.

IN the olden time fancy-work held a place among the occupations of our grandmothers as important as it now does with ourselves. True, in this advanced age of the world we have a more varied stock of home employments, and, perhaps, more leisure for the indulgence of our tastes, but in those old-fashioned occupations of embroidery and bead-work they certainly excelled. The specimens that remain to us as heir-looms show that the work-women of those days possessed not only great ingenuity, but marvelous patience; otherwise they never could have produced such wonderful pieces of handiwork. Then needle-work was the chief employment for women, but it was varied beyond the present imagination. A young lady's education included a thorough knowledge of the various kinds of stitches—from the simple back stitch, overseam, hem, or tuck through the endless list of lace stitch, satin stitch, herring-bone, queen stitch, eyelet, etc. Even stocking-darning was of itself an art, and the threads were taught to interlace with a regularity and neatness quite incredible to living seamstresses.

Then what labor was bestowed upon the samplers of white and yellow canvas, upon which were worked all the varieties of letter-shapes in all shades of silk, several alphabets, texts, and figures of nondescript birds, trees, or animals, whose remarkable styles and proportions indicated that their species belonged to the age of fable or heraldry, or else had been borrowed from the Chinese, whose ideas of gracefulness and symmetry are certainly different from those of other nations.

When we consider how much more arduous in those days were the household occupations of the careful housewife, we may wonder even more at the elaborate needle-work which engrossed her recreative hours. The spinning-wheel was then a part of the household furniture in every home, and every hank of yarn for knitting must first be carded and spun by female hands. Besides this, there was the flax to be looked after, and conducted through many a process before it was ready for the spinner. After that came the weaving, when all the varieties of table damask and bed linen were produced by the weaver, who went from house to house at the proper season, and manufactured into finer or coarser material that once staple crop of almost every substantial farmer.

I have in my own possession a long table-cloth of the finest of this homespun linen, an heir-loom truly and literally, somewhat yellow now with age, and too tender for me to risk bleaching. The pattern is a curious one, and represents a long procession of various figures—a sort of tournament, with steeple-chases, archery, and athletic sports, all represented in close succession along the lines, somewhat after the manner of some old painters who would group together the history of different centuries in the same picture. No one would dare to be astonished at such an idea, although Daniel among the lions may be represented in very close proximity to some of the acts of the Apostles, for the marvelous imaginations of high art are not to be questioned by ordinary spectators.

Nor do the best products of the great power-looms of the present day put those domestic fabrics at all to the blush. The home-made material may lack the whiteness of the new linen, but in durability the latter can not compare with the grass-bleached flax of the olden time. That snowy whiteness is obtained by the use of chemicals, which must of necessity be injurious to the texture, and cause it to wear badly.

But flax is no longer a staple of the farm; the foreign article, even with heavy duties added, can be imported cheaply enough, and hand-looms in private houses are nowhere to be seen. Machinery has changed the world. People turn their thoughts into other channels, and new occupations of literature and art employ their attention. How ugly and distasteful to the present generation seem the quaint specimens of ancient fancy-work! Even their use is obsolete, and one by one the old keepsakes of the family disappear. No one admires the elaborate tapestries, the stiff-looking fire-screens and rugs which, fifty years ago, were the pride of the house. Tastes change as well as fashions, and we change with them. Tidies take the place of tapestries, sewing-machines put ruffles and tucks on our dresses and bosoms on our shirts, while paper collars save to many the cost of soap, starch, and stitches.

Now all these new marks of progress, while saving time and labor in many departments, must certainly give many more hours of leisure to the housewife and her daughters than were enjoyed in primitive times, did not fashion constantly suggest new employments, whether of business or pleasure, to fill up the vacuum. Of course there must have been idlers then, as there are undoubtedly at present, but we do not write for them or of them. We are speaking now of such as love to be constantly employed in some convenient handiwork, either for the adornment of their persons or their houses.

Embroidery still keeps its place, and will so long as there are uses to which it will apply, but the styles are altogether changed from those of the olden time. Then gaudy colors of floss silk or wool ornamented shawls and table-covers, as well as ladies' dresses and gentlemen's coats and waistcoats. The long silk stockings of our grandfathers were elaborately adorned with clocks and steeples of heavy patterns. Now all such efforts are expended chiefly upon more juvenile wardrobes, where decorations are always in demand.

Fifteen or twenty years ago large collars were worn, which were embroidered elaborately in guipure patterns, so as to represent a coarse net-work groundwork, upon which the principal pattern was worked in relief. These patterns soon began to be in great demand, and thereupon sprang up a new business, which in some instances has grown to grand proportions. Designs were stamped upon muslin or linen with faint blue lines, ready for the embroiderer, and people gladly gave ten times the cost of the little piece of material in order to secure a desirable pattern all ready to their hands. Orders came in from all the country towns, and bales of muslin and linen were thus disposed of at a fabulous profit.

By degrees the business enlarged itself, and paper patterns for garments began to be added to the articles on hand. A sheet of paper, which, even at retail, cost but a cent, thus became worth twenty-five, both to the seller and the buyer of the pattern. The seller readily obtained this price, and the buyer gladly paid it, then went home to cut and make her garment by it, at a saving of dollars in hire of a professional dress-maker. So all were satisfied; and if the changes of fashion sometimes left a large supply on hand, even these could be recut and altered, and not even the cent's worth of original paper need be lost. It is only necessary to look at the great establishments of the day to see how profitable this business has become. They occupy corner stores in fashionable thoroughfares, which bear heavy rents, and they are thronged with the elite of city and country. The peculiar styles of embroidery which gave rise to the enterprise have passed out of mind, perhaps; the elegant collars and sleeves which then were the admiration of the fashionable are now only to be found in rag-bags or among hidden relics; yet, by following the fluctuations of this fickle taste, one thing has ever been ready to take another's place.

We are like the Athenians of Scripture times, always looking for something new. Happy he who can provide any novelty that will please the popular taste.

DINNER-PARTIES.

DINNER-PARTIES are a very pleasant—decidedly pleasant—way of getting through a winter evening. Summer dinners are very pleasant, with ice and fruit and flowers; but, for the substantial business of feeding, there is no time like the winter. The internal caloric is the best preservative against fog and cold and chill. Dinner-eaters may be popularly divided into two classes—of those who go to dine, and those who go to converse. A perfect dinner comprises the perfection of cookery and the perfection of company. The great diners-out are, unfortunately, limited in number, and are not at all easy to be got at. You must use an immense amount of diplomacy, and let them name their own day. Your host can always give you game and Champagne, but he can not always find a peer or a poet. There are men who would cheerfully write a check for five hundred dollars if they could get some great man to be the soul of their banquet, who will, nevertheless, consent to eat off very humble tables. I don't care much for fashionable people; but I confess it greatly enhances the pleasures of my first dinner, when I get back to town, if I meet the great judge or the great artist. But I know people who deliberately prefer cookery to company. I knew a youth who, by a lucky chance, fell, one afternoon, into the society of wits and beaux, and excused himself "because he had promised to take a walk with Thomson." I know a man who declined meeting Mr. Tennyson because he wanted to try a new gun. Some men propose to themselves eating and drinking as the great object of a dinner, and can not conceive of these functions being etherealized.

She

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 20, 1872.

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DINNERS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

WISDOM is justified of her children. What is best for the soul is best for the body, and the good of the body is the good of the soul. Self-denial has its own sphere; but, in the long-run, that which is most pleasant is most salutary. Which all sounds very metaphysical, not to say epigrammatic, especially upon reflecting that the parable is of pies. Certainly we make some mistakes in our domestic arrangements. Nor are our dinners proof of mortal infallibility. It is not necessary to advocate abstemiousness. The notion sometimes promulgated that we should rise from the table as hungry as we sat down may be consistently advocated by boarding-house keepers, but is tolerably sure to receive from the rest of the world the neglect which it merits. The only creed for rational beings embraces what is called "a square meal"—plenty of food, varied and agreeable, and freedom to eat till you are satisfied. But do we not give undue prominence to puddings and pies, while the superfluity and unwholesomeness of dinners lie in the pudding and pie department more than in any other? In the country the temptation is strong. Milk and eggs, sugar and raisins, are always at command, and a pudding, therefore, is a steadfast friend. But meat, though spasmodically abundant, is somewhat precarious, and in quality hardly even that. Beefsteak may be had for the asking, if you speak in season, but a juicy and tender steak is a gift of the gods vouchsafed at uncertain intervals. As for vegetables, they are a lost art. We do not raise them in the country. According to HUME, no testimony should be allowed to establish an occurrence which is contrary to our experience. In spite, therefore, of horticultural tradition, I believe that vegetables do not grow from the soil, but flourish only in the city markets. Meat and vegetables, however, are far more wholesome than pies and puddings; and, moreover, an abundant and varied supply of them dispenses with the call for sweetmeats. A dinner of beefsteak and potatoes leaves something to be desired; but if corn and beans, succotash, macaroni, squash, and onions, pickles, apple-sauce, and cranberry, be provided in judicious installments, the dinner becomes a sufficient meal without further foraging. A cup of coffee or tea, bread and cheese and fruit, are all that the epicure need further ask. In Sweden and Northern Europe generally we are told that far greater simplicity obtains than among us. Heavy and elaborate desserts are dispensed with, and hard black bread and cheese crowning the dinner is a dish to set before a king. And so sure is nature to be true to herself that even our own pampered compatriots learn to love this simplicity, and write home abusive letters about American tables that are no more heavily laden than were their own up to the moment of their departure. I have even known Americans to become so enamored of foreign frugality as to import casks of brown bread from Sweden wherewithal to garnish the family board. But I never heard of a Danish pie or a Norwegian pudding on its travels. Thus love and life go hand in hand.

Vegetable food is not only more wholesome than sweets, but far easier to prepare. It is more simply cooked. The ignorant servant can learn its processes far sooner than the more labored combinations of cake and pastry. And when she has mastered the eternal harmonies, and knows what goes with what, she needs only general orders, and not constant surveillance. The barrel of bread and cheese does the rest. Talk of a horn of plenty!

When we country folk hear of the state dinners eaten by city folk, wherein a dozen courses follow each other in brief and brilliant succession, we are wont to thank Heaven that *we* are not as this Prodigal. But if just balances could be procured, I more than half suspect the "heavy feeding" would be found on the side of American rather than French dinners. Look, for example, at the regulation state dinner of the farm-house and the rural community. Turkey as the head-centre, fattened and stuffed to the last degree of richness; all available vegetables, sauces, and sweet pickles; plum-pudding; mince, apple, and squash pie; cranberry tart; sweet cider—always *sweet* cider—coffee, tea, and cheese. There are people still living who think the Thanksgiving board incomplete without a boiled dish at the head; often a goose and a turkey hunt in couples down its laden level. Now you have only to drive this team tandem instead of abreast, and immediately you have a twelve-in-hand as antic as any Frenchman can display. But because you choose to marshal your tidbits all at once and all o'er with a mighty uproar, I do not know that you are any more frugal, simple, or democratic than your neighbor who prefers to have his in relays. When we add to the city dinner the time devoted to eating it, the interspersed wines, which are an aid to digestion if not to devotion, the superior attractiveness of its dissolving views to the whole solid Sebastopol before which we sit down at our Thanksgiving festival, there is surely something to be said on both sides.

The time consumed in dinners is often spoken of as if it were a burden which neither our fathers nor we are able to bear. So it would be if we gave the two or three hours to solid eating. But, as things go, dinners may be, and often are, one of the most agreeable forms which social intercourse takes on. There is always, or at least there can be, a degree of fitness and harmony in the guests. There is order and tranquillity, and a field for all sorts of verbal entertainment. Even an indifferent neighbor is tolerable if the company be not so large as to forbid general conversation; if it be, of course the dinner loses its saving clause, and your salvation depends upon your vicinage. But compared with the crush and clamor of evening parties, their wear and tear of voice and vesture, or the insipid ruralities of the picnic, where Nature and Life meet and mock each other, dinners seem a diversion worthy of human beings.

I should be sorry to seem to advocate the use of wine at dinner. But I do say that if you banish wine, you ought also to banish the profusion for which wine is the only palliative. No doubt it would be healthier for us all to use such moderation in our feasts that there would be no call for any stimulant. But the country deacon just as often as the city merchant sets before us a task for which unassisted nature is wholly incompetent. Yet temperance in eating is just as truly a Christian duty as abstinence in drinking. I believe, indeed, that the number of those who fall into the temptation of eating too much at our overladen tables is far greater than of those who fall into the temptation of drinking to excess. The city and country alike, then, put a knife to their neighbor's throat, knowing him to be a man given to appetite—the country, I maintain, whetting it a little sharper, holding it a little closer, and pressing it a little harder than the city. I can not see that the city, providing a remedy for its wrong, though at some hazard, is a sinner beyond the country, which does the same wrong, but provides no remedy at all. We are in Holy Writ no more strenuously warned against wine-bibbers than against riotous eaters of flesh. The glutton and the drunkard are reckoned as yoke-fellows, and bound to the same goal. Let us, therefore, be simple and natural, eating our meat with gladness and singleness of heart, adding to it all the native vegetables and fruits that wise forethought and an honest income can command, remembering that though better is a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therewith, the best thing of all is stalled ox garnished with herbs and presided over by a love so wise as not to seek out many inventions of sweets and pastry.

Here comes a basket from my neighbor Ceresia, white-napkined and odorous. Is it a dagger that I see before me?

"Sugar and spice,
And all things nice."

A mince-pie, standing out with fatness; a squash-pie, all cream. O abstinence! where are the charms that sages have seen in thy face? After this the deluge; but I will fare sumptuously to-night. Suppose we modify our principles, and vow nevermore to perpetrate pies in our own houses, but do not forswear the handiwork of our fellow-man! It is an easy virtue, but half a loaf is better than no bread.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Rainy Weather.

MY DEAR HAL,—A New-Year's Day is a station of great importance upon our journey; and as we come up to it, full of memory and hope (for we are travelers who look before and after), there is not one of us who does not probably retire into himself—a process which we all understand, but the description of which always seems to me like a man's raising himself by his suspenders—and who does not perhaps reason and remonstrate with himself, and insist upon a promise of reformation. Yet I have often thought that if I had been called to be a fisher of men, I should have been rather impatient of the ease and ardor with which we confess that we are miserable sinners. Every Sunday we do it with the utmost propriety and prostration. Indeed, nothing is more interesting than the unquestionable grace and decorum with which we kneel on soft cushions in dim and warm churches, and in the most high-bred murmur acknowledge our exceeding sinfulness. When we rise from that prostration, it is naturally with a sense of duty done, and in the most satisfactory manner. We have, indeed, left nothing to be desired; and the punctuality with which we return to the same performance the next week is most edifying and creditable. Those must, indeed, be very black offenses for which Mrs. Velvet's deep prostration in that magnificent street toilette from Paris direct is not an ample equivalent. I wish, however, my dear boy, that I had not sometimes the feeling that Saint Rainbow's is a kind of celestial clearing-house.

Now what we do, as it were, in particular upon Sundays, we do in general on New-Year's Days. In a metaphorical closet we call ourselves to account, and we promise ourselves to be better boys and girls hereafter. But I confess for myself that I enter that closet with misgivings, as when, in remote and younger years, Dr. Gray used to say to some unfortunate boy who had been caught with illicit apples in his pocket, "Go to my room and wait until I come." To tell the truth, an old man—and, therefore, an old sinner—as I am, is so used to that closet! Alas! its very air is thick with my promises. That closet is paved with good intentions. It is thronged with the ghosts of virtues that never were, but which only might have been. When I think of it I remember those most touching words in Charles Lamb's Dream Children: "The children of Alice call Bartrum father;" for I see in the lives of others all those good deeds which in that closet I have so often promised should be mine. When, for instance, I drop in at Leander's, and see what tastefulness there is every where, and how upon that slight income there is so much comfort, although in the very plainest way; how neat the children are, and how well behaved; how sweet and thoughtful and pleasing the mother is, yet without a diamond to cover herself with; how well the cheap carpet looks, and how pretty the flowers are that cost no money, being grown from seed which the neighbors give them; and when, above all, I observe the gay temper with which Leander and Hero encounter all the unromantic details of life—I perceive precisely the spirit which I have so often vowed in that awful closet of myself should control my own conduct. But those children of Alice call Bartrum father.

Or, when I see Fidelio holding his even path of duty, undismayed by every kind of harsh criticism and hostility and misrepresentation, nor even wincing at the lies which buzz about every public man and try to sting, I see the steadiness and repose which in that closet I have so often impressively represented to myself as indispensable to comfort upon the great journey, because otherwise you are at the mercy of slander and malice. That consciousness both of high purpose and of the practicability of methods which distinguish Fidelio among all our public men is an armor of such fine tissue and exquisite temper that all the darts, tipped with the poison of jealousy and hate, drop harmless, to the greater rage of the archers, who are ridiculously balked. In Hawthorne's story the young lover breathes upon a swarm of insects, and they fall dead; and so Fidelio smiles at the arrows, and they all drop harmless at his feet. Yet annually have I gone into that closet and came out again promising myself that happy temper which yet I never have, and which Fidelio never lacks. I wonder if he goes in every year and devotes himself afresh, like a knight renewing his vows at the altar!

This year I had a very long and serious interview with myself in that closet, and I do not mind telling you in confidence that I resolved and promised with great solemnity that there should be no rainy days in my life during the year. I know that there are many persons who think that there has been too much drouth, but it is not so in my private vineyard. Indeed, there has always been altogether too much dark, lowering, growling, thunderous, sullen, disagreeable, and intolerable weather in every year. And I came out of the closet, when we stopped at that New-Year's station, with the most prodigious promises and purposes of perpetual sunshine. The constant drip, drip, drip is shameful. I hear it in every direction. I drop in here and there, and I discover that it has been or is raining in the most deplorable way, that the weather is shocking; or I meet a friend upon the street, and I see in his face and his manner that he has been exposed to dirty weather, if not to an actual storm. And as for myself, *you* think, probably, that I am usually dry enough; but I assure you that if I am not drenched I am very fortunate.

The other morning I was going down town rather earlier than usual, and I stopped to see if Edgar were ready, and to propose that we stroll along together. The waiter showed me at once into the breakfast-room, where Edgar and his wife were sitting. It was storming fearfully. Indeed, there was a clap of thunder just as the door opened, and while I was saying good-morning I saw the lightning flashing and gleaming all around the horizon. I thought I had better not expose myself to the tempest, so I quietly closed the door again and withdrew. I met Edgar during the day, and he asked me why I did not come in. But I excused myself, saying gravely that it was so dark and stormy a morning that I thought I had better make the best of my way down town. Although he knew, and he knew that I knew, that the morning had been as calm and sunny as if it had been June instead of January, Edgar looked half amused and half ashamed, and said, "Well, to be sure, there was a good deal of thunder and muttering weather this morning." And as he walked away without further explanation there was a deep sadness in his aspect despite his apparent carelessness. I do not believe, dear Hal, that that is a kind of storm which clears the atmosphere. If you do, you had perhaps better read the last little poem of Bret Harte's, in which Grandmother Tenterden's son Jacob did not kiss his wife when he went away, because they had had "some foolish, idle strife," and Jacob's wife died before he came again. I have no wife to kiss, as you know, dear Hal—and, indeed, which of the Bachelor family ever did have?—but if Heaven had given me so fair a fortune, I would never—at least my old wifeless heart is sure of it—I would never have parted with her in a storm.

In how many households have I not seen this damp, disagreeable drizzle of ill humor, a kind of icy fog, a blight, a mildew! I am not supposed to see it, because I am not suspected of knowing any thing about domestic felicity. But he must be stone-blind who can not perceive domestic infelicity. And what a misfortune for the children who are brought up in a cloudy and lowering home! I suppose a poor little child born and bred in the murkiness of London might describe the country as a place where the sun shines all the time; and if I were the father of little folks I should wish them to say the same, and to feel it, of their home—a place where the sun shines. Yet I can fancy how easily in the atmosphere of home, where are so many currents and evaporations and exhalations, the little clouds form. No larger than a man's hand at first, and then darkening the heavens! Little irritations, peevishness, impatience, gather like thunder-peals. Then the sharp flash of an ill-natured word. Then thunder. Then the blinding gust; and at last the tempest. I tell you, my boy, there is a great deal of stormy weather in these pretty-looking homes. And alas! a man need not be married to be conscious of the same storms breeding, as the sailors say, in himself.

Perhaps you wonder whether a man can manage the weather. Yes, I think he can; that is to say, the domestic weather. I feel very sure that if Edgar, however cloudy and sullen the weather may be within, would force the sun to shine without, it would soon shine without forcing. If he insisted upon not saying the impatient word that is on his tongue, upon smoothing the scowl out of his manly forehead, upon not declaring that his shoes are always wretchedly blacked, and that the dining-room is always freezing in the morning; if he sternly refused to misunderstand and misrepresent, and to sulk and snarl, merely because he was hurried, or harassed, or out of temper, he would find that a habit of good humor is as easily formed as one of ill humor; and when he came to table the children would not look at him furtively to see whether it was a lowering morning, because they

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would know that the weather of their home was that of the eternally sunny heaven above the clouds.

All this I said to myself with great fervor in the closet when we lately stopped at the New-Year's station; and the resolutions for the next year that I made in that closet were of the very best that any closet is familiar with; and they were all summed up in one—"No rainy weather." In most of the almanacs of our private lives there is written along all the days of every month, "Look out for storms about this time. Dark, drizzly, dreadful weather to be expected. Tempests and tornadoes highly probable." I, indeed, have no family circle upon which to shed clouds and darkness; but I am guilty of storms and fog if I do not leave upon every body that I meet a sense of sunshine. As I finish this letter, dear Hal, it is raining heavily from low gray clouds, and the trees stand in the mist with bare black branches. But I am passing the holidays with Mrs. Margery Honeysuckle, and in her house the sun shines so constantly and brightly that it even makes this outer winter storm beautiful. I have told you of my good-natured friend who, in his cups, and unable to rise from the street in which he was seated, beamed at the severe moralists who gathered around him, and said, benignly, "Let us all sit down." So let all of us who did not go there at the New-Year's station, go into the closet and resolve that for this year, and for all years, we will all be Mrs. Margery Honeysuckles.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

CAMEL'S-HAIR CLOTH.

FOREIGN journals furnish accounts of camel's-hair over dresses, or, as they are called in England, embroidered Indian shawl dresses. These are made of the new fabric that we described early in the season for polonaises and mantles. It is thicker and rougher than cashmere, with a light fleece, and is used by the natives of India to throw over their divans. It is of solid color, either brown, gray, or light blue, and is embroidered or braided tone upon tone—that is, brown upon brown, or blue upon blue. The richest costume reported from abroad is a Russian polonaise of white camel's-hair, bordered with a sable band, and worn over a black velvet skirt. A short paletot worn above the polonaise was of the white cloth braided all over and edged with sable. A collar of sable and a black velvet hat, with a rose at the back, completed this distinguished toilette. Double capes of very dark blue camel's-hair, wrought all over with soutache, and finished with fringe, make a stylish and serviceable wrap, that is often seen on the street with rich black silk dresses. Polonaises of *cuir*-colored camel's-hair, exquisitely fitted and entirely untrimmed, are worn above skirts of dark brown silk. This is an elegant traveling costume for midwinter, and has been made for brides. Dark gray camel's-hair capes and an upper skirt are stylishly worn over a black silk skirt. On colder days a seal-skin sacque replaces the camel's-hair, and these two garments have become the favorite wraps of the season. Sicilienne, or faille cashmere, the new silk-and-wool reps, also grows in favor, and is made in Watteau sacques, edged with Alaska sable, or else silver-fox fur. A narrow trimming of fur is a most fashionable feature on all winter garments. The silver-fox is the first choice, but is expensive. Furriers, however, have reduced their prices somewhat, and are trimming cashmeres and other cloths with a fox band for $7 a yard.

LADIES' CLOTH COSTUMES.

Suits of ladies' cloth are among the midwinter importations of French modistes. *Printemps*, a peculiar shade of gray, is the stylish color. The costume has a polonaise with vest; the skirt opens widely below the waist to show the dress skirt, which is ornamented up the front breadth with heavy soutache, or with cords as thick as a lady's finger. A cravat of faille, the color of the dress, is fastened below the throat with a slip-knot, and the ends are tied again at the waist. Olive tints of brown and green, dark plum, and cypress green, are also shown in cloth suits. Redingotes, with short capes reaching only to the shoulder, are made of cloth of these quaint colors, and worn over velveteen or silk skirts.

NEW TUNICS.

A new feature in arranging tunics is tying them at the back with bows placed down the middle. The bows are large, with short, wide ends. Other tunics are left open behind, in the form of two wide scarf ends, and terminate with loops of ribbon. When skirts are ruffled up the back breadths almost to the waist, the tunic is merely a scarf tied behind, and forming a wrinkled apron in front. A dinner dress of the palest Nile green faille, just sent over by Worth, has two wide flounces straight across the three front breadths, while another wide flounce surrounds the train, passes up the sides to the waist, is turned over, and crosses the back, forming a short upper skirt on the simulated court train. This elegant dress has a round waist, with surpiice neck, Marie Antoinette collar, and antique sleeves. The trimming is a three-inch bias binding of very dark green velvet on all the flounces, and a very full frill of finest Mechlin (Malines) lace at the throat and elbows. Many of the handsomest dresses Worth has made this season are trimmed with this fine old lace, the "real thread" that our grandmothers delighted to have for cap borders. This combination of the lightest and darkest shades of a color is also seen in his rich toilettes, and his last fancy is to combine thick and thin fabrics, such as velvet and tulle. An evening dress made by him has a trained skirt covered with mauve tulle flounces dotted with white jasmine; over this is a tunic with short apron and long scarf back, made of prune-colored velvet, with fringe of the same shade; low velvet corsage with Grecian folds of tulle, and a spray of white jasmine on the left shoulder.

"DOLLY VARDENS."

The pretty "Dolly Vardens," or polonaises of flowered cretonnes introduced last summer, are now made in richer fabrics, such as Chiné silks and gay brocades of cashmere or silk, and worn with demi-train skirts of solid color. These coquettish costumes are very popular at dinners and small evening parties. Readers of the *Bazar* will find a handsome model for these quaint dresses in an engraving on the first page of *Bazar* No. 49, Vol. IV. The vest-polonaise is of Chiné silk, white with a blue figure, trimmed with a ruffle and black velvet ribbon. The modest little fichu of pleated Swiss muslin, the Watteau bow of velvet in the back, the muslin flounces on a blue silk skirt, the antique sleeves, and the corsage bouquet, are all essential details of this fanciful toilette. Another such suit for sale at a furnishing house—marked $150—has a skirt of black velvet and faille in inch-wide stripes, and a polonaise of black silk, gayly brocaded with crimson roses, trimmed with black lace and bows of crimson velvet. These rather pronounced toilettes were formerly only seen at fancy-dress parties, but are now in favor with brilliant young beauties who, in the parlance of the day, can carry off a great deal of dress. They are also adopted through motives of economy, as any black, blue, brown, or other solid-colored silk in a lady's wardrobe will furnish the foundation for such a costume, and eight or ten yards of old-fashioned brocade made by any graceful polonaise pattern will complete it. A suit lately worn by a pretty brunette is the demi-train of her black silk visiting dress, enlivened by pleatings of white muslin peeping from beneath the flounces, and a polonaise of salmon and white brocaded cashmere, made in Marguerite style, trimmed with black velvet ribbon edged each side with narrow Valenciennes. She looked the veritable coquettish Dolly that Dickens loved to describe. Brocaded cashmere polonaises cost $75; flannel ones are $30.

CALICOES.

The original Dolly Varden, however, was more given to wearing "prints" than brocades, and imported calicoes are now shown in what are called Dolly Varden patterns. Among these are fine French chintzes, with black or dark brown grounds, strewn all over with rose vines, morning-glories, and field flowers; these are a yard wide, and cost 45 cents a yard. They are made into polonaises, trimmed with pleated ruffles of the same, with clear white muslin frills at the neck and wrists, and are ornamented with black velvet bows; worn over black alpaca or silk skirts, they are charming breakfast toilettes for home, and are often seen at hotel breakfasts; they are far prettier and more dressy than the dowdy sacques and shawls and wrappers in which many ladies appear in the morning. The polonaise of French chintz is sold at the furnishing houses for $15; those of cretonne, such as is used for upholstery, are from $25 to $40.

American calicoes of the well-known brands that sell for 10 or 12½ cents a yard are in narrow stripes, or hexagonal or other small figures. These are made in useful gored wrappers, Gabrielles, with fullness added in the back just below the belt, by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. A separate belt of the calico, to which a short postilion is attached behind, is pretty with these wrappers. Tasteful ladies sometimes lengthen the back of the waist to form this postilion and conceal the added fullness of the skirt. The belt then begins at the side seams, and confines the front only. Very narrow belts of Russian leather, russet, brown, or black, with lines of gilt near the edges, are worn with calico morning-gowns. Housewives have pretty chatelaine bags for keys and notes attached to these, or else pendants for vinaigrette or scissors, thimble and tiny cushion. A fold of sheer white lawn is tied with a bow at the throat, or else a pleated muslin ruffle is around the neck and down the front to the belt, and also around the wrists.

Ladies who object to Dolly Vardens as too fanciful, and young girls who think wrappers too old, make their calico dresses with box-pleated blouse-waist and single skirt with wide bias flounce, or else a short and simple upper skirt, with plain untrimmed lower skirt. The pleated blouse pattern is furnished with the Watteau mantle illustrated in *Bazar* No. 50, Vol. IV. Five box-pleats in the back, and the same number in front, are preferred for calicoes; three pleats are sufficient for thicker woolen fabrics.

FLANNEL POLONAISES AND WRAPPERS.

Dolly Vardens of flannel, in cashmere figures like that used for gentlemen's dressing-gowns, or else striped in black or brown with white, are worn in the house by ladies who require very warm clothing. They are trimmed with notched bias bands of the flannel, or else with trimming velours, or bands of black velveteen. A Marie Antoinette collar, pointed cuffs, pocket flaps, and large buttons of black velvet make these very stylish. Price $30 to $40.

Warm and cheerful-looking wrappers are of opera flannel of solid color, either dark blue or a soft crimson tint—not the scarlet-red of ordinary flannel. They are Gabrielles, with black velvet buttons down the front, and a large collar and cuffs, also of velvet. They are lined throughout with soft cambric, and cost $13. Pressed flannel wrappers of broken plaids, in blue or black with white, are cut to show the plaid bias, which gives a very pretty effect.

TOYS.

Although the holidays are over, toys are still in demand, and some of these are curious enough to deserve mention. A most natural-looking Russian bear is new for the boys this season. When wound up it raises itself, shows its teeth, turns its head from right to left, and growls in approved bear fashion. The price is $10. The ingenious steam-engines of last year are now applied to boats, which they move about in the bath-tub at the pleasure of any young captain who may purchase them for $2. A parlor ball, made of brass wire, is so elastic that it springs like India rubber. When thrown against the window-pane, it rebounds without injury to the glass. Price 25 cents. Rubber balls for babies have rattles inside.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHS.

Among the most attractive articles that fill the fancy stores are chromos of favorite paintings, illuminated mottoes, flowers and mosses, bookmarks, etc. Some of the newest of these are, a pastoral scene after James M. Hart, an exquisite Madonna after Murillo, Kaufmann's picture of Admiral Farragut lashed to the shrouds, and several fruit and flower pieces after Wilkie and C. P. Ream. Chromo-lithography and photography have done almost as much to popularize art as did printing to popularize literature, and by their aid persons of moderate means can possess really fine pictures, instead of daubs and coarse engravings. The American chromos are very fine, and only a sharp eye can distinguish them from the original paintings when hung side by side.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses, to Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; for dress goods, etc., to Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR; for toys, to Messrs. STRASBURGER & PFEIFFER; and for chromos, to Messrs. L. PRANG & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. WILLIAM WELSH, a prominent Philadelphian, recently delivered in Boston a lecture on "The Practical Work of Women in the Church," giving his experience for more than twenty years with a band of earnest Christian women from the highest walks in life in bringing into the church and elevating and improving the ignorant and vicious. He believed that heart more than money was needed in the work; that those who came merely for charity would leave as soon as it was withheld, while those who were won by sympathy would soon become active co-workers in bringing others to lead good lives. The lecture made a deep impression.

—The Toledo (Ohio) *Blade* having stated that the largest pay ever received by a singer in this country was $22,000 paid to NILSSON for twenty nights of opera, CARL ROSA rises to explain that he paid WACHTEL $30,000 for twenty nights in an engagement in this city. It is also stated that the expenses of the DOLBY concert troupe are upward of $1500 per day, of which SANTLEY receives $500 per day and expenses.

—Colonel GREENE, who edits a Boston paper, remarks that the New York *Staats Zeitung* talks to the New York *Times* like a Dutch uncle.

—President TYLER, of the University of Michigan, where both sexes are admitted, says the best Greek scholar in the college is a young lady. A Kentucky girl, who is so tall that she is classically termed "Longa Alba," is the best scholar in mathematics. Of such is the spunk and the scholarship of the American female.

—It is stated that the only clergyman in the world who receives a salary larger than that of HENRY WARD BEECHER is a Jewish rabbi of Berlin, who is paid $20,000 per annum. Of course the English bishops are not counted in this estimate.

—The Duke of Ripalda, who owns the famous Raphael now on exhibition in London, has reduced his price for it from $200,000 to $125,000. There are few Raphaels that are purchasable, and it is not unlikely that the duke may get his price.

—Col. G. B. LOCKETT, of Georgia, is one of the largest planters of the South. He has this year planted 3000 acres of cotton, and 2000 of corn. His cotton will sell for $180,000. He runs three hundred freedmen, has no trouble with them, and reckons that cotton can be raised cheaper than before the war.

—In the Albany *Evening Journal*, edited by GEORGE DAWSON, we find a paragraph stating that "forty boys, now pupils in the Free Academy, earn their own livelihood while they are pursuing their studies. Some of them rise at four o'clock in the morning to carry newspapers. Others are employed on afternoon papers and in other vocations. The boys possessed of such spirit and capable of such effort will make their mark in the world." There is probably no man in the editorial profession who knows more of what hard work is than GEORGE DAWSON. When he was a journeyman printer in Rochester he was known as one of the most rapid compositors in the State, and has carried off many a wager upon it. As editor of the Rochester *Democrat* he was a prodigy of industry, and his old habits still cling to him in the *Journal*. Mr. DAWSON must now be some ninety or a hundred years of age; yet, to look at him, he would not be taken for over seventy. He goes to the office regularly, writes things, and is happy.

—Mr. SPOFFORTH, the counsel of the presumed Sir ROGER TICHBORNE, is described as "a tall and handsome man, and one of the smartest of London lawyers, and one of the most influential men in England. He is the manager of elections to the Carlton Club and the great conservative party. He it is who selects candidates for the different constituencies, and decides upon the amount of pecuniary support which the club and the party will afford them toward election expenses. He is a splendid organizer, and Mr. GLADSTONE's government have to thank this same Mr. SPOFFORTH for the defeats which they have recently sustained in constituencies where extraordinary vacancies have occurred. He is, to adopt Mr. DICKENS's sarcasm in "Martin Chuzzlewit," "one of the most remarkable men in the country."

—Mr. POLLAKY, the famous London detective, recently informed an interviewer of the New York *World* that a good deal of the information that tended to strengthen the Federal case for the *Alabama* claims was derived from him, and that he thinks he prevented the sailing of more rebel vessels than were stopped or sunk by our frigates.

—Mr. Secretary ROBESON has persuaded the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. RICHMOND AULICK to change her "local habitation and her name," and the legal and Christian ceremonial will take place in a few days. An excessive fruit cake, of the financial dimensions of $100, has been prepared for the nuptials of the young couple; and those nuptials are to be on a scale of splendor seldom witnessed in Washington. The bride will certainly appear with her best Robes-on.

—Among other pleasant things that have been said about the Prince of Wales since his convalescence is that among his prominent traits are a candid simplicity and dislike of ceremony and parade, a spontaneous and unostentatious kindness, and a gratitude for the small attentions paid to him. He has in a remarkable degree the family faculty of recollecting faces. Another hereditary peculiarity is his quick intelligence and retentive memory for every thing he is told. He has no special liking for books, but is well informed on a great variety of subjects.

—Mr. MANSFIELD TRACY WALWORTH, a son of the late chancellor, has devoted much time and research into the lives of the chancellors of this State, with a view to publication. The first volume of the series, the biography of Chancellor LIVINGSTON, is nearly ready for the press.

—General ROSECRANS, one of the notable Union commanders during the war, having turned his sword into railroad iron, is now achieving fame as an engineer in the West, by bringing into practical operation the new system of narrow-gauge railways that are destined to be so popular.

—The library of JARED SPARKS, the historian, is to be sold at auction in Boston during the ensuing month. Beyond a few rare works in the specialty for which Mr. SPARKS was conspicuous, the library has nothing of unusual value. It is simply the good, practical library of a scholar and gentleman.

—A son of HIRAM POWERS, the sculptor, is soon to be married to a daughter of ALFRED DYER, of Portland, Maine. They will then shake the dust of America from their apparel, and go live in Rome.

—There is an old saying, clear and concise, that "it is pretty impossible for us to communicate to others those ideas whereof we ourselves are not possess-ed of, for in so doing we are mighty apt to encounter those difficulties from which it is pretty impossible to eradicate ourselves therefrom." The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, acting on this brief aphorism, generally familiarizes himself with what he proposes to do. When he commenced his ministerial career in Indianapolis, many years ago, he felt moved to preach a sermon on gambling, and in order that he might speak by the card, procured an introduction to Colonel ALVORD, the present chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee, who in his younger days had done a little in the way of euchre, old sledge, brag, and that pleasing but fluctuating game, poker. He understood the precise value of a "straight flush" as against a hand of inferior power, and knew as well as most men how to contest with the "tiger." Colonel ALVORD instructed the divine in the mysteries of the game, and the two had frequent meetings in the back-room of the Branch Bank, where the preacher became theoretically proficient in all the arts and tricks of cards. Having fully informed himself, he preached a powerful sermon, which created considerable excitement at the time, and gave rise to an unjust suspicion that Brother BEECHER had, at some period of his life, known how it was himself.

—The *Bazar* professes to be able to dispel the solicitude mentioned in the ensuing stanza:

> "There is a young man named ALEXIS,
> About whom the opposite sex is
> Solicitous, very,
> Though outwardly merry,
> As to who shall be Mrs. ALEXIS."

The young lady destined to be Mrs. ALEXIS is the Princess THYRA of Denmark, a young lady of fine personal and intellectual attractions, and a better linguist even than her "object." She speaks six languages.

—The Queen of England has presented to the Chicago Library a copy of her books—thanks to the kindly and practical sympathy of TOM HUGHES, who has procured for the library a goodly selection of works from living English authors.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS sometimes descends to the domain of waggery, as he did lately when he said that the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania was in the habit, before its adjournment, of putting the query, "Has TOM SCOTT any further business with this body?"

—Dr. THOMAS W. EVANS, whose good works are emphatically in the mouths of many people, has the honor of being the first American who has received the rank and decoration of "Commander of the Legion of Honor." He did much solid work during the recent war between France and Germany, and was the founder of the American Ambulance Corps in Paris.

—Madame RADETZKY, who is now serving a term of imprisonment at Sing Sing for stealing, has inherited a large fortune in Russia, where she belongs to a noble family.

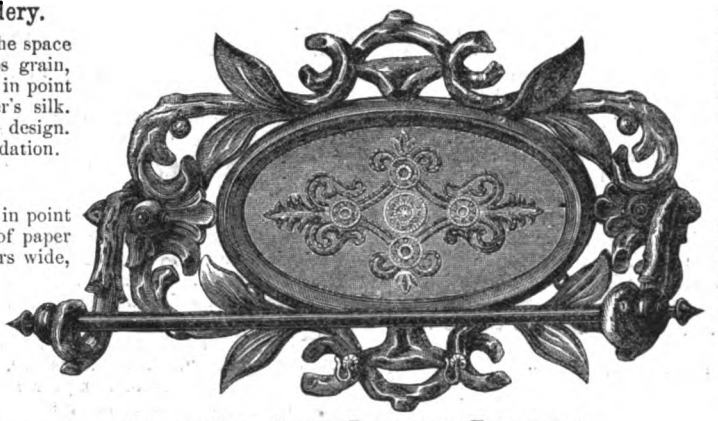
—Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES expresses himself to the effect that "if all the cities of the world were reduced to ashes, you'd have a new set of millionaires in a couple of years or so out of the trade in potash."

—VESTVALI, "the magnificent," as she used to be termed, comes to favor America with her voice and acting during the next spring. She did a little concertizing in Europe for Chica-

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Towel Rack of Carved Wood with Embroidery.

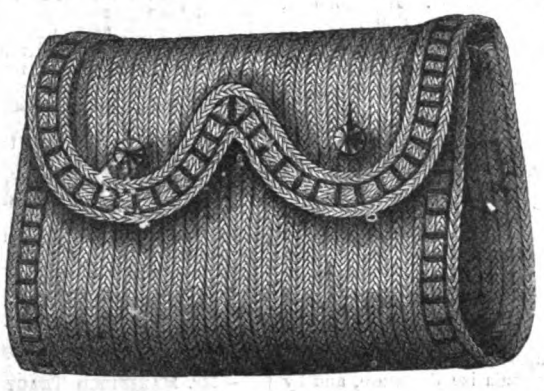
THIS towel rack is made of stained carved wood. The space in the centre is filled with a piece of light brown gros grain, which is braided with brown silk cord and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with gold thread and brown saddler's silk. Fig. 29, Supplement, gives one-half of the embroidery design. Satin, velvet, cloth, or leather may be used for the foundation.



CARVED WOOD TOWEL RACK WITH EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 29.

Braid-work Lunch Bag.

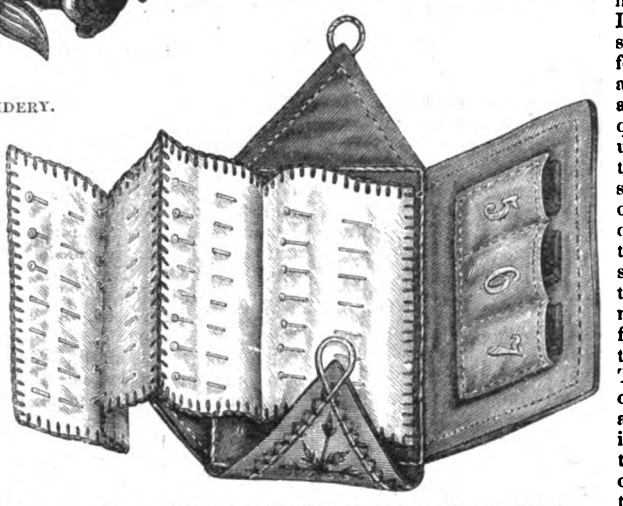
THIS bag is made of twine braids, and is ornamented in point Russe with red Saxony wool. Cut a straight piece of paper fourteen inches long and seven inches and three-quarters wide, and scallop it on one end, as shown by the illustration. On this pattern piece baste a Russian braid of gray twine, which is not cut, but carried back and forth, so that it forms small scallops on the ends of the pattern piece (the upper edge of pocket and under edge of flap). For the braid use five long pieces of twine, which are wound in balls and tied together at one end. Fasten this knot to a sewing-weight, lay the threads flat side by side, and make the braid, always alternately laying the outer thread at the left once over the next two threads, and the outer thread at the right once over the next two threads. Overhand these layers of braids together on the paper foundation with fine gray cotton without passing the needle through the paper. When the braid is exactly the shape of the pattern, fasten the end of the braid carefully, and separate the work from the paper. In the part thus far completed sew the soufflets, which consist also of twine braids sewed together in semicircular windings on a piece of paper four inches and a quarter long and an inch and three-quarters wide, which is rounded on one end and straight on the other. In joining the soufflets with the main piece care should be taken that the outer braid of the main piece overlaps the soufflets. Furnish the bag with four twine braids, the point Russe embroidery, and two buttons for closing, as shown by the illustration.



BRAID-WORK LUNCH BAG.



CANVAS WORK-BAG WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.



NEEDLE-BOOK WITH POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XX., Fig. 54.

canvas), ornamented in point Russe embroidery with violet silk and chenille, furnished with soufflets, and is lined with violet silk, and trimmed with ruches and bows of violet silk ribbon. Take a piece of canvas eight inches square, embroider it in point Russe with violet chenille at a distance of half an inch from the outer edge as shown by the illustration, and with star-shaped foundation figures of violet silk. Line the foundation with silk, and bind it with violet silk ribbon a quarter of an inch wide. Fold the foundation three-cornered as shown by the illustration, and join each two opposite side edges with a soufflet of silk. The latter is six inches and a half long and four inches and a half wide, and is hemmed down three-quarters of an inch wide on the upper edge and sloped off on the under edge from the middle toward both sides to a length of four inches and three-quarters. A piece of elastic braid, two inches and a half long, is drawn through the hem at the top. In joining the soufflets with the foundation begin at a distance of an inch and a quarter from the upper corners of the bag; sew the sloped under edge of the soufflets on the lining of the foundation in such a manner that the two corners there project free, as shown by the illustration. They are basted on the soufflets as shown by the illustration. On the upper corners of the bag fasten two handles of canvas and silk lining, ten inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide each, which are ornamented with a cross seam of violet silk through the middle and with chenille on the outer edges, as shown by the illustration. Furnish the bag with the ruche and bows, and with a button and elastic cord loop on the under side at the upper corners.

Tatted and Crochet Insertion and Edging for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—This insertion is worked with two threads (shuttles) of tatting cotton, No. 80. Tie both threads together, and work the middle part of the insertion as follows: * With the working thread only, work one ring of 11 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), 1 p. (picot), 8 ds., 1 p., 3 ds.; close to this one ring of 3 ds., fasten to the last p. of the ring previously worked, twice alternately 8 ds., 1 p.; then 3 more ds. Close to this ring one more ring of 3 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, 8 ds., 1 p., 11 ds., turn the work, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 17 ds., turn the work, and repeat from *; care should be taken, however, that the three-leaved figures are turned upward and downward as shown by the illustration. Work the scallops on the outer edges with two threads as follows: Tie both threads together, fasten the working thread to the free p. of the middle ring in the next three-leaved figure, and to the free p. of the first ring in the following figure, so that both figures are held together, and * work on the foundation thread nine times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 2 ds. Now fasten the threads to the free p. of the next middle ring and to the first ring in the following figure, so that both are held together, and repeat from *.

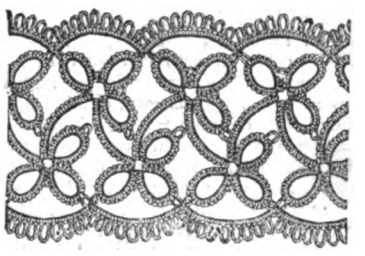


Fig. 1.—TATTED INSERTION FOR LINGERIE.

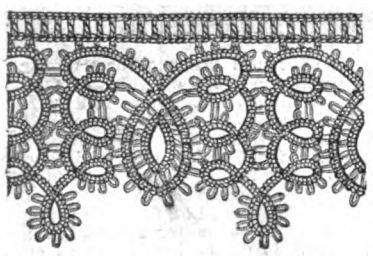


Fig. 2.—TATTED AND CROCHET EDGING FOR LINGERIE.

Needle-Book with Point Russe Embroidery.

THIS needle-book, which simulates an envelope, is made of gray and red silk (the latter forms the lining), with a muslin interlining, from Fig. 54, Supplement, and is ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red saddler's silk. On the upper surface of the needle-book the word "Needles" is embroidered in point Russe, and the border indicated on Fig. 54, Supplement, is worked on the edge. The flaps of the ends are also ornamented with embroidery, as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern. On the outer edge sew a row of gold cord, to which a chain stitch row of red silk is joined. Inside of this fasten a piece of flannel button-hole stitched with red silk, for single needles, as shown by the illustration, and a piece of stitched silk for papers of needles, on which the numbers of the needles are embroidered. The needle-book is closed by means of a button and button-hole and two loops of gold cord fastened on the flaps of the ends.



Fig. 1.—SILK BRUSH.—UPPER SIDE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 27 and 28.



GENTLEMAN'S EMBROIDERED BOOT.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 51-58.

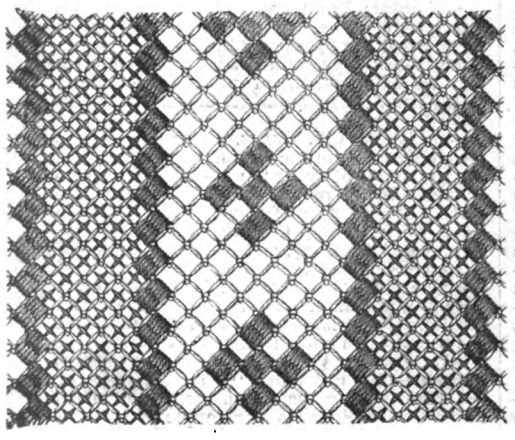


Fig. 2.—SILK BRUSH.—UNDER SIDE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XL., Figs. 27 and 28.

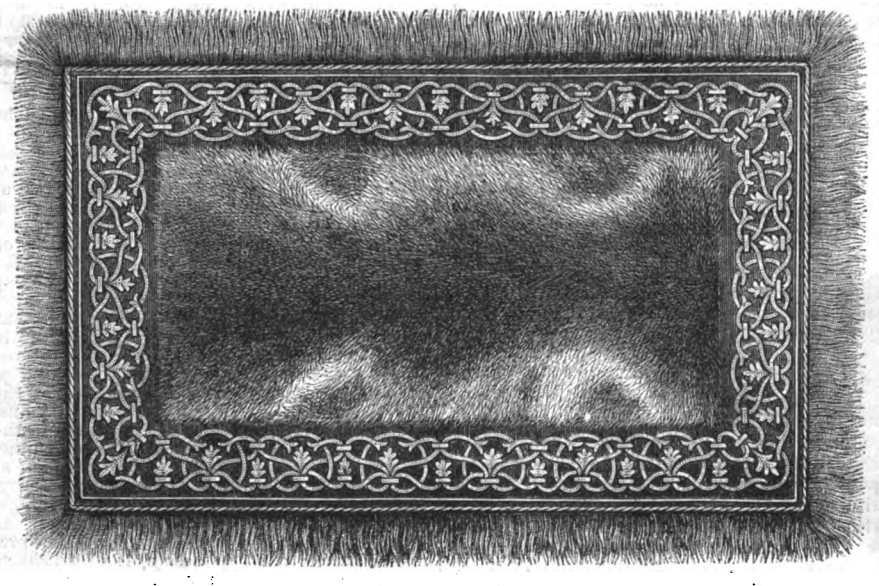
Fig. 2.—For this edging work, first, each of the small rings inside of the large rings separately with one thread as follows: 1 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), 1 p. (picot), fourteen times alternately 2 ds., 1 p., then 1 more ds.; fasten the ends of thread and cut them off. Then tie the foundation and working thread together, * and with the working thread only work on the small ring one ring as follows: 3 ds., sixteen times alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; but in working the first half of this ring fasten to

Canvas Work-Bag with Point Russe Embroidery.

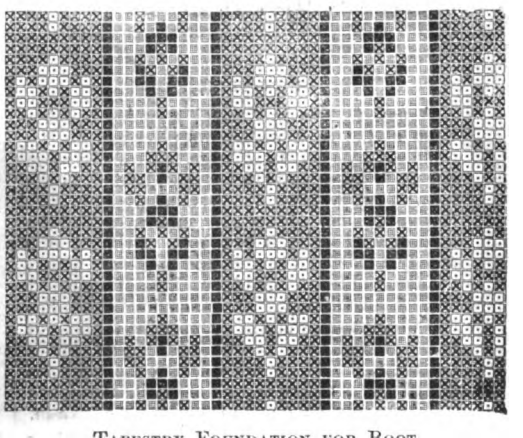
THIS bag is designed for knitting or other fancy-work. It is made of stiff yellow canvas (Panama



SECTION OF NETTED FOUNDATION FOR CLOTHES-BAG.—[See Page 53.]



RUG WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 25.



TAPESTRY FOUNDATION FOR BOOT.
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; × 1st (darkest), ■ 2d, ⊡ 3d (lightest), Green (the last silk).

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BORDER FOR CURTAINS, LAMBREQUINS, ETC. APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

the next p. of the small ring between the first and second of each 3 ds.; in the second half this is done between the second and third of each 3 ds. This completes the double ring. Without turning the work, work on the foundation thread one scallop of 2 ds., seven times alternately 1 p., 3 ds., then 1 more long p., 4 ds., turn the work; close to this scallop, with the working thread only, work one ring of 4 ds., six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds., then 1 more p., 4 ds. Turn the work, and close to this, on the foundation thread, one scallop of 2 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 3 ds., then 1 more p., 2 ds. Turn the work, close to this, with the working thread only, one ring like the one worked [illegible] instead of forming the second p., fasten to the p. before the last of the preceding small ring; and instead of forming the middle p. of the ring, fasten to the work one scallop like fourth p. of the large ring. Turn the work, and on the foundation thread one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., the one worked before; turn the work, and with the working thread only, 2 ds., fasten to the p. before the last on the preceding small ring, 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., fasten to the second following p. of the double ring, 2 ds., and four times alternately 1 p., 2 ds. Now turn the work, and on the foundation work 4 ds., turn the work, and close to this, with the working thread only, work one ring of 2 ds. and nine times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work. Work the other half of this scallop in reversed succession of rings and scallops, and with the assistance of the illustration; then repeat from *. On the upper edge of the edging crochet two rounds as shown by the illustration.

Border for Curtains, Lambrequins, etc.

THIS border, which is also suitable for trimming toilette-tables or waste [illegible] is worked on fine lace [illegible]. Having transferred the design to the Swiss muslin, and basted both pieces of the material on enameled cloth, work the embroidery, the flowers, and larger white parts of the design in satin stitch, and the eyelet-holes and outlines of the design figures in half-polka stitch. Work the ladder stitches and wheels as shown by the illustration. Button-hole stitch the scallops on the outer edge, and cut away the projecting edges. Cut away the Swiss muslin between the design figures as shown by the design.



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 6-9.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10-14.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 1 TO 2 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD. For description see Supplement.

SUITS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS FROM 1 TO 15 YEARS OLD.

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Silk Brush, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 44.

THE cover of this brush is of gray cloth, embroidered with maroon silk, soutache, and saddler's silk, and with silk round cord of the same color. The brush consists of cut tassels of gray and maroon worsted. Wind black cotton several times tightly about a strand of gray zephyr worsted twenty threads thick, and about a maroon zephyr worsted strand of the same thickness, at intervals of an inch and three-quarters; tie the ends of the cotton together each time, and cut them off. Cut the strand in the middle between every two points tied together, fold each separate piece double, again tie black cotton on these thread tassels half an inch below the middle, and clip the ends off evenly. Sew the worsted tassels close beside each other on coarse perforated board cut in one piece from Fig. 27, Supplement; in doing this the design given on Fig. 2, which shows the under side of the brush, must be carefully observed. For the upper surface of the brush cut of card-board, muslin, and gray cloth one piece each from Fig. 27, Supplement, and of the same materials one straight strip three-quarters of an inch wide for the edge; leave a quarter of an inch extra material on the outer edge of the muslin pieces. Work the embroidery on the cloth pieces as indicated on Figs. 27 and 28, Supplement, and observing the illustration, Fig. 1, and overhand the piece of cloth intended for the upper surface and the edge together. Cover the joining seam with soutache; in sewing on the round cord form a loop to hang up the brush, as shown by Fig. 1. Cover the card-board pieces with muslin, join the upper surface with the edge, on the inside of the latter set fringe made of maroon worsted, and sew the piece of perforated board furnished with worsted tassels on the card-board surface covered with muslin. Finally, sew the embroidered cover on the brush.

Gentleman's Embroidered Boot, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustration on page 44.

THIS gray cloth boot is ornamented in chain stitch embroidery with black saddler's silk and an edge trimming knitted in loop stitch, and is furnished with a flannel lining and a felt sole. Cut of material and lining one piece each from Figs. 51 and 52, Supplement, cut the slit indicated on Fig. 52, and work the embroidery on the outer material as indicated on the pattern. Join first the material and then the lining according to the corresponding figures, press out the seams, and fasten the lining into the boot in such a manner that all the edges of the seams come between the lining and material. Sew the felt sole, which is cut from Fig. 53, Supplement, to the boot according to the corresponding figures; this sole is covered on the inside with a sole of flannel button-hole stitched all around. Run the edges of the material together at the top of the boot. For the trimming on the upper edge work in loop stitch with black or gray eightfold tapestry worsted, according to Fig. 52, Supplement, but only from the upper edge to the straight line. To do this make a foundation to suit the upper circumference of the boot, and on this knit as shown by illustration, Fig. 1, on page 749 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 47, Vol. IV. When this part is of the requisite size, join the ends together and sew it on the boot. Instead of the knitted strip a strip of fur can be used, and the outer parts of the boot may be worked in tapestry; illustration, Fig. 2, gives a suitable design for doing this.

Rug with Application Embroidery.

See illustration on page 44.

THIS rug consists of a piece of black cloth forty-six inches long and thirty inches wide, ornamented around the edge in application embroidery, and furnished in the centre with a deer-skin. Black woolen fringe four inches wide finishes the edge. Cut a piece of black cloth of the requisite size, and transfer the design, a section of which is given by Fig. 25, Supplement, to a piece of maroon cloth forty-five inches long and twenty-nine inches wide, in such a manner that an edge half an inch wide is left free all around. Baste the piece of maroon cloth on the black cloth so that the latter projects half an inch all around, and work the design in chain stitch with maroon saddler's silk, always passing the needle through both layers of material. Cut away the maroon material between the design figures, observing the illustration. Work a double chain stitch row of maroon silk half an inch from the outer edge of the rug. Fasten the deer-skin on the middle of the rug, line the latter with coarse gray linen, and furnish it with fringe and maroon woolen cord as shown by the illustration.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.

CLARISSA'S ELOPEMENT.

MR. FAIRFAX came a little after noon—came with a calm, grave aspect, as of a man who had serious work before him. With all his heart he wished that the days of dueling had not been over; that he could have sent his best friend to Daniel Granger, and made an end of the quarrel in a gentleman-like way, in some obscure alley at Vincennes, or amidst the shadowy aisles of St. Germain. But a duel nowadays is too complete an anachronism for an Englishman to propose in cold blood. Mr. Fairfax came to his enemy's house for one special purpose. The woman he loved was in Daniel Granger's power; it was his duty to explain that fatal meeting in Austin's rooms, to justify Clarissa's conduct in the eyes of her husband. It was not that he meant to surrender his hope of their future union—indeed, he hoped that the scene of the previous evening would bring about a speedy separation between husband and wife. But he had placed her in a false position; she was innocent, and he was bound to assert her innocence.

He found Daniel Granger like a man of iron, fully justifying that phrase of Lady Laura's—"*Carré par le base.*" The ignominy of his own position came fully home to him at the first moment of their meeting. He remembered the day when he had liked and respected this man: he could not despise him now.

He was conscious that he carried the mark of last night's skirmish in an unpleasantly conspicuous manner. That straight-out blow of Daniel Granger's had left a discoloration of the skin—what in a meaner man might have been called a black eye. He, too, had hit hard in that brief tussle; but no stroke of his had told like that blow of the Yorkshireman's. Mr. Granger bore no trace of the encounter.

The two men met with as serene an air as if they had never grappled each other savagely in the twilight.

"I considered it due to Mrs. Granger that I call upon you," George Fairfax began, "in order to explain her part in the affair of last night."

"Go on, Sir. The old story, of course—Mrs. Granger is spotless; it is only appearances that are against her."

"So far as she is concerned, our meeting yesterday afternoon was an accident. She came there to see another person."

"Indeed! Mr. Austin, the painter, I suppose?—a man who painted her portrait, and who had no farther acquaintance with her than that. A very convenient person, it seems, since she was in the habit of going to his rooms nearly every afternoon; and I suppose the same kind of accident as that of yesterday generally brought you there at the same time."

"Mrs. Granger went to see her brother."

"Her brother?"

"Yes, Austin Lovel; otherwise Mr. Austin, the painter. I have been pledged to him to keep his identity a secret; but I feel myself at liberty to break my promise now—in his sister's justification."

"You mean that the man who came to this house as a stranger is my wife's brother?"

"I do."

"What duplicity! And this is the woman I trusted!"

"There was no voluntary duplicity on your wife's part. I know that she was most anxious you should be told the truth."

"*You* know! Yes, of course; *you* are in my wife's confidence — an honor I have never enjoyed."

"It was Austin who objected to make himself known to you."

"I scarcely wonder at that, considering his antecedents. The whole thing has been very cleverly done, Mr. Fairfax, and I acknowledge myself completely duped. I don't think there is any occasion for us to discuss the subject farther. Nothing that you could say would alter my estimation of the events of last night. I regret that I suffered myself to be betrayed into any violence—that kind of thing is behind the times. We have wiser remedies for our wrongs nowadays."

"You do not mean that you would degrade your wife in a law court!" cried Mr. Fairfax. "Any legal investigation must infallibly establish her innocence; but no woman's name can escape untainted from such an ordeal."

"No, I am not likely to do that. I have a son, Mr. Fairfax. As for my wife, my plans are formed. It is not in the power of any one living to alter them."

"Then it is useless for me to say more. On the honor of a gentleman, I have told you nothing but the truth. Your wife is innocent."

"She is not guiltless of having listened to you. That is quite enough for me."

"I have done, Sir," said George Fairfax, gravely, and, with a bow and a somewhat cynical smile, departed.

He had done what he felt himself bound to do. He had no ardent wish to patch up the broken union between Clarissa and her husband. From the first hour in which he heard of her marriage he had held it in jealous abhorrence. He had very little compunction about what had happened. It must bring matters to a crisis, he thought. In the mean time, he would have given a great deal to be able to communicate with Clarissa, and began accordingly to deliberate how that might best be done.

He did not deliberate long; for while he was meditating all manner of roundabout modes of approach, he suddenly remembered how Austin Lovel had told him he always wrote to his sister under cover to her maid. All he had to do, therefore, was to find out the maid's name.

That would be easy enough, Mr. Fairfax imagined, if his servant was good for any thing. The days of Leporello are over; but a well-bred valet may still have some little talent for diplomacy.

"My fellow has only to waylay one of Granger's grooms," Mr. Fairfax said to himself, "and he can get the information I want readily enough."

There was not much time to be lost, he thought. Mr. Granger had spoken of his plans with a certain air of decision. Those plans involved some change of residence, no doubt. He would take his wife away from Paris; punish her by swift banishment from that brilliant city; bury her alive at Arden Court, and watch her with the eyes of a lynx for the rest of his life.

"Let him watch you never so closely, or shut you in what prison he may, I will find a door of escape for you, my darling," he said to himself.

The mistress and maid were busy, meanwhile, making arrangements for a sudden flight. There was very little packing to be done; for they could take nothing, or scarcely any thing, with them. The great difficulty would be to get the child out of the house. After a good deal of deliberation, they had decided the manner in which their attempt was to be made. It was dusk between five and six; and at dusk Jane was to go to the nursery, and, in the most innocent manner possible, carry off the boy for half an hour's play in his mother's dressing-room. It was fortunately a usual thing for Clarissa to have him with her at this time, when she happened to be at home so early. There was a dingy servants' staircase leading from the corridor to the ground-floor; and down this they were to make their escape unobserved, the child bundled up in a shawl, Jane Target having slipped out beforehand and hired a carriage, which was to wait for them a little way off in the side street. There was a train leaving Paris at seven, which would take them to Amiens, where they could sleep that night, and go on to Brussels in the morning. Once in Brussels, they must contrive somehow to find Austin Lovel.

Of her plans for the future—how she was to live separated from her husband, and defying him—Clarissa thought nothing. Her mind was wholly occupied by that one consideration about her child. To secure him to herself was the end and aim of her existence.

It was only at Jane's suggestion that she set herself to calculate ways and means. She had scarcely any ready money—one five-pound note and a handful of silver comprised all her wealth. She had given her brother every sixpence she could spare. There were her jewels, it is true—jewels worth three or four thousand pounds. But she shrank from the idea of touching these.

While she sat with her purse in her hand, idly counting the silver, and not at all able to realize the difficulties of her position, the faithful Jane came to her relief.

"I've got five-and-twenty pounds with me, ma'am, saved out of my wages since I've been in your service; and I'm sure you're welcome to the money."

Jane had brought her little hoard with her, intending to invest some part of it in presents for her kindred—a shawl for her mother, and so on; but had been disappointed, by finding that the Parisian shops, brilliant as they were, contained very much the same things she had seen in London, and at higher prices. She had entertained a hazy notion that cashmere shawls were in some manner a product of the soil of France, and could be bought for a mere trifle; whereby she had been considerably taken aback when the proprietor of a plate-glass edifice on the Boulevard des Italiens asked her a thousand francs for a black cashmere, which she had set her mind upon as a suitable covering for the shoulders of Mrs. Target.

"You dear good girl!" said Clarissa, touched by this new proof of fidelity; "but if I should never be able to pay you the money!"

"Stuff and nonsense, ma'am! no fear of that; and if you weren't, I shouldn't care. Father and mother are comfortably off; and I'm not going to work for a pack of brothers and sisters. I gave the girls new bonnets last Easter, and sent them a ribbon apiece at Christmas; and that's enough for *them*. If you don't take the money, ma'am, I shall throw it in the fire."

Clarissa consented to accept the use of the money. She would be able to repay it, of course. She had a vague idea that she could earn money as a teacher of drawing in some remote Continental city, where they might live very cheaply. How sweet it would be to work for her child! much sweeter than to be a millionaire's wife, and dress him in purple and fine linen that cost her nothing.

She spent some hours in looking over and arranging her jewels. From all of these she selected only two half-hoop diamond rings, as a reserve against the hour of need. These and these only of Daniel Granger's gifts would she take with her. She made a list of her trinkets, with a *nota bene* stating her appropriation of the two rings, and laid it at the top of her principal jewel-case. After this, she wrote a letter to her husband—a few lines only, telling him how she had determined to take her child away with her, and how she should resist to the last gasp any attempt to rob her of him.

"If I were the guilty wretch you think me," she wrote, "I would willingly surrender my darling, rather than degrade him by any association with such a fallen creature. But whatever wrong I have committed against you—and that wrong was done by my marriage—I have not forfeited the right to my child's affection."

This letter written, there was nothing more to be done. Jane packed a traveling-bag with a few necessary items, and that was all the luggage they could venture to carry away with them.

The afternoon post brought a letter from Brussels, addressed to Miss Jane Target, which the girl brought in triumph to her mistress.

"There'll be no bother about finding Mr. Austin, ma'am," she cried. "Here's a letter!"

The letter was in Austin's usual brief, careless style, entering into no explanations; but it told the quarter in which he had found a lodging; so Clarissa was at least sure of this friendly shelter. It would be a poor one, no doubt; nor was Austin Lovel by any means a strong rock upon which to lean in the hour of trouble. But she loved him, and she knew that he would not turn his back upon her.

The rest of the day seemed long and dreary. Clarissa wandered into the nursery two or three times in order to assure herself, by the evidence of her own eyes, of her boy's safety. She found the nurse-maid busy packing, under Mrs. Brobson's direction.

The day waned. Clarissa had not seen her husband since that meeting in the corridor; nor had she gone into any of the rooms where Miss Granger might be encountered. That young lady, painfully in the dark as to what had happened, sat at her table in the window, diligently illuminating, and wondering when her father would take her into his confidence. She had been told of the intended journey on the next day, and that she and her brother were to go back to Arden Court, under the protection of the servants, [illegible] Granger and his wife went elsewh[illegible] not a little puzzled by the peculiar [illegible] rangement. Warman was packing [illegible] the while at having [illegible] so much [illegible] time, and knew not [illegible] that had [illegible] the Rue du Chevalier Bl[illegible] after [illegible] of the carriage by Mr. Fairfax.

"There must have been something," [illegible] said, "or your pa would never have t[illegible] freak into his head—racing back as if it [illegible] wager; and me not having seen half I [illegible] see, nor bought so much as a pincushion [illegible] home to my friends. I had a clear month before me, I thought, so where was the use of hurrying; and then to be scampered and harum-scarumed off like this! It's really too bad."

"I have no doubt papa has good reasons for what he is doing, Warman," answered Miss Granger, with dignity.

"Oh, of course, miss; gentlefolks has always good reasons for *their* goings-on!" Warman remarked, snappishly; and then "took it out" of one of Miss Granger's bonnets during the process of packing.

Twilight came at last, the longed-for dusk, in which the attempt was to be made. Clarissa had put on one of her darkest, plainest dresses, and borrowed a little black straw bonnet of her maid. This bonnet and her seal-skin jacket she deferred putting on until the last; for there was always the fear that Mr. Granger might come in at some awkward moment. At half past five Jane Target went to the nursery and fetched the year-old heir of Arden Court.

He was always glad to go to his mother; and he came to-night crowing and laughing, and kicking his little blue shoes in boisterous rapture. Jane kept guard at the door while Clarissa put on her bonnet and jacket, and wrapped up the baby—first in a warm fur-lined opera jacket, and then in a thick tartan shawl. They had no hat for him, but tied up his pretty flaxen head in a large silk handkerchief, and put the shawl over that. The little fellow submitted to the operation, which he evidently regarded in the light of an excellent joke.

Every thing was now ready. Clarissa carried her baby; Jane went before with the bag, leading the way down the darksome servants' staircase, where at any moment they might meet one of Mr. Granger's retainers. Luckily, they met no one; the descent only occupied about two minutes; and, at the bottom of the stairs, Clarissa found herself in a small square stone lobby, lighted by a melancholy jet of gas, and pervaded by the smell of cooking. In the next moment, Jane—who had made herself mistress of all minor details—opened a door, and they were out in the dull, quiet street—the side street, at the end of which workmen were scalping away a hill.

A few doors off they found the carriage, which Jane had secured half an hour before, and a very civil driver. Clarissa told the driver where to go, and then got in, with her precious burden safe in her arms.

The precious burden set up a wail at this juncture, not understanding or approving these strange proceedings, and it was as much as his mother could do to soothe him. A few yards round the corner they passed a man, who looked curiously at the vehicle. This was George Fairfax, who was pacing the street in the gloaming in order to reconnoitre the dwelling of the woman he loved, and who let her pass him unaware. His own man was busy at the same time entertaining one of Mr. Granger's footmen in a neighboring wine-shop, in the hope of extracting the information his master required about Mrs. Granger's maid. They reached the station just five minutes before the train left for Amiens; and once seated in the railway carriage, Clarissa almost felt as if her victory was certain, so easily had the first stage been got over. She kissed and blessed Jane Target, whom she called her guardian angel; and smothered her baby with kisses, apostrophizing him with all manner of fond foolishness.

Every thing favored her. The flight was not discovered until nearly three-quarters of an hour after Clarissa had eloped with her baby down that darksome stair. Mrs. Brobson, luxuriating in tea, toast, and gossip before the nursery fire, and relieved not a little by the absence of her one-year-old charge, had been unconscious of the progress of time. It was only when the little clock upon the chimney-piece chimed the half hour after six that she began to wonder about the baby.

"His mar's had him longer than ever," she said; "you'd better go and fetch him, Liza. She'll be wanting to dress for dinner, I dessay. I suppose she's going down to dinner to-night, though there is something up."

"She didn't go down to breakfast, nor yet to lunch," said Eliza, who had her information fresh and fresh from one of the footmen; "and Mr. Granger's been a-walking up and down the droring-room as if he was a-doing of it for a wager, William Baker says. Mr. Fairfax come this morning, and didn't stop above a quarter of an hour; but William was outside the droring-room door all the time, and there was no loud talking, nor quarreling, nor nothink."

"That Fairfax is a villain," replied Mrs. Brobson. "I don't forget the day he kissed baby in Arden Park. I never see any good come of a single gentleman kissing a lady's baby, voluntary. It isn't their nature to do it, unless they've a hankering after the mar."

"Lor, Brobson, how horful!" cried Eliza. And in this pleasant converse the nurse and her subordinate wasted another five minutes.

The nurse-maid frittered away a few more minutes in tapping gingerly at the dressing-room door, until at last, emboldened by the silence, she opened it, and, peering in, beheld nothing but emptiness. Mrs. Granger had gone to the drawing-room, perhaps; but where was baby? and where was Jane Target? The girl went in search of her favorite, William Baker. Were Mrs. Granger and baby in the drawing-room? No; Mr. Baker had been in attendance all the afternoon. Mrs. Granger had not left her own apartments.

"But she's not there," cried Eliza, aghast; [illegible]or Target either. I've been looking for [illegible]."

[illegible]e ran back to the dressing-room; it was [illegible] empty, and the bedroom adjoining. Mr. [illegible]nger's dressing-room was beyond that, and [illegible]e was there writing letters. At this door—this sacred door, the threshold whereof she had never crossed—Eliza the nurse-maid tapped nervously.

"Oh, if you please, Sir, have you got Master Lovel?"

"No," cried Daniel Granger, starting up from his desk. "What made you think him likely to be here?"

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"I can't find him, please, Sir. I've been looking in Mrs. Granger's dressing-room, and every where almost. Jane Target fetched him for his ma close upon an hour ago; and Mrs. Brobson sent me for him, and I fancied as you might have got him with you, Sir."

Mr. Granger came out of his room with the lamp in his hand, and came through the bedroom to his wife's dressing-room, looking with that stern, searching gaze of his into every shadowy corner, as if he thought Clarissa and her baby might be playing hide-and-seek there. But there was no one—the cheval-glass and the great glass door of the wardrobe reflected only his own figure, and the scared nurse-maid peering from behind his elbow. He went on to the nursery, opening the doors of all the rooms as he passed, and looking in. There are some convictions that come in a minute. Before that search was finished, Daniel Granger felt very sure that his wife had left him, and had taken her child away with her.

In what manner and to what doom had she gone? Was her flight a shameful one, with George Fairfax for her companion? He knew now, for the first time, that in the depths of his mind there had been some lurking belief in her innocence, it was so supreme an agony to him to imagine that she had taken a step which must make her guilt a certainty. He did not waste much time in questioning the verbose Brobson. The child was missing—that was quite clear—and his wife, and his wife's maid. It was some small relief to him to know that she had taken the honest Yorkshire girl. If she had been going to ignominy, she would scarcely have taken any one who knew her past history—above all, one whom she had known in her childhood.

What was he to do? To follow her, of course, if by any means he could discover whither she had gone. To set the telegraph wires going, also, with a view to discovering her destination. He drove off at once to the chief telegraph office, and wrote a couple of messages, one to Mr. Lovel, at Spa—the other to Mr. Oliver, at Holborough Rectory; with a brief, stern request to be informed immediately if his wife should arrive at either place. There was Lady Laura Armstrong, her most intimate friend, with whom she might possibly seek a refuge in the hour of her trouble; but he did not care to make any application in that quarter, unless driven to do so. He did not want to make his wrongs public.

From the telegraph office he drove to the Northern Railway Station, and made minute inquiries about the trains. There was a train by which she might have gone to Calais half an hour before he arrived there. He enlisted the services of an official, and promenaded the waiting-rooms and platforms, the dreary chambers in which travelers wait for their luggage, to and fro between the barriers that torment the soul of the impatient. He asked this man, and several other men, if a lady, with her baby and maid, had been observed to take their departure by any train within the last hour. But the men shrugged their shoulders hopelessly. Ladies and maids and babies came and went in flocks, and no one noticed them. There were always babies. Yes; one of the men did remember a stout lady in a red shawl, with a baby and a bird-cage and a crowd of boxes, who had gone by the second-class. Is it that that was the lady monsieur was looking for, *par hasard?*

"She will go to her father," Mr. Granger said to himself again and again; and this for the moment seemed to him such a certainty, that he had half made up his mind to start for Spa by the next train that would carry him in that direction. But the thought of George Fairfax—the possibility that his wife might have had a companion in her flight—arrested him in the next moment. "Better that I should stop to make sure of *his* whereabouts," he thought; and drove straight to the Champs Elysées, where Mr. Fairfax had his bachelor quarters.

Here he saw the valet, who had not long returned from that diplomatic expedition to the neighborhood of the Rue de Morny, but who appeared the very image of unconsciousness and innocence notwithstanding. Mr. Fairfax was dining at home with some friends. Would Mr. Granger walk in? The dinner was not served yet. Mr. Fairfax would be delighted to see him.

Mr. Granger refused to go in; but told the man he should be glad to see Mr. Fairfax there, in the anteroom, for a moment. He wanted to be quite sure that the valet was not lying.

Mr. Fairfax came out, surprised at the visit.

"I had a special reason for wishing to know if you were at home this evening," said Daniel Granger. "I am sorry to have disturbed you, and will not detain you from your friends."

And then the question flashed upon him—*Was she there?* No; that would be too daring. Any other refuge she might seek; but surely not this.

George Fairfax had flung the door wide open in coming out. Mr. Granger saw the dainty bachelor room, with its bright pictures shining in the lamp-light, and two young men in evening dress lolling against the mantel-piece. The odors of an elaborate dinner were also perceptible. The valet had told the truth. Daniel Granger murmured some vague excuse, and departed.

"Queer!" muttered Mr. Fairfax as he went back to his friends. "I'm afraid the man is going off his head; and yet he seemed cool enough to-day."

From the Champs Elysées Mr. Granger drove to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard. There was another possibility to be considered: if Austin, the painter, were indeed Austin Lovel, as George Fairfax had asserted, it was possible that Clarissa had gone to him; and the next thing to be done was to ascertain his whereabouts. The ancient porter, whom Mr. Granger had left the night before in a doubtful and bewildered state of mind, was eating some savory mess for his supper comfortably enough this evening, but started up in surprise, with his spectacles on his forehead, at Mr. Granger's reappearance.

"I want to know where your lodger, Mr. Austin, went when he left here?" Mr. Granger demanded, briefly.

The porter shrugged his shoulders.

"Alas! monsieur, that is an impossibility. I know nothing of Mr. Austin's destination; only that he went away yesterday, at three o'clock, in a hackney-coach, which was to take him to the Northern Railway."

"Is there no one who can tell me what I want to know?" asked Mr. Granger.

"I doubt it, monsieur. Monsieur Austin was in debt to almost every one except his landlord. He promised to write about his furniture—some of the movables in those rooms up stairs are his—cabinets, carved chairs, tapestries, and so on; but he said nothing as to where he was going."

"He promised to write," repeated Mr. Granger. "That's an indefinite kind of promise. You could let me know, I suppose, if you heard any thing?"

"But certainly," replied the porter, who saw Mr. Granger's fingers in his waistcoat pocket, and scented a fee, "monsieur should know immediately."

Mr. Granger wrote his address upon a card, and gave it to the porter, with a napoleon.

"You shall have another when you bring me any information. Good-night."

At home, Daniel Granger had to face his daughter, who had heard by this time of her stepmother's departure and the abstraction of the baby.

"Oh, papa," she exclaimed, "I do so feel for you!" and made as if she would have embraced her parent; but he stood like a rock, not inviting any affectionate demonstration.

"Thank you, my dear," he said, gravely; "but I can do very well without pity. It's a kind of thing I'm not accustomed to. I am annoyed that Clarissa should have acted—in—in this ill-advised manner; but I have no doubt matters will come right in a little time."

"Lovel, my brother, is safe, papa?" inquired Sophia, clasping her hands.

"I have every reason to believe so. He is with his mother."

Miss Granger sighed profoundly, as much as to say, "He could not be in worse hands."

"And I think, my dear," continued her father, "that the less you trouble yourself about this business the better. Any interference on your part will only annoy me, and may occasion unpleasantness between us. You will go back to Arden to-morrow, as I intended, with Warman, and one of the men to take care of your luggage. The rest of the establishment will follow in a day or so."

"And you, papa?"

"My plans are uncertain. I shall return to Arden as soon as I can."

"Dear old Arden!" exclaimed Sophia; "how I wish we had never left it! How happy I was for the first four years of my life there!"

This apostrophe Mr. Granger perfectly understood—it meant that, with the advent of Clarissa, happiness had fled away from Sophia's dwelling-place. He did not trouble himself to notice the speech; but it made him angry, nevertheless.

"There is a letter for you, papa," said Miss Granger, pointing to a side-table; "a letter which Warman found up stairs."

The lynx-eyed Warman, prying and peering about, had spied out Clarissa's letter to her husband, half hidden among the frivolities on the dressing-table. Mr. Granger pounced upon it eagerly, full of hope. It might tell him all he wanted to know.

It told him nothing. The words were not consistent with guilt, unless Clarissa were the very falsest of women. But had she not been the falsest? Had she not deceived him grossly, unpardonably? Alas! he was already trying to make excuses for her—trying to believe her innocent. Innocent of what society calls sin—yes, she might be that. But had he not seen her kneeling beside her lover? Had she not owned that she loved him? She had; and the memory of her words was poison to Daniel Granger.

CHAPTER XLIII.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF ST. GUDULE.

IT was about half an hour before noon on the following day when Clarissa arrived at Brussels, and drove straight to her brother's lodging, which was in an obscure street under the shadow of St. Gudule. Austin was at work in a room opening straight from the staircase—a bare, shabby-looking chamber—and looked up from his easel with profound astonishment on beholding Mrs. Granger, with her maid and baby.

"Why, Clary, what, in the name of all that's wonderful, brings you to Brussels?" he exclaimed.

"I have come to live with you for a little while, Austin, if you will let me," she answered, quietly. "I have no other home now."

Austin Lovel laid down his palette, and came across the room to receive her.

"What does it all mean, Clary?—Look here, young woman," he said to Jane Target; "you'll find my wife in the next room; and she'll help you to make that youngster comfortable.—Now, Clary," he went on, as the girl courtesied and vanished through the door that divided the two rooms, "what does it all mean?"

Clarissa told him her story—told it, that is to say, as well as she could tell a story which reflected so much discredit upon herself.

"I went to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard at 5 on Tuesday—as I promised, you know, Austin—and found Mr. Fairfax there. You may imagine how surprised I was when I heard you were gone. He did not tell me immediately; and he detained me there—talking to me."

The sudden crimson which mounted to her very temples at this juncture betrayed her secret.

"Talking to you!" cried Austin; "you mean making love to you! The infernal scoundrel!"

"It was—very dishonorable!"

"That's a mild way of putting it. What! he hung about my rooms when I had gone, to get you into a trap, as it were, at the risk of compromising you in a most serious manner! You never gave him any encouragement, did you, Clarissa?"

"I never meant to do so."

"You never meant! But a woman must know what she is doing. You used to meet him at my rooms very often. If I had dreamed there was any flirtation between you, I should have taken care to put a stop to *that*. Well, go on. You found Fairfax there, and you let him detain you, and then—?"

"My husband came, and there was a dreadful scene, and he knocked Mr. Fairfax down."

"Naturally. I respect him for doing it."

"And for a few minutes I thought he was dead," said Clarissa, with a shudder; and then she went on with her story, telling her brother how Daniel Granger had threatened to separate her from her child.

"That was hard lines," said Austin; "but I think you would have done better to remain passive. It's natural that he should take this business rather seriously at first; but that would wear off in a short time. What you have done will only widen the breach."

"I have got my child," said Clarissa.

"Yes; but in any case you must have had him. That threat of Granger's was only blank cartridge. He could not deprive you of the custody of your son."

"He will try to get a divorce, perhaps. He thinks me the vilest creature in the world."

"A divorce—bosh! Divorces are not obtained so easily. What a child you are, Clarissa!"

"At any rate, he was going to take me back to papa in disgrace. I could not have endured that. My father would think me guilty, perhaps."

Again the tell-tale crimson flushed Clarissa's face. The memory of that September evening at Mill Cottage flashed across her mind, and her father's denunciation of George Fairfax and his race.

"Your father would be wise enough to defend his child, I imagine," replied Austin, "although he is not a person whose conduct I would pretend to answer for. But this quarrel between you and your husband must be patched up, Clary."

"That will never be."

"It must be—for your son's sake, if not for yours. You pretend to love that boy, and are yet so blind to his interests? He is not the heir to an entailed estate, remember. Granger is a self-made man, and, if you offend him, may leave Arden Court to his daughter's children."

She had robbed her son of his birthright, perhaps. For what? Because she had not had the strength to shut her heart against a guilty love; because, in the face of every good resolution she had ever made, she had been weak enough to listen when George Fairfax chose to speak.

"It seems very hard," she said, helplessly.

"It would be uncommonly hard upon that child, if this breach were not healed. But it must be healed."

"You do not know half the bitter things Mr. Granger said. Nothing would induce me to humiliate myself to him."

"Not the consideration of your son's interests?"

"God will protect my son; he will not be punished for any sin of his mother's."

"Come now, Clary, be reasonable. Let me write to Granger in my own proper character, telling him that you are here."

"If you do that, I will never forgive you. It would be most dishonorable, most unkind. You will not do that, Austin?"

"Of course I will not, if you insist upon it. But I consider that you are acting very foolishly. There must have been a settlement, by-the-way, when you married. Do you remember any thing about it?"

"Very little. There was five hundred a year settled on me for pin-money; and five hundred a year for papa, settled somehow—the reversion to come to me, I think they said. And—yes, I remember—if I had any children, the eldest son was to inherit Arden Court."

"That's lucky! I thought your father would never be such a fool as to let you marry without some arrangement of that sort."

"Then my darling is safe, is he not?"

"Well, yes, I suppose so."

"And you will not betray me, Austin?" said Clarissa, imploringly.

"Betray you! If you put it in that way, of course not. But I should be acting more in your interests if I wrote to Granger. No good can come of the step you have taken. However, we must trust to the chapter of accidents," added Austin, with a resumption of his habitual carelessness. "I needn't tell you that you are heartily welcome to my hospitality, such as it is. Our quarters are rough enough, but Bessie will do what she can to make you comfortable; and I'll put on a spurt and work extra hard to keep things together. I have found a dealer in the Montagne de la Cour who is willing to take my sketches at a decent price. Look here, Clary, how do you like this little bit of *genre?* 'Forbidden Fruit'—a chubby, six-year-old girl, on tiptoe, trying to filch a peach growing high on the wall; flimsy child, and pre-Raphaelite wall. Peach, carnation velvet; child's cheek to match the peach. Rather a nice thing, isn't it?" asked Austin, lightly.

Clarissa made some faint attempt to appear interested in the picture, which she only saw in a dim, far-off way.

"I shall be very glad to see where you are going to put baby," she said, anxiously.

The bleak and barren aspect of the painting-room did not promise much for the accommodation or comfort of Mr. Lovel's domicile.

"Where I am going to put baby! Ah, to be sure, you will want a room to sleep in," said Austin, as if this necessity had only just struck him. "We'll soon manage that; the house is roomy enough—a perfect barrack, in fact. There was a lace-factory carried on in it once, I believe. I dare say there's a room on this floor that we can have. I'll go and see about that, while you make yourself comfortable with Bessie. We have only two rooms—this and the next, which is our bedroom; but we shall do something better by-and-by, if I find my pictures sell pretty fast."

He went off whistling an opera air, and by no means oppressed by the idea that he had a sister in difficulties cast upon his hands.

There was a room—a darksome chamber at the back of the house—looking into a narrow alley, where domestic operations of some kind seemed to be going on in every window and door-way, but sufficiently spacious, and with two beds. It was altogether homely, but looked tolerably clean; and Clarissa was satisfied with it, although it was the poorest room that had ever sheltered her. She had her baby—that was the grand point; and he rolled upon the beds, and crowed and chattered, in his half-inarticulate way, with as much delight as if the shabby chamber had been an apartment in a palace.

"If he is happy, I am more than content!" exclaimed Mrs. Granger.

A fire was lighted in the stove, and Bessie brought them a second breakfast of coffee and rolls, and a great basin of bread and milk for young Lovel. The little man ate ravenously, and did not cry for Brobson—seemed, indeed, rather relieved to have escaped from the jurisdiction of that respectable matron. He was fond of Jane Target, who was just one of those plump, apple-cheeked young women whom children love instinctively, and who had a genius for singing ballads of a narrative character, every verse embellished with a curious, old-fashioned, quavering turn.

After this refreshment—the first that Clarissa had taken with any approach to appetite since that luckless scene in her brother's painting-room—Jane persuaded her mistress to lie down and rest, which she did, falling asleep peacefully, with her boy's bright young head nestling beside her on the pillow. It was nearly dark when she awoke; and after dinner she went out for a walk with Austin in the bright, gas-lit streets, and along a wide boulevard, where the tall, bare trees looked grim in the darkness. The freedom of this new life seemed strange to her, after the forms and ceremonies of her position as Daniel Granger's wife—and Sophia Granger's step-mother—strange, and not at all unpleasant.

"I think I could be very happy with you and Bessie always, Austin," she said, "if they would only leave me in peace."

"Could you, Clary? I'm sure I should be very glad to have you; but it would be rather hard upon Granger."

"He was going to take me back to papa; he wanted to get rid of me."

"He was in a passion when he talked about that, rely upon it."

"He was as cold as ice, Austin. I don't believe he was ever in a passion in his life."

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GRUMBLERS.

GRUMBLING is a disease which, once caught, is seldom got rid of again; a habit that sticks like a bur and grows like a mushroom; a Nessus garment, which, when put on, can not be taken off and hung up in the wardrobe at pleasure, but which clings to the devoted flesh with immovable tenacity, and resists every effort from the outside to tear it away. Nothing but the most resolute will can conquer that habit when formed; but resolute will, though strong enough when dealing with other folks' weaknesses and tempers, is wonderfully incapable when acting as a curb on one's self. And when the question comes of doing any thing disagreeable to flesh or blood for the good of one's soul, resolution is apt to melt away from marble to mud.

Yet, if the grumbler only knew how disagreeable he makes himself! It is to be presumed that we all like to be loved, save those few eccentric people who boast of their ability to live without the sympathy or charity of their kind. But, taking mankind *en masse*, and making no abnormal exceptions, we all desire the esteem and good feeling of our fellows, and most of us condescend even to underhand meannesses to insure consideration. But the grumbler, without intending it, makes all who come in contact with him so uncomfortable that they only long to escape him; and he wearies even the stoutest affection by time. So far from seeing that any cloud of his has a silver lining, to his way of looking at things the brightest silver throws a sable shadow; and instead of the longest lane having a turning at last, the shortest that he may have to traverse is as if endless. Whatever good things he has are overtopped by their corresponding disadvantages, and his lean kine eat up his fat ones at a sitting. If you praise his children, he points out to you their faults; if you tell him his garden is pretty, he laments the trouble and expense of keeping it up; if you envy him the sunny aspect of his flower-clad house, he counts up to you the cost of the faded carpets and curtains which a southern aspect involves, and sighs over earwigs in his tea and greenfly on his roses. Whatever you see in his surroundings to admire or approve, he is sure to expose to you the defects; and if he has to choose between admiring a flower or lamenting a weed, the weed will come in for the lamentation and the flower will go unregarded.

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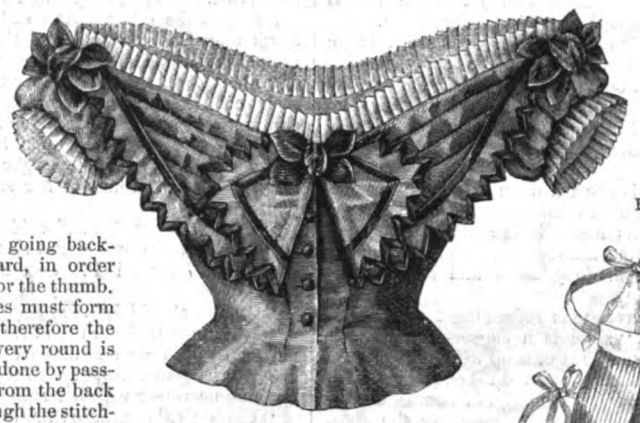


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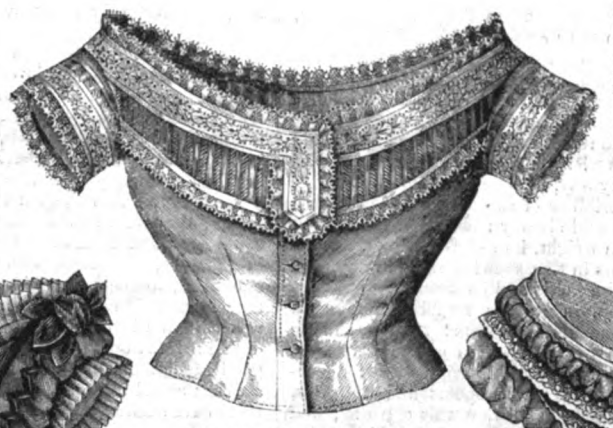
Knitted and Crochet Worsted Glove.

See illustration on page 53.

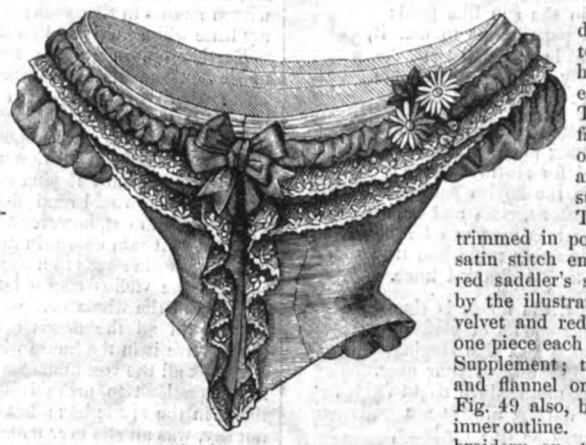
THIS glove is knitted with fine threefold white zephyr worsted on coarse steel needles. It is ornamented on the back of the hand with three rows of chain stitches, and on the under edge with a crochet picot round of red worsted, and is furnished with a white flannel cuff, which is embroidered and trimmed with red worsted fringe and a similar round of picots. Begin the glove on the under edge with a foundation of 60 st. (stitch), and on this knit three rounds, always going forward, of alternately 1 k. (one stitch knit plain), 1 p. (one stitch purled); then a round of holes, always t. t. o. (throw the thread over) once and k. 2 together, then 6 rounds again of 1 k., 1 p., but the stitches knit plain and purled must be transposed after every 3 rounds. The whole glove is worked in this design. Now knit 33 rounds, going backward and forward, in order to form the slit for the thumb. The edge stitches must form an even chain, therefore the first stitch of every round is slipped; this is done by passing the needle from the back to the front through the stitches last knit plain, and from the front to the back through the stitches knit purled. Again work 9 rounds, going forward, which completes the hand. The forefinger is now worked first; to do this lay the hand flat together, so that the thumb slit forms one line with the fold of the knitted part, then take up the next 9 stitches in front of and the 9 stitches back of the fold on separate needles, cast on 2 new st. between the 9 st., each on the inner side of the finger, and with these 20 st. knit 36 rounds, always going forward. Then work the finger in a point, knitting off every 2 st. together in the 37th round, and all the st. together in the next round. For the middle finger take up the next 8 st. of the outer and the next 8 st. of the inner part of the hand, and the lower veins of the 2 st. cast on at the forefinger, on the needles, cast on 2 more st. at the other side between the 8 st. each; knit with the 20 st. 39 rounds, always going forward, and cast off as before. For the fourth finger take up the next 7 st. of the outer and inner part of the hand each, and the 2 st. cast on for the middle finger; cast on 2 more st. between the 7 st. each, and with these 18 st. work 34 rounds, always going forward. Knit the little finger in 30 rounds with the remaining 12 st. of the hand and the 2 st. cast on for the fourth finger. Now the thumb alone remains to be knitted. First take up the two edge stitches at the beginning of the slit on a separate needle; in doing this, as well as in working the following rounds, always pass the needle through both chain veins of the edge stitches; then knit for the first round 1 k., 1 p., 1 k. (the 1 p. is taken up between the two edge stitches). Now work 24 rounds, always going backward and forward, and take up 1 edge st. at the end of every round; gather the remaining edge stitches of the slit on a separate needle, and knit 30 rounds more, always going forward; but in the 15th and 18th of these rounds knit twice 2 st. together each at an interval of 3 st. Then cast off the thumb. On the foundation st. of the glove crochet with red worsted for the picot round always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) and 1 picot (that is, 4 chain stitches and 1 sc. on the first of these), pass over 1 st. with the picot. The cuff consists of a bias strip of flannel two inches and three-quarters wide and twelve inches long, the ends of which are joined with button-hole stitches of fine white worsted. The upper edge of the cuff is scalloped, and ornamented with embroidery, a crochet round of picots, and fringe. Sew the completed cuff to the under side of the glove, which is trimmed with fringe. Through the round of holes in the glove run silk elastic braid, to make the glove fit closely. Finally, work the chain stitch rows as shown by the illustration, and furnish the glove with two small tassels of red worsted.



PINK SILK LOW-NECKED WAIST.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



MUSLIN UNDER-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 38-41.



LOW-NECKED POINTED BASQUE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 42-46.



CRINOLINE TOURNURE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 18-20.



Fig. 1.—BROWN VELVET JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 47 and 48.



Fig. 2. BROWN VELVET JACKET. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 47 and 48.





Fig. 1.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 30-37.



WALKING DRESS WITH MANTELET.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-5.



Fig. 2.—GRAY POPLIN DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 30-37.



CAMBRIC PETTICOAT WITH TRAIN.
For pattern see description in Supplement.



JACONET PETTICOAT WITH TRAIN.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 22-24.

Velvet and Kid Kitchen Glove.

See illustration on page 53.

THIS glove is designed to protect the hand in handling kitchen utensils.—The upper surface is made of black velvet, and the under surface of kid. The glove is trimmed in point Russe and satin stitch embroidery with red saddler's silk, as shown by the illustration. Cut of velvet and red flannel lining one piece each from Fig. 49, Supplement; then cut of kid and flannel one piece from Fig. 49 also, but only to the inner outline. Work the embroidery on the velvet as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on Fig. 49, and join, first, both pieces of the outer material (velvet and kid), and then both pieces of flannel. Slip the flannel lining into the glove, and fasten it on the latter with several stitches. Bind the glove with red silk braid.

Sewing-Weight with Case for Sewing Utensils.

See illustration on page 53.

THIS sewing-weight, which is furnished with a case for sewing utensils, consists of a round pasteboard box, the edge and lid of which are covered with gray satin puffs. The lid is furnished besides with a piece of black velvet, in the shape of a cross, ornamented with embroidery, and also with black lace and a braiding of gray silk cord (see illustration). The box is three inches and a quarter in height and seven inches and three-quarters in circumference; the edge of the lid does not overlap. Fasten a piece of lead or tin covered with muslin inside of the box on the bottom, then line the box with gray silk and wadding quilted in diamonds, and cover the edge with a gray satin puff. Sew gray silk cord, which is laid in loops as shown by the illustration, on the upper edge of the puff. The bottom of the box is covered smoothly on the outside with gray satin; the joining seam between this and the puff is covered with fine silk cord. Cover the inside of the lid with a cushion of wadding and silk quilted in diamonds. On the upper surface of the lid fasten a cushion of wadding covered with satin puffs, as shown by the illustration, and set on the velvet cross. Cut the latter in one piece from Fig. 21, Supplement, line it with stiff lace, baste white silk braid half an inch wide on the cross, a quarter of an inch from the edge; and on the braid, as well as on both sides of it, work the point Russe embroidery with black and gray silk as shown by the illustration. Edge the velvet cross all around with black lace three-quarters of an inch wide, and sew

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it on the lid as shown by the illustration, having previously edged the lid with coarse gray silk cord. Finally, sew the lid to the edge of the box, and fasten the cord loops in the middle of the velvet cross.

THE FIRST SUIT.

PUT away the little dresses;
Mamma's boy is four years old;
Spare a while the silken tresses,
Shining in the sun like gold;
For though papa seems to fear it,
None a little girl will see
In the sturdy form with trowsers
Ending at the dimpled knee.

From the cap with waving feather
To the snug and shapely boot,
Copper-toed for stormy weather,
Perfect is the boyish suit.
Belt and buttons, cuffs and collar,
All as neat as neat can be;
And the crowning pride, the trowsers,
Coming to the dimpled knee.

Ah! my boy, the house is ringing
With your shouts of glad surprise;
And, myself, I feel like singing,
For the beaming of your eyes.
Would that mother-love could follow,
And her darling always see
Just as happy as this birthday,
With the trowsers at the knee!

Off to play, so quick, so eager,
How he feels the thrill within
Of the restless, boyish nature,
He to all mankind akin!
Four! with what contempt he gazes
On the girlish robes of three!
One would think he'd long been wearing
Little trowsers to the knee.

Go, my boy! all angels watch you,
In the gladness of your day:
Clouds will come, and rain and sorrow,
But they still are far away.
We will chill with no forebodings,
Yet I'll pray, on bended knee,
Wheresoe'er he drifts, my Father,
Let him not go far from Thee!

ROYAL'S RAFFLE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ROYAL and Rosario were sauntering one December evening about the city, after a fashion of their own, beginning with sunset effects and ending with moonlight on the great masses of masonry for which they had discovered an admiration. So, having praised the Old South, as every good Bostonian must, and a certain campanile adapted to business uses not far away, and the magnificent architecture of the Devonshire Street warehouses, and the solid stone curves of Franklin Street; having declared for the last time that Boston owed all its picturesqueness to its narrow and crooked thoroughfares, flanked with such superb edifices, and opening every now and then on a whole outlook of sky; having stood long enough before the Sears Building, bristling like Sennacherib's palace in the moonlight—they at length remembered that the night had grown bleak and they had grown cold, and started for a rapid walk again up Washington Street.

They had reached the upper portion of the endless way, where picturesqueness degenerates into respectability, and every thing is costly and roomy and new, when bulletins and banners attracted their attention to a recently erected hall, and they found that the Great Fair for Little Foundlings was being carried on there, with bands of music, and all the additions of a last night; and ready for any thing, and especially for warmth and light, and pretty faces, and a throng of strangers, our pedestrians plunged in, paid their fees, and became a part of the scene—a splendid scene, by-the-way—a sort of Eastern paradise of wonderful draperies and wonderful faces looking out of wonderful bowers of roses and vines, behind which were houris bearing sherbets and ices and fruits, all in a way to surpass the dreams of Mohammed himself.

What a fair it was, to be sure! There was nothing, from a coal-scuttle to a camel's-hair shawl, which was not to be had on lottery; for it was before these decent days, when ladies frown at raffles, but buy slices of ring-cake, and take turns at the guess-cake; and both Royal and Rosario were presently wild with this refined and allowed gambling in a crowd of people whom they had never seen before in their lives. There was a superb cabinet piano, a thousand-dollar one, of the kind which Royal knew I was dying for—a very shrine of music. A plain, middle-aged lady offered Royal a chance in it—a person whose appearance excited none of his chivalry, apparently, for he wrote my name against the number instead of hers. Of course that was the last we ever heard of it. I never drew any thing in my life, and, indeed, am so unlucky in lotteries that I endure thundershowers with the greatest composure, being sure I can never be struck by lightning.

Then there was an India shawl that the Rajah of Brahmapootra had given to a missionary who saved his soul, or his life, or the pride of his harem—a thousand men had worked on it a thousand years! Royal remembered my insanity about India shawls; he remembered, too, my poor little white rag with its no-colored border; he dilated to me afterward upon the merits of this one—its pattern, for which the growth of an Oriental jungle had been robbed, its subdued but splendid tints, the harmonious gorgeousness that looked as dull and unmeaning to the eye of an ignoramus in camel's-hair as a symphony might sound to the ear of a novice, but which to the practiced vision resolved into colors as rich as rainbows, as ruddy as the rose, as blue as noon, as brilliant as spun gold and gems. When he told me of it, and told me he ordered the good deacon's wife who offered it to put down the ticket in my name again, I could not exactly resist the sensation that that shawl was mine any way, in spite of my foreknowledge of the impossibility of success for me in such a matter. I could already feel its soft folds about me, its warm weight, its satisfying hues. Some wretch flaunts in that shawl of mine to-day, and my little white rag is still its deputy.

Further on, in Royal's ramble, he found a music-box—such a music-box! The one in the Duke Alexis's drawing-room at the Clarendon is a trifle to it, by the description. If music-boxes could play whole operas and oratorios, there is no doubt at all that this one did; and as Royal had heard Regina say that if ever she were rich, she would send abroad and have one made to strum out, however distantly, something like the great rain chorus in the "Elijah," where a mist of music swells to a shower, and a sudden spurt of the violins comes leaping down like a brook, and the whole orchestra rises in a storm of rain till all the floods are out, so that she might have it in the house with her perpetually, if it took all the vox humanas and double basses in Switzerland to make it—so Regina had a ticket in the music-box; but the ticket, I need not say, was all she ever had.

After that a rosary came to sight—not very alluring in its blue and white and brown glass beads and brass crucifix; but there was a volume of certificates that some primitive old saint had said her prayers on it, and abandoned it, on her translation, to another old saint, and so on through three or four hundred years of saints. And Royal suddenly thought possession of such a rosary might possibly make a saint of our Bridget, who sorely needed the operation; and Bridget was set down for the rosary—and, what is more, she drew it! But as, when Royal brought it home, she was found to have departed with my pearl pin and the spoons, and has never been heard of since, the rosary adorns my desk at this writing, and I look at it once in a while with a vague feeling that there may be some virtue in the old women's prayers, if there is none in my own.

Meanwhile Rosario had been quite as busy as Royal—far more recklessly busy; for whereas Royal had been caught among the awkward squad, so to say—had been hopelessly stranded upon the matrons whose personal graces were not so attractive as their wares—Rosario had drifted into the groups of pretty girls, all of them new and strange, who assaulted his purse, as clamorous as jackdaws, but in whose rosy faces and ravishing toilettes he found what compensation he could for his losses. Royal looked over at him enviously, with thoughts of breaking the spell upon him and clearing the middle-aged circle at a bound; and suddenly Rosario, glancing up at a critical instant of his finances, met that longing gaze.

"My dear little maiden," he said to the young highwaywoman who, in the garb of white muslin and innocence, was so ruthlessly picking his pockets, "pardon the phrase, but you have literally cleaned me out. You have not left me enough to pay my fare down in the street-car. I must go supperless to bed, and borrow my breakfast. Why are you so anxious about the little foundlings, and so careless about me? You have reduced me to a worse condition than any foundling. Now there is no more picking on my bones," said the bold and vulgar fellow; "but over there—do you see?—that individual across the hall! There is a young man who will prove a placer for your benevolent avarice;" and he indicated Royal, and moved away.

"Why shouldn't I have talked to her so?" he asked of me by-and-by. "A brazen little thing soliciting a total stranger to the point of beggary! She deserved audacity, familiarity, slang. How was I to suppose she would understand or appreciate better things? Getting rid of their fancy wares? It seems to me they were getting rid of their modesty, their delicacy, and every thing that gives them a charm outside of red and white!"

However, Rosario's grumbling is nothing to the purpose. The damsel had profited by this introduction to the individual across the hall, and Royal was summarily rewarded for his discontent with the goods the gods had already provided him in the shape of the plain, sensible matrons; for the damsel was only the crest of a breaking wave of young women, who, in all the glory of silks and laces and ribbons, bright eyes, bright skins, and tousled hair, descended on him with their raffling-books.

The first one had an oil-painting to dispose of—one of De Haas's sea scenes, that some enthusiast had given to the fair. Of course Royal had not seen it, and he presumed it was some chromo or other; and perfectly charmed with the dimples, the smiles, the free yet innocent address of the young lady, whose gentle voice and lovely ways might have charmed the old original serpent, he gallantly said,

"Allow me to present it to you if I draw it," never once imagining the possibility of his drawing it.

"Really?" said she, archly.

"Really and truly," said he, a little loath to turn away from her to the holder of a great wax doll, but taking tickets in that for all the little girls he knew, and their name is Legion.

Going on in this way, it did not take long for my gentleman to find himself approaching the bottom of his purse, and to make up his mind that this was being smothered in sweets. He did have the strength of mind to refuse tickets in a sewing-machine, saying his wife was as good a sewing-machine as he wanted; and he baffled the evil designs of a stereoscopic exhibitor, who was, however, very aptly, a Gorgon; and he passed Rebecca at the Well without being drowned in a swash of weak lemonade and water; but he bought gloves and candies and bouquets and pincushions, and took innumerable risks in afghans, baby-clothes, dog-collars, and a multitude of things for which, if he should live a hundred years, and come back to the world in a hundred metempsychoses, he would hardly find a use. And there seemed to be no end to it, either; they were still bearing down on him; he could see them, rank after rank, like the angels in a picture, glorious with fluffy hair and ribbons and roses, to the point of transfiguration. He fancied himself involved in a vicious circle; he was sure the last girls were the first girls with different raffle-books. He no longer felt like the good Mohammedan in heaven, but as if he were a dying camel in the desert, and the young vultures were flocking together and descending upon him.

Suddenly his eye fell upon Rosario again, enjoying his new discomfort at a safe distance; and joining his hands before him and parting them again, like a swimmer, he broke through the bonds of his oppressors and regained his friend's side.

"I must have some refreshment after this," said Royal. "Here is a supper-table; let us see what harm a bowl of soup will do."

They took their seats, and asked to be served. Served they were, deliciously, of course, and by such a waiting-maid as might serve the gods, with the quillings and flutings of all her ruffled raiment as spotless as a daisy's, and with hands that seemed to have been dipped into a paste of diamonds, they glittered so with those jewels. Just as they lifted the first smoking, savory spoonful to their mouths, she parted her own rosy lips, and drew a little book from her belt, blushing the while, and half apologizing for the disagreeable duty imposed upon her, and—would they take shares in a painting?

"But I have taken shares in one," said Royal, a little inclined to assert his freedom.

"Any thing for peace," answered Rosario, instantly putting down his name and paying over his last bill. "A store's no sore."

"Well, then," said Royal, surrendering and following his example, for he was really delighted with the girl's simplicity and sweetness, and her pure, fresh, nonnette face. "Here's to luck! But we are going away directly, and shall never know our fate—so if I draw it, it is yours!" I am thankful to say that Royal isn't as polite now as he used to be.

They sat there leisurely dipping into the hot soup and laughing over their adventures, when suddenly Royal's name was called in stentorian tones throughout the hall. He had drawn an oil-painting.

"All right," said Royal, starting to go and get it.

But suddenly he remembered his unfortunate gallantry to the charming owner of the smiles and dimples who had sold him the ticket. "Just my luck to have given the thing away as I did!" he declared. "It's hers. Well, it's a pretty girl's!" But I doubt if he relinquished it so magnanimously without a single pang—a sea scene by De Haas, with all its clear waters and bright lights, would have been an addition to our morning-room at home. However, perhaps it wasn't the De Haas after all; he had just taken a ticket in another—he didn't know what—perhaps it might be that. So he returned to the soup, Rosario sipping his the while as philosophically as Don Cesar de Bazan—he had drawn no painting.

But hardly had Royal swallowed another mouthful, when he heard his name again ringing out on twenty shrill tongues all about him, as if from the babbling gossips of the air, and twenty fleet messengers were flying to his seat—they knew him pretty well in the hall by that time. He had drawn an oil-painting, and he was wanted. "What of that?" said Royal. "I know it. I gave it to the lady who sold me the ticket."

"You gave it to two ladies!" they answered him. "They are having a sad time over it. They both want it, it is such a beautiful painting."

"Confound the painting!" Royal cried, and had it in his heart to use a stronger word had it been the proper thing in a fair for little foundlings. But he obediently followed the Lady Patronesses to the upper end of the hall; and there was the painting, a really noble one, in a carved walnut frame that was a prize in itself. And there were the two damsels—far along then in their discussion—the one who had charmed him with her dimples and smiles, her gentle voice and lovely ways, and the one whose quilled daisy dress, whose simplicity and sweetness and pure nonnette-like face he had found so delightful at the supper-table.

But where were the smiles and dimples now? Where the simplicity and sweetness, the blushes, the lovely ways? Two such little viragoes, Royal affirms, he never hopes to see again outside a fish-market where fish-wives berate each other. The dispute had long since dismissed dignity, polite disbelief, or calm assurance: the sweet young faces were dreadful with scowls; the gentle voices were shrill as any tartar's.

"I declare," cried the nonnette, "it is outrageous, perfectly outrageous! I will never have any thing to do with a fair again as long as I live! To think of your facing me out with such an assertion, when it is not five minutes since he gave it to me! This gentleman heard him!"

"Gave it to you!" returned the charmer. "What an absurdity! I don't care who heard him! He gave it to me, standing at Mrs. Murray's table, just before he took shares in a wax doll!"

"Do you mean to say, honestly," asked the nonnette, with flashing eyes, "that he gave you this picture?"

"Do you pretend to say he gave it to you?" screamed the other.

"I do," with folded arms, and a head nodding like a mandarin's.

"And I do," in the same belligerent attitude, but with something less regard to sense. "Ask Mrs. Murray. Oh, Mrs. Murray, is this fair?"

"I'll put my money on the blonde," whispered the impudent Rosario in Royal's ear. Perhaps they heard him. I don't know. But at the instant they turned on Royal with one accord.

"Did you give this person the painting?" they cried, severely, singly and together, either pointing at the other. And at Royal's look of blank amazement they tossed their heads in a mutual laugh and sneer, their contempt for each other being counterbalanced, for the moment, by their contempt for all mankind. Then the charmer, seizing the advantage of readier recovery, moved threateningly upon Royal; but she was not so formidable now as she had been with all the light skirmishers of her smiles and dimples before her.

"Upon my word, Sir," said she, furiously, "I should like to understand this!"

"And so should I!" demanded the other fury.

"And so should I," said Royal, meekly.

"For my part, I am not in the habit of being played with in such a manner by people who claim to be gentlemen," added the quilled daisy, working nervously with her ruffled apron.

"Certainly," murmured the by-standers, a little incoherently. "It was very peculiar in him. To give the same thing to both ladies. No wonder!"

Royal was undoubtedly reduced to the last stage of embarrassment which Royal is capable of feeling.

"Really, mesdames," said he, "I am quite unconscious of my misdoing. I beg your pardon," waving his hand at their violent interruption, "I must be heard;" and the creatures were cowed an instant—only an instant. "I gave this young lady," pointing out the charmer, "my chance in a painting by De Haas. I gave that one," bowing to the nonnette, "my chance in a painting by I don't know whom. This is a painting by De Haas. It is easy to see who drew it."

"I drew it!" cried the charmer.

"I drew it!" cried the nonnette.

"Plainly it could have been drawn by but one of you."

"Of course not!" cried the charmer.

"Of course not!" cried the nonnette. "It was drawn by me."

"What impudence!" uttered the charmer, her face like a flame of fire. "He gave you no chance in a painting by De Haas."

"Indeed he did! I had the odd numbers of this painting by De Haas. You say you had the even."

"I say!" ready to cry with temper, and unable to articulate another syllable.

"Stop! stop!" said Royal, beginning to see light between the young termagants. "It is quite evident now one of you had the odd, the other the even, numbers of the same raffle. I gave one an even chance, and the other an odd one. May I ask which drew the thing—the odd or the even?"

"I drew it!" cried one.

"I drew it!" cried the other, returning to the same old starting-point, and totally oblivious of odd or even.

"I must say, ladies, if you refuse to settle it in this way—"

"We do refuse to settle it in this way!" exclaimed the one vixen, twitching the butterfly bow from her hair, and pulling it to pieces, without the least idea of what she was doing.

"To be cheated out of my own property by any such casuistry!" half sobbed the rival one, opening her great dark eyes on Royal tremendously.

"Here are two cents, then," said that unsuspicious young man. "Suppose you toss them, and end it that way?"

"Do you dare, Sir," cried Virtue, in the person of the first raffler—"do you dare to propose to me any thing so immoral, so degrading, as pitching coppers? I shall appeal to the managers."

"The painting is mine," reasseverated the more practical nonnette. "I will not give it up to her because she turns a penny one way or the other."

"Then I really must leave you to settle it as you will. It is no concern of mine," said Royal, turning on his heel, determined to be out of that place without losing any more time.

"No, no!" he heard the nonnette cry. "It is your duty first to pronounce it mine."

"I shall appeal to the managers for protection in my rights," the charmer was declaring, just as a gentleman accosted him, an old acquaintance.

"Look here, Royal," he said, "they are very anxious to finish a drawing on the other side—a splendid painting."

"Oh, dash the painting!" groaned Royal. "What do I want of another, in such a deuce of a fix as I am with this one?"

"Yes, I see. I've been seeing. It's quite as good as a play. But this is a different thing. There are only four chances left; and they are in a great hurry, because this is the last night, you know, and the chances have been taken chiefly by suburbans, who want to go home. It is really a fine thing."

"I dare say. But I don't want it," edging off.

"Come. I have two shares now; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take two more if you'll take the other two."

"Done!" said Royal; and snapping his purse again, he was directly afterward moving toward the door.

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Suddenly, half-way down the hall, there came a swift rustle of garments. He was arrested by a tiny hand on his arm, and turning, he saw a face upbent to his, in which shone the liquid blue eyes of the charmer. "Do, please—please say it is mine," she sighed, in quite another rôle from that of her last appearance. And not to be outdone by her rival, at the moment, as if she had risen from the ground, the other one had seized his other arm, saying, "One word from you will end it."

Poor Royal! If one word from him could have annihilated them both, I am afraid he would have been tempted to say it. But he was spared the effort; for, before he could speak, his name was thundered through the hall, and caught up on a myriad echoes. And—I never could determine whether by pure chance, or by a collusion that hoped thus to hide a disgraceful scene, or by a miracle—he had drawn the second picture.

"Take it," he cried, to the nonnette. "I wash my hands of it. She has the De Haas; you have the other; and much good may they do you both." And therewith he left the little vipers chuckling over their booty—if so mixed a figure of speech is allowable.

I never learned what the second picture was. I shouldn't be surprised at any thing, though; and, for all I know, it may have been a Kensett, or a Gifford, or that heavenly Inness which I saw once—a world of summer green, with cloud shadows sweeping through the middle-ground. If it was, and if I ever should come across the woman, I wonder if I could make her stand and deliver—at peril of her chatelaine, say, or her complexion, or her character? As for Royal, I have told him that if he ever sets foot in a fair again, he will deserve his fate; yet it makes no manner of difference. Fortunately for Rosario, the whole of South America intervenes between him and a fair; but Royal attends nearly every one of which he hears. And he is this moment looking forward with the liveliest anxiety to the Fair for an Old Ladies' Home, where he will be coaxed by all the pretty girls, will be cajoled and fleeced and plundered, and will raffle like a madman.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THERE has been not a little complaint in our city of there being "too much gas"—to be paid for—and "too little light." At certain times and seasons the illumination derived from sundry cubic feet of gas has become "small by degrees, and beautifully less." The grand climax came on the Saturday before Christmas. Never in all the circle of the year could the Metropolitan Gas-works have chosen a more inauspicious time for an explosion than that which, by a strange mishap, darkened many a gayly garlanded dwelling and many a heavily laden Christmas-tree. The mysterious gloom which brooded over the city Saturday evening, from Thirty-fourth Street to Seventy-ninth, was a matter of universal amazement and conjecture until the cause was learned—a catastrophe at the gas-works. Bewildered shop-keepers illuminated their stores as best they might with candles and kerosene. Light and brightness are inseparable from the idea of Christmas; but in churches and in homes on Christmas-eve the best substitute for gas seemed to shed only a "dim, religious light" over scenes which were designed to be gloriously brilliant. But when people have made up their minds to have a happy time, a few rays of light more or less make little difference; and fortunately the children, to whom this yearly festival is a peculiar pleasure, are not affected by slight circumstances, but readily waive any minor difficulties so long as a general spirit of genuine merriment prevails.

A local paper says that a young girl of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, "had her temple split so badly that it had to be sewed up by falling from a fence." A novel style of surgery.

A sensible Massachusetts woman, instead of complaining that there was no work for her to do, secured a bit of ground, and made $500 last year by the cultivation of lilies.

The "Cushman School" is the name given to a new educational building in Richmond Street, Boston, which is erected upon the identical spot where Charlotte Cushman, the world-renowned artiste, was born.

Italy has this year been visited with an unusual amount of snow.

A social and political revolution seems to have already commenced in Japan, and a few years will probably witness most remarkable changes in that country. It is stated that the government is considering the policy of sending twenty-one young ladies to America to be educated. It is also said that the Buddhist priests have been informed that their temples will be closed, and they must enter the army as soldiers, or earn their living in mechanical occupations.

One daughter of the Queen of Denmark is the future Empress of Russia, the other the future Queen of England, while one of her sons is King of Greece, and son-in-law of a czar. The mother-queen should be satisfied.

A poor seamstress, whose husband was killed in the war, and who supported herself and her child by her needle, died in this city on Thanksgiving-day—of starvation. Her child died two days previously. She had complained of the price paid for her work, was told there were plenty of girls willing to work for that price, and finally the work was taken from her. Plain sewing brings but poor compensation nowadays. Washing, ironing, kitchen-work of almost any kind, pays better. It is *skilled labor* that will invariably command good wages. The plain seamstress who can fit herself to cut and make dresses well will not want employment and fair pay. The girl who makes it her aim to become a good cook, a good laundress, a good nurse, a good teacher, a legible copyist, or any thing else, *excellent of its kind*, will seldom fail to find employment. Want and suffering come largely because unskilled labor can not command high wages. Education will remedy this evil, and to this end should the efforts of the benevolent be directed.

An editor of a Maine newspaper, having asked a lady applicant for a situation what she could do, received the following comprehensive and characteristic reply: "I can keep a house or a secret; drive a horse or a bargain; tend a post-office, a store, or a baby; make a loaf of bread or a shirt; sew on buttons, mend stockings, milk a cow, wash, iron, bake, or brew—is that enough for a woman to do? Then I'll decipher the copy that puzzles you, rewrite the manuscript plain and true; or even, if fortune but play me fair, and my sphere points the way of my duty there, take the editor's scissors, his office, and chair! Satisfactory guarantee any day that I can do and have done all that I say (and more too)."

The *Pall Mall Gazette* is of opinion that those ladies who heighten their natural charms by the use of paint and hair-dye have a good deal to answer for, because a general feeling of suspicion has thereby crept in among mankind. They mistrust the colors in which the inferior creation appear. A short time ago, for instance, three canary-birds, sent to a competitive exhibition at Derby, were subjected to various tests, such as acids and alkalies, in consequence of the unnatural brightness and beauty of their color. Feathers were also plucked out of them, and the owner was requested to leave them for a month, to see if the new feathers would be of the same hue as those of which they had been deprived. He declined this offer, and the birds were pronounced to be disqualified for the exhibition, on the ground that their color was unnaturally beautiful. The much-maligned birds subsequently each took a prize at a competitive canary exhibition held at Nottingham, though even there they were viewed with suspicion, owing to the supernatural beauty of their color, and were again subjected to certain chemical tests.

The "little wanderers" of the Howard Mission were generously supplied with abundant gifts for their Christmas-tree. The principal booksellers of our city made large donations of books; one gentleman gave over a thousand toys, another sent six hundred cornucopias. Food and clothing were liberally donated, and the little people had a joyous time.

There were over eighty churches in the "darkened district," most of which were obliged on Christmas-eve to omit their services. Consequently the down-town churches were unusually crowded.

Warwick Castle is being rapidly repaired. Twenty-three apartments, exclusive of the great hall and staircase, were destroyed. The surrounding masonry, however, is firm, and the work of restoration will be confined to a new roof and redecoration of the walls.

At this season, when oranges abound, housewives may fancy trying what is considered a delicious dish—indeed, it has received the extravagant name of "angels' food." It is composed of oranges peeled and cut in slices, and each slice sprinkled with desiccated cocoa-nut and sugar. After being prepared it should stand an hour or two, and then be eaten with cream. The seeds should be carefully removed.

The giant trees of California are surpassed in height, though not in circumference, by some recently discovered trees of Australia. A fallen tree in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, was measured not long since, and found to be 420 feet long; another on the Black Spur, ten miles from Healesville, measured 480 feet. The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, California, yet discovered reach only 450 feet, the average size being from 300 to 400 feet in height, and from 25 to 34 feet in diameter. The wood of these trees closely resembles red cedar, and the reddish-brown bark is sometimes 18 inches thick, and the age of some of the oldest has been computed at 2080 years.

The editor of the Portland *Transcript*, in his "Reminiscences of Foreign Travel," thus speaks of the interior of St. Peter's Church: "The first impression is of light, space, beauty, and magnificence. There is nothing dark or dingy in St. Peter's. Every thing shines with brightness and splendor. How refreshing is the cooler air as you enter from the hot sunshine without! The building is so vast that it creates its own atmosphere, which never varies, summer or winter, and a fire is never necessary within its walls. How a man is dwarfed in the dim distance of its wide area. An inscription in the marble pavement at your feet tells you that the extreme length of the building is 613½ feet, and as you advance through the centre you see marked on the floor at intervals the lessening lengths of the principal cathedrals in Europe: St. Paul's, London, 520½ feet; Milan Cathedral, 443 feet; St. Paul's, Rome, 419½ feet; St. Sophia, Constantinople, 360½ feet. We can but glance at the tombs and statues of popes and kings, many of them hideous enough; the copies of great paintings in mosaic; the gilded tomb of St. Peter beneath the great dome, with its lofty canopy, and one hundred and fifty lamps constantly burning. Look up into the great vault and see the quill pen in the hand of the apostle painted on the wall. It looks of the natural size, but they tell you that it is seven feet long!"

An abrupt change took place in the condition of Russian women in the time of Peter the Great. Previously their condition was degraded, and their lives one long term of oppression. Peter the Great forced them from the seclusion of their own apartments into the world. In less than a century four women occupied the throne of Russia, and one of them—the daughter of the great reformer himself—conferred on women civil rights. Under Catherine II. the Princess Dashkoff was president of the Academy of Sciences. The new institutions of self-government confer the right of voting on the female holders of real property. This vote must be given through a male deputy; but he can be freely chosen, and no law obliges a married woman to delegate her vote to her husband.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

AS you have taken in good part my outspoken remarks on American extravagance in dress and millinery, I think it only right to follow up the opportunity thus afforded me through your columns of giving a few more hints to your countrywomen, which may be useful to such of them as visit Paris without a preconceived determination to be robbed for the mere pleasure of being robbed. Let us begin with servants. France is perhaps the only country in a high state of so-called civilization where the business of life can be at all carried on with one servant, comfortably with two, and perfectly with three. The huge paraphernalia of domestic service which eats up large fortunes in England is altogether alien to French home life; and if we except a few grand old French names, whenever you see a monster establishment of flunkies in Paris, you may be pretty sure the master of the house is either a *nouveau riche* or a foreigner. But I am not going to castigate Americans for this particular folly, of which, as a rule, they are very seldom guilty; those, at least, for whom I am writing—tourists and birds of passage. Those who are settled down in Paris do not need any advice from a resident, nor do I pretend to offer them any. But the former will not take it amiss if I give them a few hints concerning the way in which they lay themselves out to be robbed by all classes of money-makers, notably by servants, and concerning the extraordinary alacrity with which these latter respond to the invitation.

Most American ladies are sensible and independent enough to travel without the incumbrance of a maid; and really, considering the enormous amount of clothes which they carry about the world with them, I think they are entitled to some credit for so doing. Moreover, when they come to Paris and take a furnished apartment for some months—the winter, say—they are generally wise enough to keep clear of this one class, at least, of domestic plagues, and instead of hiring a smart *femme de chambre* to worry themselves and their hair, they dress it themselves, or they have a *coiffeur* to come in, sometimes every day, at fifteen francs a month or so, sometimes only occasionally, when the chignon wants "doing up" or extra embellishment for some festal occasion. We may, therefore, dismiss maids from the long list of devouring locusts who prey upon American purses in Paris, and turn to the cooks. Oh, the cooks! Where shall we begin with them! First and foremost, the grand mistake of most American families when they are looking out for a cook here is to ask for one who has lived with other Americans, and thus been initiated into American tastes and habits. This is a terrible fallacy. To have lived with Americans means, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, to be a bolder, more cunning, more unscrupulous, more experienced thief than other cooks. To have graduated in a school of extravagance and slovenliness and dirt—that may, indeed, qualify a cook for the service of benighted transatlantic victims, but utterly and inexorably shuts her out from a respectable native family. To have lived with Americans means to have had double wages, double waste of every sort. This is so well known that if a cook who has lived for long in that El Dorado of cooks, *une famille Américaine*, is driven, either from lack of freshly imported victims or weariness of constant change, to present herself for engagement in a French family, she will tell and do any number of lies rather than own to the damning antecedents; she will change her name, borrow false certificates, forge with the ready pen of the *écrivain public* letters of recommendation from some late master, who never existed, or never heard of her if he did; she will do and say any thing rather than admit she has lived with Americans. Sometimes the tricks succeed, and the traitor from the enemy's camp is taken in. If by-and-by some unlucky accident betrays her, and the murder comes out, she penitently confesses the little *ruse*, and excuses herself on the plea of necessity. "Madame would never have taken me; she would have been afraid, and she would have been right; American families are the ruin of most cooks, they are so extravagant, so careless. But there is an exception to every rule; I am that exception; I knew it, and I trusted madame to find it out."

But Americans know nothing of all this, and walk blindly to their fate, seeking as a treasure what they ought to shun as a pitfall. They do not know, for instance, that a cook who would never dream of asking more than fifty francs a month, including wine and washing, from a French family, will ask and get seventy without those items—which amount to ten francs a month extra—from Americans. And this is only the first-fruits of their bountiful harvest of pilferings in the *famille Américaine*. Her *bénéfices* are endless; their name is Legion; for American ladies who are here for a short time know little or nothing of French prices of provisions; and being too much absorbed in bonnets and other important pursuits to attend to such uninteresting matters as groceries and beef and mutton, they leave themselves entirely in the hands of their cook, and small mercy she shows them. Many Americans have a lazy, save-trouble habit of giving the cook so much per head a day for the expenses of the table. Of many demoralizing systems this is perhaps the most so. It is deplorable from every point of view. To the cook it gives a latitude for thieving which no cook with a Parisian soul will have the courage not to abuse far beyond the limits of recognized robbery, and for the masters it is lamentable because they are forced to eat bad dinners, for which they pay huge prices. But perhaps a moralist would regard this latter consequence as a species of retributive justice very much to be commended. I saw not long ago the result of the so-much-per-head system in a charming Boston family of my acquaintance. They were four in number, the father and mother and two young girls, and the cook had to provide a light breakfast of tea, bread-and-butter, and eggs at nine for them, no lunch, and a dinner at six. For this she had thirty-five francs a day. If a friend dropped in toward dinner hour, and was asked, after the hospitable Boston fashion, to stay and dine, six francs were put on, if two, twelve, and so on, though nothing was added to the *menu*. On one occasion I was invited to stay in this unceremonious way and join the family meal. It was composed of soup, stewed beef, a chicken *réchauffé*, *purée de pommes de terre*, and a chocolate cream. This was, with little variation, the daily *menu*. It happened to be badly cooked this day, cold, and altogether as comfortless a turn-out for forty-one francs as could well be provided. During the evening my hostess alluded to it, and to the little satisfaction she had in her cook, except that she was so honest and economical! This was too much for my gravity, and I laughed outright. My friend was blandly astonished at my incredulity; but she was still more so when, on counting up the details of the dinner, I proved to her that at the very outside it might have cost twelve francs. She was much disgusted with the dishonesty of the cook, whom she had looked upon as a treasure; but when I proposed the simple and rational alternative of sending her away and getting another who had not served her time to Americans, she replied: "It is such a bore changing; and, after all, what does it signify? The woman is a thief, but she is pleasant-mannered; then we are only to be here for the winter, and if we spend a thousand francs more or less, it will not ruin us." That it might ruin the cook, supposing that work not thoroughly accomplished already, never struck my friend for a moment. I tried to make her see the iniquity of her argument and the demoralizing effect of its practical application, but in vain. She was rich, and could afford to be robbed, and was too lazy and too indifferent to trouble herself about it. The cook remained on with her during her stay in Paris. When she was out of place, she coolly went round to the friends of her late employer, begging they would help her to a new one. We did so by earnestly recommending every person whom we thought likely to be taken in by her "pleasant manners" to have nothing to say to her. She remained a considerable time without a place, till at last kind fortune threw another batch of unsophisticated Americans in her way, and gave her scope and opportunity, I have no doubt, for amply repairing her shattered resources.

Let American families visiting Paris, then, once for all resolve to profit by the experience of their predecessors, and have nothing to say to cooks who give themselves out as "knowing how to do for Americans." Let them, as a rule, avoid cooks who advertise, and those who get placed by house-agents. These latter always have a stock of cooks on hand to palm off on the families who rent apartments from them: the cooks pay so much per cent. on their year's wages, and this is all that it concerns the agent to know about them; but it is sufficient moral proof to the agent of their sobriety, first-rate capabilities, cleanliness, good temper, etc., to enable him to guarantee all these perfections to the benighted victims from across the ocean. The safest way is to get a cook through the private recommendation of a resident who knows something of her antecedents. But strangers can not always do this, and the next best thing for them to do is to address themselves to some respectable hotel-keeper. But through whatever medium the cook comes, *let them make a verbal character from some late employer the sine qua non of an engagement*. Never be taken in by the old story, "My late masters are out of town." The character being satisfactorily vouched for, the next thing to ascertain is the amount of wages to be paid. These vary, of course, according to her abilities; but the kind of cook that travelers are likely to want—a good but not an accomplished one, who can make good soups, *entrées*, and sweet dishes—ought to have *fifty francs, inclusive of wine and washing*. As to preventing her robbing altogether, that is a moral and material impossibility not to be contemplated; but with certain precautions, the robbery may be kept within reasonable bounds. If, for instance, an American housekeeper does not like the trouble of buying her own groceries, fowls, etc., she may surely, for conscience sake, and out of mercy to her poorer fellow-creatures, inform herself occasionally of the current prices of things, and thus have a check over the cook, who will not dare put down a chicken ten francs if she knows that her mistress has priced chickens the day before, and ascertained that the best can be had for five francs. Then, again, let her insist on having her *livre de cuisine*, as they call it, brought to her regularly every day, as French ladies do, and not every week, like most of those dreadful Americans. This is a serious check to the pilfering, for no large item can be put down that has not really been bought if the mistress sees the list of her expenses daily.

Coal is a large item in Paris housekeeping. Where there is a stove, coke can be best employed, and will be found most economical. Charcoal is used in the *réchauds*, and is a ruinously expensive fuel. Partly on this account, and partly because it is easy to light, and gives them no trouble, the cooks burn it with lavish extravagance; or if they don't waste it exorbitantly, they pretend they do, and charge accordingly. I have known an unfortunate American family charged for charcoal at a rate that would have cooked a lord mayor's dinner every day for six families. All fuel included, it may be taken on

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an average that *a franc a day* will keep up a good kitchen range for a family of from six to ten people.

Water, in houses where it is not laid on, is another grand opportunity for robbing. It is brought up by a *porteur d'eau*, a *voie* at a time—a *voie* is two large pailfuls, and costs three sous. Eight *voies*, or sixteen large buckets, a day ought to be a fair supply of water for an ordinary family; the cost of water would consequently be *twenty-four sous a day*. Yet I knew, not long ago, an American lady charged thirty francs a day for water by her cook. If every member of the family had taken two swimming-baths a day, they could not have got through such a supply. It was only on the eve of their departure that they discovered how they had been plundered by their servants; it was too late to profit by the discovery, and their indignation was loud and bitter. Knowing, however, how completely the what-does-it-matter system had presided over the domestic arrangements of the family, I felt little compassion for them when the day of reckoning came, and, like Job's comforter, I answered, in parliamentary language, Serve you right! I was actually unfeeling enough to reproach them with their evil ways, to attribute their misfortunes to laziness and a culpable absence of any sense of responsibility toward the people they employed, and whom they, in every possible way, tempted to rid them of their surplus dollars. My friend was at heart a sensible woman; she acknowledged the justice of my reproaches, and promised to atone as far as she could for her wickedness by giving the benefit of her own experience, whenever an opportunity afforded, to such of her countrywomen as had not visited Paris. She even ended by observing, very emphatically, "I only wonder you Europeans don't hate the sight of an American in your cities, for it is quite evident we do all in our power to demoralize your servants, and make them good for nothing forever after."

GRACE RAMSAY.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales has called forth a general expression of sympathy throughout the world, and especially in the United States, which has not forgotten the visit paid it eleven years ago by Albert Edward, then a stripling fresh from college. The excellent portrait which we give herewith is from a photograph lately taken in London, and pronounced a fine likeness.

The first news of the Prince's illness was not such as to cause any uneasiness; but as soon as the word typhoid was heard, the resemblance of the disease to the brief illness which proved fatal to his father produced a general uneasiness. The disorder is supposed to have manifested itself first November 13. In a few days it assumed a dangerous form; but the first crisis passed, and the patient seemed to be progressing favorably. More than three weeks after the first seizure, when all danger seemed passed, he suddenly relapsed, and lay for a week hovering between life and death, given up by the physicians, his relatives, the press, and the whole world, who awaited with feverish anxiety the hourly bulletins that were expected to announce his death. Never, perhaps, since the sickness of Louis, surnamed—it would seem in derision—the Beloved, has prince fought so long and so hard a fight for life and finally triumphed. Let us hope that the parallel may not be continued to the end, and that when Albert Edward comes to his kingdom he will not reign after the fashion of Louis XV.

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was born at Buckingham Palace, London, on the 9th of November, 1841, and is consequently in his thirty-first year. He was carefully educated, and after a course of preparatory training, studied one session at Edinburgh, a year at Oxford, and two terms at Cambridge. His conduct as a student seems to have been exemplary, as testified to by Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster. On his seventeenth birthday he was appointed colonel in the army. He afterward went to Rome, where he studied for several months, and by his special request was presented to the Pope, it being the first time that a prince royal of the house of Hanover had been received by the Holy Father.

In the summer of 1860 the Prince visited Canada and the United States under the title of Baron Renfrew, accompanied by the Duke of Newcastle. The excitement attendant on the present visit of the Grand Duke Alexis revives many memories of this occasion in the minds of those who witnessed the ovation offered by our people to the first English prince who had come among them since William IV., then a young sailor in the British navy, visited them in the guise of a foe. Two years later he traveled in the East, visiting Egypt and the Holy Land, and returning through Austria, Germany, and France. In February, 1863, he took his seat in the House of Lords. On the 10th of the following month he married the Princess Alexandra, daughter of the King of Denmark, and sister to the wife of the heir-apparent to the throne of Russia. This marriage was very popular in England, and the English people, in all their estrangement from their future king, have always been enthusiastically loyal to the beautiful Princess of Wales. Six children have been born of this union, of which five are living: Albert Victor, born in 1864; George, born in 1865; Louise, born in 1867; Alexandra, born in 1868; and Augusta, born in 1869. On the occasion of his marriage, Sandringham, a country residence about a hundred and twenty miles from London, was purchased for the Prince of Wales, and it was here that he was attacked by the fever.

The illness of the Prince is supposed to have been contracted during a visit to Lord Londesborough, at Scarborough, where a party of gentlemen had been invited for the hunting season. Lord Chesterfield, another member of the party, and a groom named Blegg, have since died of the same fever, christened enteric by the physicians, to distinguish it from other forms of typhoid. The cause is supposed to have been the defective sewerage of the place. The disease is precisely the same as that which caused the death of Prince Albert, and arose from the same cause—it having been discovered after the death of the latter that fumes from a leaky sewer penetrated a study where the Prince Consort was in the habit of spending much of his time.

At the moment of writing the Prince of Wales is pronounced out of danger, though his convalescence is lingering and tedious, and is further protracted by the appearance of a tumor on the side. His youth and exceptionally vigorous constitution have done for him, thus far, what no medical skill could do, and seem to contradict the wide-spread impression that he came to the encounter enfeebled by a profligate life. But this insidious disease has many windings, and it is impossible to feel quite safe while a vestige of it still lingers in the system.



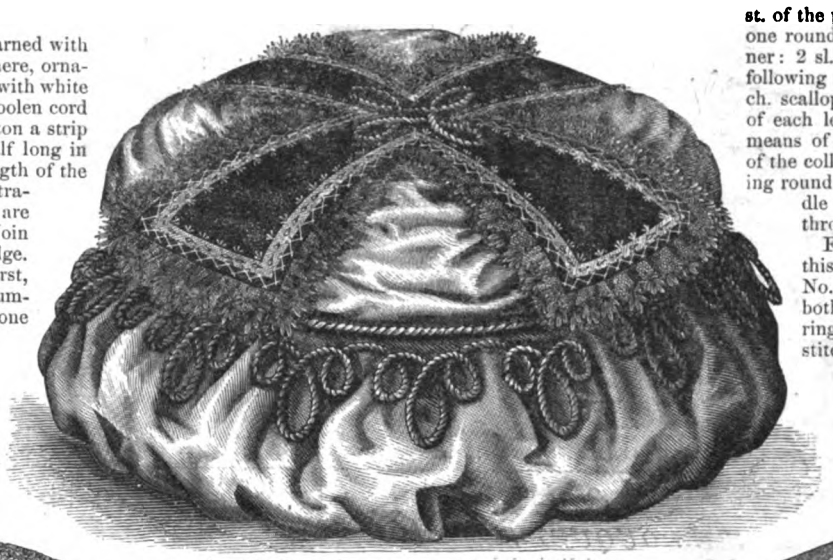
THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Should the Prince of Wales die, his eldest son, Albert Victor, who is now eight years old, would be heir to the throne of England; and should Queen Victoria die before he attained his majority, the government would be administered by a regency. The English people, with their instinctive dread of an unstable state of affairs, shrink from this contingency with a fear which has intensified their anxiety for the Prince's recovery. But great is the natural conservatism of the great majority in England; and the interests not only of the nobility, but of the middle classes at large, the agriculturists, the merchants, the tradesmen, the professional men, the students, and, indeed, all but the artisans and the lowest classes, depend on maintaining order and supporting the government. In this constitutional monarchy, therefore, wherein the sovereign plays a part little more important than the *rois fainéants* of ancient France, it is quite possible that even the dreaded regency would cause but a transient agitation.

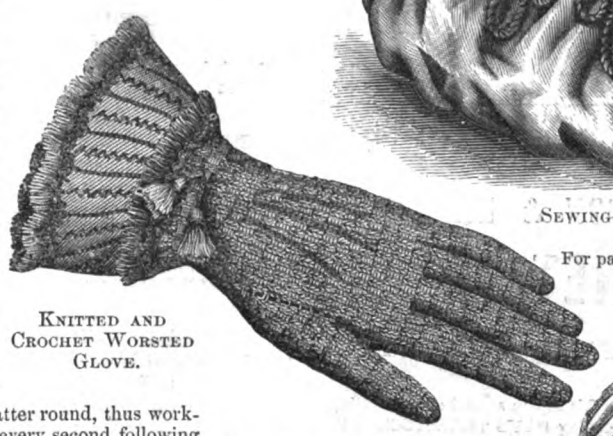
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Netted Clothes-Bag.

THIS clothes-bag is netted with white cotton and darned with red. The lower, leaf-shaped covering is of red cashmere, ornamented in button-hole stitch and herring-bone stitch with white twisted cotton, and furnished with an agrafe of red woolen cord with tassels. To make the bag work with white cotton a strip twenty inches wide and thirty-eight inches and a half long in diagonal netting. Darn this strip crosswise (the length of the bag) with red cotton in the design given in the illustration on page 44. (The threads that cross each other are slipped through the threads of the foundation.) Join the ends of the netted part, and gather the under edge. For the lace on the upper edge of the bag work, first, with cotton on a mesh three-fifths of an inch in circumference, five rounds, then with coarse knitting cotton one round on a mesh an inch and one-fifth in circumference, and one round on the narrow mesh; in the latter round each stitch of the preceding round is turned twice. Work one more round on the narrow mesh with the fine cotton, and, finally, with coarse cotton, one round on a mesh four-fifths of an inch in circumference; always pass over one stitch in the latter round, thus working one knot on every second following stitch of the preceding round. Darn this lace also with red cotton in point de reprise, working on the holes of the third and fifth rounds, and on every second following hole in the round before the last. To close the bag draw fine red worsted braid, the ends of which are trimmed with red worsted tassels, through the holes in the first round of the lace. Cut two pieces of red cashmere and net lining from Fig. 50, Supplement, button-hole stitch each piece on the outer edge with white twisted cotton, and with similar cotton work the lines indicated on the pattern in herring-bone stitch. Finally, trim both pieces with an agrafe of red woolen cord, the ends of which are trimmed with tassels. Sew the pieces trimmed in this manner on the bag.



SEWING-WEIGHT, WITH CASE FOR SEWING UTENSILS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 21.



KNITTED AND CROCHET WORSTED GLOVE.



VELVET AND KID KITCHEN GLOVE.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVII., Fig. 49.

Crochet and Tatted and Needle-work Collars for Children, Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET COLLAR. This collar is worked with crochet cotton, No. 80. Crochet the leaves first, making a foundation of 9 ch. (chain stitch) for each, and on this work always from left to right (not from right to left as usually), passing over the last 3 st. (stitch), 6 sl. (slip stitch), then 1 ch., and going forward on the other side of the foundation, 6 sl. on the next 6 foundation st. This completes the first round, which is worked on both sides of the foundation. 2d round.—Turn the work, crochet 3 ch., 1 sl. on each sl. of the preceding round, work 1 sl. also on the first ch. in the middle of the preceding round, then 1 ch.; leave the last sl. of the preceding round unnoticed in the second round only. Work 19 more rounds like the second; the last of these, however, only reaches to the middle of the preceding round; then the thread is fastened and cut off. When the requisite number of leaves has been worked crochet on the upper edge of the leaves (last round) one round of sl., 3 ch. between every two leaves. On this round work one round of always alternately 1 dc. (double crochet) on the next sl. of the preceding round, 1 ch., with this pass over 1 st. At the end of the round crochet 5 ch., then on the outer edge of the leaves always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next 3 ch. of the leaf, 5 ch.; after the sc. which has been worked on the last 3 ch. of one leaf, work 1 sc. on the first 3 ch. of a new leaf; in doing this the leaves are joined. Work 3 ch., and fasten to the first dc. with 1 sl. In connection with this round work one round on the upper edge of the collar, as follows: 1 p. (picot) of 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these, with the p. pass over 1 st. of the preceding round, 1 sl. on the next st. of the preceding round. Without cutting the thread off, work one round of scallops all around the collar in the following manner: 2 sl. on the next 2 st. of the next ch. scallop, 1 sc. on the following st., then always alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the next ch. scallop. On the under edge of the collar fasten 1 ch. scallop of each leaf to the corresponding scallop of the next leaf by means of 1 sc. as shown by the illustration; on the upper edge of the collar the sc. are always crocheted on the p. of the preceding round; work sl. on the upper corner of the collar to the middle of the first p. there. Finally, draw velvet or silk ribbon through the round of double crochet in the collar.

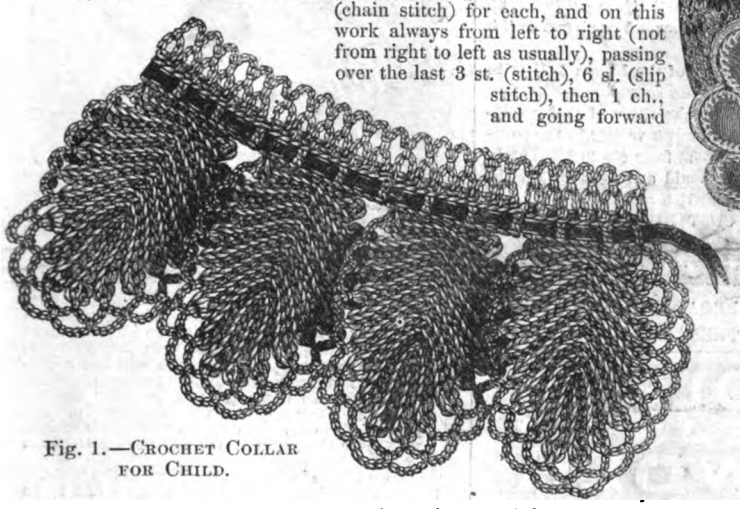
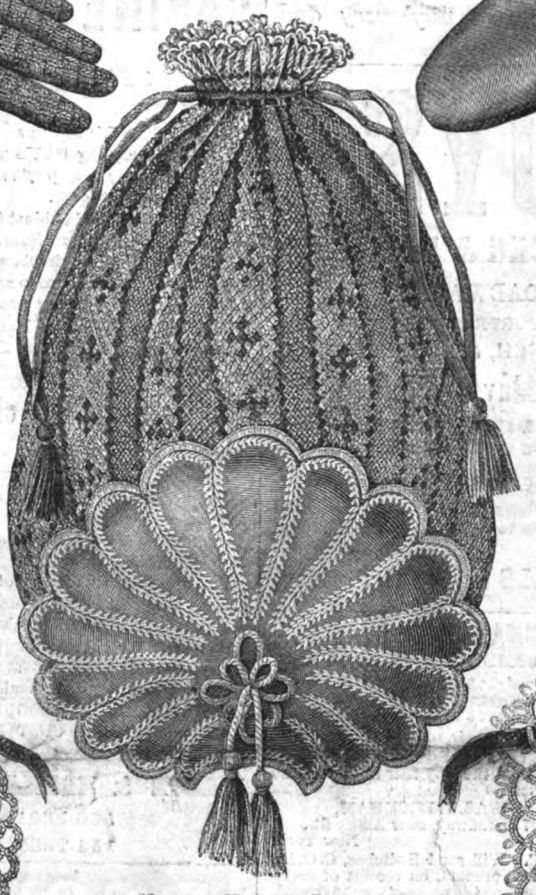


Fig. 1.—CROCHET COLLAR FOR CHILD.



NETTED CLOTHES-BAG.
[See Page 44.]
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 50.

Fig. 2.—Tatted and Needle-work Collar.—For this collar work the rings and scallops with tatting cotton, No. 80, and with two threads (shuttles), as follows: Tie both threads together, * work with one thread only one ring of 5 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), and three times alternately 1 p. (picot), 5 ds. Turn the work, and close to the ring, on the foundation thread, work one scallop of 2 ds., twice alternately 1 p., 3 ds.; 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, and repeat eight times more from *, but fasten the rings, instead of forming their first p., to the last p. of the ring previously worked, and, besides this, enlarge the 6th, 7th, and 8th scallops each by 2 ds. (see illustration). Work four times more alternately one ring as before and one scallop of 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds., then one more ring; this completes one tab. Loop both working threads about each other, and for the scallop between two tabs work on the foundation thread 5 ds., 1 p., 5 ds. Again loop the working threads about each other, and then work a tab as before, but now work the first four scallops of the tab as shown by the illustration, and fasten to the scallops of the preceding tab. When the requisite number of tabs has been worked in this manner (the last tab is worked on the front edge like the first), work, going forward on the upper edge of the collar, one round of rings and scallops. Inside of each tab fasten an embroidery figure, and through the upper edge of the collar draw colored silk or velvet ribbon.

Point Lace Cover for Fan.

THE illustration shows the middle part of a cover for a fan, which is worked on fine Brussels tulle with point lace braid and fine guipure cord. To make the cover transfer the design shown by the illustration, and completed on Fig. 26, Supplement, to paper or linen, and on this baste a piece of tulle of the suitable size; then run on the different kinds of point lace braid, observing the illustration, without passing the needle through the foundation. Run the edges of the small round dots with fine thread, and button-hole stitch them closely. Separate the tulle from the foundation, and fasten the point lace braid once more on the under side with long overhand stitches of fine thread, at the same time edging the figures with fine guipure cord, or a thread of coarse tatting cotton, which is laid on at the outside of the work, and fastened from the under side. Cut away the tulle underneath the wider braid, and work the lace stitches and button-hole stitch bars with fine thread as shown by the illustration; trim the embroidery on the under edge with woven picots. The cover can be used for an old fan frame.

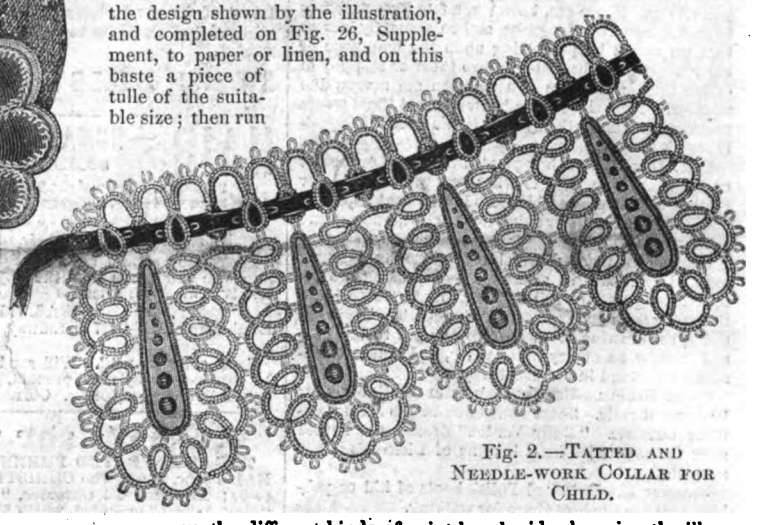
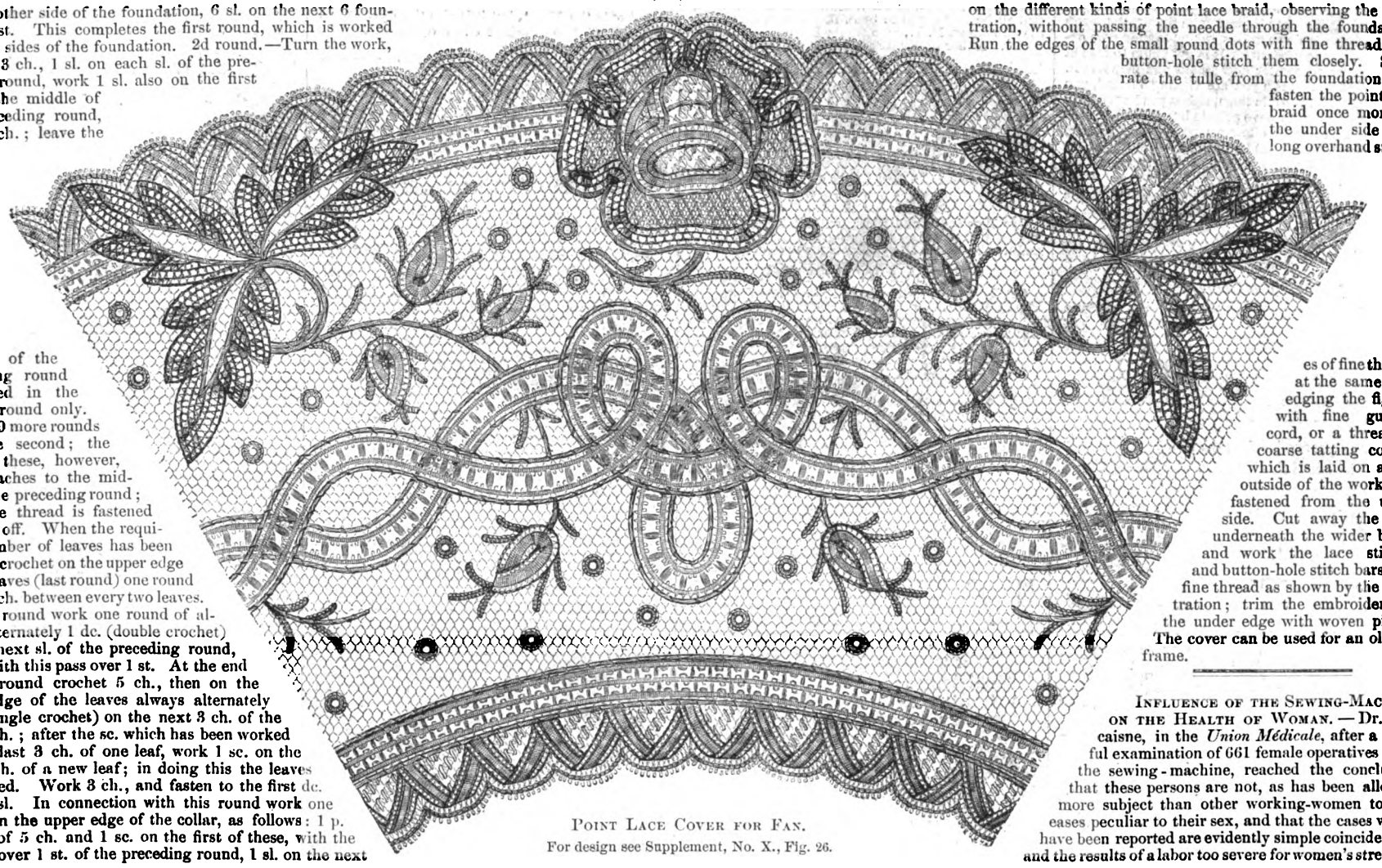


Fig. 2.—TATTED AND NEEDLE-WORK COLLAR FOR CHILD.



POINT LACE COVER FOR FAN.
For design see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 26.

INFLUENCE OF THE SEWING-MACHINE ON THE HEALTH OF WOMAN.—Dr. Decaisne, in the *Union Médicale*, after a careful examination of 661 female operatives upon the sewing-machine, reached the conclusion that these persons are not, as has been alleged, more subject than other working-women to diseases peculiar to their sex, and that the cases which have been reported are evidently simple coincidences, and the results of a labor too severe for women's strength.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NINA.—The best way to curl straight hair without injury is to wrap it in papers in the old-fashioned way.

M. N. S.—The money has been received, and the *Bazar* mailed to your sister at Shanghai.

MISS L. R. H.—A cover for a year's file of the *Bazar* costs 75 cents. A binder will put it on for about the same price.

FROSTBURG.—Pleating made by hand is far more stylish than fluting done by machinery—indeed, the latter is scarcely used at all. Tear the strips for pleating straight across from selvedge to selvedge.

M. F. M.—Your fringe is appropriate for mourning. We send suit pattern for girl of fourteen with basque. We have no pattern for girl of that age with waist fastening behind. See New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 2, Vol. V., for hints about girls' dresses.

WINNIE R.—We can not say positively, but we believe the polonaise will continue in vogue. It is exceedingly becoming to "dumpy" figures. Trim with fringe and passementerie. The pattern sent you is a good model.

J. E. S.—We know nothing of the article mentioned further than what we read in the advertisement.

M. S. B.—Make your alpaca dress by pattern of Plain-waist House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. As it is for mourning, put folds and kilt pleats only for trimming.

CORA N.—A club may be formed of old and new subscribers together, and of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* promiscuously.

M. S.—Sew three tapes each three fingers long to the back of your belt, one in the middle, the others four inches from it, work a button-hole at the end of each tape; sew a button on the wrong side of the skirt in the middle of each of the three back breadths, and about three-quarters of a yard from the top. When buttoned to the tapes, if this makes the skirt too short and too bouffant, remove the buttons and place them higher; if too long, sew the buttons lower. We can not tell you how to restore discolored velvet.

MRS. M. L.—Surplice-neck dresses are very much worn.

ANNA.—Read answer above to "J. E. S." We know of no book such as you ask for.

MRS. P. N. W.—Two numbers of the *Bazar* are sent one year for $7.

L. L. H.—We can furnish back numbers of the *Bazar*.

E. E.—We did not give the address. Any fancy store advertising in our columns will supply you.

A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER.—Pale buff and rose-colored damask is sometimes used for the tea-table.—As funerals are not usually held in a dining-room, we have never considered the propriety or otherwise of removing the silver from the buffet during a funeral.

I. G.—The *Bazar* avoids foreign words, and confines itself "to the English language almost exclusively," as you advise. There are, however, a few French words ingrafted upon our language, and so generally known that we would be presuming upon the ignorance of our readers if we hesitated to use them or stopped to define them, and those you mention are among the number. *You* evidently understand what these words mean, and we fancy the average "rural mind" is equally well informed.

ELIZA DOUGLAS.—A box-pleated waist and over-skirt of cashmere or alpaca is what you want. Send for pattern of box-pleated blouse. It will cost 25 cents, and will have an upper skirt, lower skirt, and mantle pattern also.

UNSOPHISTICATED.—Formal receptions by a newly married pair both in afternoon and evening are attended by guests in full evening dress. There is no unusual ceremony expected of the guests. Upon entering the drawing-room they go at once to the host and hostess, as at any other party, and amuse themselves afterward in the usual way.

DOTTY DIMPLE.—Use farmer's satin for lining your Watteau mantle. Short chatelaine braids are not entirely obsolete. "Dolly Varden" dresses are named after the coquettish little heroine of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge."

HARRIET H.—Buttoned Polish boots of kid or pebbled goat are the best shoes for walking.

ALICE.—A passing introduction does not oblige you to recognize the person thereafter on the street, though it is courteous to do so unless you have a tangible objection to his acquaintance. It is not polite to read at a small party, no matter how stupid you may find it. If callers come in when you are visiting a friend, you should stay and entertain them, unless you have reason to suppose that they have private business with your hostess. You should allow a gentleman to precede you up stairs, and show him the way on arriving at the top. You usually take leave of your visitors at the parlor door.

A FRIEND.—You are perfectly justified in asking a gentleman who comes to you with sufficient credentials, either on New-Year's or any other day, to call again, if you desire to continue his acquaintance.

HOW DELIGHTFUL

It is to be able to remove all the disfigurements from the skin, such as tan, freckles, moth-patches, etc. The delightful and harmless toilet preparation known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" will effectually remove all such blemishes without the fear of injuring the skin. It will leave the skin smooth, clear, and transparently beautiful. Sold at all druggists and fancy-goods dealers. Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE is not greasy or sticky. As a hair-dressing it stands peerless and alone.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MADAME VICTORINE'S **CAMILLA POWDER** for the Complexion is pronounced to be the most wonderful beautifier of the skin ever before known. Its harmlessness is guaranteed by the best medical men in New York. $1 Package lasts two months. Sold by H. W. ATTWOOD, 846 Broadway, N. Y. Sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of price.



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Viz., *Mikado*, a pale chamois tint; the *Camée*, or flesh tint; *Fleur de Violette*; *Fleur de Rose*; and the *Ciel d'hiver*, or winter sky, a delicate blue tint; together with the popular White Bordered *Eau du Nil*, are now ready and for sale at all the principal stationery stores. Also, a new style of *Sombre-Tinted Gray Mourning Paper*, in the *different widths* and *new designs* of *black bordering*.

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Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

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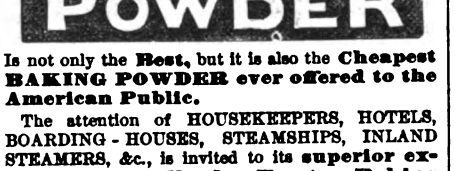
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THE DELICATE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

ALPHONSE (*who has had an attack of the Mother-in-law Evil*). "Parbleu, Madame, it is not ze trouble zat your Daughter is my Wife. Non! It is because she is not Orphan when she is Married to me!"



OUR BEAUTIFUL GAS.

OLD GENTLEMAN. "George, why don't you light the Gas?"
GEORGE. "It is lighted, Sir."
OLD GENTLEMAN. "Then why don't you put it out? I can't see to do any thing!"

FACETIÆ.

To flatter a person adroitly, one must know three things—what they are, what they think they are, and what they want other people to think they are.

THE CHEAPEST WINE YOU CAN DRINK—The wine of other people.

SMOKED OUT.—A paper says, "Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of 100; she was an orphan." We can hardly say she was Virginia Cut—off in her prime. She had exceeded the allotted age by a something—to put it classically, a *quid!*

If speech is silver and silence gold, how much is a dumb man worth?

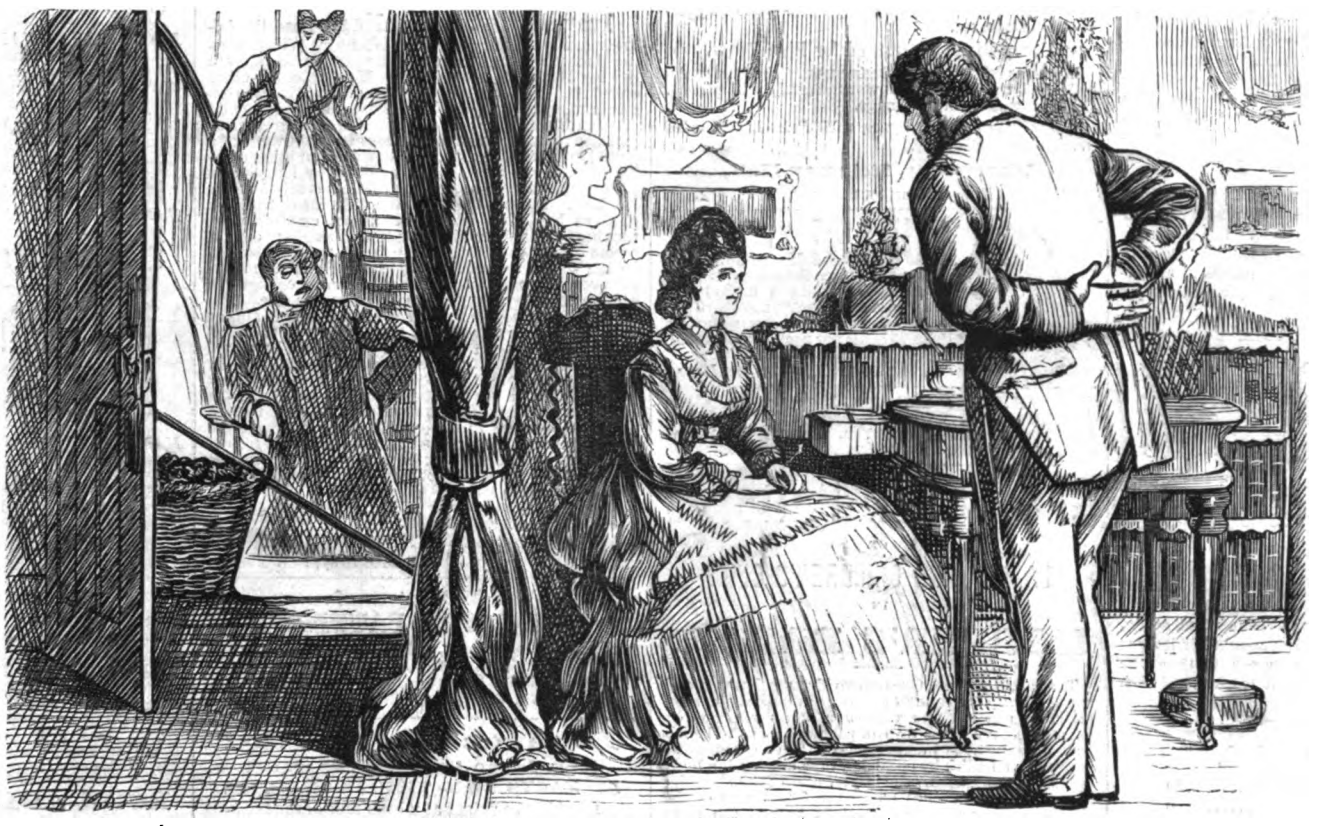
THE REAL YELLOW FEVER—Greed for gold.

A "reliable gentleman" of California relates that he picked up two water-snakes which had partially swallowed each other. Each snake had commenced swallowing the other's tail, and they continued the operation until their heads met.

TO LADIES.—Never kiss a swearer: it's catching.

An old lady told her son to list the door in order to keep out the wind. "That will make it worse," he replied; "for you well know the wind bloweth where it listeth."

LAPS OF TIME—Old coat tails.



CHIVALRY IN THE PANTRY. (A FACT.)

"Please, Ma'am, me an' Coachman's regular Wore Out with them Coals. Carryin' of 'em up between us in that Basket makes our Backs and Chests hake dreadful!"
"Well, Buggins, what do they do in other Families? I suppose they have Fires in this Weather?"
"Oh yes, Ma'am! But then the Maids mostly carries up their Coals theirselves!"

A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year-old hopeful a fishing tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and running out, found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother; she will stop when she gets to the pole."

DEAD-LOCKS—False curls.

Pillows, though not belonging to the human species, come under the head of rational beings.

What fruit is the most visionary?—The apple of the eye.

"What can you expect from a pig but a grunt?" sings Mr. Tupper or some other proverbist. We should say, "What can you hope from an ox but *low* language?"

DRINKING FREELY—Doing it on tick.

A REVOLVER—The earth.

TEACHER (*to very sharp pupil*). "Tommy, what is an island?"
TOMMY. "Land surrounded by water, Sir."
TEACHER. "Right, Tommy. Now which is the largest island in the world?"
TOMMY. "Africa, Sir."
TEACHER. "Nonsense, boy; Africa is a continent."
TOMMY. "Please, Sir, no, Sir; not since De Lesseps cut the Suez Canal."
Teacher looks discomfited.



TOO POLITE BY HALF.

CONDUCTOR. "Move up there, and make a place for this *Old Lady*."
[*The Party has since been heard to complain of the insolence of the Conductor.*



MISTRESS. "By the way—Anna—Hannah—I'm not sure. Is your Name 'Anna' or 'Hannah?'"
NEW COOK (*tartly*). "Which my Name is Anna, Mum—Haitch, Ha, Hen, Hen, Ha, Haitch—'Anna.'"
MISTRESS (*giving it up in despair*). "Ah! Thank you."

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Bedell

HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 4.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

Fig. 1.—STREET SUIT. Fig. 2.—STREET SUIT. Fig. 3.—SACQUE WRAPPER (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). Fig. 4.—HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Sacque Wrapper, graded to fit any Figure, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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BROKEN FLOWERS.

'TWAS years ago: one summer eve,
While walking out with Jane,
To take a lover's farewell leave,
Down in the shady lane,
I, careless, crushed a tiny flower—
I did not mind it then;
It was a heedless act of power,
A common thing with men.

We parted; there were words unkind;
Her eyes were filled with tears,
And I was proud and rough and blind;
But, oh! the after-years!
Two voices, like my shadow, haunt
My way at every step—
The sighing of the murdered plant,
The wail of her who wept.

I crushed a flower, I killed a heart;
And now, where'er I go,
I find myself a thing apart,
With "heritage of woe."
Whene'er a little flower I meet,
It bends its head away,
Shrinks from my sacrilegious feet,
And crouches to the clay;

And then it sounds a little moan—
I heard it in the lane
That dreadful night so long agone,
When I was there with Jane.
But now I never crush a flower,
Nor pluck one from its stalk,
And all are safe in field or bower,
Wherever I may walk.

Ah! flowers forgive, but hearts do not:
Human inhuman all are we:
I don't believe Jane had a thought
That was not all of love for me;
And yet I crushed her like the plant,
With coward doubts about her truth;
And since, my only prayer is, grant
Forgiveness for the sins of youth!

Ladies' and Children's House and Street Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—STREET SUIT of golden-brown velours, with basque-waist and double skirt, trimmed with side-pleated flounces headed with a bias strip of the material corded with satin, and a narrow box-pleated ruffle. Brown velvet round hat.

Fig. 2.—STREET SUIT, with polonaise, of myrtle green silk, trimmed with flounces and folds of the material. The polonaise has revers of a darker shade of silk. Myrtle green velvet hat and gauze veil.

Fig. 3.—SACQUE WRAPPER (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This wrapper is of gray poplin, trimmed with a wide Spanish flounce and black velvet bands. It is cut to fit the form in an easy, graceful manner without being confined at the waist. The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest, drawing it rather tightly. No other measure is required. If the size is an odd number of inches, say 37, send for 38, and take the seams deeper in sewing.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern is in five pieces—front, back, pocket, sleeve, and cuff. The fronts are cut wide and round on the middle from the neck to the waist, which is cut hollow, and gives ease and grace to the figure. The backs are quite narrow, and fitted by a seam in the middle. The plain coat sleeve fits the arm rather loosely, and is finished with a deep pointed cuff. The neck is corded, and finished with a velvet band. The pockets are sewed on the outside of the wrapper, and edged with velvet. The pattern is cut of the full length, and can be made with or without the flounce. The skirt can be cut at the line of perforations extending around it, and the flounce attached; or the flounce can be sewed on at the perforations, as preferred. The bottom of the flounce is bound; the top is gathered, and headed by velvet three inches wide, which is continued from the top of the flounce to the neck, an inch on each side of the middle. The wrapper is closed with ten velvet buttons. Cut the fronts and backs with the longest parts laid lengthwise of the goods. In sewing in the sleeves, place the longest seam at the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you while sewing it in. Put the pattern together by the notches. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, to place the pockets, to sew on the flounce, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeves. The flounce may be cut either straight or on the bias, and is three times the width of the skirt, measuring from the line of perforations. The fronts are to be faced instead of hemmed. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all other seams. If the sleeves are too long or short, add to or take from the top and bottom an equal quantity, keeping the same shape. Lengthen or shorten the skirt at the bottom.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, full length, 9 yards.

Extra for flounce, 15 inches deep, 5 yards.

Quantity, with skirt cut off and flounce attached, 12 yards.

Velvet for trimming, 8 yards.

Buttons, 10.

Fig. 4.—STREET SUIT of navy blue serge, with darker strips woven in, and trimmed with knotted fringe.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD. Under-skirt of blue and white striped silk, trimmed with two bias flounces. Blue poplin over dress, trimmed with black velvet ribbon. Tucked Swiss muslin chemisette.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1872.

☞ THE ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT furnished gratuitously to our readers with this Number of the BAZAR contains a Novelette of thrilling interest, with two engravings, entitled "COLONEL CLIVE'S WIFE;" a beautiful full-page illustration of "DOLLY VARDEN AT HER LOOKING-GLASS;" a fine engraving, "THE HOUR, BUT NOT THE MAN;" and other interesting matter.

☞ The Publishers would call attention to the series of Literary and Pictorial SUPPLEMENTS issued gratuitously with HARPER'S BAZAR, and containing brilliant Stories, Poems, and Essays, by the most eminent writers of Europe and America, with splendid illustrations from the pencils of distinguished artists. The BAZAR, with its tasteful fashions, graphic pictures, and sparkling literature, is confessedly the fullest, as well as the most entertaining and practically useful, Family Journal in the country.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the graceful Lady's Sacque Wrapper, illustrated on the First Page of this Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 71.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Girls' and Boys' Skating Suits, Ladies' Evening and Ball Dresses, Opera Cloaks, Paletots, Lingerie, Evening Coiffures, Bonnets, Children's Hats, Glove-Boxes, Work-Bags, Purses, Fire-Screens, Watch-Cases, Work-Boxes, Rugs, Laundry Books, etc., etc.*

THE FEMININE CHARM.

WE lately read in a contemporaneous magazine, with much more to the same purport, the following statement: "We are still forced to believe that the average woman writer, magazinist, poet, journalist, lecturer, or what not, is by certain evident but remorseless laws of natural compensation usually forced to take her choice between literary efficiency on the one hand, and any high degree of feminine grace and charm, as careless people rate such things, on the other."

There is a great deal of this sort of talk abroad in the world, and it is so pre-eminently false that we should scarcely think it worth while to notice it, were it not for the harm it is capable of doing in fostering any neglect of feminine grace and charm which may exist in the beginning with the literary woman as with any other woman.

We warn the young person, then, who loves nature, and is fired by emulation of the art with which some poet interprets her, who loves human nature, and would explore its shadows and take pleasure in its gayeties, who loves philosophy and is capable of elucidating its mysteries, who finds herself possessed of a talent for politics or the platform, that there is no remorseless law which forces her to choose between literary efficiency and feminine charm, or in pursuing her studies, her accomplishments, her work, to diminish an iota of her personal care, and that assertion of the existence of such a law is the merest idle rodomontade. We warn her that though she study Sanscrit, and all the exact sciences, she must have her hair as snarly as the fashion is, her dress as picturesque, and that she may not be lost in any Buddha-like abstraction as a student till she has first remembered that she is a woman. Let her not lay any such flattering unction to her soul as that of the remorseless law aforesaid, but remember that from SAPPHO down to FANNY BURNEY literary efficiency and feminine charm have been so frequently combined that the absence of the latter where the former existed has been a thing to excite remark and reprehension. Let her recall, to say nothing of the more distant past, the women of her own and of the last generation. Were Mrs. HEMANS, Miss MITFORD, Mrs. SOUTHEY, Miss LANDON, Mrs. SHELLEY, BETTINA VON ARNIM, women destitute of any high degree of feminine grace and charm? On the contrary, while their literary efficiency was at the high-water mark of their sex at the epoch in which they lived, their feminine grace and charm were in every instance unquestioned. And the same might be said of most of their compeers. For be it understood that beauty is the gift to one woman in a universe of women, be she the prodigy or be she the dunce of her generation; but for the rest it is no arbitrary matter, but rather one of discipline—discipline of the nature and of the body. A woman may have a huge nose, a speckled skin, a hump between her shoulders, even, and let her manners be gentle, her voice tuneful, her eye soft, her instincts kind, and her womanly power is complete enough; while of the historical women noted for grace and charm and conquest, not one in twenty has been equally noted for beauty. Was CHARLOTTE BRONTË, though no beauty certainly, destitute of feminine charm? Is ANNE THACKERAY, who takes little alien orphans into her home and heart, and makes herself a mother to them? Was ALICE CARY? Is ANNA DICKINSON, who stands at the head of the lecture lists in this country—a circumstance implying some literary efficiency? One would hardly say so who saw her lovely face, with its skin like a tea-rose petal, with its eyes like jewels, and watched her bowl down hearts as if they were nine-pins. Is Mrs. HOWE destitute of feminine charm, with that clear-cut, cameo-like profile of hers, with those high-bred manners, with that voice of most musical intonation—a woman whom men fall before, and by whom they submit to be instructed on wonderfully recondite themes, as if she were the modern HYPATIA, and whose baby-talk, for aught we know, was Greek? We might go on enumerating forever, for, being blessed with the acquaintance of a sufficient number of the literary women of the day to be able to strike a fair average, we feel qualified to assert that the muses are not cultivated by them at the expense of the graces, that lofty thoughts and studies have only illumined and ennobled their faces without robbing them of contour or of color, while superior intelligence, added to the always feminine quality of tact, has refined and purified their manners; nor do we see that age, which comes to all, though it strip away the soft curve and the bloom from them as from others, can impair their womanliness.

It is only the other day that we were in the midst of a cluster of our literary women—half a dozen whose names are well known and acknowledged—where the charming parlors, the perfect dressing where soft lights and shades were delicately mingled, the sweet ringing voices, the fine and sparkling dialogue, made the hour and scene delightful; and remembering the long-lived superstition that has for so many years burdened the woman who dared to lift the pen that belongs to her master, we asked ourselves then how long, because MARGARET FULLER was near-sighted, and HARRIET MARTINEAU deaf, and Madame DE STAËL ugly, shall all literary women be anathema maranatha?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Drop of Honey.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I do not remember that I have ever mentioned to you or to any of my young friends the name of my aunt Melissa, whom I so tenderly remember. Of course it is always a little strange to gentlemen of your age that gentlemen of mine should have had still older relations. We all know that it must have been so, as we know that some day we must die, but we do not "make it real to us," as my aunt Melissa used to say when she was speaking of the marriage of some of her friends—for my aunt was unmarried, and was, indeed, one of those benevolent spinsters who seem to be every body's aunt. Nor was it surprising, for her heart was as ample as her person, and all young people turned to her as naturally and confidingly as if she had been their fairy godmother, as she was mine. She was older than my mother, whose sister she was, and she was, so to speak, the buffer between parental severity and the younglings who were its object. She softened the shock of collision, and I have often thought since those old days of my young years that both sides were very glad of that kind intermediary.

It is most natural that I should have been thinking of her this Christmas season, as, indeed, I do at all Christmas seasons and happy holidays, for this was her great festival. She told us prodigious legends of Santa Claus, and we believed implicitly; but I remember distinctly that a time came when I was sure that Santa Claus was but a synonym for Melissa, and that his venerable beard was only a disguise for the graded chin of my fond aunt. I never attributed to her the small volumes of useful lessons which, with my name written on the fly-leaf, graced the Christmas table; but the tin soldiers which Santa Claus conveyed to me when my years seemed to indicate a maturer taste, which was yet so very elemental that my heart still leaped to see the gorgeous uniforms, and the candies and comfits which bulged the stocking hung by the chimney, and the little boxes and devices of every kind that opened only to reveal sugar-plums—all these I knew to be Aunt Melissa as certainly as if her name had been written all over them.

But if her memory is always green when the shop windows begin to fill with Christmas delights, it was peculiarly so this year when I was strolling through the streets upon my annual holiday tour of inspection, and suddenly saw a huge jar hanging at a grocer's door, labeled "Honey from Hybla." That is a kind of advertisement which I never investigate. If I see such a label, "Honey from Hybla," or "Snow from the Caucasus," or "Apples from the Dead Sea or the Garden of the Hesperides," or "Flowers from Enna," or "Imperial Johannisberg or Tokay," or "Gold-dust from Pactolus," I do not foolishly inquire into details; but if I am in want of any of those articles, I gratefully pay the price, and thank Heaven for the opportunity.

So when I go to dine with my friend Historicus, and in the after-dinner glow of feeling he takes me to his library and shows me among his curious treasures the arrow with which William Tell transfixed the apple, or the sword of Leonidas from Thermopylæ, or a little water from the fountain of Arethusa, or the manuscript of the ninth book of the Iliad, do I look a gift horse in the mouth? Do I ask him shrewdly whether Homer could write, or if there were any Homer, or whether that water might not have been taken possibly from the Pool of Bethesda, or how he has identified the sword as the former property of Leonidas? Far be such inquisition from me! I handle reverently the precious relic of the immortal summer day in the mountain pass; I dwell with delight upon the excellent handwriting of Homer, and wish that certain authors whom I might name would take the pity of legible chirography upon certain printers whom I know; and I express the hope that in my loiterings I shall be able to add to the admirable collection of my friend the apple which the arrow of Tell pierced.

I have wandered a little from the honey of Hybla and my aunt Melissa, but what I was saying was that the ample, rotund jar, full of that precious sweet, which hung in the grocer's door, forcibly recalled to me that fondly remembered relative. And it was by a literal as well as a fanciful association. It was not only that my aunt was, as it were, herself a rounder honey-pot than that I beheld, but that in the gentle years to which I refer she used to come in upon us children at lunch, and observing the dry character of that repast, she was very sure to exclaim, "Dear darlings! nothing to make it taste good! Sister, why not give them all a drop of honey with their bread? 'Tis a great mollifier." My mother had always the most excellent reply about youth and health as sufficient sauce for any feast; but Aunt Melissa carried her point with "Nonsense!" and her beneficent hands, dropping sweetness, as it were, when she applied the spoon to the honey jar, "mollified" the dry bread of our young lives, and gave her memory to the tenderest reverence.

That word mollify was often upon my aunt's lips, and was expressive of her universal influence upon domestic affairs. If I ever suspected a little trouble between my parents, I remarked that it was sure to disappear when Aunt Melissa came. She mollified all the asperities in our happy home—for even in the happiest such shadows sometimes fall. And so familiar from her tongue was that gentle word that as we grew older and perceived it, her nickname in the family became Aunt Molly, and she was known by that name much more generally than by another. My sister Lucia, who died young, was of a poetic turn, and when we other children observed her meditating we were very apt to say, "Lucia is making up poetry." But I remember none of her verses. Her tendency showed itself rather in listening intently to the romantic tales which she preferred to hear. But one day, when we were all sitting about our good mother, who was industriously darning stockings, and telling us of the great advantage of being good boys and girls, we remarked that Lucia was unwontedly still. Presently my mother laid down her hand, covered with one of my socks, which had evidently seen tremendous service, and was patched and scarred like a veteran; and while she held the darning needle like a surgeon's instrument ready for further healing action, she said, gently, "A penny for your thoughts, little Lucia!" And the little girl smiled as she answered, "I was thinking, mamma, that Aunt Molly is the drop of honey in our house."

She was that; and if little Lucia had been a full-grown poet, how could she have praised Aunt Melissa more gracefully? It was not, indeed, praise, if praise be not truth—a question upon which we will not now enter; but the little girl said what every body felt; and Master Claudio, who was an authority upon

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the subject of cherries, instantly answered, "So she is: she is a great big honey heart."

As I saw the jar labeled "Honey from Hybla" hanging in the grocer's door, and loitered along lost in grateful memories of Aunt Molly, I met young Mercutio, that gallant gentleman, who bowed respectfully, lifting his hat—and I wish that all our fellow-passengers had the same pretty courtesy—and he said to me, "A happy New-Year to Mr. Bachelor! and what of all things in the world can I send you to show my love?" 'Twas a neat speech, I say, and I answered as I felt—"A drop of honey!" But when he said that he would send it round before sunset, I begged him to take no trouble, for he had already given it to me. "Already?" he asked; and I answered, "Already; for your kind greeting of an old gentleman is a drop of honey to him."

You see how cheap precious gifts are at this season, my dear boy, but it does not seem to be fully understood. When I had gone a little farther I met Paul, who, I suspect, is fonder of the club, and of going out and of coming late, than Virginia altogether likes. Yet he never grumbles at the domestic bills: the home is beautifully furnished; she has as neat a clarence as you can see in the Park; and his little dinners are such as we all like to be invited to eat. He stopped me, and kindly said, "Now, Mr. Bachelor, I know that you are a man of taste: what do you think of these?" He showed me a superb emerald necklace and bracelet, which he said would be very beautiful upon Virginia. I did not deny it. I told him that she adorned all beautiful things. "And they cost more than a song," he said, gayly. But I told him that the New-Year's gift which Virginia would prize more than any thing he could give her would not cost a penny.

He stared in amazement, and asked, with great curiosity, to know what I meant, and what valuable gift he could offer to his wife that should cost nothing. I said that she would rather have a drop of honey than any thing else in the world. "Honey? honey?" said he, bewildered. "Yes, my dear Paul, a little more care upon your part to show how truly you love Virginia, a little sacrifice of your own tastes and pleasures to gratify her, a little of the old courtesy, of the old devotion, that made the story of your early loves so romantic, would be the drop of honey that would sweeten her whole life—and yours too." He listened with an amused air, which changed slowly to seriousness. "Mr. Bachelor, you are right. I see that I can not buy her happiness at a shop. I will be the old Paul, and that will make her once more the young Virginia. God bless you, dear old friend!" But I answered him that it was not I who deserved his blessing, but my dear aunt Molly. "Then God bless the whole Bachelor family!" said he. "Amen," answered I; but rather ruefully, as I remembered the happy home to which he was hastening to make it happier, while I went slowly on to my solitary quarters.

Yet even into my holiday plate, as it were, my aunt Molly had dropped honey. The pleasure of my day was the memory of that endless kindness and thoughtful sympathy. If you plant mignonette and roses in your garden, the fragrance will blow far beyond your wall, and sweeten the air for those whom you do not know. Yes; and when you have gone, my boy, those flowers will still bloom and renew their beauty, and perfume the air for those who will never know who planted such springs of sweetness for their delight. And so if I speak a kindlier word to the old man who brings my morning paper; if I say good-morrow cheerfully to the maid in flapping shoes who sweeps my entry; if Paul, because of my little hint, gives Virginia the happiest day she has known for many a New-Year—they will all rejoice, and they too, in turn, will be kinder and gentler to every body whom they meet; but they will not know that the generous heart of my aunt Melissa, whose name they never heard, is the drop of honey that has sweetened all their cups. My dear Arthur, can there be any more signal proof of fine manners upon the road than to carry a little honey for our fellow-passengers?

Your fellow-traveler,
AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SACQUE WRAPPERS.

A SIMPLY shaped sacque wrapper, like that illustrated on our first page (and of which a cut paper pattern is prepared), is the most comfortable negligee for morning wear. It is merely a loose sacque, the fronts without darts, but sloped toward the waist to prevent clumsy fullness, and the backs snugly fitted by a seam down the middle. The pattern will be found to have the short high shoulder seams now in vogue, and easy-fitting coat sleeves hollowed at the armhole like those tailors cut for gentlemen's coats. The skirt pattern extends the full length under the flounce; but many ladies object to the weight of this, and use the Spanish flounce, which is far more economical. To do this the skirt is cut off at the knee, and finished to the proper length with a wide, scantily pleated or gathered flounce. At this season pressed flannel is the favorite material for this robe de chambre. It is prettiest in blocks of clear blue with white, or in broken plaids of black and white, or purple with white. The ruffles are pinked out on the edges in saw-teeth or in notched scallops, or else they are faced an inch wide with bias silk of the color prevailing in the plaid. A thick ruche of the flannel surrounds the neck and wrists, or else a collar, cuffs, and pockets of black velvet add much to the beauty of the garment. Dark merino, empress cloth, and de laine are made in this fashion, and trimmed with bias silk or velvet in the manner shown in the illustration. They are usually lined throughout with soft paper muslin.

CALICO AND CAMBRIC DRESSES.

This sacque wrapper is also a good model for the calico dresses that ladies wear while performing their domestic duties, the daily visits to the kitchen, superintendence of the pantry, and the brushing and dusting that fall to the lot of most housewives. The low-priced American prints, in narrow stripes or small figures of clear color with white, make neat-looking sacque wrappers. For wrappers of washing goods, even of the plainest fabric, we commend the Spanish flounce without the skirt extension under it, as it is difficult to iron the sloped edge of the skirt so that it will retain its shape. This flounce may be either straight or bias; in striped goods the bias flounce is most effective, but care should be taken to cut it exactly bias, or it will not look well after being washed. Put a three-inch hem on the lower edge, a very narrow one on the upper, gather it (without a cord) an inch from the top, and stitch on the edge of the skirt with a machine.

For fine cambrics and percales in stripes of blue, green, or brown with white, and the dotted linen lawns that will soon be on hand for the spring, this is the best pattern. Add a pretty little over-skirt, not too long, made with two straight back breadths, a single width rounded for an apron in front, and a double ruffle on the edge, and wear with Russia leather belt and chatelaine, or a ribbed silk belt fastened by a jet or tortoise-shell buckle, and the wrapper is transformed into a very attractive and home-like dress.

COIFFURES.

Although the stuffed chignons, the "topsies," and "rats" are abandoned, thus seeming to diminish the size of the coiffures, many "additional" tresses are still necessary for fashionable coiffures. Thick, soft braids of three tresses are the conspicuous feature in hair-dressing this winter. They are plaited smoothly, and in the daytime are coiled about the head, lying closely to it, and showing much of its natural contour. The lady's own hair is combed up from the nape of the neck, and formed in a long roll (called a French or a Greek twist), that sits closely to the back of her head. If her hair is not thick enough to make a handsome roll, it must be brushed over a topsy. Then the braid is coiled twice around this roll in "three-plaits," or is twisted like a rope. If the braid comes quite far forward in the lightly waved front hair, this will be sufficient for plain dressing; if not, a crown braid is passed over the top of the head, and the front hair is rolled *en Pompadour*, or else water frizzes fall on the forehead from beneath the crown plait: the latter fashion is especially pretty for blonde hair. More dressy coiffures have one or sometimes two long plaits hanging from beneath the chignon. A single long natural curl hangs on the left side, and a group of four curls is pendent with the braids. Finger puffs amidst the back braids and on top are still worn.

Instead of small braids mounted over topsies, the most useful braids for the present fashion are those of short hair mounted on three long points, with a covering of long hair over them. Two of these braids of three points mounted together are what most ladies purchase. They braid smoothly, look very rich, full, do not get too small at the lower end, and cost about $80; if made altogether of long hair, they would be very heavy, would not look thick when braided, as the hair mats together, and would cost probably $60. The braids ought to be combed out every day, as otherwise the hair becomes matted together, and is soon spoiled. Crown braids are short, and are made altogether of short hair. Ladies who have very little hair twist it up in a knot behind, or else divide it down the middle, and plait a crown braid, covering the back with a chignon. The fashionable chignon is soft, light, and loose, made of a double braid mounted on points, with a long French twist tied in between, and is worn without a net. It costs $25 or $30. The wearer's hair needs no dressing, as it is put plainly out of sight, and this preserves it. This plan is also resorted to by many ladies who are suffering from diseased hair, caused by wearing heating topsies, heavy chignons, jute, and other imitations of hair.

Water frizzes of blonde hair to wear above the forehead cost $10. They are warranted to curl by merely dipping them in water and shaking them dry. A single long curl is again worn hanging from behind the left ear. A natural curl of this kind, requiring only water and not heat to dress it, costs $12. Young ladies wear a cluster of three or four long curls dropping backward from the top of the head, where they are fastened by a band of bright ribbon or velvet.

Gray hair, as we have said before, is so much admired that hair-dyes and false fronts have gone out of use, and huge old-time caps are superseded by small and tasteful ones of thinnest fabric, meant to display instead of conceal the "crown of glory;" indeed, many old ladies have abjured caps altogether, and wear their own silvery hair in soft puffs bordering the face, while the back has a puffed or braided chignon. Ladies who have grown gray while still young wear the Pompadour roll, surmounted by a crown braid, with a French twist and coil behind. White hair is far more expensive than any other color, some of it of very fine quality and great length costing as high as $500 an ounce. Iron gray hair is sold by the inch, a braid twenty-eight inches long being $28 an ounce; white hair—gray hair that has grown white on the wearer, not bleached white by chemicals—costs double as much, and often more. Blonde hair is fifty per cent. higher than dark hair.

Hair-dressers charge usually from $1 to $2 for dressing a lady's hair at her residence; $5 is asked for dressing a bride's hair; on extra occasions, such as New-Year's Day, $3 is the price, and ladies were this year compelled to get up at four o'clock in the morning, in order to secure the services of their favorite coiffeur. There are hair-dressers who take the entire care of a lady's hair, dressing it daily, and keeping it in order all the year, for about $10 a month.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and DIBBLEE.

PERSONAL.

A SON of Prime Minister GLADSTONE is about to marry a daughter of Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., a wealthy manufacturer of lace, stockings, and things of that nature, and the owner of a great wholesale house in London. He is in lace and stockings what A. T. STEWART is here in dry-goods generally. He is the leader of the Non-conformist party, and although narrow-minded and pompous, has money and influence, and has to be taken into consideration in every calculation of chances in English politics.

—Mrs. JEAN LANDER has landed in Washington as a permanent resident. Bought a house on Capitol Hill. Sold out at Lynn.

—Governor WALKER, of Virginia, is a notable instance of the "divinity that shapes our ends." In 1865 he was practicing law in Chicago, and casually going to Virginia on legal business, found, after a few days in Norfolk, that a troublesome catarrh had disappeared. He returned to Chicago, but was again beset by his old malady, and on that account returned to Virginia, and in less than five years became its Governor.

—WENDELL PHILLIPS, in reply to the Free Religionists, who assert that Buddhism is equal to Christianity, curtly says: "To all this the answer is, India—past and present. The Asiatic civilization has failed from no lack of intellectual vigor or development. The force wanting was a spiritual one. Body and brain, without soul, Asia rotted away. From CONFUCIUS to CICERO there is light enough, but no heat."

—There is a rumor floating that le Grand Monarque, LOUIS NAPOLEON, has purchased the mansion of LE GRAND LOCKWOOD, at Norwalk, Connecticut, and will invade Connecticut, unless in the many complications with which France is now seething he should see a possible chance of again assuming the sceptre. Mr. LOCKWOOD'S country-seat is one of the most spacious and perfectly appointed on this side the Atlantic.

—Dr. ISAAC BARTLETT, of Hope, Maine, is conspicuous for a love of the lacteal fluid. The doctor is sixty years of age, weighs 200 pounds, and never tasted meat. He even disdains the cheerful woodcock. Thrice a day demands he bread and milk.

—A fine understanding and friendship are said to exist between Mr. GREELEY and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of the *World*. Though opposed in politics, they are in their social intercourse on terms of intimacy. On Sundays the grand old chief of the *Tribune* enjoys the hospitality of his polished foe of the *World*, at his house in Seventh Avenue, and Miss CHAMBERLAIN and the Misses GREELEY are on the most delightful terms with each other. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is concededly one of the strongest men in the editorial profession of the country. He has the power to write better about more things, at shorter notice, and in more scholarly style, than most of the "leader" men on the New York press.

—The Rev. T. DE WITT TALMADGE, who is just now one of the brightest stars in the religious firmament of Brooklyn, has tallied thirty-eight on life's score, and was born in Bound Brook, New Jersey. While in the University of New York he was of no high account, save at commencements, and then the old TALMADGE came finely out. In his own "Tabernacle" he is one of the most dramatic of dominies. At the same time, he is industrious with the pen, and clever in every way. His style is Talmadgey in the extreme, as H. W. B.'s is Beechery. Yet he wields great power, and is doing a great work.

—TENNYSON is said to be more popular than ever among his old friends. He is plain as a Quaker in his garb, blunt but cordial in speech, and full of humor and good stories. When he comes up to London the wags hold high and strong festivity.

—PAREPA-ROSA, the most pinguid and fascinating of singers who sing in American, touched the sensibilities of ALEXIS to such an extent, in Buffalo, that the young man went to his trunks and took therefrom a beautiful bracelet, which he presented to that copious vocalist.

—It is reported that Mr. J. YOUNG SCAMMON, alike eminent in Chicago and the West for his opulence, his legal ability, and his Swedenborgianism, has purchased, in connection with other gentlemen, the Chicago *Republican*, which is to be placed under the editorial management of Mr. SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, formerly managing editor of the New York *Tribune*, and subsequently of the *Tribune* of Chicago.

—Mrs. AULICK, who is soon to become a part of the government as the much better half of the Secretary of the Navy, is described by "Miss Grundy," of the *World*, as a very striking-looking woman, and one of the few who have a style peculiar to themselves, and who know how to dress in accordance with it. For instance, she dares to appear wearing her own hair simply caught up in a loose net. Her hair is prematurely gray—so gray that it looks as if it had been profusely powdered. Her head is finely shaped, and shows its symmetry when her hair is arranged with a simplicity which would be too severe a test for most women to dare. Another beauty Mrs. Aulick possesses to a remarkable degree—her neck and shoulders are perfect in form and coloring, and appeared to great advantage rising from the dress of rich black silk she wore at the reception.

—JEAN INGELOW, who is now forty-one years old, is the daughter of a country banker, and in money-matters is nicely provided for. She lives in great retirement, and her quiet London life is one of devoted purity and abounding charity. Most of the proceeds of her books is devoted to benevolent uses. The London publishers give an annual "copyright dinner" to their authors. Miss INGELOW gives thrice a week what she calls her copyright dinner, at which the guests are the poor and the discharged convalescents from hospitals, who have not yet found employment.

—Williams College has a fearful account to settle by-and-by. It is to her influence that so many journalists have been thrust under the public nose. If it had not been for Williams his College we should have failed, perhaps, of Dr. PRIME and Mr. STODDARD, of the *Observer*; HENRY M. FIELD, of the *Examiner*; Mr. PERRY, of the *Home Journal*; CHESTER P. DEWEY, of the *Commercial*; WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, of the *Post* and poetry; DAVID W. JUDD, of the *Rural New Yorker* and Legislature; and of a great mob of newspaper men who infest the chief cities of the land. Wms. his College has much to answer for. You should have heard how they "carried on" at Delmonico's!

—Baron LIEBIG was recently interviewed by one of the investigators of the New York *Tribune*, who found the old agriculturer taking a nap. After waking up, the two ignited cigars, and the baron revealed a portion of what he knew about crops and things. He said there was "not published a single good agricultural paper in all Germany." He thinks when farming is better understood the crops will be easily trebled or quadrupled. The baron kept on talking until the cigars gave out, when the correspondent gracefully retired. There was no object in remaining longer.

—Of General E. O. C. ORD, the new commander of the Military Department of the Platte, this anecdote is told: When he was a captain his first sergeant, LYNCH, was severely wounded by being shot through both thighs in an action with the Indians, and was unable to move. ORD picked him up, slung him on his back, and carried him out of the way, though in doing so he was exposed to many murderous shots by expert marksmen.

—The present number of princes and princesses in Europe is, all told, two hundred and two persons.

—Bishop BAILEY, of New Jersey, has taken extreme ground on the temperance question. In a recent address before the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of that State he said that he had "ordered the clergy to refuse Christian burial to those who die from the effects of liquor, as well as to those who sell it to drunkards." He says that formerly in the wine-drinking countries in Europe it was a rare thing to see men under the influence of liquor, but that now it is very common, especially in the large cities. He remarks: "When I was in Paris last year, at the outbreak of the late miserable war between France and Germany, the streets were filled with drunken soldiers. In England, Scotland, and Ireland it is terrible." He has no confidence in prohibitory laws, and states that "in Scotland, where all places of recreation and all taverns are strictly closed on Sunday, there is more drunkenness on that day, owing to their laying in a large stock on Saturday, than on all the other days of the week put together." He would contend against the vice by the influence of moral suasion and religious opinion.

—The reason of Miss BERTHA GEROLT'S intention to take the last veil is said to be a heart disappointment. She loved, and was beloved by, a handsome young Prussian, formerly Prussian Secretary of Legation—the same man who fought a bloodless duel with one of our ministers—LAWRENCE, of Central America. He is a Catholic, she a Protestant. Religious points were raised by fond parents and clerical dignitaries, and the lover was returned to his native Prussia. But even yet a wedding may come out of it. Baron GEROLT was indebted for his position to the friendship of HUMBOLDT, who met him in South America, and subsequently asked the King of Prussia to send him here as minister. It is supposed that GEROLT, who is not a very great man nor eminent as a diplomatist, was much under the influence of Senator SUMNER and a few other strong minds of Washington.

—Senator CHANDLER did a fatherly thing when he gave his daughter a house worth $40,000 as a wedding gift on her marriage with young Congressman HALE. The young lady from the very outset thought him "a HALE fellow well met."

—Mr. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has invented a new beatitude: "Blessed are they who have nothing to say, and who can not be persuaded to say it."

—Between the ASHLEY and the WILLIAMS families, who reside in Georgia, an ancient feud exists, which culminated lately in one of the ASHLEYS accosting two of the WILLIAMSES with his little pistol. Near them resides another mild citizen who was recently put in seclusion for having unnecessarily fanned his wife with a poker.

—The Russian prince is having a jolly time with those wild people whom stern necessity compels to live in the West. They seem to have been "putting him through" at a frightful pace. A disgusted poet says:

"In the mind of the Grand Duke ALEXIS
There is a question that very much vexes,
Which is how to get rid
Of the toadies *et id*
Who are boring this Grand Duke ALEXIS."

—Mrs. JOAQUIN MILLER, wife of that Sierra poet, has joined the platoon of lady lecturers, and made her début in Portland, Oregon, in a lecture entitled "Behold the Woman!"

—Dr. BALMANNO, a London surgeon, has successfully applied the magic lantern to the study of diseases of the skin. A transparent photograph of the skin is taken, and then placed in a magic lantern. A strong hydro-oxygen light casts the picture, enlarged, on a white sheet, and in this way the smallest details are brought out with astonishing minuteness.

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New Styles of Hair-Dressing, Figs. 1–5.

Figs. 1–3. — HAIR WITH BRAIDED CORONAL. Part the waved front hair in the middle, and divide each half into two parts. Comb up each lower part, join it with the back hair, and curl the two together. Crimp the upper part of the front hair slightly, comb it down on the forehead, and fasten it on the back hair as shown by Fig. 3, which illustrates the manner of arranging the hair. The ends of this may also be curled. Set on a braid in the form of a coronal, and conceal the end of it under the lower front hair, which is combed up. At the back of the coronal fasten a second longer braid, draw the end through underneath the upper front hair as shown by Fig. 3, and coil it in the neck in the form of a crown. Finally, arrange the back hair in curls (see Fig. 2).

Figs. 4 and 5.—HAIR WITH CRIMPED CHIGNON AND BRAIDS. Divide each half of the front hair, which is parted in the middle, into two parts. Crimp the two upper parts, and arrange them so that they rest on the forehead. Comb up the lower parts of the front hair (see Fig. 4). Arrange the crimped back hair in a chignon as shown by the illustration. The three-strand braid is set on as shown by Fig. 5.



Fig. 3.—MANNER OF ARRANGING HAIR WITH BRAIDED CORONAL. [See Figs. 1 and 2.]



Fig. 2.—HAIR WITH BRAIDED CORONAL.—SIDE. [See Figs. 1 and 3.]



Fig. 4.—HAIR WITH CRIMPED CHIGNON AND BRAIDS. FRONT.—[See Fig. 5.]



Fig. 1.—HAIR WITH BRAIDED CORONAL.—FRONT. [See Figs. 2 and 3.]



Fig. 5.—HAIR WITH CRIMPED CHIGNON AND BRAIDS.—BACK.—[See Fig. 4.]

Lady's Visiting Toilette.

THIS elegant toilette has a demi-trained skirt of deep blue faille, trimmed with a band of velvet of a deeper shade of blue surmounting a frill of wide Malines lace, set on so as to simulate an over-skirt, and finished with blue velvet bows edged with lace. Mantelet of blue velvet, edged with Malines lace, a bow of which is set in the back and a frill over the pleats behind, to simulate a postilion basque. A three-cornered kerchief of Malines lace is worn on the neck. Bonnet of blue velvet, trimmed with Malines lace and a curled white ostrich feather.

Walking Suit with Fur Trimming.

See illustration on page 61.

THIS suit with double skirt is of olive green cloth. The sleeveless jacket and muff are of brown velvet. The under-skirt is trimmed with two wide side-pleated ruffles turned downward, and two narrow ruffles turned upward; the seams made by setting on the ruffles are covered with strips of silver-fox. The over-skirt, sleeves, jacket, and muff are trimmed with similar strips. The jacket, which is cut from Figs. 12–14, No. III., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 51, Vol. IV., is wadded and lined with silk. Black beaver hat, trimmed with ribbon and feathers.

Walking Suit with Fur and Lace Trimming.

See illustration on page 61.

THIS suit, with double skirt and basque-waist, is made of black gros grain. The skirt is trimmed with a wide kilt-pleated flounce of the material and with two strips of black marten fur. The very bouffant over-skirt is trimmed on the bottom with wide black lace and a strip of fur. The basque-waist, which is lined with flannel, is trimmed to correspond with the over-skirt. Black velvet bonnet, with roses, feathers, and lace veil.



LADY'S VISITING TOILETTE.

Black Silk Dress, with Gray Cloth Mantle.

See illustration on page 61.

THE skirt is trimmed with a wide kilt-pleated flounce, and the over-skirt with two narrow kilt-pleated ruffles and a fold of silk. The mantle is trimmed with gray twisted silk fringe and with a narrow passementerie border of the same color. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with yellow roses and tulle strings.

Square Shawl worn as a Mantelet.

See illustration on page 61.

THIS mantelet, which is especially adapted to theatre or opera toilettes, is made of a square shawl of heavy plaid silk. To arrange the mantelet lay the shawl in a straight fold, so that the lower half extends ten inches beyond the upper half. Drape the shawl in the middle of the back, from the upper to the under edge, in close pleats, and tie these together with a ribbon or cord. Cover the layer of pleats on the outside with a bow, and to the under side sew a belt, which is closed in front. Finally, form armholes as shown by the illustration, and bind these with silk a quarter of an inch wide. Dress of leaf brown poplin, trimmed with kilt-pleated ruffles and folds of the material.

Steel Blue Silk Dress, with Black Velvet Mantelet.

See illustration on page 61.

A GATHERED flounce is sewed to the skirt, and above the flounce are two kilt-pleated ruffles turned upward and a fold of the material. The over-skirt is trimmed with a wide ruffle turned downward and a narrow ruffle turned upward; a fold covers the seam made by sewing on both ruffles. Black velvet mantelet, lined with silk, and trimmed with tassels, a passementerie agrafe, and braid. Black velvet hat, trimmed with feathers, gros grain ribbon, and black gauze veil.

THE POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

BEFORE and since those days when Venice was an august state, with majestic doge and senators, dispatching the valiant Moor in hot haste from their midnight sitting to guard Cyprus 'gainst the Turk, the pocket-handkerchief has figured curiously in the romance of life, which may be broadly divided into two conditions—Smiles and Tears. Since it is an indispensable accompaniment of the latter, and, in one way or another, associated with the former, we see what peculiar advantages our little square companion for life possesses for knowing and sympathizing with our hopes and fears, our joys and sorrows. For lovers, it forms a pretty cambric toy in much repute; alternately a whip, a snowy projectile, a tantalizing screen, during the preliminary light skirmishing of flirtation; while for absent or parted hearts it can be a speaking record, an inviolable gage, a touching remembrance.

The Chinese are said to dispense with this interesting and useful institution of the pocket, carrying instead a bundle of tiny sheets of fragile paper, something like the leaves of our cigarette-books. How on earth the Celestials of the flowery land manage with so poor an equivalent it is difficult to imagine, and the want, unless it has been supplied by the latest imported fashions of Europe, reflects severely on the Mongol

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Tartars' boasted civilization. But whether or no they use lawn or tissue, their poets and novelists paint the mouse-colored, tea-imbibing people as any thing but devoid of the grand passions and tender sentiments which throw captivating tints and glamour over the stage-strutting of poor humanity.

Associated with our earliest remembrances of fiction, is the pocket-handkerchief. We tremble with fearful expectation while sister Anne waves the white, fluttering signal from the tower's summit for her brothers to speed on



WALKING SUIT WITH FUR TRIMMING.

and save enraged Blue-beard's wife from sudden execution and the mortuary horrors of that weird chamber, the silent mystery of which had proved too strong for the lady's curiosity. In the legends of Fairy-land the handkerchief, endowed with magic virtues, passes from beneficent godmothers to favored golden-haired princesses of dazzling beauty, and wins for them lovers, wealthy, handsome, and courageous; or in wondrous tales of ocean disaster brings timely succor to castaways on rafts or surf-beaten rocks.

As years pass to the witching period of "sweet seventeen" the handkerchief for Miss Rosa's first ball forms an object of lively interest. Blooming maidenhood strives for the most diminutive centre of tenderest cambric and the widest edge of mazy lace, adorned with the most arabesque of in-



SQUARE SHAWL WORN AS A MANTELET.

itials or tortuous monogram. Final touches of that momentous toilette bestowed, what serious pondering of the pretty brow over the fragrant essence to be lavished on the snowy transparency, and waft seductive odors to the golden youth whom Rosa conjures up in Shadow-land!

As we rarely suffer our faithful inhabitant of the pocket to fall into strange hands without a name, initials, or some familiar sign of ownership, fiction often revels in the knitting or unraveling of tangled skeins through its medium. But the acme of tragedy in which it plays a part, a silent, and therefore doubly dangerous witness, is in the drama of "Othello." We learn that this ever-memorable handkerchief was a small one, from Othello's exclamation, "Your napkin is too little;" that it was curiously embroidered, for Emilia says, "I'll have the work ta'en out, and give it Iago;" that it was "spotted with strawberries," and possessed something of the power of an amulet.

Again, who has not gazed on the beauteous, pleading face of the girl in Millais's "Huguenots," soliciting to bind the saving badge on her doomed lover's arm? What a miraculous power



BLACK SILK DRESS, WITH GRAY CLOTH MANTLE.

that pretty square of cambric possessed to screen a treasured life, linked spiritually with hers forever, from the bloody hands of bigotry! Perhaps that handkerchief was wept and prayed over when the grim tragedy had been enacted; perhaps worn against a sorrow-laden breast in calm cloister life—outwardly calm, but enveloping souls burning with vivid memories of days when the banished world was a garden of the Hesperides. Millais's speaking pictures always make us wish they were illustrations to tender, moving histories of his heroes and heroines. We want to know whether the "Black Brunswicker" returned scatheless to his lady-love after the "amantium iræ" of that terrible parting night of the Brussels ball, or the "Concealed Royalist" won at last the earnest, angelic Puritan, who, like a Sister of Mercy, sustains the famishing, long-locked enemy of her father's house.

Novels of Richardson's era, when the odious practice of dueling still obtained, contained harrowing episodes of unlucky heroes fallen in defense of fair, spotless heroines, foully slandered by sinister deadshots. A gore-stained handkerchief reaches the hands of these pale, weeping maidens, nipping them as frost the lilies; but, so consolatory is fiction, merely preceding the resurrectioned loved one—an author's miracle to bring the three-volumed, or, in those giant days, six or nine volumed romance to a happy issue. Not always, though, in fact or fiction, does the ensanguined cambric carry a false alarm from the battle-field, or the murderous ground where twelve paces or a sword's length divide two destructive bipeds. It would be well if every loving woman's fears could be as happily dispersed as Rosalind's, when her assumed man's part breaks down wofully as Oliver produces her lover's encrimsoned handkerchief.

Many a gore-stained handkerchief has come from the battle-field, truly telling of a cherished life destroyed: long to be preserved with tenderest relics by doting mother or sad-eyed maiden. But with dueling the handkerchief has still more terrible associations than bearing bloody tidings to a lover. There are the brief horrors of encounters where it drops as the signal to fire, when the supposed nice honor of *gentlemen* is better esteemed than the precepts of Christianity.

In warfare of the olden time, attached to the herald's spear-point, it passed between hostile camps—



WALKING SUIT WITH FUR AND LACE TRIMMING.

now fluttering over the proud, boastful terms of victory, anon waved dejectedly by the vanquished, in token of hopeless defeat. When, amidst the cannons' deafening roar, upon the crumbling, reeling walls of Sedan, canopied in sulphurous smoke, the little white messenger for parley was waved aloft to stay the destroying hail of shot and shell, the dread clamor and denseness of "red battle" stifled for a while only its tiny peace petition. So in war our miniature white banner often comes as a dove of reconciliation, or casts over the envoy a sacred shield no true knight dreams or dares to affront.

Truly its uses are various as the colors of life itself, which, till the dread scenes of mutual slaughter broke stormily on the long fair summer days of August, 1870, we all thought progressing to a period of universal concord. Yet, amidst the blood torrents and devastation of stricken France, it has had a merciful mission, staying the red torrent of many a poor fellow's life from staining the trampled earth, or soothing the agonized brow of the wounded, in the hands of those merciful Sisters, the guardian angels of suffering, who make the noble protest of humanity against the cruelty, blindness, and ambition of man.



STEEL BLUE SILK DRESS, WITH BLACK VELVET MANTELET.

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CROWNED.

AH, Lotty, Lotty! that laughing mien,
While mockingly crowning your sister queen
With crown whose rubies are berries bright:
Mistletoe, opal and pearly white;
Winter cherry, carbuncle red,
And Christmas breath o'er each leaflet shed—
A frosted silver of nacreous sheen
Blooming the ivy and holly green;
Emerald green for my queenlet's crown,
To nestle 'mid clusters of long locks brown.
But where are the diamonds—royalist gems,
Sapphires—forget-me-nots plucked from their stems?

No need, no need of more jewels rare
To nestle and hide in my darling's hair,
For her eyes now are sapphires—brightest of blue,
Again there's the amethyst's tenderest hue.
Beaming in love when their softened light plays,
There's a flash of the chrysolite's crystalline rays;
While now, lit with merriment, diamond dies,
Lost in the light of her love-stirring eyes.

The crown was merrily, mockingly placed,
But a fairer brow wreath never graced—
Wreath of winter's unfading green:
I the subject and she my queen;
She rules me readily, knows her might,
And humbles me home with one flash of light.
Queen for life, I her subject—slave
From these days of youth to an ancient's grave.
But though now I yield, I a talisman hold
That shall fetter her yet—'tis a ring of gold!

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TEMPTATION.

IT was Sunday; and Clarissa had been nearly a week in Brussels—a very quiet week, in which she had had nothing to do but worship her baby, and tremblingly await any attempt that might be made to wrest him from her. She lived in hourly fear of discovery, and was startled by every step on the staircase, and fluttered by every sudden opening of a door, expecting to see Daniel Granger on the threshold.

She went to church alone on this first Sunday morning. Austin was seldom visible before noon, dawdling away the bleaker morning hours smoking and reading in bed. Bessie had a world of domestic business on her hands, and the two boys to torment her while she attempted to get through it. So Clarissa went alone to St. Gudule. There were Protestant temples, no doubt, in the Belgian city wherein she might have worshiped; but that solemn pile drew her to itself with a magnetic attraction. She went in among the gay-looking crowd—the old women in wondrous caps, the sprinkling of soldiers, the prosperous citizens and citizenesses in their Sunday splendor—and made her way to a quiet corner remote from the great carved-oak pulpit and the high altar—a shadowy corner behind a massive cluster of columns, and near a little wooden door in one of the great portals, that opened and shut with a clanging noise now and then, and beside which a dilapidated-looking old man kept watch over a shell-shaped marble basin of holy water, and offered a brush dipped in the sacred fluid to devout passers-by. Here she could kneel unobserved, and in her ignorant fashion join in the solemn service, lifting up her heart with the elevation of the host, and acknowledging her guiltiness in utter humility of spirit.

Yet not always throughout that service could she keep her thoughts from wandering. Her mind had been too much troubled of late for perfect peace or abstraction of thought to be possible to her. The consideration of her own folly was very constantly with her. What a wreck and ruin she had made of her life—a life which from first to last had been governed by impulse only!

"If I had been an honorable woman, I should never have married Daniel Granger," she said to herself. "What right had I to take so much and give so little—to marry a man I could not even hope to love, for the sake of winning independence for my father, or for the sake of my old home?"

Arden Court—was not that the price which had made her sacrifice tolerable to her? And she had lost it; the gates of the dwelling she loved were closed upon her once again—and this time forever. How the memory of the place came back to her this chill March morning!—the tall elms rocking in the wind, the rooks' nests tossing in the topmost branches, and the hoarse cawing of discontented birds bewailing the tardiness of spring.

"It will be my darling's home in the days to come," she said to herself; but even this thought brought no consolation. She dared not face her son's future. Would it not involve severance from her? Now, while he was an infant, she might hold him; but by-and-by the father's stern claim would be heard. They would take the boy away from her—teach him to despise and forget her. She fancied herself wandering and watching in Arden Park, a trespasser, waiting for a stolen glimpse of her child's face.

"I shall die before that time comes," she thought, gloomily.

Some such fancy as this held her absorbed when the high mass concluded, and the congregation began to disperse. The great organ was pealing out one of Mozart's Hallelujahs. There was some secondary service going on at the other end of the church. Clarissa still knelt, with her face hidden in her hands, not praying, only conjuring up dreadful pictures of the future. Little by little the crowd melted away; there were only a few worshipers murmuring responses in the distance; the last chords of the Hallelujah crashed and resounded under the vaulted roof; and at last Clarissa looked up and found herself almost alone.

She went out, but shrank from returning immediately to her child. Those agitating thoughts had affected her too deeply. She walked away from the church up toward the park, hoping to find some quiet place where she might walk down the disturbance in her mind, so as to return with a calm, smiling face to her darling. It was not a tempting day for any purposeless pedestrian. The sky had darkened at noon, and there was a drizzling rain coming down from the dull, gray heavens. The streets cleared quickly, now the services were over; but Clarissa went on, scarcely conscious of the rain, and utterly indifferent to any inconvenience it might cause her.

She was in the wide, open place near the park, when she heard footsteps following her, rapidly, and with a purpose, as it seemed. Some women have a kind of instinct about these things. She knew in a moment, as if by some subtile magnetism, that the man following her was George Fairfax.

"Clarissa!" said a voice close in her ear; and turning quickly, she found herself face to face with him.

"I was in the church," he said, "and have followed you all the way here. I waited till we were clear of the narrow streets and the crowd. Oh, my darling, thank God I have found you! I only knew yesterday that you had left Paris; and some happy instinct brought me here. I felt sure you would come to Austin. I arrived late last night, and was loafing about the streets this morning, wondering how I should discover your whereabouts, when I turned a corner and saw you going into St. Gudule. I followed, but would not disturb your orisons, fair saint. I was not very far off, Clarissa—only on the other side of the pillar."

"Was it kind of you to follow me here, Mr. Fairfax?" Clarissa asked, gravely. "Have you not brought enough trouble upon me as it is?"

"Brought trouble upon you! Yes, that seems hard; but I suppose it was my fate to do that, and to make amends for it afterward, dearest, in a life that shall know no trouble."

"I am here with my son, Mr. Fairfax. It was the fear of being separated from him that drove me away from Paris. If you have one spark of generous feeling, you will not pursue me or annoy me here. If my husband were to see us together, or were to hear of our being seen together, he would have just grounds for taking my child away from me."

"Clarissa," exclaimed George Fairfax, with intensity, "let us make an end of all folly and beating about the bush at once and forever. I do not say that I am not sorry for what happened the other night—so far as it caused annoyance to you—but I am heartily glad that matters have been brought to a crisis. The end must have come sooner or later, Clary—so much the better if it has come quickly. There is only one way to deal with the wretched mistake of your marriage, and that is to treat it as a thing that has never been. There are places enough in the world, Clary, in which you and I are nameless and unknown, and we can be married in one of those places. I will run all risks of a criminal prosecution and seven years at Portland. You shall be my wife, Clarissa, by as tight a knot as church and state can tie."

She looked at him with a half-scornful smile.

"Do you think you are talking to a child?" she said.

They had been standing in the chill, drizzling rain all this time, unconscious, and would have so stood, perhaps, if a shower of fire and brimstone had been descending upon Brussels. But at this juncture Mr. Fairfax suddenly discovered that it was raining, and that Clarissa's shawl was growing rapidly damper.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what a brute I am! I must find you some kind of shelter."

There was a café near at hand, the café attached to the Théâtre du Parc, with rustic out-of-door constructions for the accommodation of its customers. Mr. Fairfax conducted Clarissa to one of these wooden arbors, where they might remain till the rain was over, or till he chose to bring her a carriage. He did not care to do that very soon. He had a great deal to say to her. This time he was resolved not to accept defeat.

A solitary waiter espied them promptly, having so little to do in this doleful weather, and came for orders. Mr. Fairfax asked for some coffee, and waited in silence while the man brought a little tray with cups and saucers and a great copper coffee-pot, out of which he poured the black infusion with infinite flourish.

"Bring some cognac," said Mr. Fairfax; and when the spirit had been brought, he poured half a wine-glassful into a cup of coffee, and entreated Clarissa to drink it as an antidote to cold. "You were walking ever so long in the rain," he said.

She declined the nauseous dose.

"I am not afraid of catching cold," she said; "but I shall be very glad if you will let that man fetch me a fly. I ought to have been at home half an hour ago."

"At home! Is it permissible to ask where you live?"

"I would rather not tell you my address. I hope, if my being here had any thing to do with your coming to Brussels, that you will go back to Paris at once."

"I shall never go back to Paris unless I enter its gates with you some day. I am going to the East, Clary; to Constantinople, and Athens, and all the world of fable and story, and you are going with me—you and young Lovel. Do you know there is one particular spot in the island of Corfu which I have pitched upon for the site of a villa, just such a fairy dwelling-place as you can sketch for me—your own architecture—neither Gothic nor composite, neither classic nor rustic, only *le style Clarisse;* not for our permanent dwelling—to my mind, nothing but poverty should ever chain a man to one habitation—but as a nest to which we might fly now and then, when we were weary of roaming."

He was talking lightly, after his nature, which was of the lightest, but for a purpose also, trying to beguile Clarissa from serious considerations, to bring a smile to the pale, sad face, if he could. In vain: the hazel eyes looked straight forward with an unwonted fixedness, the lips were firmly set, the hands clasped rigidly.

After this his tone grew more earnest; again he pleaded, very much as he had pleaded before, but with a stronger determination, with a deeper passion, painting the life that might be for those two in the warmest, brightest colors that his fancy could lend it. What had she to care for? he argued. Absolutely nothing. She had broken with her husband, whom George Fairfax knew by his own experience to be implacable in his resentment. And oh, how much to gain! A life of happiness; all her future spent with the man who loved her; spent wherever and however she pleased. What was he but her slave to obey her?

She was not unmoved by his pleading. Unmoved? These were words and tones that went home to her heart of hearts. Yes, she could imagine the life he painted so well. Yes, she knew what the future would seem to her, if it were to be spent with him. She loved him dearly—had so loved him ever since that night in the railway-carriage, she thought. When had his image been really absent from her since that time?

He insisted that she should hear him to the end, and she submitted, not unwillingly, perhaps. She had no thought of yielding; but it was sweet to her to hear his voice—for the last time, she told herself; this *must* be the last time. Even while he pleaded and argued and demonstrated that the wisest thing in the world she could do was to run away with him, she was meditating her plan of escape. Not again must they meet thus. She had a certain amount of strength of mind, but it was not inexhaustible, and she felt her weakness.

"You forget that I have a son," she said, at last, when he urged her to speak.

"He shall be *my* son. Do you think I do not love that rosy yearling? He shall inherit Lyvedon, if you like; there is no entail; I can do what I please with it. Yes, though I had sons of my own, he should be first, by right of any wrong we may do him now. In the picture I have made of our future life, I have never omitted that figure, Clarissa. Forget your son! No, Clary; when I am less than a father to him, tell me that I never loved you."

This was the man's way of looking at the question; the boy's future should be provided for, he should have a fine estate left him by way of solatium. The mother thought of what her son would think of *her* when he grew old enough to consider her conduct.

"I must ask you to get me a fly somehow, Mr. Fairfax," she said, quietly. "It is still raining, and I am really anxious to get home to Lovel. I am sorry you should have taken so much trouble about me; it is quite useless, believe me. I know that I have been very weak—guilty even—in many ways since I have known you; but that is all over now. I have paid the penalty in the loss of my husband's esteem. I have nothing now to live for but my child."

"And is that to be the end of every thing, Mrs. Granger?" asked George Fairfax, with an angry look in his eyes. "Are we to part upon that? It is such an easy thing to lure a man on to a certain point, and then turn upon him and protest you never meant to go beyond that point. *You* have paid the penalty! Do you think I have paid no penalty? Was it a pleasant thing to me, do you suppose, to jilt Geraldine Challoner? *I* trampled honor in the dust for your sake, Clarissa. Do you know that there is a coolness between my mother and me at this moment because of my absence from England and that broken-off marriage? Do you know that I have turned my back forever upon a place that any man might be proud to call his home, for the sake of being near you? I have cast every consideration to the winds; and now that you have actually broken loose from your bondage, now that there is nothing to come between us and a happy future, you set up your son as an obstacle, and"—he concluded, with a bitter laugh—"ask me to fetch you a fly!"

"I am sorry to wound you; but—but—I can not bring dishonor upon my son."

"Your son!" cried George Fairfax, savagely. "An east wind may blow your son off the face of the earth to-morrow. Is a one-year-old baby to stand between a man and his destiny? Come, Clary, I have served my apprenticeship; I have been very patient; but my patience is exhausted. You must leave this place with me to-night."

"Mr. Fairfax, will you get me a fly, or must I walk home?"

He looked at her fixedly for a few moments, intent upon finding out if she were really in earnest, if this cold persistence were unconquerable even by him. Her face was very pale, the eyes downcast, the mouth firm as marble.

"Clarissa," he cried, "I have been fooled from first to last—you have never loved me!"

Those words took her off her guard; she lifted her eyes to meet his, eyes full of love and despair, and again he told himself success was only a question of time. His apprenticeship was not finished yet; he must be content to serve a little longer. When she had tasted the bitterness of her new life, its helplessness, its desolation, with only such a broken reed as Austin Lovel to lean upon, she would turn to him naturally for comfort and succor, as the fledgeling flies back to its nest.

But if in the mean time Daniel Granger should relent and pursue her, and take her back to his heart with pardon and love? There was the possibility of that event; yet to press matters too persistently would be foolish, perilous even. Better to let her have her own way for a little, since he knew that she loved him.

He went to look for the depressed waiter, whom he dispatched in quest of a vehicle, and then returned to the rustic shelter, where Clarissa sat like a statue, watching the rain pouring down monotonously in a perpetual drizzle. They heard the wheels of the carriage almost immediately. Mr. Fairfax offered his arm to Clarissa, and led her out of the garden, the obsequious waiter on the other side holding an umbrella over her head.

"Where shall I tell the man to drive?" he asked.

"To St. Gudule."

"But you don't live in the cathedral, like Hugo's Esmeralda. Am I not to know your address?"

"It is better not. Austin knows that you were the cause of my leaving Paris. If you came, there might be some misunderstanding."

"I am not afraid of facing Austin."

"But I am afraid of any meeting between you. I can not tell you where I am living, Mr. Fairfax."

"That seems rather hard upon me. But you will let me see you again, won't you, Clary? Meet me here to-morrow at dusk—say at six o'clock. Promise to do that, and I will let you off."

She hesitated, looking nervously to the right and left, like a hunted animal.

"Promise, Clary; it is not very much to ask."

"Very well, then, I promise. Only please let the man drive off to St. Gudule, and pray don't follow me."

Mr. Fairfax grasped her hand. "Remember, you have promised," he said, and then gave the coachman his orders. And directly the fly containing Clarissa had rattled off, he ran to the nearest stand and chartered another.

"Drive to St. Gudule," he said to the man; "and when you see a carriage going that way, keep behind it, but not too near."

It happened, however, that the first driver had the best horse, and, being eager to earn his fare quickly, had deposited Clarissa in the Place Gudule before George Fairfax's charioteer could overtake him. She had her money ready to slip into the man's hand, and she ran across the square and into the narrow street where Austin lived, and vanished, before Mr. Fairfax turned the corner of the square.

He met the empty vehicle, and dismissed his own driver thereupon in a rage. "Your horse ought to be suppressed by the legal authorities," he said, as he gave the man his fare.

She must live very near the cathedral, he concluded, and he spent a dreary hour patrolling the narrow streets round about in the wet. In which of those dull-looking houses had she her dwelling? He could not tell. He walked up and down, staring up at all the windows with a faint hope of seeing her, but in vain; and at last went home to his hotel crestfallen and disappointed.

"She escapes me at every turn," he said to himself. "There is a kind of fatality. Am I to grow old and gray in pursuing her, I wonder? I feel ten years older already, since that night when she and I traveled together."

CHAPTER XLV.

ON THE WING.

CLARISSA hung over her baby with all manner of fond endearments.

"My darling! my darling!" she sobbed; "is it a hard thing to resist temptation for your sake?"

She had shed many bitter tears since that interview with George Fairfax, alone in the dreary room, while Lovel slept the after-dinner sleep of infancy, and while Mrs. Lovel and Jane Target gossiped sociably in the general sitting-room. Austin was out playing dominoes at the café of a Thousand Columns, with some Bohemianishly disposed Bruxellois.

She had wept for the life that might have been, but which never could be. On that point she was decided. Not under the shadow of dishonor could she spend her days. She had her son. If she had been alone, utterly desolate, standing on some isolated rock, with nothing but the barren sea around her, she might perhaps have listened to that voice which was so very sweet to her, and yielded. But to take this dreadful leap which she was asked to take, alone, was one thing; to take it with her child in her arms, another. Her fancy, which was very vivid, made pictures of what her boy's future might be if she were to do this thing. She thought of him stung by the mention of his mother's name, as if it were the foulest insult. She thought of his agony when he heard other men talk of their mothers, and remembered the blackness of darkness that shrouded his. She thought of the boyish intellect opening little by little, first with vague wonder, then fearful curiosity, to receive this fatal knowledge; and then the shame for that young, innocent soul!

"Oh, not for worlds!" she cried, "oh, not for worlds! God keep me from any more temptation!"

Not with mere idle prayers did she content herself. She knew her danger; that man was resolute, unscrupulous, revengeful even: and she loved him. She determined to leave Brussels. She would go and lose herself in the wide world of London; and then, after a little while, when all possibility of her movements being traced was over, she would take her child to some secluded country place, where there were woods and meadows, and where the little dimpled hands could gather bright spring flowers. She announced her intention to her brother that evening, when he came home, at a latish hour, from the Thousand Columns, elated by having won three francs and a half at dominoes—an amount which he had

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expended on cognac and siphons for himself and his antagonist.

He was surprised, vexed even, by Clarissa's decision. Why had she come to him, if she meant to run away directly? What supreme folly to make such a journey for nothing! Why did she not go from Paris to London at once?

"I did not think of that, Austin; I was almost out of my senses that day, I think, after Daniel told me he was going to separate me from my boy; and it seemed natural to me to fly to you for protection."

"Then why run away from me? Heaven knows, you are welcome to such a home as I can give. The quarters are rough, I know; but we shall improve that, by-and-by."

"No, no, Austin, it is not that. I should be quite happy with you, only—only—I have a particular reason for going to London."

"Clarissa!" cried her brother, sternly, "has that man any thing to do with this? Has he tried to lure you away from here, to your destruction?"

"No, no, no! you ought to know me better than that. Do you think I would bring dishonor upon my boy?"

Her face told him that she was speaking the truth.

"Very well, Clary," he said, with a sigh of resignation; "you must do as you please. I suppose your reason is a good one, though you don't choose to trust me."

So, by an early train next morning, Clarissa, with her nurse and child, left Brussels for Ostend—a somewhat dreary place wherein to arrive in early spring-time, with March winds blowing bleak across the sandy dunes.

They had to spend a night here, at a second-rate hotel on the Quay.

"We must go to humble-looking places, you know, Jane, to make our money last," Clarissa said, on the journey. They had traveled second-class; but she had given a five-pound note to her brother, by way of recompense for the brief accommodation he had given her, not telling him how low her stock was. Faithful Jane's five-and-twenty pounds were vanishing. Clarissa looked at the two glittering circlets on her wedding-finger.

"We can not starve while we have these," she thought; and once in London, she could sell her drawings. Natural belief of the school-girl mind, that water-colored sketches are a marketable commodity!

Again in the dismal early morning—that sunrise of which poets write so sweetly, but which to the unromantic traveler is wont to seem a dreary thing—mother and nurse and child went their way in a great black steamer, redolent of oil and boiled mutton; and at nine o'clock at night—a starless March night—Clarissa and her belongings were deposited on St. Katharine's Wharf, amidst a clamor and bustle that almost confused her senses.

She had meditated and debated and puzzled herself all through the day's voyage, sitting alone on the windy deck, brooding over her troubles, while Jane kept young Lovel amused and happy below. Inexperienced in the ways of every-day life as a child—knowing no more now than she had known in her school-girl days at Belforêt—she had made her poor little plan, such as it was.

Two or three times during her London season she had driven through Soho—those weird, dreary streets between Soho Square and Regent Street—and had contemplated the gloomy old houses, with a bill of lodgings to let here and there in a parlor window; anon a working jeweler's humble shop breaking out of a private house; here a cheap restaurant, there a French laundress; every where the air of a life which is rather a struggle to live than actual living. In this neighborhood, which was the only humble quarter of the great city whereof she had any knowledge, Clarissa fancied they might find a temporary lodging—only a temporary shelter, for all her hopes and dreams pointed to some fair rustic retreat, where she might live happily with her treasure. Once lodged safely and obscurely, where it would be impossible for either her husband or George Fairfax to track her, she would spend a few shillings in drawing-materials, and set to work to produce a set of attractive sketches, which she might sell to a dealer. She knew her brother's plan of action, and fancied she could easily carry it out upon a small scale.

"So little would enable us to live happily, Jane," she said, when she revealed her ideas to her faithful follower.

"But oh, mum, to think of you living like that, with such a rich husband as Mr. Granger, and him worshiping the ground you walk upon, as he did up to the very last: and as to his anger, I'm sure it was only tempory, and he's sorry enough he drove you away by this time, I'll lay."

"He wanted to take away my child, Jane."

They took a cab, and drove from Thames Street to Soho. Clarissa had never been through the City at night before, and she thought the streets would never end. They came at last into that quieter and dingier region; but it was past ten o'clock, and hard work to find a respectable lodging at such an hour. Happily the cabman was a kindly and compassionate spirit, and did his uttermost to help them, moving heaven and earth, in the way of policemen and small shopkeepers, until, by dint of much inquiry, he found a decent-looking house in a *cul-de-sac* out of Dean Street—a little out-of-the-way quadrangle, where the houses were large and stately, and had been habitations of sweetness and light in the days when Soho was young, and Monmouth the young man of the period.

To one of these houses the cabman had been directed by a good-natured cheesemonger, at a corner not far off; and here Clarissa found a second-floor—a gaunt-looking sitting-room, with three windows and oaken window-seats, sparsely furnished, but inexorably clean; a bedroom adjoining—at a rent which seemed moderate to this inexperienced wayfarer. The landlady was a widow—is it not the normal state of landladies?—cleanly and conciliating, somewhat surprised to see travelers with so little luggage, but reassured by that air of distinction which was inseparable from Mrs. Granger, and by the presence of the maid.

The cabman was dismissed, with many thanks and a princely payment; and so Clarissa began life alone in London.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

COMMERCIAL activity is reviving in Paris beyond our most sanguine hopes. Usually Parisian tradesmen are accustomed to complain of the stagnation of trade in the most prosperous times. But now, whether their natures have changed, or they are satisfied with little, they are all wondering at the pressure of business. Orders are flowing in, too, from abroad, and money is becoming plentiful in all branches of trade.

It was said that there would be no dancing in Paris this winter; but the Americans, who are numerous, have organized dancing parties, and the Parisians are eagerly adopting the name, which saves appearances, and does not shock patriotic decorum by the mention of balls. A series of ministerial receptions is also announced, which M. Thiers will inaugurate at the Palais de l'Elysée.

Those who expected to see the Parisians henceforth wear sackcloth and ashes as their uniform find themselves mistaken, and go their way repeating that the country is lost; since women continue to dress well, there is no reform, and reform alone can save us! These puritans are wrong, and prove themselves very superficial observers. Elegance is not abolished, or even diminished, for it could only disappear with France; but luxury and mad extravagance have sensibly decreased; the wealthiest set the example, which is gladly followed by those of modest fortunes. Two years ago the most costly things were treated without the least regard; the richest velvet was recklessly cut up into morning costumes to be worn in the fog and rain. Money lightly earned is lightly spent. Prodigality is the inevitable companion of dishonesty, just as judicious economy is the corollary of honest labor and of fortunes honorably gained. For twenty years the military budget has melted away into velvets, furs, laces, and jewels. Metz had no guns, but all the disreputable women of Paris (and they are not all Parisians, or even Frenchwomen) had lace flounces, diamonds, and carriages. France had but a hundred and eighty thousand men in her army, but these women had palatial residences, and supped gayly every evening on the rations destined for the army, and which figured only on paper to justify the expenses incurred in its name. This time has passed away with the imperial régime, let us hope forever.

Many ancient traditions have been revived in matters of dress. For instance, the mothers, aunts, and, in general, all that circle designated in French by the word *chaperons*—that is, those who go in society not for their own pleasure, but that of the young ladies whom they accompany, and who play the part of wall-flowers while their youthful companions join in the dance—no longer think themselves obliged to appear in ruinous toilettes. Ladies playing the part of chaperons go to balls in silk or velvet dresses which they have worn before, without being forced to spend a thousand francs for a new suit on every occasion. The dancers wear tarlatan more than tulle, and also plain or striped linon, a sort of cotton gauze.

We will describe a few pretty street suits which we saw the other day at one of the meetings of the French Academy. Suit of brown satin, striped with brown velvet, and covered in front by two large revers of plain brown velvet, which were connected by the aid of brown satin buttons, bordered with a ruche of the same satin. These buttons, of course, were fictitious—that is, they only seemed to button the revers. Polonaise of brown velvet, with large revers of brown satin with velvet stripes. The polonaise fronts separate far enough below the waist to show the revers of the skirt. The back of the waist is trimmed with slashed basques faced with satin like that of the skirt. Half-flowing sleeves with satin revers, underneath which a deep wristlet of velvet is buttoned around the hand. Collar, jabot, and cuffs of fine white lace. Brown velvet hat with brown feathers mottled with white, and white feathers mottled with brown.

Another suit was of bronze faille. Demi-trained skirt with flounce arranged in series of three very deep box-pleats, separated by a plain space of the same width as that occupied by the pleats. Above the flounce were two rows of white guipure, set on *en coquilles*, and separated by loops of black velvet ribbon. Tunic of the same faille, edged with guipure arranged in large arabesques. A very large bow of black velvet draped the tunic in the middle of the back. On the waist white guipure simulated a small square cape, broken in the back by a passementerie ornament, which extended from the neck to the waist, widening as it descended. Sleeves full from the top to the elbow, where a broad ribbon of black velvet simulated a band, and ending there in two rows of white guipure, draped under a black velvet bow, under which was a flounce of the same material as the dress, and pleated like that of the skirt. Under these loose sleeves were close sleeves of the material trimmed with white guipure.

Among the novelties that are already in preparation for the spring are suits of plain poplin, composed of a skirt with a flounce laid in large pleats, an over-skirt, rather long, without any kind of trimming, and draped only under the arms, and a double paletot, each part of which is terminated in a point under the arms and on the hips, and without any other trimming than a band of dark-colored velvet, set on about an inch from the edge. To provide against the spring rains, there are water-proof cloaks, not too dark, with the edges cut in round scallops. Buttons and button-holes in the scallops on the front edges confine the cloak from top to bottom. The large cape is also cut in scallops.

Small paletots of gray cashmere cloth are in preparation, also destined for spring, and to be worn with all dresses. They are slashed, and likewise rounded on the bottom. The under part of the sleeve is rounded, and longer than the upper half, which is rounded likewise. These are intended as a protection against sudden changes of temperature, and are to be carried on the arm or worn, as required.

Vests are much worn, either of a color contrasting with the dress, or of a darker shade than the latter. They are adapted both to low and high waists, both of which are made with basques. Sometimes this basque is simply a pleated flounce in the middle of the back, which tapers in front to the point where the waist reaches the vest.

Many woolen suits are trimmed with narrow bands of fur, gray on brown or black, brown or black on gray, and gray on dark garnet, dark green, or dark blue. These colors, however, are worn much less than gray, which, just now, is in universal favor.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

VACCINATION—now so generally practiced as a protection against a terrible disease—was discovered almost by accident. Previous to the year 1796 inoculation was the only known method of diminishing the danger attendant on small-pox; for it was believed that all must have the disease in some way. Dr. Edward Jenner, in inoculating his patients for small-pox, found that many did not take it. Inquiries among the country people developed a common belief among them that those whose business it was to milk cows were seldom afflicted with the disease; and further investigation proved that inoculation did not take effect in those who had accidentally taken "cow-pox." Jenner followed up the idea thus suggested by experiments; but his belief that vaccination—from the cow in the first place, and then from one person to another—would protect against the small-pox was ridiculed as an absurdity for sixteen years. He persevered, however, and in 1796 vaccinated a boy eight years old with matter taken from a milk-maid's hand. The child recovered satisfactorily, and was immediately inoculated for small-pox, but without the slightest effect. Jenner's discovery then became widely known and practiced.

Although medical opinions vary somewhat in regard to this subject, it is pretty generally agreed that if the protection afforded by vaccination is not perfect, it is superior to any other known; that although the operation, once performed, often fails to afford complete security, yet it generally modifies the disease, rendering it comparatively mild and safe; and many physicians are of opinion that if the virus is thoroughly inserted until it ceases to affect the system, the person is protected *for all time* as effectually as he would be by an attack of small-pox.

Terrific snow-storms are reported from the mining districts in Utah. The snow is said to be "from ten to fifty feet deep;" whole settlements have been buried beneath it, and operations in most of the mines have been suspended.

In the present House of Representatives there are twelve duplicate names of members; in the Senate there are four duplicates.

The jewels belonging to the Apollo Gallery of the Louvre were concealed during the Commune in a small room, carefully walled up, on the second story of the building erected by François I., over the Salle Henri II. and the Salon des Sept Cheminées. The work had been so skillfully executed that the insurgents, during their two months' occupation of the palace, must have passed before it a thousand times without suspecting that this treasure of jewelry, rock-crystal, enamels, etc., estimated at 50,000,000 francs, was so near them. The credit of this success is due to Count Clement de Ris, conservator, and to the employés of the museum, who were several times on the point of being shot for refusing to disclose the place of concealment.

About a hundred years ago a coal mine at the Bank Colliery near Rotherham, England, took fire, and all efforts at the time and subsequently were ineffectual to extinguish it. Not long ago it was ascertained that the flames were approaching the bottom of the shaft. In order to prevent, if possible, the fire from extending to other parts of the workings a wall was built 1000 yards in length, and varying from nine inches to five feet in thickness. Metal pipes have been inserted in this wall, securely plugged; but by removing the plugs the state of the air, and even the position of the fire, can be ascertained. The heat arising from this fire is so intense that two or three crops a year can be obtained from gardens over the colliery.

An imperial ukase of the Russian government makes the use of the Russian language in the schools of Poland compulsory.

The dress of the Russian peasantry is picturesque enough in summer, but in winter it is most uncouth. The *dublenka* seems to be a universal article of apparel—a white sheep-skin coat, with the wool turned inside, and the outside colored, sometimes a light reddish-brown, and sometimes a white. When new and clean, this looks well enough; but being worn by day, and used as a blanket at night, it soon becomes a dirty brown, and filthy in the extreme. High leather boots and a low fur cap complete the every-day costume of the men; the women wear a bright woolen shawl or handkerchief crossed under the chin and knotted at the back of the neck instead of a cap. The Sunday costume of the Russian peasantry is more elaborate.

A sweet-potato vine is a curiosity which few realize until they try to cultivate one. It is scarcely any trouble. Put a sweet-potato in a tumbler of water, or any similar glass vessel, fill with water, keep the lower end of the tuber about one or two inches from the bottom of the vessel, keep on the mantel-shelf, sun it for an hour or two each day, and soon little roots will appear, the eye will throw up a pretty vine, and grow rapidly over any trellis-work above.

Five of the justices of the Supreme Court now have residences in Washington—Judges Miller, Field, Bradley, Strong, and Swayne. The ladies of the Supreme Court—or the "court ladies," as they are sometimes called—commenced their receptions for this winter before Christmas. Monday is the day set apart by custom as their reception day.

Buffaloes do not like snow-storms. They were much discommoded by the late heavy falls of snow on the line of the Pacific Railroad. When one train was imbedded in the snow, the animals gathered on one side of it for shelter, and could not be driven away.

We do not quote the following stanzas as any thing new, but only as containing suggestions worthy of frequent consideration:

"Is it any body's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,
Is it any body's business
If a lady has a beau?

"Is it any body's business,
But the lady's, if her beau
Rides out with other ladies,
And doesn't let her know?
Is it any body's business,
But the gentleman's, if she
Should accept another escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?"

Lacking space for the entire poem, we content ourselves with one additional stanza, which contains the "conclusion of the whole matter."

"The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it any body's business
What *another's business* is?
If it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know;
For we are certain, if it isn't,
There are some who make it so."

There were 349 cats on exhibition at the Second Annual English Crystal Palace Cat Show, which occurred December 3, 1871. The felines reposed on red cushions, and were adorned with blue ribbons. These cats are not likely to need the services of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. One fond mistress, while her pet was on exhibition, brought him his supper *à la carte:* two smelts fried in bread crumbs and a leg of roast chicken. These cats were valued by their owners at from five up to five hundred dollars. The king of the show was a gentlemanly tortoise-shell, without a white hair in his whole coat, that took a prize of $7 50.

"The world is round, and like a ball," was the teaching of our childhood's geography; but a certain Mr. John Hampden, of London, does not agree with the poet; indeed, nothing will persuade him that the world is round: it is flat, he asserts. Some time ago this gentleman offered a large bet upon this question—five hundred pounds—and somebody accepted the wager. The fact was to be established by objects being visible on a smooth sheet of water, the eye being at an assigned height from the surface and distance from the objects, in such a way as would only be possible if the earth were flat. An umpire was appointed, who adjudged the money to Mr. Hampden's opponent, whereupon Mr. H. abused the umpire, and published libels concerning him. A suit was consequently brought against the philosopher, who settled the matter by apologizing; but he wishes it to be distinctly understood that, in spite of his apology, the world is flat!

Geraniums are considered more desirable than any other plants for window gardening, because they are hardy, and are not so liable as many others to be attacked by insects.

Three useful suggestions are given in an exchange concerning sleep: 1. Those who think most, who do the most brain-work, require the most sleep. 2. The time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate. 3. Give yourself all the sleep you can get; give your children, your servants, all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they wake. In a short time nature will rouse from slumber the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

It may not be generally known that it is a hazardous experiment to bring a magnet in contact with a watch, although a little reflection would remind one that the delicate steel mechanism is very susceptible to any such influence. A young lady in this city, possessing a beautiful Swiss watch, was recently spending the evening with some friends. A lad in the company, attracted by the little compass which nowadays it is so fashionable to wear as a charm, sportively expressed his doubts of its being a "good one," and brought his magnet to "test" it. In the course of the experiments the magnet was put upon the watch for a moment. It instantly gave indications of being in trouble. The watch was taken to the importer, who found it necessary to remove all the works, and to subject all the delicate steel machinery to some special heating process. Although it may be restored to its original condition, the owner will not care to expose it again to a similar experiment. Our readers may find her experience worth remembering.

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THE TICHBORNE DOLE.—FROM THE ORIG

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DOLLY VARDEN AT HER LOOKING-GLASS.—[SEE PAGE 74.]

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FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE.

And have you forgotten me quite, dear,
Or say, do you sometimes dream
What life might have been if we wandered still
Together by wood and stream?
Do you think of days when my love was all
The world could give or take,
And say, with a sigh, "they were happy days,"
Just for the old love's sake?
Just for the old love's sake, sweetheart,
Just for the old love's sake?

Do you ever sit in the twilight, dear,
And think of that wintry day
When we met and parted and journeyed forth
Each on our separate way?
I turned and stood for a moment, dear,
And looked in your face, to take
Its memory far on my way through life,
Just for the old love's sake:
Just for the old love's sake, sweetheart,
Just for the old love's sake.

Do you ever think they were bitter words?
Their memory haunts me yet.
Do you wonder how you could say them all,
And wonder if I forget?
Yet, dear, my heart has forgiven them long,
Though I thought at first 'twould break;
And whenever I think, it is kindly still,
Just for the old love's sake:
Just for the old love's sake, sweetheart,
Just for the old love's sake.

DOLLY VARDEN AT HER LOOKING-GLASS.

See Illustration on page 78.

THE artist has given us a glimpse of Dolly Varden—Dolly Varden at her toilette—practicing some extra bewitching mode of balancing that coquettish little hat of hers on her head; and daintily she does it too, as, indeed, she did every thing.

What is there in the very name of Dolly Varden that goes at once to our hearts? Dolly was no heroine; she stands on no pedestal; she certainly was neither clever nor accomplished, and, being placed low in the social scale, had no advantages of wealth or education to recommend her. The incidents of her life are not at all out of the usual way. She is commonplace enough in character and *personnel*, and all about her is sketchily rather than elaborately delineated. Ordinary materials enough, these, to go upon. Why is it that a being thus ordinarily conditioned should find her way at once to our hearts, and hold her place there undisturbed ever after, as Dolly certainly has done?

The true answer is doubtless to be found in the wondrous truth of the delineation—not a particular or a local truth, not a portrait of some exceptional character or limited class of characters, however attractive or admirable, but a general and broadly inclusive truth. Dolly Varden, with her simple beauty, her trimness, her tinge of pertness and coquetry, her briskness, and under all these her modesty, her constancy, her truth, and her purest of pure hearts, is nothing less than a type of English maidenhood—a type sketched only, it is true, but most wondrously sketched by a supremely master hand.

Dolly Varden is of no rank or position. She is of every rank. Her home is as often to be found in the baronial hall as it is in the cottage, and her head-gear is as often composed of pearls or strawberry leaves as of wild flowers. Dolly Vardens with ostrich plumes and diamonds are strongly gregarious at the palace on court days; they eclipse the most brilliant orchids at the flower shows; and where there is a bright, happy, blessed home, no matter in what condition of life, from the palace to the cottage, there, in the centre of it, is sure to be found our dear Dolly Varden.

Dolly is, in fact, as we said above, a pure, good, comely English girl, endeared to us by her innate lovableness rather than by any pretension to exceptional ability, great mental power, or exalted beauty; and the merit of the type, as well as the universality of its acceptation, lies in the fact of its perfect and simple truth, unalloyed by any touch of exaggeration on the one hand or conventionalism on the other. The like can not be said for others of the received types of the national characteristics. John Bull, for instance—who shall persuade us that the coarse, obese, fat-brained individual that for some generations has done duty with our caricaturists and illustrators as the national presentment in the least resembles the representative Englishman, with his noble form, his frank and intelligent visage, and his aristocratic bearing? He forms one of a series of false types that have kept their places because they, by common consent, are taken for what they are intended to be. He belongs to the same category as the lank, shivering, frog-eating Frenchman, the wife-selling Englishman, the out-at-elbow poet, the absurd, half-idiotic artist, the purple-nosed ecclesiastic, the starved apothecary. These are conventionalisms, and we understand them as such. They are not truths, and they—most of them at least—were forced on our acceptance by caricaturists, of great power certainly, but of some coarseness as well—Hogarth, Rowlandson, Gilray, etc.: hence the long tenure of their places.

In Dickens's sweet type of English girls we miss all conventionalism, all stage effect, all that is forced or highly wrought, and perceive only its exquisite and characteristic national truth. National, we say, for Dolly is essentially English. Dolly is scarcely to be found in Continental parts. Olympe, with her bright eyes and her Gallic cleverness and *esprit*, is excellent in her way and place, and worthy of all admiration, but she is not Dolly Varden. Juanna's countenance may be more flashing, and her step among the orange groves of Seville lighter and more graceful, than Dolly can boast of; but attractive as she doubtless is, the two, to our thinking, may not compare. Giacinta, of the Romagna, may be a queen, a goddess; but she is not the chosen of our heart of hearts, our dear Dolly Varden.

COLONEL CLIVE'S WIFE.

"SOMEBODY to see Colonel Clive." The words echoed and re-echoed through the long, vaulted passages of Aberdeen Jail, as a lady, dressed in black and with her face closely shaded by a thick crape veil, followed the grim turnkey to whom they had been addressed toward the cell where Harold Clive, late colonel in her Majesty's Dragoon Guards, lay waiting his trial at the next assizes for the willful murder of Philip Anstruther on the 14th day of October, 1866.

She kept strict silence till the noise of the man's key was heard grating in the door.

"What is the longest time that I may stay?" she asked, in a low, composed tone.

"An hour's the outside time allowed," was the answer, given in rather a surly manner.

"I saw your wife yesterday, Keith, and shall see her again to-morrow," the lady continued. "Can I take any message for you to her or the children?"

The man looked up with a startled expression. It was wonderful to see how his stern features had relaxed at the sound of her voice.

"God bless me! it's never Miss Laura?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, it is Miss Laura, and she wants you to do her a favor, Keith," she answered.

"There is na much I wouldna do for you, miss," said the man, a little doubtfully; he wondered what was coming next.

"It's nothing wrong," she said, in the same low, quiet tone. "Only I have something of great importance to say to the prisoner, and I wish to be as little disturbed as possible during the hour in which I am allowed to be with him. Will you take care of this?"

"All right, my bonnie young leddie. Rules is rules, and canna be evaded, but I'll tak' care that the clock does na run on faster than can be helpit. Ye canna be alone with him, ye ken?" he added, a moment after.

"I know that," she answered, a little sadly.

"But I'll tak' the turn to watch mysel', and ye need hae no fear that I shall listen to what ye shall say to the colonel, God bless him!"

He held the door open, while she passed without another word into the prisoner's presence, and then closed it softly behind her.

Colonel Clive had been seated at the farther end of the cell, with his back turned toward his visitor as she came in; but the grating noise made by the heavy door had aroused his attention, and he looked up absently from the book he was reading. I say absently, for though he rose instinctively from his chair and bent his head somewhat proudly to the lady, who was standing before him, he evidently did not recognize her in the least.

She put up her veil, and, holding out her hand, walked quickly up to him.

"Harold, I have come to see you at last," she said.

He started back, looking utterly bewildered.

"Laura! *you* here?" he exclaimed. "This is more than I could have dared to hope." Then he took her offered hand, and held it fast in both his own; and so they stood together for the next few minutes without speaking another word.

He was a tall, strongly-made man, somewhere about forty years of age, though he was very often taken to be much older; for the lines about his lips and eyes were deeply marked, and his thick black hair and heavy cavalry mustache were thickly sprinkled with gray. It was not a handsome face; the features were rough and irregular, and the old scar of a sabre-cut was still clearly visible on one side of his forehead and cheek. But there was a certain manly beauty about it for all that. It was a face that children and women learned implicitly to trust—certainly not the face of one who was likely to have committed the awful crime with which he had been charged.

Time must have dealt very hardly with this man; there was a sad, weary look in his dark eyes which seemed to tell you that he had known much sorrow, that life had been to him one long struggle, and that he was willing to lay it down and be at rest as soon as ever his time should come. It was not often that Colonel Clive was seen to smile, and his smile was not a very joyous one at the best; but there were a few women in the world, mothers, perhaps, who had watched him when he had been playing with their little ones, who would tell you afterward that his smile was the most beautiful thing they had ever seen.

Unworldly and unselfish more than most men, brave as a lion, yet gentle as a little child, he had nevertheless made but few friends in his way through life, and still fewer acquaintances; but except one mean soul here and there, who had come under the scourge of his righteous scorn, he had scarcely an enemy in the world; and there was not one among those few who had learned to know and love him well but would have gone through fire and water for the sake of doing a service to Harold Clive.

And this was the man who was kept close prisoner now in Aberdeen Jail, charged with the willful murder of his own cousin, Philip Anstruther.

"Laura, my child, what good angel of mercy sent you here to-day?" he asked, gently, as he let go her hand at last.

"No one sent me," she answered; "I came of my own free-will. They would not have let me come if they had been at home; but they are all gone to Blagden Castle for the day, and so I came without their knowledge."

"You are with the Anstruthers still, then?" he said.

"Yes; it could not well be helped," she answered; "but I go back to Edward's wife to-morrow. Harold," she added, in a different tone, "I should have been here long ago, only I have been so ill, so very ill, ever since that dreadful day."

"I don't wonder at that; the wonder is to see you here at all. You have never come alone, Laura?" he asked, anxiously.

"No, not alone. Little Phœbe Macintosh, the keeper's daughter, who has been nursing me for the last ten days, came with me in the train; but I sent her on to her uncle's house, and she does not know what the business was that brought me into Aberdeen."

He looked at her for a minute or so with one of his own peculiar smiles, and then he said,

"Laura Sartoris, I know that this is not the first time by many in your good life that you have been within the walls of a prison; but I think I may safely say that never in all your life have you done so much good to any poor prisoner as you have done to me this afternoon. You have brought the first bit of sunshine into this gloomy den that I have seen for many a long day. Give me your hand again, Laura, my child, while I thank you for coming here—thank you as I would do on my knees, if I thought you would let me, for giving me the opportunity of swearing to you with my own lips that I am as innocent of the murder of that dead man as you are yourself."

"Hush, Harold," she answered, shaking her head sadly; "there is no need to tell me that; that I am here to-day, holding your hand thus, is proof enough that I never doubted you for an instant. But you must forgive me if I say that I do *not* think you acted wisely at the time. Surely it would have been better for you to have given yourself up to the authorities at once, and told the exact truth of how it all happened, than to have kept such a strict silence about the awful accident, and given the world the impression that you intended to escape."

"You think, like the others, then, that I have been telling lies?" exclaimed Colonel Clive, throwing his head back proudly, while the hot blood mounted slowly to his cheek. "You wrong me by that doubt, Laura. I spoke the truth, and nothing but the truth, that day before the magistrates, when I told them that I knew no more how Philip Anstruther met with his death than the child unborn. I said then, and I say now, we went half-way down the pier at S—— together, speaking passionate revengeful words, I own, and parted at last with hot anger in both our hearts; but from that moment I never set eyes on him again. He went on to the end—to the unfinished part of the pier, as I believe—and I retraced my steps by the way that I had come; but whether he made a false step in the twilight, or whether the wind, which was blowing hard at the time, actually blew him over the low parapet—whether he died by accident, or by his own act, or by the hand of another, God only knows. I never even heard of his death till two nights afterward, when, just as I was stepping on board the Havre steamer at Southampton, I was arrested on the charge of having murdered him."

By way of answer, Laura Sartoris laid her cold hand upon that of her companion.

"Poor Harold," she said, softly, "it must have been very hard for you to bear."

He had placed her in the chair from which he had so lately risen, and they were now sitting side by side.

I have not yet told the reader what Laura Sartoris was like. Perhaps he may be fancying her all this time to be a tall, beautiful girl, of stately height, and with noble, aristocratic features. But she was nothing of the kind—not a girl at all, but a woman of three-and-twenty years old at least; not beautiful, not even pretty; a little *mignonne* creature, with a pale face, and gray eyes, and wavy, auburn hair—hair that looked simply brown in the shade, but in the sunshine warmed into a sort of golden red. Many persons could see no kind of beauty in that face. Women seldom looked at it a second time; but there were some men who maintained that Laura Sartoris's face was better worth looking at than any other woman's in the world—that once seen, it could never be forgotten; and the gray-haired soldier sitting by her now was one of these. She was not looking her best just then, for her only claim to beauty at any time lay in the charm of her expression, in her glowing cheeks and laughter-loving eyes. But there was not a smile on her lips now; her cheeks looked thin and worn; and the dancing light in her eyes had been quenched as if by many tears. Harold Clive saw and noted all these changes with a heavy heart, and yet he thought she had never looked so nearly beautiful in all her life as she did that afternoon.

His hand closed fast upon her trembling fingers; that little hand of hers seemed a sort of sheet-anchor for him to hold on by. "And poor Laura, I might say," he resumed, answering her last words, "if you were not so unselfish that you have made me forget your sorrow in my own. Your goodness in coming here to-day would be simply incredible to me, did I not know that you acquit me of having, by thought, word, or deed, willfully injured the man who was to have been your husband."

"We will not speak of that now, Harold, if you please," Laura answered, blushing a little for the first time. "I did not come to talk about the past, but of the future, and there is no time to lose. Tell me what you think yourself: how will it go with you at this dreadful trial?"

They had spoken in low tones from the first, but now their voices sank almost into a whisper, so that not one word could reach the ears of the man Keith, who kept his silent watch at the extreme end of the long room, pacing up and down like an automaton, and apparently taking no notice of what was passing before his eyes.

"How can I tell?" Harold answered, with a little, bitter laugh, which grated strangely on his companion's ear. "If it were any other man than myself who was to be tried, I shouldn't hesitate to say he would be acquitted; but some men seem to have the luck of it in this world, and some don't. I'm one of the last. At school it seemed with some of the fellows that to wish for a thing was to have it, but with me it was always the reverse. It's been so ever since I can recollect. My mother died when I was a year old, and my father never seemed to care whether I was alive or dead. Except for the accident of having inherited a large share of worldly wealth, no one can call me a fortunate man. But I must have been born under an unlucky star indeed, if they can succeed in making me out guilty upon the scraps of circumstantial evidence that they have got against me as yet. That we were both seen walking together down the pier—quarreling, if you will—that I was observed later to come back alone, looking worried and anxious; that poor Philip's hat and handkerchief, stained with a few drops of blood, were found the next morning wedged among the piles at the end of the pier; and that I was overtaken forty hours afterward at Southampton on my way to Havre, having taken my passage nearly a week before, are not quite proofs enough, I should say, if I know any thing of Scotch law, to convince twelve honest jurymen that I murdered a man in cold blood whom I had known ever since he was a boy."

"There would be no fear at all of the result," said Laura, speaking in a low, hoarse voice—"the lawyers all say so—except for the evidence that I must give."

"You give evidence!" he exclaimed, looking startled. "What do you mean, Laura? I don't understand."

"Don't you know? Has no one told you? Oh, this is the worst of all!"

"I have not seen Leslie for several days, and this must be something new. Tell me, child, what can you have to do with it? We left you at the hall door of his uncle's house, if you recollect. I saw there was something wrong between you and Anstruther, and I felt that when he seized your hand and kissed it in my presence, it was meant for a studied insult to you as well as to me. But that was all; you never saw us again after that moment."

"Unhappily, I did," she answered, shaking her head sadly. "You must have wandered about the park for some little while before you went down to the shore; for I had time to walk quietly to the old boat-house, which they turned into a sort of arbor last year, before you and he went out through the little wicket-gate by the side of it, which opens on to the sands. I was sitting there reading when you passed out. You did not see me; but I saw you, and heard you too. I could not help hearing, for you were talking loudly, and oh, Harold, you were speaking passionate, angry words."

"What was I saying?" he asked, abruptly.

"You both used high words, but he was the worst. He muttered something that I could not hear, and then you turned upon him and said that he should answer to you for those words before you parted from him that day. I would not let you know I was there. I thought it would make things worse, perhaps, if I interfered, but I would give all I have in the world now if I had spoken to you, or to have been any where else in the universe than in that wretched old boat-house when you spoke those dangerous words. You did speak them, or have I only dreamed that you did?" she asked, eagerly.

"Hush, Laura, hush," he said, for she was growing flushed and excited. "I did speak them; I recollect it all now. He fancied that I had been telling you of something he had wished to keep from you, and I indignantly denied the charge; then he called me a liar and a coward, and I answered him in the very words you say. My old, hot temper has been the ruin of me if, as you say, this should become known."

"It will be known sooner or later, if it is not known, as I much fear, already. I have been very ill, Harold," she added, humbly, "and have been delirious at times. I may have told those words in my dreams, for I dream of nothing else, and I know that I have been watched—perhaps it is only natural that it should be so—by Philip's relatives. There have been spies about me who must have carried the tale to other ears—because—because—" her head sank lower and lower, till it was fairly hidden in her hands, and she broke into a fit of passionate weeping.

"Because they have summoned you as a witness against me? Is that what you mean to say?" Colonel Clive asked, gently.

She only bowed her head in bitter grief by way of answer.

He let her cry on for a little while in silence, but the sad eyes grew sadder than ever as he watched her tears.

"Oh, Harold, it is so dreadful! What can I do?" she sobbed at length.

"You can speak the truth, and leave the rest in God's hands, Laura, my darling," he answered, laying his hand for a moment on her head. "And that is what you must do. I would not have those pure lips sullied by a falsehood, though I had to die twenty times over."

"Yes, it is what I *must* do," she answered, bitterly. "I know that well enough; I shall have to speak the truth, as you say, whether I will or not. It will be dragged from me, forced from me, word by word, by those cruel men. Ah, Harold, they will never let me tell them the other things I know about you: how good and kind you are; that you would never willfully hurt any living creature; that I have known you sit for

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hours and hours playing with a soldier's sick child; that you swam more than a mile once to save a dog's life. They will never let me tell them these things, but they will make me say those other dreadful words, which I know you never meant, over and over again, and they will be your ruin—I know they will—and then I shall always feel as if your blood were on my head!" she exclaimed once more, bursting into tears.

"Laura, Laura, you must not talk like this," he answered, speaking as calmly as he could; for his heart was beating violently, and he was deadly pale. "You are making yourself ill again, my poor little girl. It was no fault of yours that you were in the boat-house that day and heard my foolish words, which, as you say, meant little or nothing; and perhaps, after all, you are exaggerating the effect they will produce."

"No, no, I am not," she answered, despondently. "What they will drive me to say will kill you, I know it will. I can not, will not bear it," she added, lifting up her head, and choking back her sobs. "It must not be. There is one way, and only one way, in which I can save you, if you will let me."

"There is *no* way," he replied, a little sternly, "if it is to be at the sacrifice of the truth. I have told you before, Laura, and I tell you again, you shall not perjure yourself even to save my life. If you are called upon to bear witness against me, you must just speak the truth, and then, if it must be so, God's will be done."

There was silence between them for a few moments, and then Laura spoke again. "There is one way," she faltered, "by which—"

"The truth can be suppressed—not with my consent," he interrupted, scornfully.

"Harold, be patient, and hear me out," she pleaded. "There is one way by which not the truth, though it would only be a half truth after all, but my evidence could be suppressed." She was speaking quite calmly, but her head was turned away from him.

"Laura, what *do* you mean?"

She might have been in the witness-box already for the close, eager questioning of those eyes which were fixed on her; she could not look at him.

"Won't you help me, Harold? Can't you guess what it is I mean?"

He sat staring at her with a bewildered expression, and passed his hand wearily over his forehead once or twice before he answered:

"I was never a good hand at riddles in my best days, as you know, and I should be worse than ever now. These two or three weeks in this dreary den have deadened all my senses, I think, and robbed me of the little wits I ever had. You had better not let me try to guess, or I might make such a wild hit as would frighten you away forever. Tell me plainly what it is you mean, Laura. Don't keep me in suspense."

I do not think that he was speaking the strict truth himself then. I believe that he knew what her meaning was, long before her answer came; for he was trembling from head to foot, and, if possible, he was paler than before. She looked up at him then with a face as white as his own, and in a low voice, which never faltered, she said:

"If I were your wife, Harold, they could not make me give evidence against you."

He started up from his chair with every feature in his face quivering, and took one or two impatient turns across the room before he could trust himself to speak.

"What mad, wicked folly is this, that some one has been putting into your head?" he said, in a hoarse whisper. Then he stopped beside her, and once more laid his hand upon her head.

"You have been very ill, my poor child, and delirious, as you said. You are dreaming still, it seems to me, and don't know what you are saying. My wife?"

"No, I am not mad, as you think. Don't hate or despise me, Harold," she pleaded. "It is the only way."

"Despise you, my darling! If you only knew!"

She caught his hand as he was breaking away from her again. "Once, years ago, you asked me to marry you," she said.

"I did. Five years and three months ago—I can tell you the day of the month and of the week, if you wish to know—I asked you to marry me, and you refused. You told me you did not love me, and so there was an end of it. What is the good of dragging my old folly into the light again to-night?"

"Because—because if you were to ask me the same question again, I should give you a different answer now."

"You would, Laura?" The color rushed up to his very temples, and his voice trembled so that he could scarcely articulate: "What kind of difference would there be? Could you tell me that you *do* love me now at last?"

It was a dark November day, and in the growing twilight he could not see her face clearly, or he would have known, from the set expression of her features, that there was no need for him to put such a question; no need for him to stoop over her as he did to listen for the whispered words he so longed to hear. The answer, when it came, was given in a low, clear voice, which trembled not half so much as his own.

"Ah, Harold, how I wish I could!"

"That is enough, then!" he cried, fiercely, and wrenching his hand away from her clasp. "Do you think I would let you sacrifice yourself on any other terms? Do you think my life would be worth having while the memory of the man you loved was coming between us every hour of the day?"

"There you are wrong," she answered, firmly. "Philip Anstruther would never have been my husband even if he had lived. I loved him once, as you say, with a girl's idolatrous devotion; but he tried me too hard, and wearied out even my love. Our engagement had dragged on for weeks and months, simply because I lacked courage to cancel it, until the very morning of the day on which he died. Then certain facts came to my knowledge which raised an impassable barrier between us, and I told him plainly it must end. But my idol had come down from its pedestal long before that," she added, with a weary smile.

"Thank God for that!" Colonel Clive answered, reverently. "It is not for me to speak hard words of the dead; but, Laura, he was never worthy of your love. Handsome as a god, he was nevertheless cruel and false of heart, and could never have made you happy. I say again, thank God that you found this out at last!"

He only spoke the simple truth. His cousin, Philip Anstruther, to whom Laura had been engaged during the last two years, was a man not only hard by nature, but selfish and utterly devoid of principle—one who never let any scruples of conscience or honorable feeling interfere with the end he had in view. He was very handsome and brilliantly clever, and yet men had learned at last to dislike and suspect him; and few had of late years a good word to say for him, except his uncle, the old Laird of Anstruther, and his family, who had doted upon him and indulged his every caprice ever since he had been left to their care as a boy. With these Anstruthers, who had a large estate in the neighborhood, Laura Sartoris had been staying at the time of the supposed murder, and in consequence of her illness had been compelled, against her will, to remain with them ever since. It might seem strange that a man of Anstruther's stamp should ever have won the love of such a girl as Laura, but it was true. He was a consummate actor, and could feign well when he chose; and her affection, which for the time was akin to idolatry, had blinded her in the first instance to the grave faults of his character. But little by little the infatuation passed away, and she began with pain unspeakable to see him in his true colors. For his part, he wearied of the prize he had won almost as soon as it was within his grasp; but Miss Sartoris had some fortune of her own, and he was poor and very extravagant. Their marriage, on some pretext or another, was indefinitely postponed. Yet he held her to her promise, and Laura, over whom he still exercised a strange power, had, as she said herself, allowed the engagement to drag on, simply for want of moral courage to put an end to it.

And Harold Clive, her late guardian, the only man who could have helped her, was compelled to stand by, and see her ready to sacrifice herself to one whom in his heart he believed to be utterly unworthy of her; and yet, because of that "mad folly" of his five years ago, he felt himself bound in honor to hold his peace.

No wonder he thanked God, now that she had learned the truth without his help.

Once more there was silence between them, till Laura broke it with a painful effort. This time her voice faltered as she said,

"And so, Harold, although perhaps I do not love you as your wife should, at least I can say that I love no other man in the world."

He only shook his head impatiently. "Laura, when I spoke to you before—you know the time I mean—you told me that it was part of your religion never to marry a man whom you could not love. What has become of your creed now?"

"This is an exceptional case," she answered, blushing painfully. "The end I have in view will justify the means. And, after all, my marriage vow would not be such a very false one; it would be true in spirit if not in the letter," she added, with the same weary smile; "for, Harold, I have honored and obeyed you ever since I can remember, and I would do my best to love you in the time to come."

"Do your best!" he said, scornfully. "Perhaps you would; but that best will not do for me, or rather it would never do for you. My darling, this can not be," he added, his tone suddenly changing to one of the most caressing tenderness. "God bless you for your noble thought, Laura; but I tell you it must not be. Listen to what I have to say. Five years ago I asked you to marry me. I must have been mad at the time, I believe; mad enough to think that the girl whom I had known ever since she was born, whom I used to carry in my arms when she was a little child—the girl who used to call me her uncle Harold, her dear old Harold, almost before she could speak plainly, and who had loved me in a sort of fashion all her life, could learn to love me well enough to be my wife; to give her young bright life into the keeping of a man nearly old enough to be her father. Well, the delusion did not last long. You refused me in a way that I don't believe any other woman could have done—making me love you only more dearly than ever, and teaching me to love every other woman in the world the better for your sake. But those few simple words of yours cured me of my madness at once and forever. You drew the veil aside with a firm, kind hand, and I saw then what a selfish, infatuated fool I had been. I have never loved any one else since, and I never shall love any other woman but you in that way; and yet now that you offer of your own free-will to make the sacrifice I asked of you then—thank God I have sense and manliness enough left to say No, for both our sakes. Ah, Laura, it would never do. We should only make each other miserable. Do you think that, loving you as I do, I could bear to see you unhappy, pining day by day for the freedom which I could not give you back?—to know that you were my wife in name, and yet never to see a wife's real look of love upon your face? No, little one, I could not bear this; better to die once, than to drag on in such a living death as that.

"Life is sweeter to me than I thought it was, even an hour ago; but, after all, it has not so many charms for me that I should sacrifice another's happiness for the sake of a few more years of existence. I shall leave no mother, or wife, or child to break their hearts about me after I am gone. There are a few brave fellows whom I knew in India and in the Crimea who will be sorry to hear of Harold Clive's death—and the manner of it," he added, bitterly, as a spasm of pain for a moment crossed his face. "But there's one comfort, and that is, that not one of them will ever be brought to believe that I did the thing they are going to hang me for. And so, Laura, my darling, I say again, God bless you a thousand times for your noble thought of saving me by this means; but I tell you it can not, must not be. And if," he added, with his own sad smile, "if it is true, as you said just now, that you have obeyed me ever since you were a little child, you must obey me in this one thing else. Put that thought, generous as it is, out of your mind at once and forever, and never tempt me again so cruelly as you have done to-night."

Then Laura Sartoris raised her head and looked him full in the face; her cheeks were crimson, and there was a wild look in her eyes which frightened him. "You talk about selfishness, Harold," she exclaimed, passionately; "but you never were so selfish in all your life as you are now. You have no thought for any one but yourself, it seems to me. You have forgotten what I told you just now; what I never forget for a single minute—that dreadful trial, and the part I shall have to take in it. There was a time—not so long ago, when I was a young conceited girl—that I used to say I should like to be put into the witness-box just for once, to see if I could not puzzle the lawyers by my answers; but oh, if you only knew how I dread it now! I never think of any thing else from morning till night; all day long that scene is before my eyes, and then I dream of it at night. I hear myself saying those words of yours over and over again, till I think by-and-by they will drive me mad. If they make me say those dreadful words at the trial, they will kill you, I know they will; and then what will become of me afterward I dare not think. Oh, Harold, think of all these things well before you determine to say No. It is the last chance—the only hope. Have pity on me, if you have none upon yourself."

Colonel Clive turned away his head abruptly, and hid his face in his hands.

"God help me! You are trying me very hard, Laura!" he said, in a broken voice.

She saw that her words had moved him at last, and she went on in a softer tone:

"Listen to what my father said when he was dying—that father whose life you saved at Moodkee when I was quite a little child, and who loved you like a brother ever afterward. 'I have made Clive your guardian, Laura,' he said, 'because he is the best and truest man I know. Your brother Edward is a good Christian, and means well; but he knows too little of the world to help and advise you as the other can. Make much of Harold Clive' (these were his own very words), 'for there are few men like him; and if ever the time comes that you can do him a service, remember that I owe him a debt of gratitude which I have never been able to repay.' Help me to keep the promise that I gave him then. Listen to that voice from the dead, Harold Clive, and let me save you if I can."

She waited for his answer, but none came; only the man's whole frame was shaken by a sort of tearless sob, and she felt that he was yielding fast. Rising up from her chair, she came and knelt beside him, and laid her head upon his arm. "Harold, dear old Harold," she pleaded, in a voice that might have touched the hardest heart, "don't say No to me again. Give me the right to call you husband, and I shall know that you are safe; and then—only have patience with me in the time to come; be kind to me, as I know you will, and it can not be but that I shall learn to love you in the end."

She had conquered now. Colonel Clive lifted his head and gave one long gasping sigh.

"I'm not fit to decide about this, Laura," he said, passing his hand wearily over his forehead as he spoke. "It seems to me that I have lost all power to tell right from wrong to-night. Ask your brother Edward what he thinks. He is a good man and a Christian, as your father said; let him, as a clergyman, be the judge in this matter, and then by his decision I promise you to abide."

"I have asked him, Harold," she answered, eagerly. "I have told him (the first person I ever told in the world) of what passed between us five years ago, and he says that I am right. He it was who counseled me to come here myself to-day, and bade me tell you, if you asked me, that he gave his full and free consent."

There was no escape for him then. No one, not even her own brother, would help to save this noble woman from sacrificing herself for his unworthy sake.

"There is no time to lose," Laura went on, in a broken voice, and still clinging to his arm; "the hour they allowed me must be nearly at an end, and then it will be too late. Don't let me feel that I have humbled myself before you in vain; don't break my heart quite, Harold; but, for the sake of him who is gone, for *my* sake, tell me that you consent."

He took both her hands in his, and looked at her for a moment as Jephthah might have looked at his devoted child before he led her away to the mountain. "Well, then, Laura," he said, in slow, measured tones, "so let it be. Against my own better judgment, but for the sake of the woman I love best in the world, I consent." Then he lifted her from her knees, and held her for a moment in his arms before he placed her again in the chair from which she had risen.

"Now tell me quickly, how is this to be done?"

There was no answer.

"Good heavens, how ill you look, my child!" he exclaimed.

It was quite true; the reaction of feeling had begun. She was as pale as death again now, and trembling and shivering in every limb as if with cold.

"It is nothing," she answered, faintly, but still leaning her head against his arm. "I am only a little faint. I have been very ill; and all this has been too much for me. It will pass off in a minute. There, I am better already. Yes, let me tell you quickly, for there is no time to lose. It can be done very easily. We are on the north side of the Border, remember, Harold," she added, looking up at him with what was meant for one of her old saucy smiles, but was in reality a very sad one.

He shook his head impatiently. "You are English, and such a subterfuge ought not to satisfy your conscience," he answered.

"I thought you would say that; but it is the only way. We could not procure even a special license while you are in prison. Edward arranged with me that it must be so, before he went away."

"What is your brother gone away for?"

She never once looked up in his face, and no one would have guessed, from the stern tone in which he spoke, of the look of mournful tenderness with which he was regarding her. That first breaking down of hers had seemed to him only a foretaste of all that was in store for him hereafter.

"He was obliged to go away to London for a day or two; his little boy has been, and still is, very ill at school. But he will be back on Thursday, and then, he told me to tell you, he would come with me here himself."

"Who are to be the two witnesses?"

"Rosa, my brother's wife, and Phœbe, the gamekeeper's daughter at Anstruther Grange. She loves me, and I can trust her."

At any other time, or if matters of less vital importance had been at stake, he could have smiled to hear the calm, business-like way in which she gave these details.

There was one other question to be settled still.

"To-day is Tuesday," he said, almost in a whisper, "and you said that your brother would be back on Thursday. Laura, *when* will you come again?"

"Any day after that. I can obtain another order of admission by the end of the week. On Friday, Harold, if you will?" she added, turning away her head.

"On Friday, then, let it be. The sooner the better, unless you want to find me gone mad in the mean time," he added, in a tone not meant for her to hear.

She heard it, however, and looked up at him then with sad, reproachful eyes.

"Uncle Harold, is your little Laura doing any thing so very wrong that you should look at her and speak like that?"

The old childish term of endearment was too much for him, and his calmness gave way at last.

"My own, my darling!" he murmured, as he lifted her hand reverently to his lips. "Forgive me, Laura. If you only knew—"

There was no time to say more. At that moment the man Keith suddenly stopped in his automaton-like walk at the other end of the room, and came toward them in an awkward, hesitating sort of way; from a mere machine he had become a man again.

"Time's up, Miss Laura," he said, in a deprecating tone. The hour had been over indeed for more than five minutes before he spoke.

Laura Sartoris started up, and drew down her veil.

"On Friday, then, I will try to come and see you again with my brother," she said, in a changed tone. "Good-by, Colonel Clive."

"Good-by, Laura."

Their hands met again in one long clasp, and then she was gone. The door closed behind her, but still he remained standing where she had left him, looking after her, like one who had seen a vision of angels, and waked to find it nothing but a dream.

"God forgive me," he murmured, in a broken voice. "I feel more like a murderer *now* than I did before."

* * * * * *

Three days later, on the Friday of which she had spoken, Miss Sartoris again sought and obtained permission to visit Colonel Clive. This time she did not come alone. Her brother was with her, and her brother's wife, and little Phœbe Macintosh, the gamekeeper's daughter—a girl with an honest Scotch face which invited confidence, but who looked scared and bewildered at the responsibility which had suddenly devolved upon her—namely, to be witness at the ceremony, if it could be called a ceremony, which within the next half hour was to make Harold Clive and Laura Sartoris man and wife.

Theirs had been a strange courtship, and it was a still stranger marriage; but, as far as the almost unprecedented peculiarities of the circumstances permitted, it was performed "decently and in order."

Edward Sartoris was, as his father had said of him, a good man and a Christian; but he was every inch a priest, with all a High-Churchman's love for the externals and ceremonials of religion. It went sorely against the grain with him to assist at such an informal Scotch marriage as this of his sister's was about to be; but the urgency of the case, and the love which he had felt through all his life for the man she was about to marry, prevailed for once over all other prejudices, and he had consented, without a word of expostulation, to give his countenance as a clergyman to the unorthodox proceeding. If, however, he had been reading the marriage-service beneath the vaulted arches of York Minster, he could scarcely have taken his part with more of solemnity and reverence than he did in Harold Clive's prison-cell. He had visited him late on the night before, and had then made all needful decisions and arrangements, and nothing further remained to be settled now. Upon the entrance of the party, they spoke a few subdued words of greeting to Colonel Clive, as they might have done if they had been in church; and then Edward Sartoris

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opened his prayer-book, and made his sister and Harold repeat after him in low, subdued tones, and in the very language of the English Church service, the solemn words which, spoken thus in the presence of witnesses, made them man and wife in the eyes of the Scotch law.

Laura was dressed still in deep mourning, as she had been three days before—for her mother had been dead not quite a year—and in all other respects she looked much the same; there was the same languor and depression in her manner, the same heavy look about her eyes, the same expression of fixed resolution about her firmly set lips. When she spoke, it was in the same calm, almost heartless, tone which she had used more than once to Colonel Clive on that other day. If there was a change in either, it was in the bridegroom rather than the bride. Those three last days of suspense had told upon Harold Clive more than all the previous weeks of solitary confinement. He looked older by years than he had done before; he stooped as if from weakness; and his eyes were haggard and bloodshot from want of rest by day and night. The ring with which Mr. Sartoris had taken care to provide himself fell from Harold's trembling fingers, and when his turn came to repeat the sentences after the clergyman, he had to steady his voice once or twice before he could articulate a single syllable. Even after the words had been spoken which bound him for life to the woman he loved, he still looked at Laura with the same expression of mournful tenderness such as he might have bestowed upon some poor dumb creature whom he had been compelled to hurt or slay against his will.

The short ceremony ended, Edward Sartoris made them all kneel around him while he asked for a blessing (still in the words of the Church) upon their future life; and the stern old Presbyterian Keith, who had again contrived to take the watch at the other end of the room, bared his head and joined in the prayer, little thinking in what sort of service he was taking a part; or, at least, if he had any suspicion of the truth, he kept it to himself.

As they rose from their knees, Harold Clive took Laura's hand in his and just touched her forehead with his lips.

Oh, how he longed to take her in his arms, she who was his wife now for evermore! But he dared not. He could not have said to her, as many another husband has said and thought so proudly, and none would have said more faithfully than he,

"Lie there, my love, my darling; let the world's storms rage as fiercely as they will, no shadow of harm shall ever come near you so long as I have the power to prevent it."

No; in this case the wife was the protector rather than the protected. She had married him to shield and save him from an ignominious death, and, as she herself had owned, for no other reason. He was in a false position, and he felt it cruelly.

But she did not think of this, or she might have been kinder in her manner toward him. As it was, she seemed absorbed in her own thoughts, and simply indifferent to all that was passing around her. She submitted passively to his caress, neither attempting to resent nor to respond to it. As he had prophesied, she was a wife, but without a wife's look of love upon her face. How changed she was from the bright-eyed, laughing Laura of only a month ago! Was this change to last? If so, the life which she had saved for him would, he thought, soon become a burden too heavy for him to bear.

So they stood together—he still holding her hand, watching her with the same mingled expression of remorse and love; but she never saw it; she was looking beyond him, her eyes fixed intently upon the door of the room, as if she was waiting anxiously for the time of escape, or expecting every moment that some one would enter.

And, strange to say, at that very instant the noise of a warder's key was heard grating in the lock. Colonel Clive started, and let go Laura's hand.

"The hour can not be up yet?" he said, impatiently, appealing to Keith.

No, the hour was not up; but the door opened nevertheless, and another visitor was ushered in—about the last person in the world they had expected to see—Major Anstruther, the uncle of Philip Anstruther, and the person who had been chiefly instrumental in procuring Harold Clive's arrest on the suspicion of his having murdered his nephew. He was a stern old Scotch laird, hard and uncompromising by nature, but a man of inflexible justice withal—one who, Brutus-like, would have condemned his own son if he had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

But his face was strangely agitated now as he advanced toward the prisoner with an open letter in his hand.

"Colonel Clive," he said, in a faltering voice, "I have come to do you tardy justice, and to ask for forgiveness at your hands. I have done you cruel wrong, but it has been done in ignorance and unwittingly, and I can only hope that the good tidings of which I am the bearer may dispose you to deal more mercifully by me than I have done by you. This letter will explain better what I mean. It is dated, as you will see, from New York, and comes to me from one whom we had believed to be dead—my nephew Philip, who is alive and well—well in health, at least—but who owns himself a disgraced man, and who will from henceforth be to me as one who *is* dead. He heard of your impending trial fourteen days ago, and wrote at once, otherwise he had intended to leave us in ignorance of his fate for months longer. If the *Great Eastern* had done her work thoroughly last summer," Major Anstruther added, with a dreary sort of smile, "your imprisonment would have ended a fortnight ago. I can only say again, read this, and then forgive me if you can."

He held the letter out as he spoke to Harold Clive; but the latter passed it on to Mr. Sartoris.

"You read it, Edward," he said; "I don't feel as if I could just now;" and, staggering back, he fell, rather than seated himself, on the bench behind him.

As Edward Sartoris glanced in silence over the letter which had been given to him, Major Anstruther looked with a perplexed expression from one to another of the little group of persons who were standing round him.

"You do not seem either surprised or pleased at the intelligence I have brought," he said, still addressing the prisoner. "I had hoped that this news would have given you unmixed happiness, although to me it has brought but doubtful joy."

Then Harold Clive threw back his head proudly, and looked the other in the face.

"Knowing my own innocence, as I have done from the first, Major Anstruther," he said, "it is no such great matter of surprise to me that I should find it proved at last; and as I believed in the justice of God, so too I have never doubted but that the truth and the right would triumph in the end. Now, Sartoris, will you let us hear what Philip Anstruther has to say for himself?"

Thus appealed to, Edward Sartoris read the letter aloud from beginning to end. It was a strange, rambling sort of composition—the letter of a reckless, desperate man; but it made two facts tolerably clear to the minds of those who listened—namely, that the writer had fled from Scotland to escape impending disgrace and imprisonment, and that he had not gone alone; for a girl of doubtful character, with whom he was known to have associated for some time, must evidently have sailed with him, as he owned to having married her two days after his arrival at New York. With respect to the details of his flight, it is only necessary to say that he had made his escape, after leaving Clive on the pier at S——, by means of a little boat, which he had rowed there himself and fastened to some of the piles earlier in the day, and which, in the dusk of the afternoon, had not been noticed. The fact of his hat and stained handkerchief having been found, he accounted for by stating that he had grazed his hand severely while descending to the boat by a flight of slippery, almost perpendicular steps, used chiefly by the sailors, and had taken the handkerchief to stanch the blood, and then thrust it carelessly into his hat. The hat had been blown off a minute or two after by the wind, which was high; and as he had a cap in his pocket, he had not waited to recover it, but had let it float on to the end of the pier, where it was discovered on the following day. From the rowing-boat he had landed at a small village on the coast near Aberdeen, and thence made his way across country by train to Liverpool, and embarked on board the *Scotia* for New York.

The letter, with its selfish, defiant tone, was so eminently characteristic of the writer, that no one would have doubted its having come from Philip Anstruther, even if his handwriting and signature had not been there to attest the fact.

When Edward Sartoris ceased reading, a long silence ensued, which was broken by Major Anstruther.

He went up to Laura, who was leaning on her sister-in-law's arm, and laid his hand upon her shoulder.

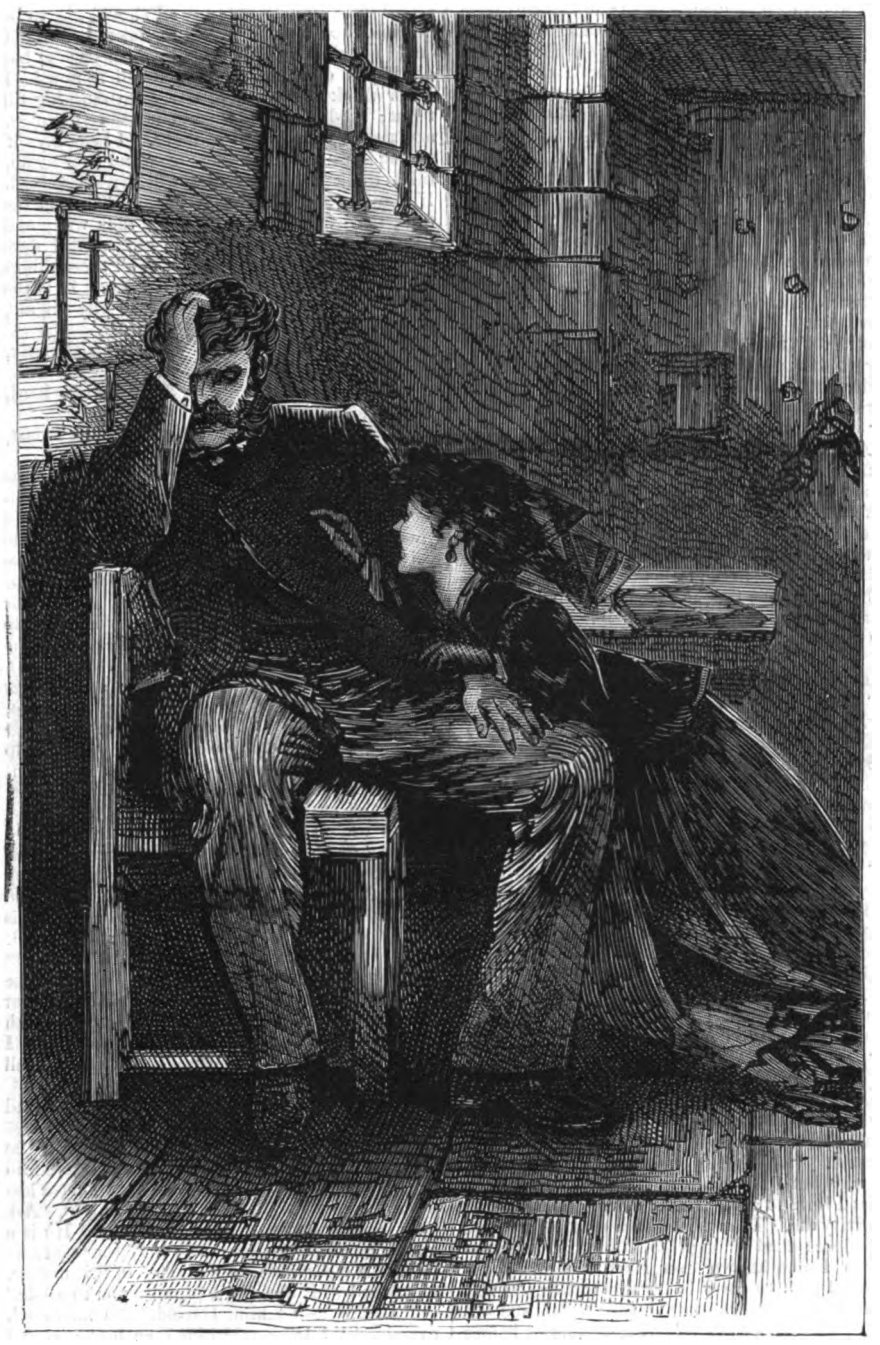
"This is a heavy blow for you, Laura," he said, kindly, naturally attributing her almost death-like paleness to the shock her pride had just received; "but something tells me that you will not feel it so much as you would have done some time ago. You have not been quite such good friends with me of late, my dear, as you used to be; but I am glad to see you well enough to be here to-day."

Laura looked up at him with mournful eyes, and repeated his words mechanically:

"Yes, thank you; well enough to be here to-day."

Then the old man turned to Harold Clive.

"I have communicated the contents of this letter to the governor," he said, "and he is only waiting for proper authority from the magistrates to visit you with the formal order of release. Before nightfall, you will, I hope, be a free man again. Now I will leave you; for I feel, to my sorrow, that my presence is a restraint upon you all. It can not be otherwise, I fear; but before I go it would make me a happier man, Clive, if you would shake me by the hand, and say that you will try to forgive me for the harm I have unwittingly done you."



"GOD HELP ME! YOU ARE TRYING ME VERY HARD, LAURA!"

Generous as he was by nature, there was a sharp struggle in Harold Clive's breast before he could bring himself to give the right hand of fellowship to the man who, for weeks past, had been thirsting for his blood. But he was a Christian in heart and life, and had long since learned the lesson how to forgive. Moreover, the sight of the hoary head bending before him in almost abject entreaty was a more powerful argument than many words could have been; and, after a minute's pause, he yielded. Holding out his hand to the old man, he said, in a voice in which there was little of resentment, but much of sorrow,

"May God forgive me, Major Anstruther, when my time comes, as fully as I forgive you now! Heaven knows I am not so faultless myself that I should be extreme to mark what others do amiss; and after all, the world no doubt will hold you justified for acting as you did. But you do not know—perhaps to your dying day you never will know—how much harm your cruel suspicion has done, not only to me, but to others besides myself."

With a look of deep dejection, Major Anstruther wrung his hand in silence, and turned away. A minute afterward he was gone.

The turnkey who opened the door for him, and who, of course, was supposed to know nothing of what had transpired, signified to the others that their time was nearly up: they had only five minutes more to stay.

Only five minutes more! Harold Clive turned to his wife. She had never moved or spoken but that once since Major Anstruther's entrance, and was standing in the same attitude, apparently utterly indifferent to all that was going on around her.

"Laura," he said, in a hoarse voice, "my darling, won't you speak to me?"

She raised her eyes to his with a bewildered look, but gave him no other answer.

"Don't look at me like that, little one," he pleaded; "don't let me think I have broken your heart. Say one word to comfort me before you go. It is not my fault, Laura, that this news did not come an hour ago."

As he spoke he put his arm round her waist; but she shrank away only too perceptibly from his touch.

"I don't suppose it is any body's fault exactly," she said, in a strained, unnatural voice, answering his last words; "only I am so very tired, and I feel as if I were going to die. Oh, Edward, Edward, take me home!" she cried, breaking away from Harold, and throwing herself half fainting into her brother's arms.

How *could* she be so cruel? His cup of sorrow had been full enough before, without that last drop of bitterness being added to it; and Edward Sartoris pitied Harold from the bottom of his heart.

"Better leave her so for the present, Clive," he said, as he supported the almost insensible girl in his arms. "She does not mean it; she is far from strong, and all this has been too much for her. Give her a little time to recover herself, to realize her new position as your wife, and I will answer for it, it will all come right in the end."

There was no time to say more, for at that moment the summons was given for them to leave. Mr. Sartoris just nodded his farewell to his new brother-in-law, and then led Laura away without another word; while Phœbe, in deep distress, supported her mistress on the other side.

But Rosa Sartoris staid behind. She went up to Colonel Clive with the tears streaming down her cheeks, and gave him both her hands.

"Oh, I am so very, very sorry for this, Harold," she said. "What can we do?"

He took her hand and lifted it respectfully to his lips.

"You can pity me and pray for me, Mrs. Sartoris," he said; "for it is my wedding-day, and yet I am a broken-hearted man."

And when she was gone, and he was left alone, Harold Clive sat down beside the small deal table in the centre of the room, and, hiding his face in his hands, wept like a little child.

A bright sunny morning in December—one of those deceitful mornings which we do have sometimes at that time of the year, which cheat us into the belief that winter is still a long way off, and almost tempt us to forget that we have to battle through the snows of Christmas and the icy winds of March before we can hope to see summer again.

But for the leafless trees and the silence of the song-birds this might have been a day in spring.

The view from Richmond Hill looked very nearly as lovely as it would have done in June. Except in the immediate foreground, the absence of foliage was but little noticed; the sun was shining out of a cloudless sky; and the river, sparkling in its light, wound like a glittering silver band at the foot of the hill, on through the green meadows, past Ham House and the old church at Twickenham, till you lost sight of it near Pope's Villa, before it reached Teddington Lock.

There was just air enough to move the trees to and fro, but not a breath of frost in the wind. Indeed, it was quite hot in the sun; and at first sight one might have been tempted to think that Laura Clive, as she sat, or rather reclined, on one of the benches that are placed at intervals along the terrace which leads from the park gates to Earl Russell's house, might easily have dispensed with some of the soft warm furs in which she was enveloped. But on second thoughts you would have agreed that those who loved her were quite right in taking every possible care of one who looked so frail and delicate—so little fitted to cope with either the rough winds of winter or the storms of this troubled life.

Since the time that we last saw her she had been seriously, indeed dangerously, ill. On the very night that her brother had led her away, in an almost unconscious state, from Harold Clive's prison-cell, her illness had commenced. She had borne up bravely so long as there was any thing for her to do; but when it was all over, and the reaction had begun—worst of all, when she had learned that the sacrifice she had nerved herself to make had never been needed after all—then she broke down at once. A few hours later the brain-fever which had been threatening her for weeks laid fast hold upon its prey, and for many days and nights there was a hard struggle between life and death. Life conquered in the end; her own good constitution, and the careful nursing of those around her, carried her through the worst time of danger; and Edward Sartoris found her one morning, about a fortnight later, lying, weak as an infant indeed, but safe, and with the look of consciousness on her face which at one time he had never thought to see again.

She recovered with unusual rapidity up to a certain point, and as soon as she was able to bear the fatigue of traveling, they had brought her from Scotland to her brother's house at Richmond.

There were so many painful memories associated with Aberdeen, that it was pronounced de-

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sirable to remove her from the neighborhood at the earliest possible opportunity. Since her arrival in England, however, she had not made such quick progress; not that she was any longer really ill—she would hardly allow herself to be treated as an invalid—but there was a languor and depression about her which she could not shake off; and she looked thin and fragile, like some tender hot-house plant on which the rough winds of heaven ought never to be permitted to blow.

And yet, perhaps, she had never looked so girlish or so nearly pretty as she did then, sitting on the wooden bench under the grand old trees of Richmond Park. Her illness had not aged her in the least; on the contrary, she looked far younger than she had done that day in the Aberdeen prison—six weeks ago now. The expression of anxious, perplexed thought was gone from her face; there was a delicate, almost hectic, flush on her cheeks; her forehead was no longer contracted as if by pain, nor her lips compressed with that look of despairing resolution which they had worn then. But that they seldom broke into smiles now, but that the dancing light was gone from her eyes, she was more like the Laura Sartoris of old.

She was quite alone; for her sister-in-law had driven her there in her pony-chaise and left her, promising to return in about an hour's time and pick her up again, if she had not already walked home to her brother's house, which was only a few hundred yards from the park gates.

She had a book in her hand, but she was not reading it, thinking rather over her own strange life, and of the fate which was awaiting her in the years to come. No story, whether of history or of fiction, could be so vividly interesting to her as her own. Since her illness she had never been able to fix her thoughts on any book except one.

Laura Clive had never once seen her husband since the day of their strange marriage. He too had been ill—struck down with fever and utter prostration of strength almost on the very day that her life was pronounced safe. His attack was more lingering than dangerous, yet it kept him a prisoner to his sick-bed at his own estate in Scotland for a week after his wife had been removed to Richmond. But of this she had heard but little till within the last few hours. The mere mention of his name in the early days of her recovered consciousness had caused such an amount of painful excitement, that Mr. Sartoris had judged it wiser to avoid the subject altogether, till she chose to allude to it of her own accord; and since then she had been strangely silent and incurious with regard to her husband and his movements.

She knew that he had been ill, but that was all. Of the duration of his illness, or of its serious nature, she had not the least idea. Wife as she knew herself to be in name, and in the eyes of the law (though, as yet, the secret was known only to two or three persons), she never asked why Harold had made no effort to see her again during the past few weeks, or taken no measure to establish the fact of their marriage. Her faculties seemed still in some sort dulled and blunted by the illness she had gone through; and she accepted her present position with a kind of dreamy resignation, without seeming to have either the wish or the energy to concern herself with what the future might bring forth.

And yet she thought of him morning, noon, and night, this husband of hers, whom she had married without loving, except indeed as the best and truest friend she had ever had—the man who had taught her all she knew worth knowing, and had helped to make her the noble woman that she was.

She had, however, heard news of Colonel Clive that very morning. Her brother had received a letter from him to say that he was well again at last, and was going to travel south in a day or two. He should come to Richmond, God willing, on the following Friday (this was Thursday), to see Laura, and to wish her good-by before he went away. Then he had gone on to unfold to Edward Sartoris a plan which, after calm and mature consideration, he had decided would be the best calculated to promote Laura's happiness, and, through hers, his own. He meant to go abroad for six months, perhaps longer; he had suffered much, and his health needed recruiting by change of air and scene. He did not ask his wife to accompany him, but suggested that she should continue to live with her brother as she had done before, or wherever else she might choose. At the end of six months, if alive, he would return to England and learn his fate from his wife's lips. Whether or not their marriage should then be made public, Laura should decide. Tenderly as he loved her, her happiness was yet dearer to him than his own. The generous impulse of a moment, which had prompted her to sacrifice herself for his sake—a sacrifice which had only too plainly been repented of almost as soon as it was made—should not, if he could help it, be suffered to blight and wither her whole young life. The one thing he could not give her back was her freedom; but so long as she showed the faintest repugnance to the acknowledgment of their marriage, so long should it be kept a secret, even though it might be to their dying day.

Such were the contents of Colonel Clive's letter; and Edward Sartoris, with many grave doubts and misgivings, had communicated them to his sister Laura, as he had been requested to do by the writer.

She was pondering now over what she had been told, trying to realize the fact that for the next few months her fate had, as it were, been settled for her, and would involve but little outward change in her mode of life. She was glad of this. Laura was not a very self-dependent woman, and, except in one or two instances, she had very seldom acted on her own responsibility. As she had told Harold Clive, she had been accustomed to obey him ever since she was a child, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that he should decide for her now.

The one thought which was uppermost in her mind was the fact that she was to see her husband on the following day. He had written on the Monday, and said that he would come to Richmond on the Friday. But the letter had evidently been delayed in the post, and it was already Thursday. To-morrow, then, she would see him. How had she best meet him, and where?

Then suddenly she lifted her eyes, and saw at only a few yards' distance the very man of whom she was thinking, walking slowly along the terrace toward the bench on which she was sitting.

He had taken her by surprise, and come a day before he was expected; but it was better so, far better. She would have made herself ill and nervous during those intervening hours by thinking about his coming; but, as it was, she had no time to think of any thing. At the sight of him she forgot all that had happened during those last two months; she forgot even for the instant the strange relationship which existed between them; she forgot every thing except that her "dear old Harold" stood there before her, looking worn and ill and weary, stooping from sheer weakness; and, acting upon the impulse of the moment—the truest, noblest instinct she could have obeyed—she started up, and came to meet him with glowing cheeks and outstretched hands.

"Oh, Harold dear, I am so glad to see you after all this long time!"



"'BRAVE LITTLE GIRL!' HE MURMURED; 'HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?'"

"God bless you, my darling!" was his answer, spoken in a faltering voice.

Her welcome had been so much more cordial than he had dared to hope, that it had almost unnerved him; but he had schooled himself well, and no one would have thought, from the quiet, matter-of-fact way in which he took her hand, and led her back to her seat, but that they had met within a day or two, and few would have guessed at the passion of love which this man felt in his heart for the young girl beside him.

"And you are looking so well too, Laura; so much better than I had expected to see you. The old roses are coming back again to your cheeks," he said.

She made no answer to his words; she had never taken her eyes off his face, and now, as she spoke, they filled with tears.

"Harold, how terribly ill you must have been! You are so thin and changed, I scarcely recognized you. And yet what nonsense I am talking; as if I should not have known you any where! But I don't think I knew properly till this morning that you had been ill at all. No one ever told me."

"They had orders not to," he answered, with his old sad smile. "I was not going to have you fret yourself about me as you always used to in your young days, when 'old Harold' was ill. So you are glad to see me, little one?" he added, bending his kind eyes upon her face, and stroking his gray mustache (grayer than ever now) with his hand.

"Yes, very," she answered, simply. "But what made you come and look for me here?"

"They told me at the house that you had gone out with Mrs. Sartoris about half an hour ago, and that I should most likely find you on this terrace. So instead of waiting, I just walked up here on the chance of finding you, and you see I have been rewarded for my pains."

"But we did not expect you till to-morrow."

"No; I said to-morrow when I wrote; but I came up to town a day sooner than I intended, and—well, I could not help coming here to-day."

Then they were silent for a few moments, and the color on Laura's cheeks deepened painfully under the steady gaze of those dark eyes, which were bent on her with such a depth of tenderness in their expression.

"You know what I have come for, Laura?" he said presently, very gently.

She bent her head without speaking.

"Did Edward give you my letter to read?"

"He read it to me, which comes to much the same thing. Why did you not write to *me?*" she asked, abruptly, as she raised her eyes to his with a reproachful look, which somehow made him feel rather happy than otherwise.

"Because"—and as Harold Clive spoke he took one of her little soft warm hands out of her muff and held it in his own—"because I did not know that this little woman would be strong or well enough to read such a long letter as that for herself, and because," he added, with a touch of bitterness in his tone, "I think, Laura, you might guess why I did not write to you, if you will give yourself the trouble to remember how we parted."

Whereupon Laura began to tremble, and to feel that with a little more of this sort of thing she should break down altogether. And forbearing as Harold always was, and always had been with her, she knew that any thing approaching to a scene would be inexpressibly annoying to him. Prudence therefore suggested a timely retreat, if not an actual flight. She gently disengaged her hand, and rose up from the bench. "Do you think you would be too tired to walk back with me to the house, Harold?" she asked. "I have been sitting here almost too long, and am beginning to feel quite cold."

So they walked back together slowly side by side, and as they went he told her, little by little, in a matter-of-fact, almost cheerful way, about his plan of spending the winter abroad, which he had sketched out in his letter to her brother.

It was not a long walk, but the distance was about as much as either of them could manage; and Laura, as she seated herself in a large easy-chair in Mrs. Sartoris's drawing-room, looked half ready to faint; while Harold began to think he had been a little premature in saying that the roses had come back again to her cheeks. They were pale enough now, poor child!

They had the room to themselves, for Mr. Sartoris had gone into the district for the whole morning, and Rosa had not yet returned. Laura threw off her wraps one after another: her little hat with its drooping feather, her furs, her gloves, and then, clasping her white hands together nervously, she looked up in her companion's face.

"Harold, do you really think you are right in doing this—in going abroad, I mean?" she said.

"I do really think I am right in going," he answered, sitting down beside her, and laying his hand on her shoulder, "and I will tell you why, if you will listen to me. If I were to stay on in England, things could not remain between us as they are now. Our marriage must be acknowledged, and I must claim you as my wife, whether it would be for your happiness or not. And until you give yourself to me of your own free-will, Laura, I will not believe, or at least I can not bring myself to realize, that those few words spoken in haste, spoken altogether under a misapprehension, can give me any moral right to bind you down to what, without love, would be to you a mere life of bondage. Do you recollect what I told you when you came on that first day like an angel to visit me in my prison—that the one thing I could not bear would be to see you miserable, pining and fretting, day by day, for the liberty which I could not give you back? And then, little one, do you remember what you said to me? You told me that if I would be patient with you, it could not be but that you would learn to love me in the end. Now I am just going to take you at your word, for I have lived upon that hope ever since. I am going to be very patient, Laura; it seems to me that I could wait through half a lifetime with that end in view, and when the day comes, as come it will, I do believe and hope, though it may be six months, or even six years, hence—when the day comes that my wife can put her hand in mine, and tell me she has learned to love me, if only a little, then my patience will have had its full reward. But in the mean time it is better that we should not meet often as we do to-day. That is why I am going away. And, Laura," he said, a moment after, "you will try to think kindly of me while I am gone, dear, will you not?"

"There is no need for me to try," she answered, simply, speaking more calmly than he had done; "I *could* not think of you in any other way. But, Harold, what a long time you will be away! Six months! I have never been so long without seeing you in all my life."

"It will not seem so very long," he answered, while a happy smile, like a gleam of sunshine, flashed across his lips. "And if you should miss me a little bit, it will only make you the more glad to see me when I come back—if I ever do come back, that is to say. And in case I should not, Laura," he went on more gravely, and taking a letter out of his pocket-book, "I want you to understand about this."

"What do you mean?" she exclaimed, looking at him out of her large gray eyes. "Why should you not come back?"

"Well, you see I shall be a very idle man; and if there should be any struggle for liberty going on in Poland or Italy, as there is very likely to be within the next few months, I might join the patriots for want of something else to do, and then I might get shot down, like many a better man."

"Oh, Harold, don't!"

"But in any case," he went on, without heeding her interruption, "life is uncertain at the best; and one can never say what a day, much less what six months, may bring forth. If any thing should happen to me, Laura, you will find that you have been my first thought and my last. This letter, which I wish you to read quietly when I am gone (it will tell you more than I can say in words), contains an inclosure for your brother about business matters. You know that, as the world reckons, I may call myself a rich man; and if I should die before you, my little Laura will find that she has become a rich woman. I am glad so far of this—glad that you have given me the right to leave you all I have; you will make a better use of the money than I have ever done, my darling."

She interrupted him almost pettishly: "Don't talk like that, as if you were going to die. I can not bear to hear you say such things. Let us speak about something else. I can not feel as if I were doing right in letting you go away at all."

He made no answer, but sat gravely watching her. She had not given him one word of thanks for that generous purpose of his which he had just confided to her, but it was not this that troubled him.

Presently she raised herself and sat upright in her chair, her hands clasping and unclasping each other in a nervous way, which had become habitual to her of late.

"Harold," she said, in a low, trembling voice, "I will go abroad with you if you wish it. I want to do my duty as your wife; indeed I do."

"Your duty!" he cried, indignantly, starting up from his chair, and taking one or two rapid turns up and down the room. "*Merci!* but I look for something more than duty from the woman who is to be called my wife. It will not do, I tell you, child. To watch you doing your duty toward me, as you call it, would be simply torture. I could never bear it for a week, and if I were once to see you shrink from me again as you did that night, I believe it would drive me mad. There, there, Laura, forgive me; it was not your fault. What have I said? You could not help it, my poor little girl. How could I be so cruel!"

For Laura had hidden her face in her hands, and was crying bitterly.

"It is for you to forgive, Harold, though I did not mean to be cruel either," she sobbed. "But I was so ill, I did not know half that I did or

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said that dreadful night. I must have been almost delirious even then. Don't think of that time any more."

"Hush, hush, you'll make yourself ill if you cry like that, Laura," he said, laying his hand on her head, and speaking in the same chiding tone he would have used to her in the days gone by. "I forgive, if there was any thing to forgive, but I say again it was not your fault. Let us talk about something else. It seemed to me that I had so much to say to you, and now I must be off in a few minutes, if I am to catch the one o'clock train."

"But you will come and see me again before you go!" said Laura, dashing away her tears.

He only shook his head.

"Why not?"

"It would only make us both miserable, and besides, there is no time."

"But you are not going till next week," she pleaded.

"I go by the half past eight o'clock express from Charing-cross to-night."

"To-night, Harold?"

Even then he might have yielded, but it so happened that his eye fell at that moment upon her hand, which she had laid upon his arm, her ungloved left hand, where her wedding-ring should have been, and was *not*. He saw that it was not there, and she saw that he had missed it. Their eyes met for one instant, and she crimsoned beneath his reproachful glance. It could not well have been otherwise. She could not have worn it so long as their marriage remained a secret; but her heart ached for him then, when she saw the look of pain which came into his face, and after that she felt that she might as well have tried to move a rock, as to move him from his resolution.

"I go by the mail-train to Dover to-night," he repeated, not unkindly, but in a tone of decision which left no room for appeal, "and shall be in Paris to-morrow morning by daybreak, I hope, as I have business to do for a friend before the week is out."

"You will write to me?" she asked, humbly.

"Yes, I will write some day—not just directly. Don't try to write to me till I send you word. You must say good-by to Edward and his wife for me," he went on; "for they are not in, it seems, and I can not wait to see them. Bid them take good care of you for my sake, that you may look strong and well when I come back to England to see you again. And now, Laura, good-by."

It was abruptly said—he could not trust himself to say one other word. He was standing straight before her, holding out both his hands. She put hers into them, and looked up at him with a sort of pitiful, frightened look. There were no tears in her eyes now; but she was very pale, and was trembling from head to foot.

"Laura, I am going away from you for a long time, and you *are* my wife," he pleaded, almost in a whisper. "Try not to shrink from me, darling. I want you to give me one kiss before I go, it is so very, very long since I felt the touch of a woman's lips; and I should like, while I am away, to be able to dream of what my wife's kiss was like."

Then she put her arms about his neck and kissed him once, twice, upon his scarred cheek, simply and naturally as a child might have done. Even then, I believe, he was not quite content; but, it must be owned, he was hard to please.

"Harold, don't go away," she whispered—"indeed there is no need."

"Leave me to be the judge of that," he answered, almost sternly. "We have both made a mistake. Yours was the noblest mistake that a woman ever made, perhaps, but still it was a mistake; and mine—well, it is too late to talk about mine now. Say no more, child, for I believe in my heart that I am acting for the best. Now, once more good-by, and God bless you, my darling! Laura, little wife, learn to love me before I come back again."

He held her to his heart for one instant, and then, before she could look up again, he was gone—gone with that broken cry upon his lips, with the same thought of blessing in his heart with which he had first greeted her. But in spite of all that had passed between them, in spite of the cruel pain of parting, Harold Clive went out from his wife's presence a happier man, with a lighter heart and a more hopeful spirit than he had felt before.

And Laura?

Half an hour afterward, when Rosa Sartoris came back from her drive, she found her poor little sister-in-law lying on the sofa, with Harold's open letter clutched convulsively in her hand. Her head was buried in the sofa-cushion, and she was crying and sobbing as if her very heart would break.

* * * * * *

There was the usual amount of confusion and excitement at the Charing-cross station at about a quarter past eight o'clock that evening. A little more than the usual amount, perhaps; for it was getting on toward Christmas, and there were more travelers going out of London and to the Continent than there had been for several weeks past. The Dover mail was to start in about ten minutes; the passengers were crowding in great numbers on to the platform; porters were running to and fro, some wheeling heavy trucks piled up with luggage slowly before them, others driving empty ones at a tremendous pace along the slippery pavement. The weather had quite changed since the morning—it was raining fast outside, and blowing hard as well; and every now and then the wind came in such a sharp, stormy gust, that it sounded like thunder, and seemed likely to blow off the roof of the station altogether.

"You'll be having a nasty night, colonel, I'm afeard," said Harold Clive's servant to his master, who was already seated in one of the corner seats of a first-class carriage.

"Perhaps I shall, Brown," he answered, "but you and I have braved worse nights than this together before now."

"That's true, Sir," said the man.

He was to follow his master to Paris in less than a week, but he seemed as if he hardly liked to lose sight of him even for those few days. Colonel Clive was a man who knew the art of making himself loved by his dependents. He was a thoroughly kind and considerate master, though a strict disciplinarian. This man Brown had been a private in his old regiment, and had served with him in India and the Crimea. He had had his foot shot off at the Redan; and Clive, when he went to see him a week or two afterward at Scutari, was so touched with the man's gratitude and devotion to himself, that he promised to take him into his own service when he received his discharge. Brown had remained with him ever since as his personal attendant; he had nursed his master night and day through his last illness, and very likely knew more of Harold Clive's secrets than that gentleman had the least idea of. He by no means approved of this sudden mania for traveling on his master's part, and hinted as much in his character of nurse; but the colonel's answer was simply an order to pack his portmanteau and meet him at Charing-cross at eight o'clock that night, and the soldier's old habit of obedience prevented him from offering any further remonstrance. He was still standing with his hand on the carriage door, when suddenly he touched his hat with a pleased smile, and retreated from his position to make way for a new-comer, who came running up to hold speech with Harold Clive.

"Mr. Sawtris a-coming, Sir," said Brown as he stepped back.

"Edward, this *is* kind," exclaimed Harold, as "Mr. Sawtris" came up and thrust his hand into the carriage in silence; for at the first moment he was too much out of breath to speak; "quite unexpected too. I did not hope to see you again, after being so unlucky as to miss you this morning."

"And I have been chasing you about all over London through the whole afternoon, as Brown there can tell you," was the reply. "I could not bear the thought of your leaving England without shaking hands with you again, Clive," he added; "and besides, Laura made me come. She had a message to send you."

"Laura had? A message! What was it?" asked Clive, his heart beating very fast.

"Well, it is not exactly a message; it's this. You were not to open it till you were alone."

And Mr. Sartoris held out to the other a little white-paper parcel, with something written on the outside.

Harold did not offer to open it, he did not even look at it; but his fingers closed over it with a sort of loving clasp, as if it had been Laura's own hand he was holding.

"Tell her, whatever it is, I thank her," he said, in a low voice.

"How are you, Clive?" asked Edward Sartoris, peering into the carriage to see the other's face. "You look terribly pulled down, old fellow, not quite fit to be traveling alone.—How is it you are not going with him, Brown, eh?"

"Colonel's own orders, Sir," replied Brown, grimly.

"Brown follows me in less than a week," said Harold, smiling. "I have something for him to do in London before he leaves. I know this illness has made me look like a scarecrow, but I'm all right now, and quite able to look after myself. Don't stand so near the carriage, there's a good fellow," he added, as the engine gave a preliminary shriek; "it makes me more nervous to see a man do that, than it would to see him lead off a forlorn hope."

"I dare say it does," replied the other, laughing and stepping back; "you're better, Clive, I can see. I think you'll do now."

"I think I shall."

It was close upon half past eight o'clock, and those few passengers who are always late for every train were being hurried along the platform and thrust into carriages by divers guards and porters. A large party with nurses and children (one of the latter screaming aloud); a lady in a scarlet hood, followed by a young woman who looked like a servant; an old gentleman who seemed very deaf, and was decidedly very cross, ran past, and were swallowed up somewhere in the forepart of the train. All except the deaf gentleman, who came back and got into Harold's compartment. Then the guard sounded his whistle, and the train began to move.

"Now you're off, Clive. Good-by," exclaimed Mr. Sartoris; "take care of yourself, and come back to us again all right in the spring."

"That is what I mean to do. Good-by, Edward; good-by, Brown."

One more wave of the hand, and the train had carried him beyond sight of those familiar faces.

Colonel Clive threw himself back in the corner of the carriage, and for about the space of a quarter of an hour neither spoke nor moved; but he held his little precious packet in his hand all the time as carefully as if it had been the Koh-i-noor. He never attempted to look at it even, until the old gentleman in the other corner, after grunting out one or two surly remarks, had covered his head with a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and composed himself to sleep for the rest of the journey. Then, to all intents and purposes, he was alone; and Harold moved a little more into the middle of the carriage, so that the flickering light of the centre lamp might help him to see what his treasure really was—a little parcel in white writing-paper, neatly folded and neatly sealed, with this written upon it: "Colonel Clive; with Laura's love."

Dear little girl! Harold's first impulse was to kiss passionately those few precious words which Laura's hand had so lately traced. Not that it was by any means the first time he had received from her such a gift with such a message. He had more than a score of similar wrappers put by among his own peculiar treasures, with much the same words written on them, except that those of earliest date bore the inscription, "For Uncle Harold, with little Laura's best love," traced in a child's large text-hand. It was nothing new, therefore, for him to receive a present from his young ward. But this was something different. There was a deeper meaning in the words now. Laura would never have sent her love to him that night, if she had not meant him to understand that there was at least a kind feeling in her heart for the man who was about to exile himself from his country for nearly half a year, that she might be the happier in the end.

"Dear little girl!" What had she sent him? He cut open the packet carefully (for he could not bring himself to break through the neat black seals), and found the contents to be a small morocco jeweler's case. She had prepared for him a keepsake, then, lest he should forget her while he was away. No fear of that. But what was it? He hoped that it might be a locket, with her portrait inclosed in it, so that he could wear it always, and see her dear face at every hour of the day! It *was*. A large gold double locket of simple device, like one he had often seen her wear. On one side the reversed letters, H. C. and L. C., were engraved; and it contained a vignette likeness of Laura, taken in Scotland just before her illness.

This was all that he had wished for; but it was not all that was there.

On the other side of the locket, in the place destined for another portrait or for hair, lay a little piece of thin white paper, folded and folded into the smallest possible compass. There was writing upon this; and Harold opened it, and held it up to the light. It was in Edward Sartoris's handwriting, and it was a certificate of Harold Clive's marriage with Laura Sartoris at Aberdeen, on the 10th day of November, 1865.

I will not say what Clive did or said after that. It was as well, perhaps, for some reasons, that the old deaf man in the other corner slept peacefully under the yellow bandana; for he had eyes at least, if not ears. But this much may be told. Although the colonel contrived to fasten the locket securely on to his watch-chain, he nevertheless held his hand lovingly over it during the rest of the journey.

It seemed to him that every one *must* know of its inestimable preciousness in his eyes, and that somebody, possibly the old man opposite, would inevitably try to snatch it from his grasp before the night was over. That locket was worth a good deal more than the Koh-i-noor to him now.

Meanwhile the train sped on at a tremendous pace through the darkness and the rain and the wind. In spite of the obscurity, the black clouds could be seen scudding rapidly across the sky. Once or twice there was a slight break, and the moon made a desperate effort to show herself for a few moments; but then there would come a fiercer squall than ever, and the rain would beat in a perfect deluge against the carriage windows.

On they went, through the chalk-hills of Croydon and Reigate, through the beautiful hop-gardens of Kent, the bare stacked poles looking weird and desolate enough now, in the fitful, fantastic light thrown upon them by the engine-lamps.

On they went, never stopping once, never slacking speed even, except now and then as they passed through some brightly-lighted station, which looked as cheerful as an oasis in the desert compared with the surrounding darkness. Past Folkestone; and as the train dashed on by the side of the sea, they could hear, above the noise of the wind, the roaring of the waves as they fought together which should be the first to break upon the little bit of shingly beach which lies under Shakspeare's cliff and the high chalk-hills of Kent.

On through Dover station; then more slowly past the Lord Warden, where the glare of a hundred lamps, streaming through the uncurtained windows of the coffee-room, threw a blaze of light for at least fifty yards around in every direction; till at last they came to a full stop halfway down that grand work of modern times, the Admiralty Pier. Oh, what a comfort it was to stop at last and breathe!

The tide was ebbing fast, and the two mail-boats were moored a long way down the pier, on the harbor side. Happily for the Ostend and Calais passengers, just at the moment when the train discharged its living freight, there came one of those breaks in the clouds of which I have spoken, and they had the benefit of

"The struggling moonbeam's fitful light,"

as well as that of the flickering gas-lamps, to assist them in the descent of the slippery, sloppy, sea-weedy steps, which led from the pier to the mail-steamers.

When Colonel Clive, after standing for a minute or so by the carriage he had just left, walked slowly on, and reached the top of this flight of steps, he found his farther progress arrested by a lady and gentleman, who, after the fashion of nervous travelers, were putting a number of questions to a sea-faring man who was standing by about the state of the weather, and receiving rather a larger amount of truth than usual in reply.

"What sort of a passage do you think it will be, sailor?" asked the lady, timidly.

"Tidy passage, marm; you'll find it a little roughish on the other side."

"You don't call it a *very* bad night, I suppose?" remarked the gentleman.

"Well, it *be* a dirty night; I can't say that it bain't," replied the sailor, in a confidential tone. "There's been a nasty 'popple' on the sea all day, and the wind's a-getting up." He would have spoken more correctly if he had said that it had got up.

"What boat is going?"

"The *Samphire*" (pronounced "*Sarm*phire" in the man's broad Kentish dialect).

"Oh dear! isn't that a very bad boat? Does not she roll very much indeed?" suggested the lady, humbly.

"Best boat on the station, marm; that's what *she* is," said the man, turning away indignantly.

"Oh, Charles, don't you think we had better stop at the Warden and go over by daylight?" the lady pleaded, turning to her husband.

"My dear, my dear, you really are so very nervous," he replied, "you should have thought of all this before we left town. Of course we can do as you please about stopping here to-night; but if we do, it will be entirely on your account. For my part, I don't mind how rough it is."

(He *did*, though. In less than half an hour afterward he was rolling about in the agonies of sea-sickness, anathematizing his poor wife, who was suffering more silently on the next sofa, for ever wanting him to go to France at all, and devoutly wishing himself every few minutes at the bottom of the sea.)

"Now then, marm," said the sailor, not disrespectfully, "please to step aside, and let these other ladies and gents go by."

While the undecided couple still lingered, discussing the advisability of crossing that night or not, some of the other passengers by the South-eastern train slipped by and went down the steps, among them the old deaf gentleman, the lady in the red hood, and the party with the nurses and children, the baby still shrieking vociferously, as it had probably shrieked the whole way down in the train.

Harold Clive followed leisurely, carrying his traveling-bag, and with his shepherd's plaid flung over his arm.

"Please to step on, Sir," observed the sailor, accosting him. "We ain't got no time to lose."

"How's that? What's all this hurry about?" inquired Clive. "We were seven minutes before our time at the pier."

"I know you was, Sir," replied the sailor, speaking in a different tone when he found he had a different sort of man to speak to; "and the *Victoria* people has been aboard better than a quarter of an hour already; that's because we telegraphed hup. But we shall shove off the moment the luggage is got aboard, for fear of missing the tide at Calais."

"I thought you could always make the pier now?" remarked Harold, carelessly.

"So we can, mostly always; but there's just a time nows and thens, when the tide's a-running out of the harbor fast and the wind's a-blowing in one *par*ticular direction, when it ain't no mortal use a-trying to shoot the bar. And it's a-blowing in that *par*ticular direction now."

Harold walked on rather faster after hearing this, and overtook some of the other passengers before they had reached the bottom of the stairs. The water even in the harbor was rough, and the steamer was rolling uneasily from side to side. The gangway, poised at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, rolled with it, and afforded an unsafe footing for the passengers in the uncertain light.

As Colonel Clive was crossing it, the lady in the scarlet hood, whom he had noticed before, and who was just in front of him, made a false step, and almost fell. But for his arm, which was instinctively stretched out to save her, she *would* have fallen.

"I hope you have not hurt yourself?" he exclaimed.

She murmured something in reply, whether in French or English he could scarcely make out, and then, without even turning her head to thank him, walked straight down the companion stairs and into the ladies' cabin. Her manner struck him as being a little uncourteous, but he fancied she might be ill; indeed, he did not trouble himself much about it, for the next moment his attention was engrossed by something quite different.

A gentleman had run on board the boat just after him, and was calling out to the sailors in a loud voice.

"Here, Jack!" he cried, "I've got my little lame boy in his carriage on the pier up there. We've managed to get him to the top of the steps, and now I want four of you fine fellows to carry him on board. You'll do it better than the landsmen. I'll give you a shilling a wheel. Which of you'll go?"

Fine fellows he might well call them. A dozen of them would have gone, with or without the shilling; they never would have stood for that. They went scrambling over the gangway and up the steep, slippery stairs like a swarm of bees, and in another minute four of them had lifted the little lame boy in his invalid-carriage on their strong shoulders, and were carrying him down to the steamer.

The poor little lad—a child of about seven or eight years old, who had been lame from his birth, and quite unable to walk—startled at the sudden change of position and at the strange faces round him, put on a very frightened look, and seemed just ready to cry. In vain the bright, merry-looking sailors nodded at him and told him to cheer up. The little lips only quivered more and more, until a hand was held out to him between the sailors' shiny caps, and a voice he knew and loved well called out, "All right, Tom, my lad; here I am close by!" And the poor little fellow looked round, caught hold of his father's hand, and was comforted.

Harold watched the father when, after thanking the men, he lifted the child out of the carriage and carried him in his own arms down the cabin stairs; and the thought struck him that, except under the pressure of necessity, it would have been wiser to have made the passage with an invalid like that on a calmer sea and in the daylight.

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The last passenger was on board now, and the captain sang out in a loud voice to let go the ropes. Then, without another sound, the *Samphire* slipped quietly from her moorings and steamed away to France.

Away—past the last stone of solid masonry, past the forest of piles beyond, where the diving-bells go up and down twice in a day, and the great steam-engine above goes on snorting and puffing from morning till night, sending the air, which is the very breath of life, through the tubes to the poor fellows at the bottom, who work for six hours at a stretch, fitting together those great blocks of granite at a depth of sixty feet below the sea. There was nothing going on there now, of course; there would have been nothing doing even in broad daylight in such a sea as that; for the waves were dashing and tearing through the piles as though they would uproot them, strong as they were, from their very foundation. Harold watched them as he stood on the deck with a curious sort of smile. It was just among such piles as these that Philip Anstruther's hat had been found wedged the morning after his strange disappearance.

If that hat had never been found, how different the current of his own life might have been!

He would have been a happier man in some respects, perhaps, but then he might never have come into possession of that same precious locket which his fingers closed upon instinctively.

He watched the long line of gas-lights—which make the Admiralty Pier, when seen at night from the western heights, look like a great illuminated serpent lying upon the sea—go out one by one; he saw the red lamps of the engines move slowly back along the ground, like creeping fireworks, to their respective stations (they would not be wanted again till three o'clock the next morning, when the return boat from Calais was due); and then at last he could see nothing more except the few flickering lights upon the old Castle Hill; and he turned away his head, wondering a little sadly how long it would be before he should see that English shore again.

The moon had disappeared once more behind a cloud, and, five minutes after, down came another blinding shower of rain and sleet. At the same moment a wave struck the *Samphire* which drenched the boat from stem to stern, put out Colonel Clive's cigar, and sent that gentleman, for prudential reasons, to seek the shelter of the black-hole below stairs, ycleped the cabin. He was too good a sailor, and had been tossed about on too many stormy nights at sea, to care much about the short Channel passage, trying as it unquestionably is; but the sights and sounds which greeted him when he entered the cabin might have driven him in desperation to the wet deck again, but for something which attracted his attention during his brief glance around.

The little lame boy he had seen carried on board was lying on a sofa exactly opposite the door, and, with the instinct which made all children love Harold Clive, he turned his eyes wistfully upon the new-comer, and seemed silently to entreat him to stay. The child did not appear to be seasick; but he looked very scared and lonely. His father had already succumbed to the prevailing malady, and seemed very helpless and unable to speak to him. Still, one of his hands was passed lovingly round the child's neck, and Colonel Clive saw that on the little finger of this hand there was a plain gold wedding-ring. He was a widower, then, though still a young man, and perhaps this was his only child. Harold's heart warmed toward the poor little motherless cripple, and, going up to the gentleman, he said, kindly,

"If you were to lie down altogether, Sir, and shut your eyes, you would suffer less. I'll look after this little lad, and see that he comes to no harm. I'm a good sailor myself, and used to children."

The father looked up into the speaker's face, and trusted him, without any other letter of recommendation; he made a mute gesture of thanks, and did at once what he had suggested.

Then Clive dropped into the seat he had vacated, and in five minutes more the boy Tom and he were fast friends.

He told him stories of elephants, of tigers, of snakes, and of all the wonderful creatures and things he had seen in India and other parts of the world. The little fellow listened eagerly, with eyes wide open, and full of interest. All of a sudden he caught sight of Harold's bright new locket, and laid violent hands upon it.

"Let me see!" he exclaimed, with all the pretty willfulness of a child.

There was a moment's struggle in the owner's heart before he could bring himself to exhibit his treasure to those little eager eyes; but presently he touched the spring and opened it.

"Oh, what a pretty lady!" said Tom.

"Isn't she pretty?" said Harold, warmly, pleased even with the child's praise of his darling; "and she is as good as she is pretty too. She would be so kind to you, Tom, if she knew you."

"Would she?"

And then the two went on talking again of other things, till it ended by Tom's falling fast asleep on his new friend's shoulder, his face almost hidden in the soft warm fur of Harold's coat.

When at last they arrived, and the steamer, after two hours of rocking and pitching to and fro, came to a sudden stand-still in Calais Harbor, Tom's poor father picked himself up, and came to thank Harold for his care of the boy. But Harold only nodded at him over the child's head, and carried Tom, still sleeping, up the companion on to the deck, and laid him in his little carriage.

There he left him, and he never saw him again; but the touch of those clinging arms about his neck had been very sweet to him, and had done his aching heart more good than a whole week of worldly distractions could have done.

The tide was nearly low when they reached Calais, and consequently the passengers had a long walk up the pier before they arrived at the railway station. And very cold and wet and cross and miserable did most of them look as they entered the warm, brightly lighted Salle d'Attente. The shelter was welcome indeed. The "buffet," after all the hardships they had just gone through, looked especially inviting; and within five minutes of their arrival nearly every one of the little tables with snowy table-cloths which stood about the room was occupied by its own little group of travelers, who were busy discussing steaming soup or cups of coffee. It is a strange fact, but it is nevertheless true, that the first thing nine persons out of ten do upon landing after a sea-voyage is to begin to eat.

"How long before the train starts for Paris?" Colonel Clive asked of a railway official standing by.

"*Une bonne demi-heure, monsieur*" (Rather more than half an hour), was the answer he received.

He was not hungry; but he felt faint and wearied. Carrying little Tom up those steep stairs had tired him more than he could have believed possible. So he walked up to the neat-looking young French woman who was officiating behind the counter, and asked for a glass of cognac and a biscuit. As he did so, he heard some one on his left-hand side make a request, in a low voice, and in very fair English-French, for a cup of hot coffee.

"Madame" smiled, and promised prompt attention to both customers, and then went away to execute the orders.

The very moment her back was turned a hand was laid on Harold's arm, and the same voice, speaking in English, now said:

"I should be glad to speak to you, Colonel Clive, if you could spare me a few minutes."

He turned quickly round, and saw that it was the lady in the red hood, and that the lady in the red hood was—Laura!

Laura's very self, and not a mocking apparition, as he had been tempted to think at first. His heart gave one great bound, and then it seemed of a sudden to stand quite still, so utterly astounded was he to see her at such a time and in such a place.

But he made no loud exclamations.

"Laura! you here?" he said, with a sort of gasp.

"Hush! don't say any thing more; don't take any notice. How all these people do stare!" she said, in a hurried whisper, and turning away her head. "Follow me presently on to the platform. The train is not to start for nearly an hour, and there is not a soul there. I *must* speak to you, Harold."

She slipped quietly away from his side, was lost for a moment among the crowd of other passengers, and then passed through the glass doors of the waiting-room on to the platform beyond.

Harold stood some few seconds just where she had left him, wondering whether it was all a dream. But he was singularly calm, considering that his heart was beginning to beat with a wild hope that he dared not stop to analyze. He swallowed down the little glass of cognac which was handed to him, for he had need of some such stimulant, paid for it, and then slowly walked away, and followed Laura on to the platform, as she had bidden him do.

The train was already in waiting which was to bear the English mails and passengers to Paris; but there seemed no one about, except that at the extreme left, under the last lamp-post, stood the lady in the red hood.

Harold went straight up to her, and without even holding out his hand, said, in a voice which sounded strangely stern,

"Laura! what in the world has brought you here?"

It was the old Laura Sartoris who looked up at him then—the Laura of the dancing eyes and sunny smiles; the bright, loving Laura who had stolen his heart away from him years and years before.

"The Southeastern Railway and her Majesty's steamer '*Sam*phire, the best boat on the station,'" she said, giving him one of her old saucy smiles.

Still there was no unbending on his part.

"Do they know at home that you are here?"

"Edward doesn't. I sent him to town to get him out of the way. Rosa aided and abetted me in my wickedness."

"She never let you come alone?"

"No, Phœbe is with me—in the body at least; but she has been so wofully seasick for the last two hours, that I believe in spirit she is still tossing up and down in the cabin of the steamer. One of the sailors had almost to carry her on shore, and I left her just now sitting by the waiting-room fire, utterly oblivious of all things in heaven and earth."

But she could not bring a smile to his lips even yet.

"Now, Laura, tell me what this all means," he said, in the same stern tone.

She clasped both her hands about his arm, and her voice trembled for the first time as she made answer:

"It means this, Harold—that either you must go back to England with me, or I am going on to Paris with you, for I never mean to leave you again."

"Does it mean any thing more than that, Laura?" he asked, in a low, pleading voice: he was shaking like a man who had the ague now, but he could not bring himself to put the question in a plainer form, as he had done that time in the Aberdeen prison. Could it be that the cup of happiness, which once more seemed so near to his lips, was to be dashed away again, as it had been that night? No, not this time. She hid her blushing face upon his arm (she could not have reached his shoulder if she had tried), and then came the whispered words which his very soul had longed to hear:

"Yes, Harold, it does mean something more than that. It means that your wife has come to her senses at last, and has found out that she loves you with her whole heart."

"My own! my darling!"

It was all he could say—the strong, tender heart of the man, which had borne him so bravely through all till now, gave way at last. The station and every thing in it began to swim round and round before his misty eyes, and something seemed to come up in his throat and choke him. But he had manliness enough left to take her in his arms, and hold her in such a close embrace that she could scarcely breathe.

"And how did my wife come to make this wonderful discovery?" he faltered out at last.

A voice came from somewhere among the folds of his fur coat: "Don't hug me to death, you dear old bear, and I'll tell you if I can."

"Stop a minute!" and Harold Clive gave a little, low, happy laugh, such as no one who knew him had heard him give for years before. "Come out of that, little one; I want to kiss you first."

But the little one did not seem disposed to come "out of that." She only clung the closer to his arm; so he took her blushing face into his hands, and kissed her on the eyes and cheeks and lips, till she fairly cried for mercy.

"Now, tell me how it was."

"There is not much to tell," she answered, gasping for breath, "except that I must have been blind, and deaf, and dumb, and mad too, I think, when you were with me this morning. I forgot every thing—forgot the locket which I had had ready for you for a week. I let you go, knowing all the while that I should be miserable while you were away; and yet I had not the courage or the wisdom to stop you, as I should have done. But when I came to read your dear letter afterward, then I thought my heart would break. It would have broken, I believe, if I had not thought of this. I could not write to you, and so, you see, I came."

"Brave little girl!" he murmured, stroking her hair—for the red hood had fallen back—"how did you manage it? Tell me."

"Well, there was no time to lose. The first thing was to get rid of Edward; and Rosa helped me, as I said. Phœbe packed just a very few things in a carpet-bag (you will have to buy me some new dresses, Sir, the moment we get to Paris), and then she and I came up by an evening train to London. I meant to have been at Charing-cross in good time, but our cab broke down in going from station to station, and we only arrived just before the train started. I should never have known you were there if I had not seen Edward and Brown speaking to you at the carriage door. I was so frightened of being seen, not by Edward, dear old blind thing, but I thought your sharp eyes would find me out; however, you were busy talking, so I slipped by. And then again at Dover, when I made that false step in going on to the boat, it gave me such a turn. . I thought it was all over with me; if I had fallen, you must have found me out, for I knew you were close behind. I felt somehow that you were there. How awfully rude you must have thought me, Harold, never to thank you for saving me!"

"Yes, very rude," he answered, dryly. "I took you for a delicate old lady, and thought the roll of the vessel was too much for you, you darted off in such a hurry to the cabin."

"Yes, into the cabin I went, as you say; and there I lay all the way over. I was not ill, but I could not move hand or foot. I could use my eyes, though, and to some purpose too. From where I was lying I could see straight into the larger cabin, and I saw *you*, Sir, up to your old tricks as usual, with that poor little boy. Harold, if I had never loved you before, I believe I should have learned to love you then; but he made me quite jealous once, when you were carrying him up stairs; he was in my place, you see, and I knew that he had driven me out of your thoughts for the time."

"But I can't conceive why you should have avoided me so carefully all the way, when your object was to come up with me at last. Why did you not stop me at Dover?" said Clive.

"And be sent back by the next train, like a naughty child. Thank you, that wouldn't have suited me at all. And a nice scene there would have been on Dover pier, with all the porters and the sailors looking on. Besides, you never would have known how much in earnest I was. You *can't* send me back alone now, Harold," she added, giving her head a little defiant toss. "I have compromised myself too much."

"Yes, you have compromised yourself finely," he answered, looking down upon her with a curious sort of smile. "What will the world say to this escapade of yours, Laura, I should like to know?"

"Say? 'What say they? Let them say,'" she answered, indignantly, quoting the well-known old Scottish motto. "What *can* they say, Harold," she went on, "except that I have run away to France with my own husband; and there can be no great harm in that."

"Your old husband, you mean."

"Old!" she exclaimed; "how dare you call yourself old?"

"You called me an old bear yourself just now," he said, laughing, and evidently glorying in the recollection.

"That's quite a different thing. *I* may call you what I choose. But you are not old, Harold; you were only forty on your last birthday, I know; and what's that? The very prime of life; quite a young man, in fact. Never call yourself old again, if you *please*."

"Too old for you, my darling," he answered, fondly. "You look ten years younger than you did at Aberdeen, Laura."

"And so will you very soon, if I take you in hand. I'll answer for it, Dr. Laura will do you more good in a week than the whole College of Physicians could."

"Very likely, Mrs. Clive."

"My new name," she said, with a little blush; "no one has ever called me so before. And oh, Harold, that puts me in mind. Come here with me; I have something to show you, something for you to do."

She drew him with her toward the nearest lamp, so that the light might fall on something she was holding in her hand beneath her cloak. It was a gold locket, the fac-simile of the one she had sent to him by her brother.

"See here," she said; and as she spoke she touched the spring, and it flew open.

On one side was an old vignette likeness of her husband; on the other, hidden beneath a lock of dark hair tinged with gray, lay her wedding-ring.

"Harold, I told you that I was dumb to-day, and so I was—spell-bound, as it were. My heart ached for you when I saw your eye rested on my finger, and missed this from its proper place, and yet I could not tell you then that I have worn it here" (touching her bosom) "ever since you gave it to me. Night and day I have never parted with it; and they tell me that when I was ill and delirious I never would let it out of my hand. I did think I would wear it to-night," she added, in a lighter tone. "I fancied it would look more 'proper,' perhaps, if any one watched me traveling alone; but then the thought came into my head that no one, not even I myself, had any right to put it on again except you. And now, Harold," she whispered, caressingly, "you must marry me over again. Put on my ring, dear, and say the right words once more; for we did not say them quite properly that day, I think."

"We did not do or say any thing quite properly that day, Laura. We will have the Church's blessing on our marriage before many more hours are over. The next boat shall take us back to England" ("Poor Phœbe!" murmured Laura), "and we shall be at Richmond early to-morrow. Edward shall marry us in his own church the next day by special license, if necessary; and after that—you shall go to the end of the world with me, if you will. In the mean time, you shall have it your own way, little one, as you always do."

He held up her left hand; and as he slipped the ring on to the wedding-finger, he repeated, half playfully, half seriously, the words of the marriage service: "With this ring I thee wed; with my body I thee worship; with all my worldly goods I thee endow."

"*That's* lucky!" exclaimed Laura, breaking into a merry little laugh; "for I lost my purse coming off the boat, and I have only a fourpenny piece and three sous in my pocket; and how ever I should have paid for that cup of coffee I had the audacity to order just now, if you hadn't been here, I have not the least idea."

That laugh was the sweetest music that had sounded in Harold Clive's ear for many a long day; but it was too much for his poor little wife. Before the last words were out of her mouth, she broke down, and burst into tears.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck, and hiding her head upon his breast, "my own dear, dear husband!—mine to have and to hold, in sickness and in health; mine to cherish and obey; and, thank God I can say it now, mine to *love* till death us do part."

And Colonel Clive bent his head until his gray mustache touched his wife's face; and as he pressed his trembling lips upon her cheek he said, "Amen!"

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

THE most marked feature of the French is the development of their emotional and sensational faculties. This development exists in both sexes, but is far more evident among the women than among the men; and it seems to acquire force with education, and to be most glaringly conspicuous in the highest classes. Repression of manifestations of feeling forms no part of French teaching; on the contrary, those manifestations are regarded as natural and permissible. We therefore find that French mothers rather encourage their children, and especially their daughters, never to conceal the impressions which may agitate them, providing always that those impressions are honest and real, and are not of a nature to shock either *convenances* or principles. It follows that the impulses of children remain unchecked, that they rush into light directly they are felt, and that the influence of mothers and of governesses is employed to guide such impulses to a faithful and graceful form of expression far more than to suppress or even control them in themselves. There is a vast deal to be said in favor of this system. It stimulates individuality, it fortifies the affections, it develops sensibility in all its varied forms. It has been applied for generations, and it has produced a hereditarily acquired capacity of sentiment which, at this present time, is certainly greater than that possessed by any other nation. There is, in most Frenchwomen, a gushingness, an unrestrained outpouring of inner self, which is reproduced in their daughters as abundantly as in themselves. Girls, from their very babyhood, live side by side with demonstrative mothers, who show and say what they think and feel with a natural frankness of which they are scarcely conscious.

And the direct action of the mother becomes all the stronger from the almost universal custom of keeping her children with her day and night. Many a girl in France has never slept outside her mother's chamber until she leaves it to be married, and, at the worst, she is no farther off than the next room, with an open door between.

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Such unceasing neighborhood brings about an action which may be not only intellectual and moral, but possibly physical and magnetic too. The mother passes into the daughter, the daughter absorbs the mother, their essences get mixed; and hence it is that Frenchwomen exercise such singular power over their girls, and that the girls so generally become an exact reproduction of the mother under whose constant eye they have grown to womanhood. Between the transparent frankness of the child's nature and the indefatigable proximity of the parent, we get the explanation of the regular transmission of those types of character which seem to remain unvaried in so many French families, and which may almost be said to belong to them as their names do. If there be one undoubted, indisputable merit of a Frenchwoman, it is her devotion to her girls, and her resolute effort to keep them pure.

"THE HOUR, BUT NOT THE MAN."

IT is seldom that a picture tells its story less obtrusively than does this. It is seldomer still that any pictorial suggestions of lovers and love-making are made so delicately, simply, and naturally, and with such entire freedom from sham sentimentality. In common gallantry one must sympathize with these young ladies' anxiety, yet there is nothing so serious implied that we may not enjoy the humor of the situation; for is it not a perverse tendency of human nature, in young and old alike, covertly to take delight in the sentimental distresses of others? The scene of the picture is, as we see, the exterior of a modest, old-fashioned, country residence. At the crazy wicket of the entrance grow laurels, whose height and gnarled branches tell of great age, and the thick foliage of which, meeting in an arch overhead, forms a natural porch of the most picturesque description. It is summer-time, but the sun never penetrates through this umbrageous canopy, and only sparingly elsewhere—struggling through other foliage and flowers—checkers the outer fence and the wall of the cottage within. Of the inmates of the embowered seclusion of this rustic dwelling we know nothing beyond the visible fact that among the number are two very pretty girls—the one, fair, bashful, and retiring, standing in a rather disconsolate attitude at the threshold of the inner door; the other, a "nut-brown maid," impulsive and saucy, coming out to peep beneath the laurel shade for the expected one. Are they sisters? are they rivals? Our theory is that the fair girl's heart is the more deeply engaged, though she does not betray impatience so plainly. The dark girl, with the piquant crimson hat and the bodice and petticoat of the last century, we take to be a visitor and confidante, though she may, perchance, prove a dangerous competitor too. But *he* cometh not: "the hour" has arrived, "but not the man." What sort of man can he be if he can resist such attractions? or, rather, what insurmountable obstacle or accident delays his keeping the tryst at these fairies' bower? Footsteps, we think, have been heard, but they have passed, and now the confidante, no longer capable of controlling her natural curiosity, and preceded by the sagaciously inquisitive King Charles, steps to the entrance gate. But there is blank disappointment in her countenance—the man is not yet in sight. Of what a tearful scolding and what a blissful reconciliation await him, when he does make his appearance, the picture telleth not, and we can not, of course, pretend to lift the veil of futurity.



"THE HOUR, BUT NOT THE MAN."

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ING BY TILBERG, AT TICHBORNE HOUSE.—[SEE PAGE 66.]

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THE TICHBORNE DOLE.

See illustration on double page.

A FEW weeks ago, in Vol. IV., No. 52, when publishing an engraving of the "Tichborne Crawls," we gave an account of the manner in which the Tichborne Dole originated. It will be sufficient, therefore, here to say that the original painting from which our picture is taken was executed by a Belgian artist named Tilberg, who went to Hampshire in 1670, at the desire of Sir H. Tichborne, to paint the scene. Fourteen hundred loaves, each weighing a pound and ten ounces, were baked every year, and whenever more than that number of persons presented themselves, all the extra applicants received twopence apiece in lieu of a loaf.

AN ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

VIOLET STARRE put down her work and looked out at the window: somebody was coming across the lawn. She turned to the glass involuntarily to put a stray lock aside, to settle her bows and fallals, "to see how she looked," in short; not that she was especially vain of the peach-bloom complexion, of the ripple of yellow hair, of the ripe red lips and smiling eyes, but because—because it was Philip Ingersoll coming across the lawn. He came in like a west wind.

"You'll spoil your eyes yet over that worsted-work," he said, taking Violet's embroidery out of her hands, and filling in wrong stitches with the wrong color.

"Dear me!" she cried, "you're just spoiling my cushion cover! I shall have to pull it all out, unless you make something pretty."

"I shall make something beautiful, depend upon it. This cushion is to be of random or mosaic work, I have understood, and your design any thing that fancy or feeling dictates! Now I intend to add a few stitches, and you will pull them out at your peril. I want an interest in this cushion; and when my part is complete, if it doesn't please you, why, say so!" For half a dozen afternoons or more Philip stooped to conquer worsted-work, and finish his random design upon the cushion. "There," said he, "it's given me a headache! What's good for headaches, Miss Violet?"

"Paulinia powders, peace, and a pillow."

"Put your hand on my head, and feel how hot it is."

"That comes of such close application. I declare! Where did you learn to do worsted-work? This eye you have fashioned here is enough to startle the strong-minded."

"Natural talent: that eye speaks. Come, who's for a gallop through the woods to-day, to the tune of the wind? I'll have the horses round in no time."

"I can't go," said Maud; "don't tempt me."

"But *you* will, Violet?"

"Yes, I will. I was just thinking that these Indian summer days were too few and fair to waste in-doors."

"Come, then; we will be off across the river, and into Folly-mill Woods."

Violet ran to put on her hat and habit while he ordered the horses, and they set off in the best of spirits, the wind ruffling her yellow hair and tossing the purple plumes of her hat, the bloom deepening upon her cheeks till she looked like some brilliant flower. Crossing the bridge, they saw the fishing-boats putting out across the bar, the pleasure-seekers idling the afternoon away in golden leisure; then they pushed on, leaving the river, with its shifting shadows and changing scenes, behind them, and plunged into the heart of the woods. What echoes of their words and laughter haunted the stillness there long after they had passed on! Had you met them in any of the forest paths, you would have been reminded of some Old World romance, some page of the poets, to which the fantastic shapes and blended colors of the wood lent a marginal illumination. Underneath them the pine needles spread a carpet; every where the pines themselves shed an odor of frankincense, their boles wreathed with wild vines dropping leaves like heart's blood; all the lavish tints of autumn, beckoned into more enchanting distances, wove gay garlands along the way, while through netted boughs overhead the blue sky laughed down indulgently, and sunbeams touched even dead twigs into beauty.

"If one could only write all the poems that the autumn woods inspire!" said Ingersoll. "It's like a tune, you know, which sings itself in your brain, but eludes the voice." He idly lashed a spruce-tree that grew close to the path as he spoke; the action startled Violet's horse, and he threw her before she had time to cry out. Philip Ingersoll was off his own horse in a trice—his heart beating hotly in his bosom, seeing that she neither moved nor spoke; and lifting her, he found that she had fallen against a projecting point of stone, and her fair face was a mass of cuts and bruises. He got her home with the help of some men who were felling timber in the wood, and called the doctor, who declared that the beautiful Grecian nose of Violet Starre was broken, and her lovely cheek would always carry the scars of ragged wounds.

In a few weeks, however, Violet was up and about as usual, but she saw nobody at home, and declined invitations abroad. When she walked out she was disguised behind thick veils. "Though nobody would ever guess I was Violet Starre—I am sufficiently disguised already," she said to herself. She seldom walked in the thoroughfares, but in unfrequented lanes and by-ways. One day she was met by Philip Ingersoll in her solitary stroll, whom no amount of thick veils could deceive.

"Violet," said he, "you never allow me to see you now. I see Maud and your mother, and any one but yourself. I haunt your door like your shadow. Do you mean to get you to a nunnery?"

"I never thought of it; but it wouldn't be so bad now; I shouldn't frighten any one there."

"Violet, you will always be lovely to me."

"Wait till you see me without my veil, Sir; no compliments till then."

"Well, do you remember the veiled lady in Hawthorne's 'Zenobia?'"

"Whom Theodore was not brave enough to trust? Yes."

"Well, I am braver than Theodore; say that I may see you when I come again."

"If it will be any pleasure, yes; I suppose it looks vain to hide away. But somehow—it may be silly—but I would rather look vain than ugly."

"I can not imagine you in such a plight."

"Then you had better not come."

"I never surrender ground once ceded."

When he acted upon this permission he found Violet busy over her random-work cushion, with an old-fashioned screen of white silk embroidered in palms and pansies standing in a carved rose-wood frame before her.

"The light troubles my eyes," she said, in apology; "they are not quite strong yet;" but he observed that as they sat together with their accustomed familiarity she constantly shifted it between them.

"Come," said he, "is it the light of my eyes that dazzles yours? Wherever I move the screen follows."

"No," said Violet, laughing constrainedly; "it is the light of other days, I guess."

"The light of other days, Violet, was not one whit more dazzling to me than that of the present," he said, going to her side, and dropping his voice to an under-tone.

"Thanks—but do not feel it necessary to make polite speeches to me. See how famously I am getting on with my mosaic cushion. Won't it be a splendid 'muddle?' What a queer color you made this star of yours! It's the violet star that poets rave about, isn't it? I'm going to match it with a flame-colored sun."

"I hope you recognize my other effort of art as an old acquaintance of yours?"

"Which? This little imp? What is he doing? Shooting angels to make a pot-pie, as Mrs. Hurd thought she had a confirmed habit of doing when she went to the asylum? I mistook him for a comet at first, or a heavenly body."

"He *is* a heavenly body; and though he resembles an interrogation point with wings as much as any thing, I thought his bow and arrow would speak for him."

"Oh, the little blind god, to be sure!"

"Yes; none so blind as those who won't see."

Having broken the ice of Violet's reserve, Mr. Ingersoll never gave it time to skim over again, but presented himself almost daily. He always took his position now on the other side of the screen, where the two sat, withdrawn from observation, in a world of their own. The family called the space behind the screen "Violet's reception-room," but no other visitor was admitted there. It made a sort of barrier between the other persons in the room and the lovers, in whose shadow they could pass and take glances full of significance, words full of tenderness; there he held her silks, and wound her worsteds, and drew grotesque pictures in her pocket-diary, and made absurd records of events that had never occurred, and wrote impromptu love-verses, and talked as lovers will of any thing or nothing. He brought her great flowering plants to hang in her window, dropping a hundred sprays of bloom, and breathing out perfume with every current of air; he brought the quarterlies, and read to her while she worked on her cushion; he lowered the shade to suit her eyes, arranged her hassock, shifted the screen, and was in all things hers to command. Every action, every look, expressed devotion, declared that no chance or change could alienate his regard. By degrees he drew her out into places of public resort; sometimes they went together to sit under the inspired teachings of a modern prophet, sometimes an eloquent lecturer enticed them out of their happy seclusion; oftener the full-throated melodies of some renowned soprano entranced them, the impassioned imaginations of the old masters of harmony lent them the "open sesame" into fairy-land, and enriched their existence with the lavish embroideries of fancy; or the vivid creations of Shakspeare walked before them, lived and breathed in their presence, translating the lovers into their own time and place, and surrounding them with an atmosphere of love and romance. In those happy days Violet almost forgot that she had ever been beautiful, or had ever desired to be. She dressed herself at the mirror daily, without ever relating this scarred image reflected there with herself, whose being was a poem. Since it made no difference to Philip, had rather cemented his friendship, it became a thing of no account to her that the classic profile of her nose was defaced, that her wounds had puckered the skin upon her cheek and drawn the eyelids out of place, and had given a totally new and strange expression to the whole countenance, that she no longer beheld herself reflected in the admiring gaze of passers in the street. However great the blow might have continued to be, it had been skillfully treated by the tender hand of Philip Ingersoll.

They were returning one winter afternoon from a matinée. Violet's hand slipped into his arm and held there; the gas-lights flickered against the steel blue twilight sky, where a handful of stars was sprinkled; every body was hurrying and hugging himself against the cold; but these two loitered along the way, happy and warm enough in each other's neighborhood.

"I have an insatiable curiosity," said Violet, "to know where all these people are going—into what sort of homes, along what rough highways of life. If one could get behind these masks which they all wear, and know what was taking place in their experience, what plans and hopes and disappointments they conceal, wouldn't it be finer than any novel?"

"Let us begin with each other, then," said Philip: "tell me, first, what hopes and plans you hide away from the common gaze?"

"I?" she laughed. "Yes; I hope some time to go to all the symphony concerts, and wear a camel's-hair shawl."

"My hope is more presumptuous than that, Violet. I hope to *take* you to all the symphony concerts, with a wedding-ring on your finger. May I?" and Violet must have given consent, for next day there was a diamond like a dew-drop flashing upon her hand, and, in spite of scars, a look of happiness that dazzled the beholder.

The diamond had reposed upon Violet's finger hardly a month when Mr. Ingersoll was called out of town to paint the portrait of a beautiful heiress, the ward of his uncle, who had occasionally visited at his mother's. The idea of jealousy in connection with his absence never occurred to Violet, while he wrote letters full of the extravagances of lovers, that read so much like pure poetry; but having several other orders in the neighborhood, he was obliged to postpone his return almost daily. "Mr. Crayon wishes me to paint his child," he would write; "Mrs. Vermilion wishes to sit for Marie Stuart; thus I shall be obliged to remain away from you still longer, which disappoints me sorely"—till Maud said,

"I suspect he's having too fine a time out there: you had better have him home without delay. I wouldn't trust a lover of mine within eye-shot of Miss Heather's fascinations. Violet slays her thousands, but Miss Heather her ten thousands."

"I'm sure I shall not ask him to return," answered Violet, for the first time experiencing an uncomfortable sensation: "if he wishes to do so, he will need no urging; if he prefers to stay, I would not have him come at any solicitation of mine. Besides, he has finished Miss Heather's sittings, and he said she had begun to fade." But somehow the suggestion rankled and refused to be exorcised, till she forgot it for a while; but every now and then it returned to her, like a pain that one vaguely remembers at waking, groping about in one's conciousness for the wound that caused it. What if he should succumb to Miss Heather's beauty? It would not be wonderful. The only wonder was that he should ever have cared for herself—with her ugly scars; and they began to burn and throb forthwith.

She had been out shopping one day, and getting into a crowded car to return, was obliged to stand jammed so closely against two ladies who were seated that she could overhear their remarks without an effort.

"It would never have happened, I suspect, but for that accident," the elder lady was saying; "it was a dreadful misfortune, truly. I have only seen her once since, and I should never have guessed that she had been beautiful. You see, a broken nose changes the outlines and the expression essentially." Violet shivered behind her thick veil, and lent an eager attention.

"Well," said the other, "why should he marry an ugly woman merely because she is unfortunate?"

"The fact is, he felt himself to blame; he invited her to ride, and it was the flirting his whip which startled her horse: there you have it in a nut-shell. It was simply a matter of duty. His mother told me herself that it never would have happened but that Philip's conscience ran away with his judgment. There, I must tear myself away. Don't mention any thing I've told you; I shouldn't like it to reach the ears of the parties concerned, you know.—Will you pull the strap for me, please?" she said to Violet; "it is so crowded here. Thanks"—working her passage out, while Violet sank like a crushed flower into the vacant seat. It seemed strange to her that she should be yet alive, having listened to such tidings! Two school-girls beside her were laughing over the unknown quantities in their algebra lesson; a pair of lovers were smiling into each other's eyes, standing in the aisle with each a hand in the same strap; some Calcutta merchants were discoursing of jute, butts, linseed, and duties; the sunbeams were glinting in at the car windows: every thing and every body were just where they had been half an hour ago; she only, of all that assembly, had epitomized the sufferings of a lifetime in one sharp pang, had lost "the light that never was on sea or shore!"

She made no ado, but went home in a sort of blank amazement, and wrote to Philip Ingersoll that she released him from the engagement; on the receipt of which he dropped brush and palette, and replied:

"If you are in earnest, dear Violet, which I can hardly credit—if, after all my protestations of love, you believe that I never would have asked you to marry me had I not felt myself to blame for your accident—I refer you to the illustrated rebus which I finished in your cushion of random-work the afternoon of our unfortunate ride, and when a proposal of love could not be suspected to savor of duty or conscience. Even worsted-work has its uses, I find.

"Always faithfully your lover,

"PHILIP INGERSOLL."

Violet took up her sofa cushion and looked at it curiously; all the figures ran into each other and blurred their designs. "If I could only be sure that he loved me before!" she murmured; "but what can this random-work prove?—Maud," she asked, with assumed carelessness, "did you ever translate this rebus that Philip says he worked into my cushion? Did you?"

"Mercy! I hope so," answered Maud, coming to look over her shoulder at the cushion: "it's as plain as a man's nose on his face. I guessed it that afternoon you were riding. I wondered afterward if your disfigurement would annul it, but he stood the test, you see."

"Well," impatiently, "and what is it, pray?"

"Don't you know?"

"No. I never dreamed that it had a meaning."

"Oh, what a stupid! why—there's an eye, symbolic of the first person singular, alias Philip Ingersoll; then there's the little blind god of love—you know him, I hope; and there's a star in violet floss: literal translation, '*I love Violet Starre!*'"

And so when Philip Ingersoll followed his letter he found one person convinced that he loved Violet Starre in truth as well as in worsted-work.

"I know now," said he, "that worsted-work was invented to prove the fidelity of lovers!"

WASHINGTON CHAT.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *January* 1, 1872.

DEAR BAZAR,—Our social season commences to-day in the midst of a pelting rain-storm, which Mr. Probabilities, the official clerk of the weather, might have averted. Indeed, we have thus far had rather a triste time, even the visit of the Grand Duke having been shorn of social enjoyment by the unfortunate unpleasantness between Secretary Fish and the Russian minister. Madame Catacazy, *belle et blonde*, no longer dispenses lavish hospitalities; we miss the social entertainments of dear, fussy old Baron Gerolt and his pleasant family; Lady Thornton has but just returned from a visit to England; and we have no French minister, as in years past—so the diplomatic feature of "society" has not thus far amounted to much. The few Congressmen who brought their families here before the recess have been installing themselves for the winter, and even the army and navy circles have been small, owing to stern orders to distant service, which have scattered former occupants of Washington drawing-rooms over land and sea—even exiling Mrs. Douglas Williams to Fort Leavenworth.

NEW-YEAR'S RECEPTIONS.

But to-day our metropolitan society has emerged from its chrysalis, and has fluttered gorgeously about in accordance with time-honored custom, peculiar, on this continent, to this capital. I am well aware that when the Federal government was located in New York a few eminently respectable Knickerbockers paid their respects to General and Lady Washington, and that the Philadelphians, anxious to make their city the permanent seat of government when Congress halted there on its way here, called to wish Mrs. President John Adams a happy New-Year. But it was Jefferson who transplanted here from France the official "receptions" of New-Year's Day as a substitute for the more ceremonious "levees" of his predecessors, which he regarded with democratic horror as relics of royalty. It was on the 1st of January, 1807, that the first "reception" was held at the White House, and a graphic account of it by Dr. Mitchell, then a member of Congress from New York city, concludes by saying, "Great mirth and humor prevailed, and one may readily conceive wherefore, when it is computed that besides the smiles, cordiality, and welcome which the company received from their generous entertainer, they consumed for him a quarter cask of wine, a barrel of punch, and a hundred-weight of cake, besides other knickknacks to a considerable amount."

Mrs. Dolly Madison restored the "state dinners," the "drawing-rooms," and the "levees" of Washington, but she also retained the "New-Year's receptions." Refreshments were always served until the second term of General Jackson, when the disorderly scrambling for them became unbearable. The last time that an attempt was made to serve them, a colossal cheese, presented by a patriotic Dutchess County dairyman, was the staple article of food, and almost every visitor bore away a slice, rather disgusting the refined taste of N. P. Willis, who was present.

Yesterday the White House was duly prepared for the reception of visitors, many of whom would come with muddy feet. But it was cruel in General Babcock to have covered with canvas the hideously ugly Turkish carpet which now disfigures the East Room, as its destruction would have been "compensation" for the bad weather without. An exit door was improvised by removing one of the front windows, and a strong force of police was posted to give direction to the coming tide of humanity. In the vestibule was the Marine Band, in scarlet uniforms, with a new leader, who has already restored some of its former musical renown. Daylight was excluded, and the numerous chandeliers, with their mellow blaze, added much to the effect.

President Grant is always punctual, and precisely at eleven o'clock he took his position, as the soldiers would say, near the centre of the Blue Parlor, with his brother-in-law, Marshal Sharpe, at his side to introduce visitors. The President is looking remarkably well, and to-day he was in excellent spirits, chatting with friends as they passed, yet never stopping any one, as Mr. Lincoln would often do, to tell a story which something had reminded him of.

Mrs. Grant wore (of course every one desires to know "what was worn") a dress of maroon velvet, with low neck, short open sleeves, and a flowing train, trimmed with white point lace, the ends of her fichu being tied behind in large bows as a sash. Her hair was dressed *à la Pompadour*, with white lace and a spray of natural scarlet flowers. A locket set with pearls was suspended around her neck by a gold chain, and she used a large white ivory-handled fan with Andalusian grace. She was attended by four

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charming aides-de-camp—her daughter Nellie, Miss Drexel of Philadelphia, Miss Remingslaw of Pittsburg, and Miss Jewell of Connecticut, uniformly dressed in pink silk, with white muslin over-skirts trimmed with Valenciennes lace—and as merry a quartette as ever escaped from a boarding-school.

That charming young mother, Mrs. Vice-President Colfax, stood next to Mrs. Grant, wearing a sensible high-necked moiré antique dress, white dotted with black, and trimmed with black lace, with necklace, ear-rings, and pin of jet.

Then came the wives of the cabinet officers, with the exception of Mrs. Fish. Mrs. Boutwell is a quiet-looking New England person, and was dressed in a *café-au-lait* moiré antique, with surplice sleeves. Mrs. Williams, who is *distingué* and good-looking, wore a ball dress of pearl-colored silk, with a sweeping train, trimmed with pink satin in diamonds, and smaller trimming of the same pattern on the over-skirt, sash, and sleeves. Mrs. Cresswell's fragile form was daintily arrayed in a suit of chocolate-colored silk, with square corsage and empress train, trimmed with velvet of the same shade. And then there was matronly Mrs. Delano, in a home-like high-necked purple silk, completing the row of dames to whom visiting dignitaries were to be presented.

THE "HOUSEHOLD."

Mrs. Marshal Sharpe, who is a sister of Mrs. Grant, wore a Nile green silk suit, trimmed with small quillings of the same material, and a point lace cape. Mrs. General Dent, Mrs. Grant's sister-in-law, wore a cherry-colored silk dress, with square corsage and a demi-train, trimmed with black lace. Mrs. Judge Dent, another sister-in-law, wore a black velvet dress, high in the neck, with a sweeping train. Mrs. General Porter, who is one of the sweetest and most agreeable ladies here, was dressed in a blue silk suit, with trimming of the same material bordered with white; and Mrs. General Babcock was also dressed in blue silk, with a point lace cape, the ends of which were tied behind like a sash.

The members of the cabinet need no description—the last recruit, Judge Williams, towering over them all. Generals Babcock and Porter, the private secretaries of the President, were on his staff during the war, and merit the confidence which he reposes in them. General Dent, his brother-in-law, is an old army man, now on duty at the White House; and Marshal Sharpe, who on these occasions is Usher of the Black Rod, completes what our British cousins would call the "'ousehold" of the Executive Mansion.

THE PRESENTATIONS.

The diplomatic representatives of friendly powers have the precedence; and this year their senior member, or *doyen*, is that trained diplomatist, Sir Edward Thornton. He wore his blue uniform, trimmed with scarlet, and heavily embroidered with golden oak and laurel leaves, a galaxy of stars and crosses on his breast, and in his hand a chapeau with a wonderful white plume. Lady Thornton's tall and graceful figure and blonde complexion were set off by her dark blue silk walking dress with a court train, and a tiny bonnet all trimmed with black velvet bands and white lace. Blacque Bey, in his scarlet fez and heavily embroidered suit, was a fit representative of the Grand Turk; but the recent death of his wife's mother kept Madame Bey and her sister at home. General Gorloff was gorgeous in his Russian uniform; Baron Lederer wore the Austrian regulation white, embroidered in gold; Don Lopez Roberts sported Spanish blue, embroidered in silver with myrtle and orange leaves; the Greek minister was resplendent in scarlet broadcloth; and the attachés and secretaries appeared to vie with each other in the extent of their embroideries and the size of their swords. Sensible Jugoi Arinori Mori, however, instead of sporting his full Japanese rig, with two swords, appeared in the plain dress suit of an American gentleman.

Mr. Fish was doubtless delighted that Madame De Catacazy could not display her charms and her toilette; but she was missed, and her absence was regretted, by Messieurs les Diplomats. Madame Roberts, too, will soon have to leave her *P. P. C.* cards, her husband having also been recalled. She wore a dark silk dress, with black velvet bonnet and cloak, all richly trimmed.

The Justices of the Supreme Court were not headed by the now invalided Chief Justice; and Mr. Justice Nelson has not been here this winter. The portly Mr. Justice Clifford is next in order of seniority, and he was accompanied by his daughter. The other members of the court followed, Mr. Justice Swayne being accompanied by his wife, and Mr. Justice Strong by his wife and two daughters.

Next came the local officials, including Professor Langston, who is of African descent, and accompanied by Captain Robert Lincoln, who is here with his wife on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Senator Harlan. A score of Congressmen followed, Governor Fenton and Judge Trumbull smiling blandly as they exchanged salutations with the President, while Governor Morton, who is very lame, made his way slowly along with the aid of two canes.

At noon, sharp, the army officers filed past their commander-in-chief, General Howard's empty sleeve recalling hard-fought fields, but most of those with him having won their rank by desk duty in bureaux here. Then came the navy, far more brilliantly uniformed, with Admiral Worden, of Monitor fame, and other heroes in the ranks, and flanked by the marines, gorgeously gotten up, one of them actually wearing spurs.

The bureau officers next paid their respects; and the last on the programme were the associate survivors of the war of 1812, now dwindling away in numbers, as the soldiers of the Revolution did in Jackson's time, and as the soldiers of the war for the suppression of the rebellion will five-and-twenty years hence.

And so ended the official "presentations." As the last lot left, the members of the cabinet, with their wives, started for their respective houses, leaving the President and Mrs. Grant, with Miss Nellie and her young friends, to receive the people.

At one o'clock the sovereign people were admitted, and filed past the President and Mrs. Grant out into the East Room, where they moved about like "a human kaleidoscope, constantly changing." There were all ages and all shades of complexion, as at New Orleans in Jackson's time, "from snowy white to sooty"—exquisites from the Atlantic cities and hardy backwoodsmen, shoddy swindlers and contented contractors, millionaires and mantua-makers, ingenious patentees and persevering petitioners, newsboys and nobby clerks—all anxious to shake hands with the President, and to wish Mrs. Grant "many happy returns of the day." So say we all.

PRIVATE RECEPTIONS.

After the official reception at the White House, the doors of nearly every residence in Washington were open to visitors, and gentlemen of high and low degree went "the grand rounds" of their acquaintances. Refreshment tables were every where bountifully spread, but there was a commendable absence of intoxicating beverages, and a consequent diminution of drawing-room drunkenness.

Senator Sumner did not "receive," but worked away all the day long in his library. Nearly all of the diplomats, however, honored him by a call, as did scores of colored citizens, many of whom recognize his aid in securing their equal rights before the law. Some of these freed people testified their gratitude by bringing floral offerings.

General Butler's house was one of the most frequented, although he was at home expounding the piscatorial rights of his maritime constituents. Mrs. Butler was becomingly dressed in a brown silk, while her daughter, Mrs. Ames, appeared like an Undine in a Nile green silk, with a white silk over-skirt, and a green and white aigrette; and her two nieces, Miss Hildreth and Miss Parker, aided in dispensing hospitable cheer.

To enumerate those houses where the ladies were well dressed, and where "callers" were warmly welcomed, would be like giving a catalogue of Homer's ships, and I will leave the task to some of the half dozen lady correspondents who are busily at work here this winter, engaged in an occupation which, in time, their sex will monopolize.

RACONTEUR.

THE EMPRESSES AND QUEENS OF EUROPE.

See Illustrations on pages 68 and 69.

IN a former number of the *Bazar* (Vol. III., No. 12) we gave the portraits of the Crown Princesses of Europe. To-day we have the pleasure of giving faithful likenesses of the "Queens of Europe," the wives of her emperors and kings. The portrait of Queen Victoria is not included, she being a sovereign in her own right. The symbolical or ideal representation of the new French republic has been added by the artist, because represented in a female character.

The likenesses of the eleven royal ladies have been all copied from their most recent photographs; the twelfth (actually the second on the list) is, as we have said, an ideal. These were procured from the various capitals over which they assist their husbands to preside, at all the state pageantries as well as in the more intimate courtesies and hospitalities of society. In a measure these empresses and queens lead private lives: not one of the number has written a journal and made public her opinions on the various occurrences of life as they pass. The Empress of Austria is remarkable for her beauty, and for the pre-eminent grace of her manner and bearing; the Queen of the Belgians is also gifted with personal beauty, although of a different type, and is notable for her horsemanship; the Queen of Holland is indefatigable as an intelligent traveler; and so we might run through a list of the gifts and accomplishments of these ladies of exalted rank. They have each some distinguishing characteristic, some talent especially cultivated; and they are all, without exception, held in the highest estimation by their subjects. They are admirable wives and mothers, devoting themselves not only to their home circle, but to the care and well-being of the sick and unfortunate in the various empires and kingdoms over which their husbands rule—true women in the highest and best sense of the term.

Maria Alexandrowna, Empress of Russia, *née* Maximiliana Wilhelmina Augusta Sophia Marie, daughter of the late Louis II., Grand Duke of Hesse. Born August 8, 1824; married April 28, 1841.

Elizabeth Amelia Eugenia, Empress of Austria, daughter of Maximilian Joseph, King of Bavaria. Born December 24, 1837; married April 24, 1854.

Marie Louise Augusta Catherine, Empress of Germany, daughter of the late Charles Frederick, Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. Born September 30, 1811; married June 11, 1829.

Amelia Augusta, Queen of Saxony, daughter of the late King Maximilian Joseph of Bavaria. Born November 12, 1801; married November 21, 1822.

Olga Nicolaevna, Queen of Würtemberg, daughter of the late Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Born September 10, 1822; married July 13, 1846.

Maria, Queen of Spain, daughter of Prince Charles Emanuel del Pozzo della Costerna. Born August 9, 1847; married May 30, 1867.

Louisa Wilhelmina Frederica Carolina Augusta Julia, Queen of Denmark, daughter of William, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel. Born September 7, 1817; married May 26, 1842.

Maria Pia, Queen of Portugal, daughter of Victor Emanuel, King of Italy. Born October 16, 1847; married October 6, 1862.

Maria Henrietta Anna, Queen of Belgium, daughter of the late Archduke Joseph, Prince Palatine of Hungary. Born August 23, 1836; married in 1857.

Olga Constantinevna, Queen of Greece, daughter of the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, and niece to the reigning emperor. Born December 24, 1845; married October 27, 1867.

Sophia Frederica Matilda, Queen of Holland, daughter of William I., King of Würtemberg. Born June 17, 1818; married June 18, 1839.

French Republic, proclaimed September 4, 1870. President, M. Thiers.

SISTER POLLY'S WOODEN WEDDING.

MY youngest sister—dear little Polly—had been married just five blessed years, and, as was the fashion of the neighborhood, they intended to celebrate their wooden wedding. Accordingly square cards made of thin oak veneers were prepared, and duly inscribed with the two important dates—the original wedding-day and the approaching anniversary—in opposite corners of the same, the centre space being occupied as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Bobolink,

At Home,

JUNE 1, 1871, AT 8 O'CLOCK P.M.

These, being sent out to about a hundred of their particular friends, were accepted eagerly; and thereupon began not only toilette preparations upon a grand scale in divers quarters, but innumerable conjectures and consultations as to what presents should be provided for the occasion. Shops were visited by those who could afford to gratify their tastes, and no lack of pretty things made of wood were exhibited by tradesmen well accustomed to the request, "Show me something suitable for a wooden wedding." There were beautiful carvings, picture-frames, salt-cellars, platters, salad spoons and forks, brackets, and the dear only knows what; any of which would look well if displayed upon such an occasion; besides lots of useful though homely articles, that would be very well appreciated by such a good little housekeeper as my sister Polly really is.

But I, with economical thoughts in my head, began to consider what would be a proper gift from a person of very moderate means; in fact, what I could get that would make the most show with the least money. I hope this will not shock the liberal reader so as to prevent his finishing the article; yet it was even so; and I said to Polly, as I helped her to arrange some of her plans:

"I think I will have to send you some new *clothes-pins;* they are very useful, and I can get so many for my money."

"*Clothes-pins*, indeed!" exclaimed Polly, indignantly; "and who ever heard of such a present for a wooden wedding?"

"But I'm not rich, Polly."

"Well, then, don't send any thing. What would the B——s and the D——s and the W——s say if they saw such things? I should be quite ashamed to have it said that 'Mrs. Bobolink's sister sent three cents' worth of clothes-pins!'"

Perhaps Polly was only half in earnest when she thus spoke; but I, who had, indeed, begun the threat without a word of serious intention, now suddenly resolved to put the idea into practice, and away I went to the nearest shop. Having selected a dozen clothes-pins with round tops, the next thing was to carve their faces to suit the characters I intended them to assume. One was to personate "Brother Jonathan," another "John Bull," a third "Paddy from Cork;" then "John Chinaman," and the parson, with black Dinah, Sambo, and others, not forgetting "Yankee Doodle," who was to lead the band, "upon a little pony."

The next thing was to dress them up, and this was no small undertaking, after all; but I had resolved to do the thing properly, and so my brains were well cudgeled. First, pasteboard arms were provided, cut of different shapes to suit the position desired to be represented: some had arms akimbo, others were in attitudes of astonishment, etc., and I soon saw how much the hands had to do with giving expression to my little people. When I had all completed, the company of ladies and gentlemen presented a very striking appearance. "Brother Jonathan" carried a carpet-bag and umbrella; the latter manufactured out of a buffalo hair-pin, cut so as to form a hooked handle, the scrap of blue stuff being tied on in rather bulging style, his hat being modeled after the well-known pattern familiar in caricature. "John Bull," personating Falstaff, had a round, well-stuffed corporation and a jolly red face; the Chinaman had a queue hanging down from under his cap, while the parson was conspicuous in black silk gown and bands; and Dinah, with white teeth grinning between her red lips, carried a pasteboard baby in a long white robe. Sambo acted as train-bearer for the girl of the period, who wore a model chignon, with huge paniers, Grecian bend, etc. One very dignified individual, with a high paper collar and dress-coat, acted as usher, and held out a card, on which was written the words of introduction and salutation, given below, to be read out at the proper time to the assembled guests. When all were completed a thin board, two feet long by one foot wide, was covered with gay cashmere or delaine, in imitation of carpet; then, by means of holes cut at proper distances, the points of the clothes-pins, now completely concealed by the costumes, were securely fastened into their places, forming in reality a dolls' procession. Indeed, no one, without very close inspection, could detect the presence of such homely things as the originals.

Of course when the day arrived there were many beautiful and rare articles sent in, which were all arranged in a convenient place to be seen, and criticised, as is customary; but I took good care that a central position was reserved for my offering.

As the bride and groom were ushered into the library, and proceeded to inspect the gifts before them, the dolls attracted especial notice; they supposed that some thoughtful friend had remembered the little Bobolinks up stairs, who would soon be able to appreciate them; and not until the address explained matters to the company did they recognize in the motley assemblage the articles once so indignantly disclaimed. Now they had become the heroes of the hour, and my sister Polly declares that never hereafter will she despise my offerings, since even these cheap and vulgar things had contributed so largely to the entertainment and merriment of that refined and elegant company.

CAPTAIN CLOTHES-PIN'S ADDRESS.

Well, here we are, all in our best,
A band of guests unbidden,
Who've come along, like all the rest,
To grace your wooden weddin'.
We know we're a despisèd crew,
With presence uninvited;
And well do we remember, too,
How we were scorned and slighted.
But, Bride and Bridegroom, think you thus
To treat your firm adherents?
At other times you've welcomed us,
And longed for our appearance:
Upon a windy washing day,
When every shirt and towel
Without our aid had blown away,
And come to grief most foul.
Ah, then, indeed, you loved us well,
And knew our real value:
You never should be measured by
The price at which men sell you.

And now, through all these swift five years,
Could you have done without us?
Or have we, whatsoe'er your fears,
Once given you cause to doubt us?
No; we have held your duds to dry,
In style above suspicion:
Let other people act as well
Their higher, nobler mission.
And so, to teach you what is what,
We come as guests unbidden,
To celebrate, with all the rest,
Your happy wooden weddin'.
May "*wooden*" brighten into "*tin*"
As five more years are closing;
Then "*crystal*" presents fill your shelves
With grandeur more imposing;
And "*silver*," "*golden wedding*" days
Come in their true succession,
Increasing still the growing store
With many a rich possession;
While, best of all, the passing years
Bring blessings more assuring,
And crown the happy bride and groom
With bliss that is enduring!

USEFUL RECIPES.

RYE BREAD.—Make a rather stiff mush of corn meal, as you would for the table, but boil it long and well; salt to taste; when milk-warm stir in yeast, either baker's or home-made, in just the proportion for wheat sponge. In cool weather this must be done overnight; and in the morning, when light, work in as much rye flour with the hands as the sponge will hold. Do not get it too stiff, for it will adhere to the hands even when stiff enough, and, unlike wheat dough, its "stickiness" is not a sign of the need of more flour. Let the dough rise, and do not attempt to mould it, but scrape out into well-greased round tins.

RYE BREAD STEAMED.—Half a pint of rye meal, unsifted, one pint of sifted corn meal, the same quantity of sour milk, half a gill of molasses, one tea-spoonful of salt, and a large tea-spoonful of soda dissolved in a small portion of warm water; stir well together, adding the soda last; grease a baking pan, pour in, and let it rise one hour; steam it for four hours.

TOMATOES.—They are very delicate and far more healthful cooked in a dripping-pan, with the skins off, than the usual manner of frying with the skins on. Peel the fruit, cut in two, and place a layer in the pan, setting it in the oven of a hot stove; stir frequently, and in about fifteen minutes, or less, mix well in a small portion of butter and flour, well worked together with the spoon; add a little salt and pepper, and when they boil once, remove; add cream to suit, and send hot to table. Scalding tomatoes either for canning or cooking at once destroys their sweetness; if entirely ripe, the skins easily peel off.

GRAPE JELLY.—Mash well the berries with the hands, so as to remove the skins; pour all into a preserving-kettle, and cook slowly a few minutes, so as to extract all the juice; strain through a colander, and then through a flannel jelly-bag, keeping as hot as possible, for if not allowed to become very cool before putting again on the stove the jelly comes much stiffer; a few quince seeds boiled with the berries the first time tend to stiffen it; measure the juice, allowing a pound of loaf-sugar to every pint of juice, and boil fast for at least half an hour. Try a little, and if it seems done, remove and put into glasses.

RELISH FOR TEA.—Cut slices from cold roast veal so that they shall be about half an inch in thickness, and a little larger than oysters, and of the same shape; season with salt and pepper. Make a batter of one pint of milk, half a pint of flour, yolks and beaten whites of four eggs; have ready a dripping-pan, with enough hot melted lard in it to nearly cover the fritters, drop in two table-spoonfuls of the batter, over this place a piece of meat, then two more spoonfuls of batter on top of the meat. When brown take up, and, draining, send hot to table.

FAMILY CAKE.—Into one cupful of butter mix thoroughly one cupful of brown sugar and two cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of sour milk or cream, a tea-spoonful of powdered cloves, one cupful of seeded raisins, the same quantity of washed and dried currants rolled in flour, two scant tea-spoonfuls of carbonate of soda, and flour enough to make a batter moderately stiff.

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1. The Empress of Russia.
2. The Republic of France.
3. The Queen of Saxony.
4. The Empress of Austria.
5. The Empress of Germany.
6. The Queen of Würtemberg.

THE EMPRESSES AND QUEENS OF EUROPE.

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7. The Queen of Spain.
8. The Queen of Denmark.
9. The Queen of Portugal.
10. The Queen of Belgium.
11. The Queen of Greece.
12. The Queen of Holland.

THE QUEENS OF EUROPE.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

AN OPERATOR sends us the following letter, which will be useful to some of our readers:

"For the benefit of your numerous inquirers I will state that it takes from three to four months to learn telegraphing by *paper* so as to be competent to take a small office: such offices pay from thirty to forty dollars per month. To learn by *sound* it takes from eight to twelve months. Sound operators are always in better demand than paper operators, and at better wages. To be a good penman or penwoman, a good speller, and have an ordinary knowledge of the English language are the only educational qualities required. Telegraphing can be learned better and cheaper at a country office than at a telegraph school. Almost any manager of a small office would accept a student."

A LADY.—The letter postage from any part of the United States to any part of England is six cents per half ounce.

D. F. W.—We don't know.

LIGHT BROWN HAIR.—Probably not. You had better not tamper with your hair.

L. A. W.—We could give you no assistance in the plan you propose beyond inserting your advertisement at our usual rates. It would involve a considerable outlay and responsible vouchers.

ONE OF A THOUSAND.—There are many ways of earning money at home, but we can not point them out to you. With all the accomplishments that you possess, you should certainly have ingenuity enough to turn them to advantage. If you can find no art or fancy stores that will purchase your designs and illuminations, you ought certainly to discover among your friends those who will be glad to purchase the aid of your skillful needle.

INQUIRER.—"Manners upon the Road" will not at present be published in any other form than the bound volumes of the *Bazar*. By procuring these, or keeping your papers, you can have all of these exquisite essays.—*Wat'to* is the correct pronunciation of Watteau.

AMEN, DICO VOBIS, ETC.—Raphael Sanzio Morghen was one of the most distinguished engravers of the eighteenth century, and was born at Naples in 1758. He was a pupil of the celebrated Volpato, whose daughter he married, and whom he assisted in engraving Raphael's pictures in the Vatican. He afterward removed to Florence, where he made numerous fine engravings of the masterpieces of the Florentine gallery, that of the "Madonna della Seggiola" being one of the best. He also engraved Da Vinci's "Last Supper." His works number over two hundred; prominent among which are the "Transfiguration," from Raphael; a Magdalen, from Murillo; a head of the Saviour, from Da Vinci; the "Car of Aurora," from Guido; the "Hours," from Poussin; the "Prize of Diana," from Domenichino; the "Monument of Clement XIII.," from Canova, and portraits of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso. Morghen died in 1833, aged seventy-five. We can not estimate the value of the engraving you possess; you should show it to an expert, who will determine its genuineness and fineness.

J. S. P.—Use your Marguerite polonaise pattern for the steel-colored dress, as it will conceal much of the closely gored skirt. Your ten yards of black repped goods will only make a single skirt ruffled and a basque.—Your appreciative letter is very gratifying.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We do not buy patterns of fancy-work.

MRS. H.—"A Daughter of Heth" costs 50 cents.—Walking-dress skirts extend always beneath the wide flounce. The Spanish flounce put on at the knee is worn on wrappers, and on the back of skirts with square trains.

JANE S.—We do not give addresses in this column.

MRS. L. P. W.—The King William overcoat is merely a long, rather snug sack, with a deep round talma cape. Get footing an inch wide, or take wash net or tulle and double it, and make a standing pleated ruffle to go round your neck, wrists, and down the front of your dress waist. If your mourning is too deep for this, use white crape lisse; if it is only light mourning, buy pleated muslin ruffles edged with footing. If you think the ruffle down the front too prim, wear a long oval rosette made of fine sheer muslin or net, or else shell rows of gathered footing. These have all been illustrated in the *Bazar*.

SOPHY.—Your black merino will make a very pretty sacque with cape. Use the bias silk bands, but without black stitching. Fringe would add style to it. The sacque will do with dresses of any color.

THREE SCHOOL-GIRLS.—Girls of fifteen or sixteen wear pendent braids, or coil braids around their heads. Flowing hair is not too juvenile for them. Pale blue, green, and plum-color suit blondes. Wear light green with dark green, pale blue with sailor blue. Seal turbans are very fashionable.—It is impossible that a reputable magazine like the one you name should make a dishonorable use of private correspondence.

B. C. J.—We know of no such corsets. We have given patterns and full directions for making corsets, and your best plan will be to make them, leaving out the bones. White muslin and linen aprons are still worn simply gored, with bib, and ruffled.

CYNTHIA J.—Your pale green silk with pleatings of silk tulle would be appropriate for the first party after your wedding. The steel-colored silk suit would be most bride-like. White lace under black is rather passé, and was never suitable for street suits, though many ladies wore it. The bonnet you suggest is in good taste, but blue gloves are seldom worn now. Pearl, darker gray, and yellow-brown kid gloves are worn with street suits of any color. As you are to have a blue bonnet, make your black velvet into a hat trimmed with ostrich bands.

BLACK THREAD LACE and CRAPES renewed. Crape Veils, Dresses, and Grenadines renovated, and made quite equal to new.—S. C. WARREN, 108 West 22d St., N. Y. Refer by permission to Crape Department, Lord & Taylor's, Broadway and 20th St.—[*Com.*]

YOUTH AND BEAUTY

Is the envy of every lady and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

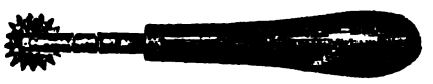
Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

THE use of a single bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is sufficient to show ite efficacy in restoring the natural color of the hair and cleansing the scalp.—[*Com.*]

"BURNETT'S COCOAINE WATER is preferred to the German by the fashion."—*Home Journal.*

For sale at *retail* as well as wholesale by JOHN F. HENRY, 8 College Place, New York.—[*Com.*]

LUXURY, health, and economy insured by using *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. Elegant light Rolls, Biscuits, etc., prepared in 10 minutes. Depot, 69 New St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

HAIR.—HUMAN HAIR SWITCHES.
SOLID HAIR—NOT DYED.

28 inches long, weight 2½ oz., only $6 00.
30 inches long, weight 2¾ oz., only $7 50.
32 inches long, weight 3 oz., only $9 00.

Coronet Braids, solid hair, only $4 50.

Every lady should embrace this opportunity, and purchase hair goods from the *only* hair importer who retails at *wholesale* prices.

Established 1848. CHAS. V. PECKHAM, 667 Broadway, near Amity St., New York.

Send color by mail. Will send Switches, C. O. D., by express; or by mail, prepaid, on receipt of registered letter or money order. Correspondence answered.

DOUBLE POINTED NEEDLES!! Next to the Sewing Machine, the greatest boon to woman. NO THIMBLE required in their use. The most perfect Needle ever made. Sample box, postpaid, for 25 cents, U. S. Currency; Five boxes assorted sizes, $1 00. Merchants supplied.
A. ADAMS, Box 1413, Montreal, Canada.

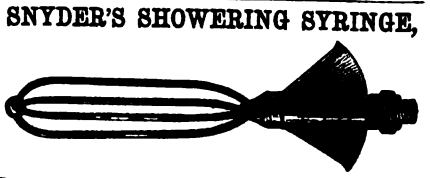
$21 00 for $5 25.
THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL a year, $3 00; The CHRISTIAN UNION a year, $3 00; Two fine Oil Chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," mounted, worth $10 00, and Marshall's Household Engraving of WASHINGTON, worth $5 00, will all be sent for $5 25 by S. R. WELLS, Publisher, 389 Broadway, N. Y., who wants Local Agents every where. Either of HARPER'S with all the above for $3 25. S. R. W.

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BY PROMPTLY USING
WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES,
A Chemically pure preparation of
PHOSPHORUS,
Which is a most important constituent of the human body, existing largely in the Brain, Nervous System, Blood, and Bones. IT IS THE UNDUE WASTE OR DEFICIENCY OF THIS LIFE-GIVING AND LIFE-SUSTAINING ELEMENT WHICH IS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE of
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The proper Remedy for the effectual treatment and cure of the above Diseases consists in restoring to the Brain, Nervous System, Lungs, and Blood their due proportion of PHOSPHORUS.
WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITES
is the only preparation which accomplishes this result; and it is an absolute cure for the Diseases above named.
Circulars, Information, and Advice Free.
Prepared only by J. WINCHESTER & CO., CHEMISTS, 36 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK, and sold by all Druggists.
Price $1 and $2 per Bottle.

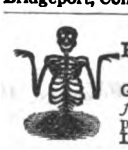
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Is unsurpassed in the treatment of LUNG, FEMALE, and CHRONIC Diseases. Turkish, Russian, Electro-Thermal, and Sulphur-Air Baths, Hydropathy, Vacuum-Treatment, Movement Cure, Calisthenics, &c. TERMS LOWEST IN WINTER. Send for Circulars, indorsed by Bishop Janes, Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D., and Tayler Lewis, LL.D.

SNYDER'S SHOWERING SYRINGE,



Recommended by all physicians who have seen them as the best instrument ever introduced for the purpose of cleansing, or applying and retaining medicated washes. We claim a greater degree of thoroughness, as well as economy in the use of expensive medicated washes, than by any other means hitherto devised. Easily attached to any bulb syringe. Sent postpaid on receipt of $2 00, by W. H. BIBBINS & CO., Lock Draw 142, Bridgeport, Conn. Circular sent on receipt of stamp.



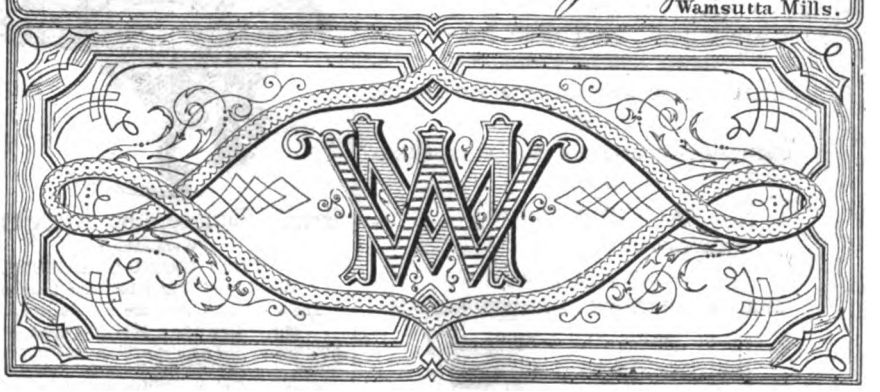
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SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS!
Ghosts seen everywhere! *Good Fun for the Evening Circle.* Will be sent post paid, for 50 cts., with full directions.
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Circulars containing full information sent free. Address DR. H. DE JULIEN, 224 Second Ave., New York.

VERBENA SEED.—Send 25 cents for a package of our Finest varieties; saved from more than 100 named kinds; 5 packets for $1.
J. T. SMITH & SONS, Brentwood, N. H.

NOTICE.—Buyers of Goods under the names of *Wamsutta Prints, Checks, Lindseys, Cambrics, Ticks,* and *Silesias,* are hereby informed that all such goods are not manufactured at the Wamsutta Mills. We limit our Name and the Wamsutta Ticket to our **Bleached Shirtings and Sheetings.** We have, in addition to our former Trade-Mark, adopted the following, which will in all cases appear with this notice.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., *June 1st, 1867.* Thos. Bennett Jr. Agent Wamsutta Mills.



OFFICE OF WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW BEDFORD, *September 1st,* 1871.

It has been the constant endeavor of our Company for more than twenty years to improve the quality of the goods of our manufacture; so that our fabrics are fully equal to any in the market. We have just completed a New Mill, supplied with machinery of the most approved kinds, and have also added to the machinery in the mills previously built all the latest improvements; so that we are now making our goods finer, heavier, and handsomer than ever before.

The goods are of the full width represented, and not on a basis of 35 inches for a yard.

All the Standard Goods bear our Ticket and the above Trade-Mark, and may be relied on for quality and quantity, and as of our manufacture.

The Agents for the sale of our goods to Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers are
ALMY & COMPANY, New York, 65 Leonard Street, cor. Church.
" " Boston, 38 Franklin Street.
CADBURY, THOMAS, & CO., Philadelphia, 221 Chestnut Street.
CHASE, STEWART, & CO., Baltimore, 27 German Street.

JOSEPH GRINNELL, *President.*
ANDREW G. PIERCE, *Treasurer.* THOS. BENNETT, JR., *Agent.*



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WILL NOT EXPLODE *even if a lighted lamp be upset and broken!* **SAFEST and PUREST OIL KNOWN.** *Fire Test over* 150°. Used in 100,000 families. For sale every where. Dealers, address **DENSLOW & BUSH,** 190 Maiden Lane, N. Y.; 40 India St., Boston; 34 S. Calvert St., Baltimore; or 51 S. Water St., Chicago.

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CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP has a novel but very delightful perfume, and is in every respect superior for TOILET USE.
Sold by dealers in perfumery and Toilet Articles.

LUNDBORG'S
WHITE ROSE WOOD VIOLET
And other Perfumes, ARE UNEQUALED.

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"It is generally known that *American Watches* are, all things considered, the *best in the world;* but the public may not be aware that the *best of these,* such as are specially adapted to the use of railway men, travelers, and those to whom *absolutely accurate* time is a matter of necessity, *are made at Elgin, Ill.*"—*Forney's Weekly Press,* Philadelphia.
The Elgin Illustrated Almanac for 1872, printed with original pictures, and in a superior manner, by the Aldine Press, of New York, is now ready for distribution.
Jewelers throughout the country are supplied with them, for gratuitous circulation; or copies will be sent free to any address upon application to
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NEVER WEAR THROUGH at the toe.

LADIES!
Dr. Kennedy's **Hair Tea** will prevent the **hair from falling out, and preserve** its health and beauty. **Sold by Druggists at $1.00 per bottle.**



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Acknowledged the best in the world for tone, touch, and durability. Descriptive Pamphlets free. Address MATHUSHEK PIANO M'F'G CO., New Haven, Conn.

RIFLES, Shot-Guns, Revolvers, Gun Material. Write for Price-List, to GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for. *Agents wanted.*

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An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at* $4 00 *each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for* $20 00, *without extra copy.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

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When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

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RAWOLLE'S TOILET GLYCERINE CAKE is unequaled for Washing, Shaving, Shampooing, Tooth Soap, and Baby Wash; produces a clear, soft, white skin, and prevents pimples and chapping. Warranted over one-half pure Glycerine. For sale by druggists. MARX & RAWOLLE, Manufacturers of Glycerine, 179 William St., New York.

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LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK..... " 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT..... " 13
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LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT..... " 21
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WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt..... " 52

Vol. V.

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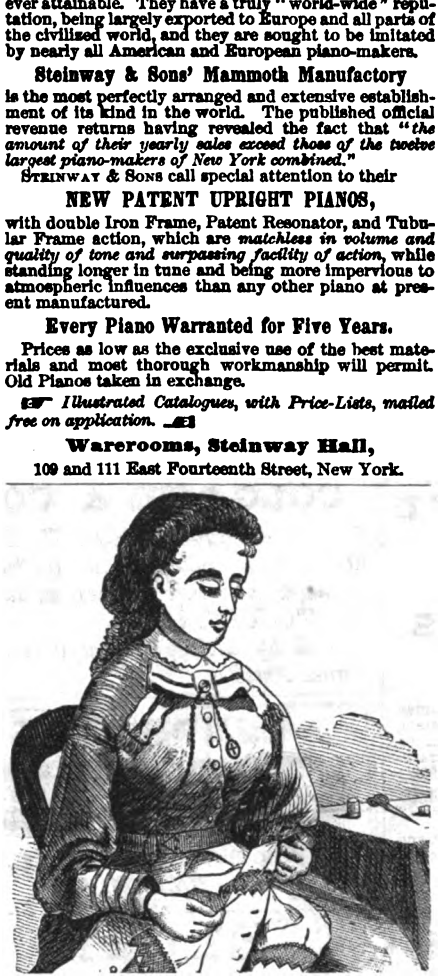
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QUERY FOR CEREMONIALISTS.—When a left-handed lady is married, ought not the ring to be placed on the right fourth finger?

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MISPRINTED MORAL.—Delight a father by the praise of his daughter's beauty, a mother by the praise of her son's brains; the reverse practice is unsafe if the father is an author, and the mother has been a beauty.

PROVERBIAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS—Onion is strength.

SENTIMENT FOR JANUARY—May the frost of indifference never congeal the stream of benevolence!

SENTIMENT FOR FEBRUARY—May we look before we leap!

A man who gives his candid opinion is usually a decided fool.

PICTURE IN A PORK-SHOP WINDOW.

Tender suckling,
Than roast duckling
Plummier, tig, tig, tig!
Dear little baby,
Sweet little baby,
Nice little baby—pig!

A LOVER'S METER—Meet her by moonlight.

THE SMOKER'S FAVORITE AIR—"Il Cig'retto" (Donizetti).

A COMMON PRACTICE.—"The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client." We don't believe it: self-defense is one of the first laws of nature.

One swallow does not make a summer, yet a cigar end in one's ear may make one spring.

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When is a woman like a sparrow?—When she's in earnest (in her nest).

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Death is the last person in the world to give you the cold shoulder.

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How do they weigh eels with scales, when eels have no scales?

AN AUCTIONEER'S MOTTO—"Buy and buy."

"P'lice, don't," said the pickpocket who was being run in.

What is bigger than the biggest nutmeg?—A nutmeg grater.

A "STRETCHER"—A policeman's oath.

You may always recognize a Champagne-maker by his fiz.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR SPINSTERS—Isle of Man.

QUERY.—How many angles can you get out of a circular pond?

RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED—Work.

IMPOSING FIGURES—Cooked accounts.

STRANGE BUT TRUE.—1872 will contain only forty-six weeks, for the other six will be *Lent*.

CHRISTMAS PUNCH.—To make one *tumble*, take six *tumblers*.

When is a sleepy person like a little dog?—When he's *napping*.

THE END OF THE WORLD—To make money.

What [illegible] be?—Why, a verb.

Amateur soup-makers should see that they have not got a leek in their saucepan, or it may run out.

The earth is dirty, but the sea is tidy.

The newspapers only send those reporters to the cattle show who are accustomed to pens.



CHIGNONOLOGICAL.

THE ABOVE REPRESENTS THE RISE, PROGRESS, AND PERFECTION OF THE HUMAN CHIGNON, AND IS PRESERVED IN THESE PAGES FOR THE BENEFIT OF FUTURE GENERATIONS, WHEN IT MAY BE THE FASHION FOR THE YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL TO SHAVE THEIR HEADS AND WEAR NOTHING AT TOP.



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MISS GODIVA NEWDHURST SINGS A LITTLE SONG ABOUT "WINGS! WINGS!" IN WHICH SHE EXPRESSES HER PASSIONATE LONGING FOR THOSE AIDS TO LOCOMOTION. MRS. HONORIA GRUNDY (STANDING JUST BEHIND) THINKS HER MODEST WISH SHOULD BE GRANTED FORTHWITH, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF HER SHOULDERS.

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Our gardener wears his hat in a rakish manner.

Our coachman prides himself on his erect bearing—his carriage is perfect.

Our footman's tastes are martial—he loves the smell of powder.

Our butler can do the bottle trick.

Our groom has a horse-laugh.

Our dairy-maid will have her own whey.

Our miller is mealy-mouthed.

Our milkman skims the paper.

Our butcher has settled a handsome jointure on his daughter.

Our waiter is the coming man.

Most bitter things are hot, but a bitter cold day isn't.

Guns are planted like trees, and, when planted, they shoot.

When you speak of a diminutive argental cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations, you probably mean a thimble, but there is no saying for certain.

The cat with nine lives falls on its feet; but a nine-tailed cat falls on some one else's back.

If you fill your stove this weather, it ought to feel grateful.

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For a single lady to feed her tabby with catsup.

For a dentist to attempt to scale a wall.

For a lawyer to charge his memory.

For a doctor to lose his patience.

For a mad woman to wear a madder petticoat.

For a butcher to be a vegetarian.

There are often many slips after the lips have left the cup.

UNPOPULAR QUOTATIONS.

"We want some coal."

"They called for the rent again this morning."

"The water-pipes have burst."

"Jane has given warning."

"That poor child, Minnie, hasn't a thing to wear."

"The black beetles are worse than ever."

"I've heard from mamma, and she will be very glad to come and stay with us."

"Cook says we must have a new kitchen grate."

"Shall you mind turning out of your room on Thursday, dear? It sadly wants cleaning."

"Henry! there's some one ringing at the front-door bell. I know those servants have left the dining-room window unfastened. Do go down and see if it's the policeman."

"Please, ma'am, will you come up into the nursery and speak to Master Arthur? I can't do any thing with him."

"Is it the drains?"

"Oh, Fred! Sarah broke your pipe when she was dusting this morning."

"The drawing-room fire's been smoking all day."

"I wish those servants *would* come in."

"Oh, ma'am! the cat has got the cold fowl."

"I can not find my keys any where."

"My best dress is completely ruined."

"Don't you think, my love, the children look as if they wanted a change?"

"The sweeps are coming in the morning."

"Have you any change?"

"Dinner will be three-quarters of an hour late, dear."

"The girls think we ought to give a dance."

"Reginald's trowsers are up to his knees."

"There is not a drop of brandy in the house."

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A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 5.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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NOVELTIES IN WAX-WORK.

A VERY tasteful method of arranging wax-flowers is by first preparing a cross of wood, which is provided with a stand; next covering it very neatly with white paper, avoiding all ridges caused by overlapping of the edges. Over this foundation is laid white wax, and this is well rubbed with white powder, either zinc or arrow-root, to remove the glossy look peculiar to the wax. This cross is then inwreathed with flowers in their natural colors, somewhat after the pattern of Prang's chromo, the "Easter Cross," only that the flowers would look better if rather smaller than those appear, and it would seem more appropriate to the Resurrection season if spring flowers only could be selected. This will still admit of great variety: roses, snow-drops, hyacinths, pansies, etc., will be all that can be desired for such a purpose. Or what could be more beautiful than the trailing arbutus entwined with the evergreen and always seasonable ivy, the latter wearing its winter garb, with white veins upon the dark green wax? In order to trace these veins distinctly and clearly, use a fine sable pencil and flake-white, such as artists use, in tubes; and after the leaves are properly moulded, the veins will be easily traced. As for making the flowers themselves, I am presuming that the reader is already a proficient in the art of making them, and coloring them also. I will, however, venture to advise the use of white wax for all kinds of flowers in preference to the colored packages sold at the shops. There is an advantage in tinting it to suit the occasion, and the mixing of these tints should be understood by all who practice the art. Yellow and green wax are better for stamens and leaves, and must therefore be bought already colored, of whatever shade is required. For delicate tints of pink nothing takes the place of fine carmine, applied very thin with a moist bristle brush; but for deeper red, and for velvety leaves and petals, apply the powdered carmine *dry*, rubbing it slightly with the fingers to prevent the gloss that friction would give.

Our present hints on wax-work are intended to relate more especially to the methods of arranging flowers after they are made. A stiff and shop-like grouping of even the most beautiful ones will greatly detract from, if not altogether destroy, their effect. I know of a large vase of flowers now occupying a centre-table in a friend's drawing-room. The flowers are, many of them, well made, but their arrangement has entirely ruined them for me. In the centre, intended as a crowning glory, is a huge white camellia, larger than the finest natural specimen I ever saw; around this is a row of purple violets; outside of that another of camellias half blown, and all precisely alike; next an entire circle of yellow flowers; then another of pink roses, and so on until the given space is filled. Here are flowers enough to make ten graceful bouquets or baskets; and had they been placed in a careless, natural, unstudied group, how effective they would be! As it is, they are simply



Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 12 TO 14 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 40-44.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 13 TO 15 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 45-48.

Fig. 5.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-6.—GIRLS' AND BOYS' SKATING SUITS.

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hideous—an expenditure of labor without any adequate return.

Another person has a great basket of fruit and kitchen vegetables under a glass shade in her parlor. They are excellent imitations of pease, beans, cucumbers, potatoes, and the like; but who cares to see such things in the parlor, however true the copy? They are out of place.

In the same category we place the imitations of confectionery: a saucer of ice-cream and strawberries, a glass of jelly or lemonade, with tempting cakes, only serve to make one uncomfortable because of their tantalizing suggestions. They make capital advertisements in the window of a restaurant, and for this purpose alone the art should be practiced.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1872.

☞ The Publishers would call attention to the series of Literary and Pictorial SUPPLEMENTS issued gratuitously with HARPER'S BAZAR, and containing brilliant Stories, Poems, and Essays, by the most eminent writers of Europe and America, with splendid illustrations from the pencils of distinguished artists. The BAZAR, with its tasteful fashions, graphic pictures, and sparkling literature, is confessedly the fullest, as well as the most entertaining and practically useful, Family Journal in the country.

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UNHAPPY WIVES.

AMONG some of the features of modern society which would be ludicrous if they were not tragical is one which seems to us to be at once the most ludicrous and tragical of all: an anomalous affair which has no name, and which, for want of better classification, can be called the association of unhappy wives.

Doubtless there have been unhappy wives ever since the flood, and before too. Perhaps NOAH'S wife was not the most cheerful being in the world at the moment when her husband was lying oblivious among the vines; and all of ADAM'S sons are untrue to him if EVE did not many a time and oft hear of the Eden blisses lost through her improvidence. It is certain that the wife of SOCRATES had much to complain of, and that every kiss ANTONY laid on CLEOPATRA'S lips robbed the color from FULVIA'S cheek, and that the hapless JOSEPHINE only saw her own fate mirrored in the story of CATHERINE of Aragon; that, in fact, a chronological category of much-bearing, much-abused women might be as easily had as one of the heroes whose heroism has decimated the race, or of the criminals who have degraded it. But there is small evidence of their having received solace from the distressed sisters of their day, and it has been reserved to our own generation for the contemporaneous wives of this sort to band themselves together in bonds of wholesale sympathy, reposing confidence not only in one intimate bosom, but in a dozen at once and together.

Not that this association has a charter, a constitution, uttered by-laws, or a written roll of members. All that is unnecessary. It is governed by fine intuitions and gentle tact, or so it would be claimed; it is recruited every where from the ranks of the unoccupied and discontented, the unappreciated and sentimental: they find each other out by instinct, or it may be that there are certain signs and catch-words known to them, but blank of meaning for the profane. They meet, they confide, they indulge in invective against heinous husbands; they endure with the air of martyrs similar allusion to their own; they lunch together, and pour out their wrongs boldly with Angelica and Malmsey; they sup together, and tell their sad histories by silent implication and renunciatory sighs. She who has a positive wrong or outrage to boast is the most fortunate; and if among them all one could be found whose husband actually and tactually beat her, would she not be an object of envy to all the holders of those visionary wrongs which, as they are fond of declaring, are not much to tell, but every thing to suffer?

Few of these *bonnes camarades* are under thirty. They need a decade of married life at least before, having been stripped of their illusions, they become reckless enough to confess it. Some of them are talented women, who have married business men and find no sympathy; some are extravagant women, who have married prudent men and find no bank account; some are whining women, who have married wining men and find no love-making; some are bad women, who have married stupid men, and find that a tissue of fabricated abuse cloaks an intrigue; some are good, languishing, foolish women, who might be happy if they had married good, languishing, foolish men, but who, as they have married bad, brutal, hard-headed ones, are members of this society. Sometimes they are witty, and assert that a married woman's name is her epitaph; sometimes they are bitter, and call their children their early errors; sometimes they are desperate, and pronounce themselves Danaides, forever dipping up water with sieves. It never, under any provocation, occurs to them to be sensible, and to confess that they are weak and wicked.

The society—for, in all sincerity, it amounts to that—is organized in a sufficiently simple and primitive way. Some wife, whose husband has unfortunately fallen into the habit of forgetting to kiss her when he goes out in the morning, bewails her neglected lot to a friend, who endeavors to soothe her by admitting that *her* husband swears at *her*—that is to say, he swears before her—whereon she accuses him of swearing at her, upon which he does swear at her. Each thereafter, going her own way, recites to another acquaintance the unhappy condition of her friend. Both of the other acquaintances, perhaps, not to be outdone, and have it considered that the first victim is the only woman in the world bearing injury with fortitude, has a little story of her own to tell. Number Two, returning to Number One, bids her take heart, they are not the only unhappy wives in the world, and instances Number Four; and Number One, receiving Number Two, offers for similar consolation the case of Number Three. When the four meet it would be impossible for them to conceal the fact that their united woes are a mutual possession. Hearts burn and grievances rankle as they speak of them, and, of course, the members of the society thus established multiply by natural impetus; and when their own wrongs pall somewhat on the associated taste, they unite on the rumored wrongs of some woman who adores a husband notoriously unfaithful to her: that really wretched woman, by-the-way, never belongs to this society.

Sometimes a green little wife from the country happens to be accidentally introduced to the conventicle—which very seldom has a full meeting, their unshaped and purposeless conspiracies being carried on by clusters of twos and threes in various parlors provided by the tyrannical husbands—and she all at once becomes strangely enlightened. She always knew, for example, that her husband was indignant if he lost a good business hour by reason of his dinner's being late when he came home to it, and she thought he had a right to be; she always knew that her husband insisted on being master of his own house, instead of delegating that privilege to her maiden sister, and thought again that he had a right to be; she always knew that in their little disputes her husband rather invariably made her confess herself to be in the wrong, but thought that probably he knew best, and she was so, in some measure at any rate, and if she wasn't, the humility was a Christian discipline; she always knew they had disputes, but thought every body did. She learns now that her time is as valuable as her husband's, and can be better employed than in ministering to a man's appetite or in caring for children's comfort; that she has as much reason as he to say who shall govern the house; that her humility is mere cowardly and lazy hypocrisy; that none who are truly married can possibly differ or dispute about any thing, but their sympathies, thoughts, wishes, and very existences are one; their union is a long, blissful ecstasy, like the dream in which for years the dervish hangs, by a hook in his flesh, while contemplating the beauty and holiness of Divinity. Perhaps she scouts the whole business for a pack of nonsense; perhaps she returns home with her peace poisoned, and the enjoyment of another household has been ruined. Of one? Of twenty! For in the quiet village there has been planted the germ of a branch society of unhappy wives—a thing that shall replace forbearance with recrimination; shall destroy domestic happiness; shall veil the old innocent faith in the incorruptible and immaculate head of the house with darkening suspicions, and shall give nothing better in return; for though happiness could afford to be lost if the loss brought about any growth or development heavenward, yet, unfortunately, in the uprooted family all development is downward.

And to what end was the whole thing begun? Usually to gratify a weak and wicked vanity craving to be a central point of interest, a heroine of actual melodrama, or else to appease an uncurbed and selfish temper. But oh, you unhappy wives, you children playing with fire, pause a moment and bethink yourselves! If your husbands are indifferent to you, talking about them to your neighbors will not bring back their affection. If divorce is the only remedy for your disease, talking to your neighbors will not procure it. Till divorce is indispensable, silence is the only thing to medicine the hurt. The man who went down town complaining of his wife's misbehavior or her coolness would be a subject of contempt from every other man; the woman who despises her husband, and yet feeds on his bounty and spends his money on her person, deserves no more. Admiration and praise and sympathy from a husband are all very well, very sweet and dear, but they are not the whole of life; they are not the only sources of happiness in the world. If they fail, you can find happiness in your children. If you have no children, there are the poor, and the children of the poor. There are always books, studies, innocent friendships, and a score of various sorts of work in which you can employ yourselves till you find contentment, your husbands' respect, and possibly their love once more. But as it is, remember that you took more marriage-vows than one, and your conduct and conversation break them every day, while your self-interest is but a morbid canker in the soul, and you are like nothing so much as the beggar at the gate who shows his sores!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of New-Year's Calls.

MY DEAR HERBERT,—I have been wishing you a happy New-Year ever since it began, and I hoped to see you on the day itself; but your mind was, of course, too full of young women to think of an old gentleman. I was glad to think of you going about, and bowing to beauty, and shaking friendly hands, and uttering good wishes. Some of us used to call it a foolish, tiresome day; and I remember one famous occasion when four of us conspired to say the same thing at every house; so that at evening when we compared accounts we found that four hundred families had heard that it was a nipping and an eager air that day. Indeed, it can not be called a day of high and fine conversation, but that is not its purpose. The observance is a social rite. It is the feast of the social instinct. It is the acknowledgment of social duty. It is, therefore, bright and pleasant; but it has its sad side too, for there are faces by which I tell the years. They are dials over which I mark the passage of the hands, because I look so seldom. This year I see the first gray touches, next year a deeper wrinkle. Then the hair thins slowly out, and a certain dry pallor overspreads the face. At last the bud that I saw has become the withering flower that I see. I find that there has been an earlier visitor at every house, and that Time has been before me.

I am aware that I do not need to go out and call upon my friends to find him. Indeed, he lives permanently with me. When I gaze in the glass in the morning, and offer my lathered chin to my own contemplation, my fellow-lodger looks over my shoulder, and seems to have played a little with my hair. Sometimes in the sunny morning as I sit reading or musing by my winter fire, my thoughts turn backward to those whom my eyes can not see, and amidst the happy laughter that is heard no more I seem to catch a ghostly sound; and lo! my fellow-lodger, Time, preparing for his New-Year's calls, and delicately putting an edge upon his scythe. But it is not the saddest of sounds. As I listen I recall the sturdy octogenarian Landor, and I repeat to my friend with the edged tool that fine quatrain which the old Landor wrote, and which, if a little haughty, is only the more Greek, as the old man would have it:

"I strove with none, for none was worth the strife:
Nature I loved, and, next to nature, art:
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

It was, therefore, no surprise to me that I had my constant companion for my earliest caller. For, to tell you the truth, I am apt, on New-Year's Day, to take the benefit of clergy by staying at home and being called upon. The ladies and we old gentlemen have that privilege. And this year I am glad to believe that we offered our friends less eggnog and spirituous drinks of every kind than ever before. I believe that every body was happier, and that the day was never more satisfactory. For I remember at least one instance in which the temptation of this kind at the New-Year's visit was fatal to one of my friends long ago, a youth when I was young. And there is a woman whom I know only as Circe, and can never know her by any other name or nature. You would perhaps hardly think that she was ever beautiful:—so beautiful that she bewitched us all; so beautiful that men offered themselves to her while they were dancing, and one poor fellow when he was driving, and there were yet half a dozen miles before them when she refused him. But Harry, of whom I speak, could not turn his heart from her, and she was, in truth, his destiny.

The young man—and perhaps you know many such—was generous and ardent, courteous and cultivated: in every feeling a gentleman. But he was ductile, and a stronger nature easily swayed him. Circe was, as she is still, a woman of power, and she delighted to feel it and to use it. Of course she knew when she had magnetized a man, and of course also poor Harry was a predestined victim. The cruel Circe played with him, but superbly, and in despair and doubt he grew reckless, and took to evil courses. A stronger man might possibly have conquered what is called an ill-starred passion. But the passion conquered Harry. He could not devote himself to his duties. He neglected study and opportunity. He sought what we call gay company, but it is the gayety of bright-hued snakes; and at length he came to gambling and to drinking. But a noble nature does not yield without a struggle. He strove to break away, and at last, by sternly avoiding the chance of seeing Circe, he controlled the fatal tendency, and forswore gaming and drink. It had been the virtue of a few months when the New-Year came. The day was soft and fair—one of the seductive winter days—and he felt himself strong enough to call upon Circe, and wish her a happy New-Year.

She was superb that day, for I, too, saw her. The room in which she stood was dim and fragrant with exquisite flowers, which were placed every where, so that the very atmosphere of the enchanted house was heliotrope. I can not describe the dress, but it was a princess, a royal lady, brilliant and beautiful, who came forward to meet us. I was older than my good Harry, and I trembled for him when I felt the effulgence and bloom of that presence. If I, in whose heart even then were no thoughts or hopes of love, felt, as it were, the penetrating beauty of that woman, how must it have been with him who so fondly and vainly loved her? It was but for a moment. There were many persons in the room, but she fixed her eyes and smiles upon Harry; and when I saw that he must go, and urged him, she said that we must drink her health for the new year, and she led the way. The next moment I saw the picture which I shall always see. She stood by the table holding out to Harry an exquisite glass foaming with wine. Her whole soul seemed to flash from her eyes as she said, "Will you refuse me, Mr. Harry?" He was powerless. Transfixed with the dazzling glance of the woman whom he worshiped, he murmured, "Refuse you!" and taking the glass, he drank his doom. I turned, but he did not follow. We three had been alone in the room to which Circe had brought us, and in a passionate volley of expression he told his love. It was intense, and not to be restrained. But she smiled, and said only, "You forget yourself," and moved away. He did not follow. He could not speak. But from that moment his life seemed to be ended, and he strove no longer against his fatal tastes. My dear Herbert, how often have I said it?—the oldest story is the tale of to-day. It was not a companion of Ulysses whom the beautiful Circe enchanted into a beast—it was a companion of a Bachelor. Pray Heaven it may never be a companion of yours!

Was it because I was thinking of this that on the last New-Year's Day, as no one rang the bell and called, I fell into musing upon the fate of my old friend, whose name is scarcely remembered but by me? Is life ruled by a fate so inexorable? I asked myself. Upon the great journey that we are making is such a tragedy as the seeming ruin of a human being, by no fault, but by an inherent weakness of nature, for which he is not responsible, not to be explained but by an inscrutable, imperial will? If the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, why should it be so? If the human father should punish the younger child for the offense of the elder, we should call it the weakness of human nature. But when the babe, innocent of its own existence, born into the world, but not asking for life, is tainted with the sins and the diseases of others who went before, how shall we explain it? I looked into my fire and out into the sunshine, as I thought of my dear, lost Harry. That soft brightness and the tender winter air consoled me. They whispered that it was inexplicable, but they asked whether, because I could not explain, I would therefore disbelieve. Is sorrow so surely the law; or because of wretchedness and ruin will you, upon the whole, eat and drink and die to-morrow? I saw the bare trees and the brown earth in the Park, and I thought of flowers and summer. I may die, but those flowers will bloom, that summer will shine. The young Harry drank his doom from the cup that Circe gave him, but I do not think of that young life as lost, that generous soul

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extinguished. As surely as I can not explain, so surely do I nevertheless believe. The flower dies to the root, but the root revives in the fresh plant next year. Or the root dies with the stalk, but no particle is lost, but forms new combinations. Is not Harry more than many flowers? asked Faith, triumphantly.

So as I mused upon the New-Year morning, as I followed in imagination the particles of roots and plants progressing into newer forms, and vaguely, far away, I foresaw their possible passage into higher forms, and the great advance, the ascent of man, from what? from where? I thought of Harry freed from the weakness which was deadly; free also from that fatal fondness; and in new developments, in other spheres, more and more the generous being that I knew. So full of hope became my mind that I could fancy him smiling at the sorrow which had pained me, which had seemed to ruin him, as we say in words that are weak and mortal. And if the crafty doubt hinted that the conscious identity of Harry might have gone, the serene spirit which filled me replied that it did not trouble me; that I could not measure unknown conditions by known laws; that where there was faith there must be hope; and that I had faith. I looked, as if the words had been uttered, but I heard no voice. I felt the effluence of a benignant presence, but I saw no form, for Hope is not visible.

Still the bell did not ring, and no visitor came, but the figure of Circe glided into my mind as she stood by that table long ago, and offered that foaming cup. She is old now, and very gentle and gracious, and troops of grandchildren attend her. In those old days I thought she played with her power, and held hearts too lightly. But how do I know that she knew what I knew, or that her play was wanton? How hardly have I been judged, and not without apparent reason, when I have known my innocence of intentional offense! From how mixed motives do all acts proceed, and with what fatal facility we deceive ourselves! The bloom has long since faded from Circe's cheek, and the beauty that bewitched us all is gone forever. But how kindly she speaks of Harry always! She did not mean him ill. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy! I looked around. Again I thought I heard a voice. But there was no person.

"The beating of their own hearts
Was all the sound they heard."

Already the sun of the New-Year's Day was setting. The bell had not rung, but what pleasant visits I had received! I arose from my chair as from a feast of friendship; and as I buttoned my coat to go and dine with Mrs. Honeysuckle, who has come to town for the winter, the friendly chambermaid came in and said that I had had a lonely day. Lonely! Lonely, my dear Bridget? The three most illustrious guests in the world have passed the day with me. My New-Year's callers have been Faith, Hope, and Charity; and he whom they deign to visit moves in the best society.

Your friend, dear Herbert,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

EVENING DRESSES.

MEDIUM-LENGTH trains are the rule this season for full dress. Sixty inches is their average length, and wedding dresses are seldom over two yards long. The back of trained skirts must be very bouffant in order to be stylish; but this is now often effected by the under-skirts, and the dress widths are permitted to fall straight from the waist. Over-skirts of every shape and fashion are worn, yet many elegant dresses are without them, having, instead, the back widths flounced very high, or else a single wide flounce passes around the train, and is graduated up the side breadths to the belt, while the three front breadths are plain, or with an apron drapery at the top. The latter plan has the effect of a court train, and is greatly in favor for rich fabrics that ladies dislike to have cut into short breadths for over-skirts. This train is not separate from and overlapping the front breadths, as are regular court trains, but is sewed in the second seam on the side. The three front breadths are like those of an ordinary walking skirt, while the second side breadths extend at least twelve inches below the first side breadths, to which they are sewed. The second side breadths and two or three straight back widths form the train, which is called a square train, because it is cut off square and abruptly on the sides; it must, however, be gracefully rounded in the back. Sometimes the train is covered with ruffles, but a single broad flounce trims it very handsomely. This flounce stops at the front breadths, while its heading, usually a wide ruche, or perhaps two ruches, extends up the second side seam to the waist. If the material is scant, a Spanish flounce is set on the edge of the train instead of above it, and this flounce is improved by being lined with white foundation muslin, and having a white pleated muslin frill basted underneath, to show when the train is moved in walking or dancing. The front breadths of this skirt need not be trimmed; but if the wearer prefers, a row of bows is sometimes placed down the middle, or perhaps a short apron, edged with lace, a ruffle, or fringe, is draped across the top. The waist of such a dress should have a postilion basque with pointed front, and may be either high or low as the occasion requires. We have spoken before of the design of this dress as one of Worth's best fancies, and have also commended it on economic principles, as it may be made of silk of two colors, thus offering a good plan for combining two partly worn dresses, or of freshening the soiled front breadths of trained skirts with new silk. Two shades of a color are used, as very dark with very light green, but contrasting colors are preferred. A lovely dress of this kind was made of two colors of faille, rose and pearl, with white duchesse lace for trimming. The basque of pearl-color had a rose pink vest that showed deeply back of the shoulders, and was outlined by a soft drapery of pearl silk, edged by duchesse lace, caught at intervals by tiny bows of pink faille, and finished where it descended behind the shoulders by a Watteau bow and ends of pink faille. The antique sleeves had lace ruffles at the elbow and pink bows. The skirt was a demi-train of pearl-color, with a deep flounce faced with pink outlining a court train, while the front had two short, broad, and much-wrinkled aprons—one pink, the other pearl, and both edged with point duchesse. Tulle pleated ruches at the throat and inside the sleeves completed one of the handsomest dresses of the season. A very similar dress was a train of pale Nile green silk, with vest and front breadths of peach-blow faille, and flounces of point appliqué.

FAILLE AND SILK.

The palest tints of silks are most stylish. At the beginning of the season only fine failles, worth $5 or $6 a yard, were produced in the faint, shadowy tints, but now cheaper silks, marked $2 50 or $3, are shown in pale rose, sky blue, light green, and the delicate écru and *cuir* shades, that combine so prettily with rose and violet, and may be trimmed with either black or white lace. These cheaper silks, when lined, are quite handsome, and are so covered with tulle, grenadine, and muslin over dresses that their quality is not apparent.

EMBROIDERED TULLE OVER-SKIRTS.

Beautiful over-skirts of embroidered tulle, almost as rich-looking as lace, and far less expensive, are among late importations. White tulle skirts are wrought with white silk floss in elaborate floral patterns, while black tulle has white and gilt figures. They cost from $55 to $65. One of these, worn on New-Year's Day, was much admired. The train of black faille had three pleated flounces of black tulle, hemmed with row upon row of straw-colored floss; the black tulle upper skirt was exquisitely embroidered with white and straw-colored daisies. The basque had tulle pleatings and white lace around the neck and sleeves. Another for quite a young lady was of pale pink silk, with white tulle flounces on the train, headed by a puff of embroidered tulle; the white tulle over-skirt was wrought with white floss, and surrounded by an embroidered flounce; the high basque was covered from the armholes to the throat with standing pleated frills of soft silk tulle, and the much-pleated postilion and sleeves had puffs and bands of embroidered tulle.

WHITE TULLE DRESSES.

The fancy for white tulle dresses is so great this winter that one of the wealthiest heiresses in the country has had her wedding dress made of tulle, without an inch of lace for trimming. The design is like that described above, without an over-skirt. The skirt is first shaped of substantial net for a foundation. It has three short front breadths, longer side breadths cut off square, and trained back widths. Seventeen ruffles of fine tulle, doubled, each ruffle a finger-length broad, laid in narrow box-pleats, and lapping over the ruffle below it, trim the train nearly to the waist. On the three front breadths at the bottom are two narrow box-pleatings, a wide irregular puff of the tulle, and four more pleatings rounded across the breadths, to show the edge of a much-wrinkled tulle apron. Detached sprays of orange blossoms are down the second side seam, where the differently trimmed parts of the skirt are joined, and clusters of orange blossom are at irregular intervals across the front breadths. The waist is a white silk lining cut round, with a belt of four faille folds, and a large sash of the faille. It is high in the shoulders, with low pointed surplice back and front. Diagonal folds of the finest silk tulle pass over the shoulders to a corsage bouquet in front. Antique sleeves of silk, with two soft puffs of tulle, folds and pleating below the elbow, and a spray of flowers.

A silk under-skirt was dispensed with, and this beautiful dress was made more light and airy by the soft muslin skirts that the modiste arranged to wear beneath it. There were four petticoats, all trained. That worn next the tulle skirt, and cut in precisely the same shape, was of tarlatan, trimmed with a deep flounce in front and two broad flounces behind, each flounce ornamented with three pleated frills notched on the edges; the second petticoat was of fine Swiss muslin, with a flounce from the knee down; the third, of coarse Swiss, was gored in good shape, and had stiffly starched flounces up the entire back to support the train; the under-skirt was of cross-barred crinoline with tournure, and a flounce below. The dress and petticoats cost near $400. A dress in the same trousseau was of white silk, with alternate flounces of silk and a fine white muslin sold at $3 a yard. The over-skirt was of the muslin, with a Valenciennes flounce.

SKATING COSTUMES.

Skating costumes reported from abroad are of the richest fabrics, trimmed with very expensive furs. One of these is a polonaise of white cloth, with fur border, and a brown velvet skirt; another is a black velvet suit, with over-skirt and basque edged with silver-fox fur. Here plainer outfits are preferred, and the desire is to have them jaunty and warm-looking rather than heavy and rich. Fur jackets are objected to as too warm during this heating exercise, and borders of inexpensive furs, such as seal and black marten, are the trimmings used. A seal-skin turban is the favorite hat, and a boa and muff are worn to match. The muff is suspended by a cord around the neck. Polonaises or close-fitting basques, with simple upper skirts, complete the costume, and show graceful figures to advantage. Few loose sacques are worn, and round mantles are clumsy-looking on the ice, but should be ready for the skater to put on as soon as the sport is over, to prevent taking cold. The dress skirt should be short, to the ankles only, and is prettiest when very simply trimmed. Soft drap d'été, ladies' cloth, and velveteen, are the materials most used for skating suits. Young misses wear Scotch plaid suits, with scarf over the shoulder, in true Highland fashion.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; VIREOLET; and SCHMAUDER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

AN admirable specimen of mental activity at an advanced age is presented in the person of the eminent physician Dr. MARTYN PAINE, who, although nearly arrived at the extreme limit of fourscore years, is still busy with his pen, and an eager student of the latest scientific and professional theories. Dr. PAINE has never placed himself among the medical men who find no revelations of truth beyond the domain of anatomy and physiology. In his view, the whole nature of man is not comprised in the aggregate of flesh and blood, bone and brain, nerve and muscle. He distinctly recognizes the presence of a spiritual principle in the human organization, different from matter in its properties, and immortal in its duration. With him science is not the enemy of religion, but its handmaid. His faith in the Bible is as strong as in chemistry. The labors of his life have been greatly devoted to the illustration of religious ideas from the facts of physical science. Dr. PAINE has just completed a remarkable work on this subject, entitled "The Soul and Instinct," published by HARPER & BROTHERS, which can not fail to awaken much interest and curiosity. It is directed mainly against the doctrines of HUXLEY, CARPENTER, GROVE, and HERBERT SPENCER, and other living writers, both English and German, which, in the opinion of the author, are of a materialistic character, and hostile to the interests of religion. The appearance of this veteran soldier in the field against the attacks of modern innovators is an event of not a little significance to those who have watched the progress of the contest thus far.

—A strange old gentleman has just died in South Easton, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-six—the Rev. EPHRAIM RANDALL. He was once pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Boston, but relinquished preaching many years ago, and has since led a hermit's life in a small house he owned, living in the most frugal manner, and hoarding his money with a miser's grasp. He was constant in his attendance at church, but was never known to give any thing for the support of the Gospel, but when asked to contribute would say he was ready to preach himself. On the day before he died he was asked if he would have a doctor; he replied he would like to have him call as a friend, but not professionally. So he saved that fee.

—Madame DE LUAGA LOBO, whose husband has been named as minister from Portugal to this country, was formerly Miss ALLEN, of this city, but for some years a resident of Paris.

—The King of the Belgians will descend from his royal throne of state in May next to preside at the anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in London.

—The oldest contributor to the press in New England is the Hon. JOHN PRENTISS, of Keene, New Hampshire. His handwriting is so plain as to be the admiration of engravers, and he has scored ninety-five in the game of life.

—What a woman can do in the way of business has been recently demonstrated in England by the Countess of Loudon, sister to the miserable Marquis of Hastings. When her brother died, the wreck of his property passed to her. She had long foreseen what must happen, and by careful living had provided for the contingency. With her savings she managed to buy in a considerable portion of the estate, including Donnington Hall, the family seat, and before three years were over had paid off every farthing of her reckless brother's debts. When Lord Hastings's affairs were *in extremis* his cousin, Lord Bute, very kindly bought his Scottish property, Loudon Castle, with the understanding that when the HASTINGS family could afford to repurchase it they should have it at the price he had paid. This also Lady Loudon has now managed to redeem. A recent *Gazette* announces that the Queen has terminated in this lady's favor the abeyance existing in relation to the four separate baronies of Botreaux, Hungerford, De Moleyns, and Hastings. This will give her son, when he succeeds her, a seat in the House of Lords—if it still exists. These baronies are among the most ancient.

—New thing in England in the "personal" way. The London *Times*, in the obituary column of a recent date, announces the death of a gentleman "at the age of eighty-one years four months, and deeply regretted by his daughter. He was the youngest son of the eminent Dr. WILLIAM WALTON, knight, of 31 Brooke Street, Grosvenor Square, London, and his relict, wife of JOHN SMALL, Esq., Sheriff of Berkshire, daughter of Colonel CHARLES WHITE, First Guards, granddaughter of the Right Hon. STEPHEN POYNTZ, niece of the first Countess Spencer, first cousin to the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire." There seems to be a widely diffused grief in that quarter, though not strictly of the higher or more heart-tearing quality.

—The city of New York is, after all, not the only place where official leeches suck out the public purse, and where pluralists abound. In Colonel JOHN HAY'S pleasant "Castilian Days," allusion is made to the Spanish budget of 1870, in which is a curious chapter called "Charges of Justice," or appropriations of large sums of money for the payment of feudal taxes to the great aristocracy of the kingdom as a compensation for long-extinct seigniories. The Duke of San Carlos draws $10,000 for carrying the royal correspondence to the Indies. The service ceased some centuries ago, but the salary is still paid. The Duke of Cosuna, a very grand grandee, receives $50,000 a year for imaginary feudal services. The Count of Altimira receives as a salve for the suppression of his fief $30,000 a year, in consideration of which sum he surrenders, while it is punctually paid, the privilege of hanging his neighbors.

—Viscount de Gontaut-Biron goes to Berlin as the embassador of France. He is the grandson of the former gouvernante of LOUIS XVIII. and CHARLES X. He is a gentleman of fortune, and the proud father of nineteen (19) children. Likewise is an agriculturist.

—Lord Brougham's last passion was for hymns. The two years previous to his decease were spent in collecting all the various hymn-books he could hear of, and a verse of his favorite hymn is inscribed on his memorial tablet in the church at Cannes.

—The Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER rejoiceth in an anecdote even though it telleth against himself. In a late number of the *Christian Union*—his own paper, which has now a circulation of some 70,000 copies—he gives his opinion of the weekly religious papers of the city, and tells this story of his own early life: "Some twenty-five years ago, when settled in Indiana, where food was plenty and money scarce, we had neglected to pay our subscription to the *Observer* until it amounted to some $15 or $18. Not knowing exactly how to spare the money, we offered to write six letters from the West, and to do our best, as an equivalent for the debt. They were always cautious managers in that office, and never took risks. After a moment's pause, a glance at us from head to foot, with a slow but decided shake of the head, they declined the six articles, for $15, and we had to pay the money. We walked out of the office quite crest-fallen, but supposed that they knew the worth of such matters better than we did."

—No wonder that the Princess of Wales, with her kindly heart and simple ways, has endeared herself to the people of England. On the Sunday morning when the prince first gave indications of convalescence she determined to go to church and pray for her husband. The church is not very far from Sandringham House, and is reached by a path running through the grounds. The princess wrote a few lines to the vicar, so simple and heartfelt that they deserve to be read by every one: "My husband being, thank God, somewhat better, I am coming to church. I must leave, I fear, before the service is concluded, that I may watch by his bedside. Can you not say a few words in prayer in the early part of the service, that I may join with you in prayer for my husband before I return to him?" The princess attended service, reaching the church by the private path from Sandringham grounds. To meet the wishes of her Royal Highness, the reverend vicar, before reading the collect, speaking in a voice trembling with emotion, which he vainly sought to suppress, said, "The prayers of the congregation are earnestly sought for his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who is now most seriously ill." As the prayer was read with deep feeling and in accents of fervent sympathy by the minister, who prayed for a kind, gracious, and well-loved friend no less than for the royal prince, round whom so many hopes and strong affections clustered, there was a deep and reverent emotion throughout the small congregation, consisting chiefly of the household and dependents of the house, among whom their royal master is deeply beloved. All joined fervently in the prayer, which reflected their heartfelt trust. The princess rose shortly after and noiselessly quitted the church by the side door through which she had entered, and which adjoins the royal pew.

—Captain BURTON, who has recently returned from one of his little promenades into the far-off places in the Old World, has brought from Palmyra a collection of skulls, which he will exhibit for money. He also brought along the skeleton of a man eleven feet high.

—And now Mr. BARNUM comes forward to deny that either NILSSON or WACHTEL has been the best paid opera singer who has appeared in this country. Mr. BARNUM gave JENNY LIND $208,675 for ninety-five concerts, or an average of $2196 per concert, besides all her expenses and the expenses of her companion and servant. The gross amount received by Mr. BARNUM for the ninety-five concerts was $712,161 34, or $7496 43 for each. The largest receipts for ten nights were $140,365. This was in 1851.

—Mr. WASHBURN is the twenty-fourth person who has filled the gubernatorial chair of Massachusetts during the ninety-two years since the adoption of the State constitution.

—President GRANT has appointed four ladies, during his term, to the highest grade of post-offices, with salaries of $4000 per year. In other grades several hundred ladies have been appointed.

—The Rev. Dr. EWER, with characteristic exuberance of faith, but with, as yet, a slight deficiency of funds, is building up quite a parish over in Seventh Avenue. It is called St. Ignatius. Already he has upward of a hundred families enrolled in the parish register, and he goes about the work with a zeal and pluck that are pretty sure to end in success. Although Dr. E. is a churchman of the highest known altitude, he is at the same time a man of very practical ways, of much sagacity and worldly wisdom, and possessed withal of a personal magnetism that makes him very welcome wherever he goes.

—The Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, of England, has been called as successor of Dr. J. P. THOMPSON in the pastorship of the Broadway Tabernacle. He is an able and brilliant man. We are gradually getting the cream of English and Scotch Presbyterianism. In Dr. M'COSH, the Rev. Dr. JOHN HALL, and the Rev. Mr. TAYLOR we have probably three as good preachers as the Dissenters of Great Britain could send.

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Crochet Purse, Figs. 1–4.

THIS purse is worked with silk of different colors and gold thread, in sc. (single crochet) and in open-work dc. (double crochet), in two separate pieces, which are afterward sewed together. Tassels and grelots of silk and gold thread ornament the purse. The rings are also covered with silk and gold thread. Figs. 75 and 76, Supplement, give the design for the different parts of the purse, which are worked all in sc., each symbol counting for 1 sc. Begin the purse on the upper edge of the end crocheted all of sc. To do this make a foundation of 122 st. (stitch) with red silk, close it in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work, always going forward, 36 rounds in the design given on Fig. 75 for one-half of the purse; thus each symbol row in the design must be repeated once in every round. The colors are selected according to the description of symbols. In changing one color for another, always work off the last st. worked with one thread with the thread of the next color; the thread thus left off is carried on smoothly on the under side to the stitch which is again worked off with it. In order to round off this part widen in the 37th, 39th, 41st, and 43d rounds four times 1 st. each—after the first st., before and after the two middle stitches, and before the last st. of each round. Work the 44th–47th rounds without changing the number of stitches, and in the following rounds narrow at the beginning and in the middle of each round, as shown by the design. Work the stitches of the last round together with sc., so that this part is closed. Begin the open-work part of the purse with red silk, making a foundation of 120 st.; close these in a ring, and work, going backward and forward (in order to form the slit), 23 rounds of always alternately 1 ch. (chain stitch), 1 dc.; close the work in a ring at the end of the 23d round, and work nine more rounds of open-work dc. Now follow 16 rounds of sc. in the design given by Fig. 76, Supplement; each symbol row of the design is worked four times in every round. After working the last round of the design, work with red silk 1 round of sc., then 12 rounds of open-work dc. as before. To work this part in a point, narrow in the 9th–12th of these rounds, passing over 3 st. of the preceding round with the 1 ch. after every seventh dc. in the 9th round. Narrow in a similar manner in the 10th, 11th, and 12th rounds; in the 13th round work only dc. In the 14th and 15th rounds work 1 dc. on every second following dc. of the preceding round; the stitches of the last round are then drawn together. Surround the edges of the slit with one round of open-work dc. of gold thread, and slide the rings on the open-work part. Overhand the under edge of the latter from the under side together with the part worked in sc. in such a manner that the slit comes exactly on the middle of the purse. Trim the purse, as shown by the illustration, with tassels of silk of different colors and of gold thread. Instead of the grelots on the purse, the covered grelots shown by Figs. 2 and 4 may also be used. Fig. 3 shows the manner of covering a wooden mould for the grelot shown by Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—COVERED GRELOT FOR PURSE.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 3.]



Fig. 1.—CROCHET PURSE.
For design see Supplement, No. XXXI., Figs. 75 and 76.



Fig. 4.—COVERED GRELOT FOR PURSE.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 3.—MANNER OF COVERING WOODEN MOULD OF GRELOT, FIG. 2.—FULL SIZE.

Embroidered Work-Box, Figs. 1 and 2.

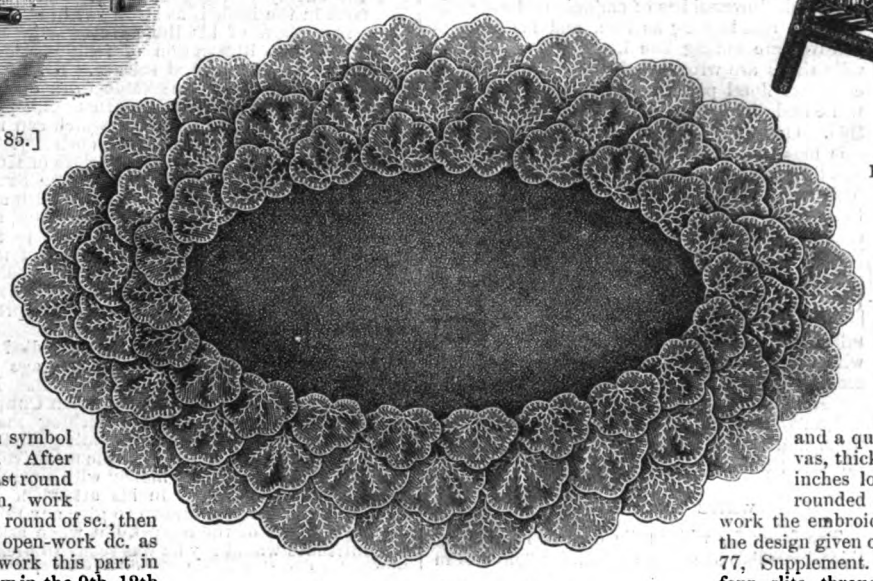
THIS box is made of card-board, covered with blue satin, embroidered with saddler's silk of different colors, and lined with blue satin wadded and quilted in diamonds. The stand in which the box is set is made of black varnished Spanish reeds, the ends of which are inlaid with pearl. The box is seven inches and three-quarters long, five inches and a quarter wide, and four inches and a quarter high. The embroidery is worked in the design given on Fig. 36, Supplement, and as shown by illustration, Fig. 1. Work the petals of the flowers in point de reprise, as shown by Fig. 2, and the remaining parts in point Russe. Fine cord of blue chenille and gold thread, and coarse silk cord with tassels, form the remaining trimming.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED WORK-BOX.—[See Page 85.]
For design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 36.



WORK-BASKET WITH STAND.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 81–83.



EMBROIDERED CLOTH RUG.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 34.

Embroidered Canvas Work-Bag, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS work-bag consists of a strip of Panama canvas ornamented in cross stitch embroidery with filling silk of different colors, and set on a green satin bag. Ruches of green satin ribbon an inch and a quarter wide form the trimming. Cut of Panama canvas, thick card-board, and green satin one piece twenty-four inches long, and four inches and three-quarters wide, and rounded slightly on one end. On the middle of the canvas work the embroidery in the design given on Fig. 77, Supplement. Cut four slits through the card-board at a distance of seven inches and twelve inches and a quarter from its straight end, and two inches and three-quarters and four inches and seven-eighths from its sloped end; these four slits, however, are only cut



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CANVAS WORK-BAG.—OPEN.
For design see Supplement, No. XXXII., Fig. 77.

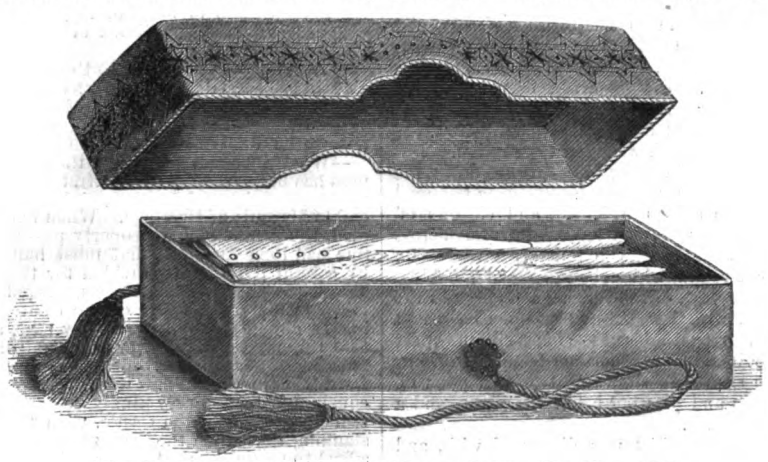


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED GLOVE-BOX.—OPEN.—[See Page 85.]
For design see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 38 and 39.



Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CANVAS WORK-BAG.—CLOSED.
For design see Supplement, No. XXXII., Fig. 77.

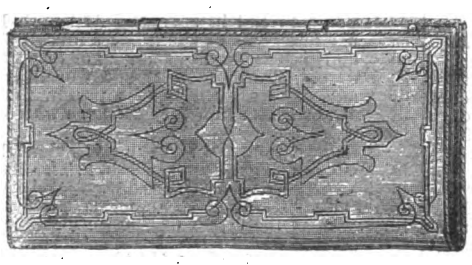


Fig. 1.—LAUNDRY BOOK.—CLOSED.—[See Page 85.]
For design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 35.

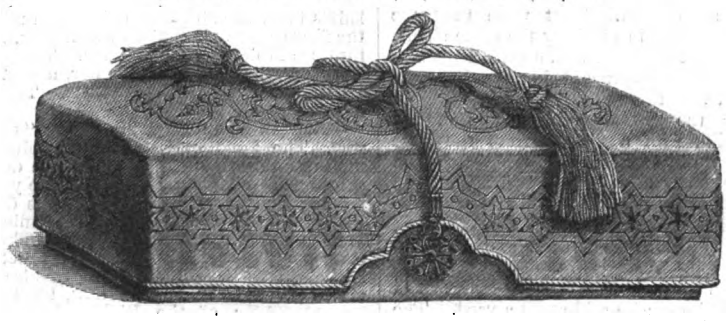
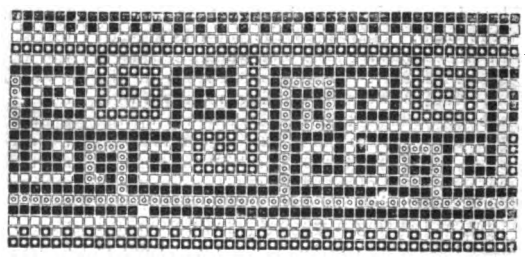


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED GLOVE-BOX.—CLOSED.—[See Page 85.]
For design see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 38 and 39.



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR KEY BAGS, NAPKIN RINGS, ETC.
Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ◘ Red; ▫ Gray Worsted; □ Maize Silk.

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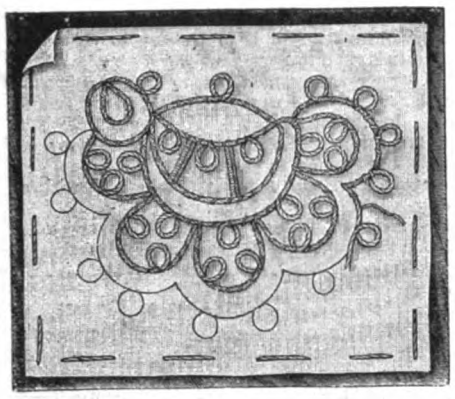


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF WORKING GENOESE EMBROIDERY.

through half of the thickness of the card-board, so that the latter remains in one piece. The side on which the slits are cut is afterward turned outward. Over this card-board interlining overhand the piece of canvas together with the satin lining, and bend the strip in the shape shown by the illustrations. For the handle cut a strip of card-board twenty-four inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, cover it with Panama canvas, and sew both ends of it on the middle of that part of the strip which is five inches and a quarter wide (bottom of the work-bag). For the inner bag cut of green satin one piece twenty-nine inches and three-quarters long and eight inches and seven-eighths wide, the ends of which are sewed together. Hem down the under edge a quarter of an inch wide, and the upper edge an inch and three-quarters wide, and run a shirr in the latter. Fasten the under edge of this bag on the bottom of the work-bag, gathering it on the side edges of the bottom. Sew the bag at a height of five inches and a half on the front and back sides of the work-bag, in doing which at the same time sew in the green silk cords required for closing the bag on the side edges of the front and back sides, and run them through the shirr crosswise. Join the ends of each two cords with tassels (see illustration). Finish the work-bag with ruches, and with a button and button-loop for closing.

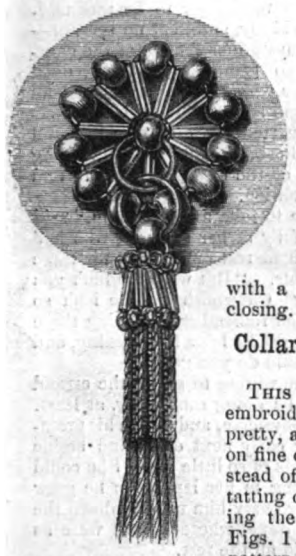


Fig. 3.—ROSETTE OF STEEL BEADS WITH CROCHET CORD FOR GLOVE-BOX.—[See Page 84.]

Collar in Genoese Embroidery, Figs. 1-3.

THIS collar is worked in a new kind of embroidery called Genoese, which is very pretty, and is easily executed. It is worked on fine cambric, with fine guipure cord; instead of the cord a thread of medium-sized tatting cotton may be used. After completing the design, observing the illustrations, Figs. 1 and 2, and the pattern given by Fig. 28, Supplement, transfer it to linen, baste the cambric on the linen, and sew the guipure cord on the lines of the design with close overhand stitches of fine cotton; in doing this, however, work the stitches deep in the material. For the bars between the design figures stretch the working thread back and forth from one line to the opposite one, and cover the bars with close button-hole stitches. The illustration, Fig. 3, shows the manner of working the embroidery. After completing the work separate the collar from the foundation, and cut away the material between the design figures from the under side, observing Figs. 1 and 2.

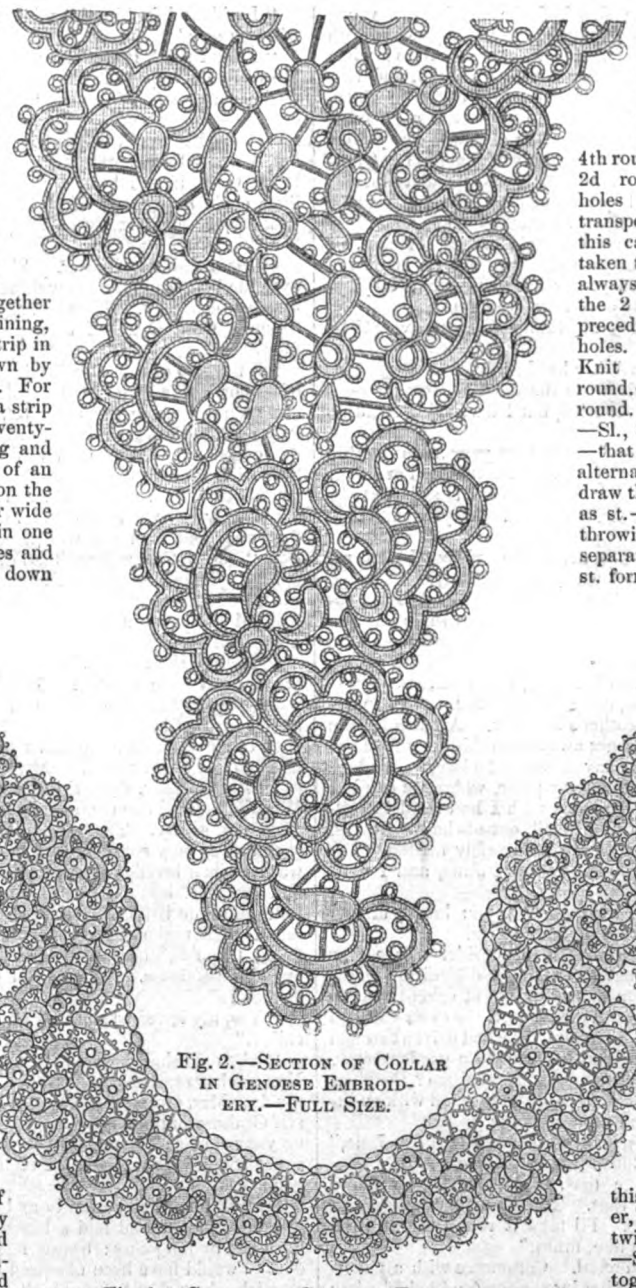


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF COLLAR IN GENOESE EMBROIDERY.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 1.—COLLAR IN GENOESE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 28.

Knitted Veil, Figs. 1-3.

THIS veil is worked with fine black sewing silk, and is surrounded on the outer edge with knitted lace. Fig. 63, Supplement, gives one-half of the pattern for the veil. To make the latter crochet with a coarse crochet needle a chain stitch foundation of the length of the under edge of the veil. In the middle of this foundation take up the requisite number of stitches, observing the pattern (Fig. 63, Supplement), and on these knit the foundation for the veil in the design given by illustration Fig. 2. At the end of every round, however, take up several foundation stitches, according to the shape of the pattern. The design is worked in the following manner: 1st round.—Knit plain. 2d round.—Sl. (slip one stitch), 1 k. (knit plain), ∗ t. t. o. (throw the thread over), sl., 2 k., draw the sl. stitch over the two stitches k.; repeat from ∗. 3d round.—Knit plain, always working off the threads thrown over as st. (stitch). 4th round.—Like the 2d round, but the holes must come transposed; in doing this care should be taken that the t. t. o. always come between the 2 st. k. in the preceding round of holes. 5th round.—Knit plain. 6th round.—Like the 2d round. 7th round.—Sl., 3 k., ∗ 1 dot—that is, six times alternately t. t. o., draw the thread through the nearest hole of the preceding pattern round as st.—now form a dot of these 6 t. t. o. and 6 loops by once more throwing the thread over and then drawing the loops and t. t. o. each separately over this last t. t. o., then work 1 k., and draw over the st. formed of the dot, 14 k., and repeat from ∗. 8th round.—Like the 2d round. 9th round.—Sl., 1 k., ∗ 1 dot, 2 k., 1 dot, 11 k., and repeat from ∗. 10th round.—Like the 2d round. 11th round.—Like the 7th round. Now follow eight more rounds, which are worked like the 1st–4th rounds; then repeat the foundation of dots, which, however, comes transposed as shown by the illustration. After reaching the upper edge of the pattern cast off the requisite number of middle stitches, and on both sides of these then knit as many rounds as will finish the veil. In order to form the slope, however, narrow on both sides of the middle stitches as may be required. Finally, cast off the remaining stitches. For the lace on the outer edge of the veil (see Fig. 3) make a foundation of 19 st., and going backward and forward on this, knit the 1st round.—Sl., 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 2d round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p. (purled), 2 k., 1 p., 5 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k.; in this, as well as in every following round, knit off each t. t. o. as a st. 3d round.—Sl., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n. (narrow—that is, sl. 1 st., k. the following st., and draw over the sl. st.), k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., 1 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 4th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 4 k., 1 p., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k. 5th round.—Sl., 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 8 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 6th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 7 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k. 7th round.—Sl., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., 3 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 8th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 6 k., 1 p., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k. 9th round.—Sl., 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 17 k. 10th round.—Cast off 5 st., 9 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k. 11th round.—Sl., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., 1 k., twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 12th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 3 k., 1 p., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k. 13th round.—Sl., 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 14th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 6 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k. 15th round.—Sl., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., 2 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 16th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 5 k., 1 p., 1 k., k. 2 together, t.

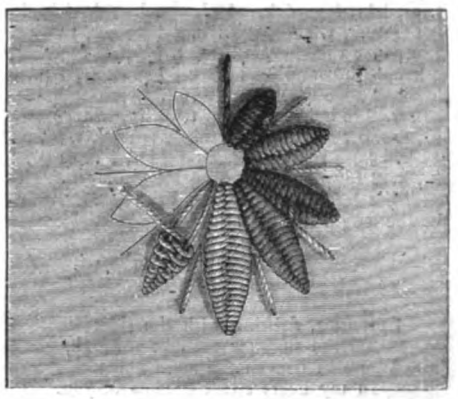


Fig. 2.—MANNER OF EMBROIDERING IN POINT DE REPRISE FOR WORK-BOX.—[See Page 84.]



Fig. 4.—ROSETTE OF STEEL BEADS WITH BRAIDED SILK CORD FOR GLOVE-BOX. [See Page 84.]

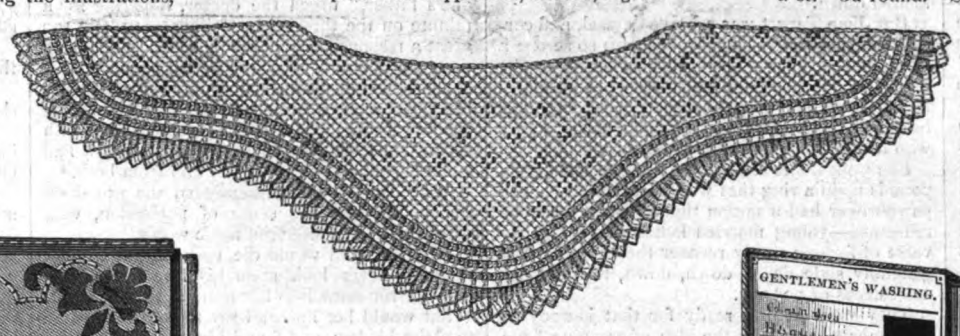


Fig. 1.—KNITTED VEIL.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXIV., Fig. 63.



PORT-FOLIO WITH APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 37.



Fig. 2.—LAUNDRY BOOK.—OPEN.—[See Page 84.]
For design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 35.

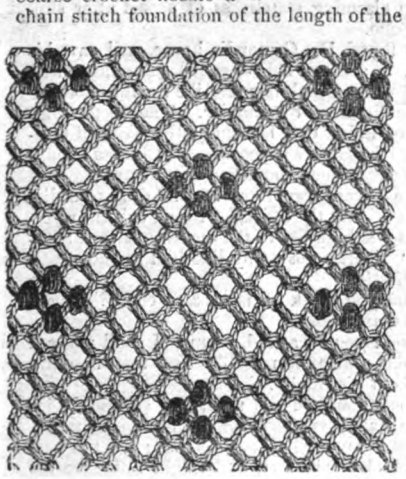


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF KNITTED FOUNDATION OF VEIL.



FIRE-SCREEN.—APPLICATION EMBROIDERY.
For design and description see Suppl., No. XXX., Figs. 73 and 74.

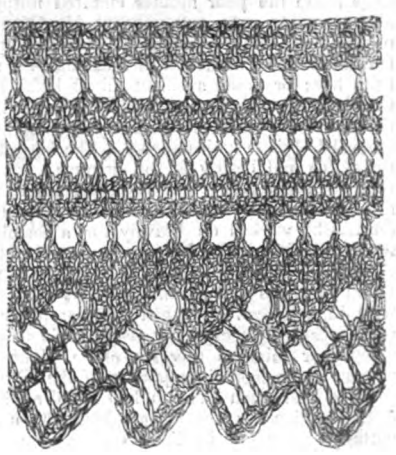


Fig. 3.—KNITTED EDGING OF VEIL.

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t. o., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k. 17th round.—Sl., 4 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 9 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., k. 2 together, 1 k. 18th round.—Sl., 2 k., 1 p., 2 k., 1 p., 8 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 7 k. 19th round.—Sl., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 2 k., k. 2 together, twice t. t. o., n., 11 k. 20th round.—Cast off 5 st., 7 k., 1 p., 1 k., k. 2 together, t. t. o., 4 k., 1 p., 2 k. Repeat the 1st–20th rounds until the lace has gained the length required.

SONG.

SLIPPING, drifting with the tide,
All the summer twilight through,
While in heaven the stars abide,
In my heart sweet dreams of you.

Echoes following from the shore
Seem the chorus of our song,
Summer odors blown before
Float the tune along.

Shall we linger till the day
Paints the earth a thing divine?
Spread the sail and haste away
Where the distant breakers shine?

Held within their fearful grasp,
Would they crush us like a shell?
Dying, dearest, in your clasp,
All would yet be well!

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

IN TIME OF NEED.

IT was a dreary habitation, that London lodging, after the gardens and woods of Arden, the luxurious surroundings and innumerable prettinesses which Mr. Granger's wealth had provided for the wife of his love; dreary after the holiday brightness of Paris; dreary beyond expression to Clarissa in the long, quiet evenings when she sat alone, trying to face the future—the necessity for immediate action being over, and the world all before her.

She had her darling. That was the one fact which she repeated to herself over and over again, as if the words had been a charm—an amulet to drive away guilty thoughts of the life that might have been, if she had listened to George Fairfax's prayer.

It was not easy for her to shut *that* image out of her heart, even with her dearest upon earth beside her. The tender, pleading words, the earnest face, came back to her very often. She thought of him wandering about those hilly streets in Brussels, disappointed and angry; thought of his reproaches, and the sacrifices he had made for her.

And then from such weak fancies she was brought suddenly back by the necessities of every-day life. Her money was very nearly gone; the journeys had cost so much, and she had been obliged to buy clothing for Jane and Lovel and herself at Brussels. She had spent a sovereign on colors and brushes and drawing-paper at Winsor & Newton's—her little stock in trade. She looked at her diamond rings meditatively, as she sat brooding in the March twilight, with as vague an idea of their value as a child might have had. The time was very near when she would be obliged to turn them into money.

Fortunately the woman of the house was friendly, and the rooms were clean. But the airs of Soho are not as those breezes which come blowing over Yorkshire wolds and woods, with the breath of the German Ocean; nor had they the gay Tuileries garden and the Bois for Master Lovel's airings. Jane Target was sorely puzzled where to take the child. It was a weary, long way to St. James's Park on foot; and the young mother had a horror of omnibuses—in which she supposed small-pox and fever to be continually raging. Sometimes they had a cab, and took the boy down to feed the ducks and stare at the soldiers. But in the park Clarissa had an ever-present terror of being seen by some one she knew. Purposeless prowlings with baby in the streets generally led, unawares, into Newport Market, from which busy mart Mrs. Granger fled aghast, lest her darling should die of the odor of red herrings and stale vegetables. In all the wider streets Clarissa was afflicted by that perpetual fear of being recognized; and during the airings which Lovel enjoyed with Jane alone the poor mother endured unspeakable torments. At any moment Mr. Granger, or some one employed by Mr. Granger, might encounter the child, and her darling be torn from her; or some accident might befall him. Clarissa's inexperience exaggerated the perils of the London streets, until every paving-stone seemed to bristle with dangers. She longed for the peace and beauty of the country; but not until she had found some opening for the disposal of her sketches could she hope to leave London. She worked on bravely for a fortnight, painting half a dozen hours a day, and wasting the rest of her day in baby worship, or in profound plottings and plannings about the future with Jane Target. The girl was thoroughly devoted, ready to accept any scheme of existence which her mistress might propose. The two women made their little picture of the life they were to lead when Clarissa had found a kindly dealer to give her constant employment: a tiny cottage, somewhere in Kent or Surrey, among green fields and wooded hills, furnished ever so humbly, but with a garden where Lovel might play. Clarissa sketched the ideal cottage one evening—a bower of roses and honeysuckle, with a thatched roof and steep gables. Alas! when she had finished her fortnight's work, and carried half a dozen sketches to a dealer in Rathbone Place, it was only to meet with a crushing disappointment. The man admitted her power, but had no use for any thing of that kind. Chromo-lithographs were cheap and popular—people would rather buy a lithograph of some popular artist's picture than a nameless water-color. If she liked to leave a couple of her sketches, he would try to dispose of them, but he could not buy them—and giving her permanent employment was quite out of the question.

"Do you know any thing about engraving?" he asked.

Clarissa shook her head sadly.

"Can you draw on the wood?"

"I have never tried, but I dare say I could do that."

"I recommend you to turn your attention that way. There's a larger field for that sort of thing. You might exhibit some of your sketches at the next Water-color Exhibition. They would stand a chance of selling there."

"Thanks. You are very good, but I want remunerative employment immediately."

She wandered on—from dealer to dealer, hoping against hope, always with the same result—from Rathbone Place to Regent Street, and on to Bond Street, and homeward along Oxford Street, and then back to her baby, broken-hearted.

"It is no use, Jane," she sobbed. "I can understand my brother's life now. Art is a broken reed. We must get away from this dreadful London—how pale my Lovel is looking!—and go into some quiet country-place, where we can live very cheaply. I almost wish I had staid in Belgium—in one of the small, out-of-the-way towns, where we might have been safely hidden. We must go down to the country, Jane, and I must take in plain needle-work."

"I'm a good un at that, you know, mum," Jane cried, with a delighted grin.

And then they began to consider where they should go. That was rather a difficult question. Neither of them knew any world except the region surrounding Arden Court. At last Clarissa remembered Beckenham. She had driven through Beckenham once on her way to a garden-party. Why should they not go to Beckenham? the place was so near London, could be reached with so little expense, and yet was rustic.

"We must get rid of one of the rings, Jane," Clarissa said, looking at it doubtfully.

"I'll manage that, mum—don't you fidget yourself about that. There's a pawnbroker's in the next street. I'll take it round there in the evening, if you like, mum."

Clarissa shuddered. Commerce with a pawnbroker seemed to her inexperience a kind of crime—something like taking stolen property to be melted down.

But Jane Target was a brave damsel, and carried the ring to the pawnbroker with so serene a front, and gave her address with so honest an air, that the man, though at first inclined to be doubtful, believed her story—namely, that the ring belonged to her mistress, a young married lady who had suffered a reverse of fortune.

She went home rejoicing, having raised fifteen pounds upon a ring that was worth ninety. The pawnbroker had a notion that it would never be redeemed—young married ladies who suffer reverse of fortune rarely recover their footing, but generally slide down, down, down, to the uttermost deeps of poverty.

They were getting ready for that journey to Beckenham, happy in the idea of escaping from the monotonous, unfriendly streets, and the grime and mire and general dinginess of London life, when an unlooked-for calamity befell them, and the prospect of release had, for the time at least, to be given up. Young Lovel fell ill. He was "about his teeth," the woman of the house said, and tried to make light of the evil. These innocents are subject to much suffering in this way. He had a severe cold, with a tiresome hacking cough which rent Clarissa's heart. She sent for a doctor immediately—a neighboring practitioner recommended by the landlady—and he came and saw the child lying in his mother's lap, and the mother young and beautiful and unhappy, and was melted accordingly, and did all he could to treat the matter lightly. Yet he was fain, after a few visits, and no progress for the better, to confess that these little lives hang by a slender thread.

"The little fellow has a noble frame and an excellent constitution," he said; "I hope we shall save him."

Save him! An icy thrill went through Clarissa's veins. Save him! Was there any fear of losing him? O God! what would her life be without that child? She looked at the doctor, white to the lips and speechless with horror.

"I don't wish to alarm you," he said, gently, "but I am compelled to admit that there is danger. If the little one's father is away," he added, doubtfully, "and you would like to summon him, I think it would be as well to do so."

"Oh, my flower, my angel, my life!" she cried, flinging herself down beside the child's bed; "I can not lose you!"

"I trust in God you will not," said the surgeon; "we will make every effort to save him." And then he turned to Jane Target, and murmured his directions.

"Is there any one else," said Clarissa in a hoarse voice, looking up at the medical man—"any one I can send for besides yourself—any one who can cure my baby?"

"I doubt whether it would be of any use. The case is such a simple one. I have fifty such in a year. But if you would like a physician to see the little fellow, there is Dr. Ormond, who has peculiar experience in children's cases. You might call him in, if you liked."

"I will send for him this minute.—Jane, dear, will you go?"

"I don't think it would be any use just now. He will be out upon his rounds. There is no immediate danger. If you were to send to him this evening—a note would do—asking him to call to-morrow—that would be the best way. Remember, I don't for a moment say the case is hopeless. Only, if you have any anxiety about the little one's father, and if he is within a day's journey, I would really advise you to send for him."

Clarissa did not answer. She was hanging over the bed, watching every difficult breath with unutterable agony. The child had only begun to droop a week ago, had been positively ill only four days.

All the rest of that day Clarissa was in a kind of stupor. She watched the child, and watched Jane administering her remedies, and the landlady coming in now and then to look at the boy, or to ask about him, with a friendly anxiety. She tried to help Jane sometimes, in a useless, tremulous way, sometimes sat statue-like, and could only gaze. She could not even pray—only now and then she whispered with her dry lips, "Surely God will not take away my child!"

At dusk the doctor came again, but said very little. He was leaving the room, when Clarissa stopped him with a passionate, despairing cry. Until that moment she had seemed marble.

"Tell me the truth," she cried. "Will he be taken away from me? He is all the world to me—the only thing on earth I have to love. Surely God will not be so pitiless! What difference can one angel more make in heaven? and he is all the world to me."

"My dear lady, these things are ordered by a Wisdom beyond our comprehension," the doctor answered, gently. That picture of a disconsolate mother was very common to him—only Clarissa was so much lovelier than most of the mothers, and her grief had a more romantic aspect, and touched him a little more than usual. "Believe me, I shall make every effort to pull the little fellow through," he added, with the professional air of hopefulness. "Have you written to Dr. Ormond?"

"Yes, my letter was posted an hour after you called."

"Then we shall hear what he says to-morrow. You can have no higher opinion. And now pray, my dear Mrs. Graham"—Clarissa had called herself Graham in these Soho lodgings—"pray keep up your spirits; remember, your own health will suffer if you give way—and I really do not think you are strong."

He looked at her curiously as he spoke. She was deadly pale, and had a haggard look which aged her by ten years: beauty less perfect in its outline would have been obscured by that mental angnish—hers shone through all, ineffaceable.

"Do not forget what I said about the little one's father," urged the doctor, lingering for a minute on the threshold. "There is really too great a responsibility in keeping him ignorant of the case, if he is any where within reach."

Clarissa smiled for the first time since her boy's illness—a strange, wan smile. She was thinking how Daniel Granger had threatened her with separation from her child; and now Death had come between them to snatch him from both.

"My son!" She remembered the proud serenity, the supreme sense of possession, with which he had pronounced those words.

And the child would die, perhaps, and Daniel Granger never look upon his face again. A great terror came into her mind at that thought. What would her husband say to her if he came to claim his boy, and found him dead? For the first time since she had left him—triumphant in the thought of having secured this treasure—the fact that the child belonged to him, as well as to herself, came fully home to her. From the day of the baby's birth she had been in the habit of thinking of him as her own—hers by a right divine almost—of putting his father out of the question, as it were—only just tolerating to behold that doting father's fond looks and caresses—watching all communion between those two with a lurking jealousy.

Now, all at once, she began to feel what a sacred bond there was between the father and son, and how awful a thing it would be if Daniel Granger should find his darling dead. Might he not denounce her as the chief cause of his boy's death? Those hurried journeys by land and sea—that rough shifting to and fro of the pampered son and heir, whose little life, until that time, had been surrounded with such luxurious indulgences, so guarded from the faintest waft of discomfort—who should say that these things had not jeopardized the precious creature? And out of her sin had this arisen. In that dread hour by her darling's sick-bed, what unutterably odious colors did her flirtation with George Fairfax assume—her dalliance with temptation, her weak hankering after that forbidden society! She saw, as women do see in that clear afterlight which comes with remorse, all the guilt and all the hatefulness of her sin.

"God gave me my child for my redemption," she said to herself, "and I went on sinning."

What was it the doctor had said? Again and again those parting words came back to her. The father should be summoned. But to summon him, to reveal her hiding-place, and then have her darling taken from her, saved from the grasp of death only to be torn from her by his pitiless, unforgiving father! No thought of what Daniel Granger had been to her in all the days of her married life arose to comfort or reassure her. She only thought of him as he had been after that fatal meeting in her brother's painting-room; and she hoped for no mercy from him.

"And even if I were willing to send for him, I don't know where he is," she said at last, helplessly.

Jane Target urged her to summon him.

"If you was to send a telegraft to the Court, mum, Miss Granger is pretty sure to be there, and she'd send to her pa, wherever he was."

Clarissa shivered. Send to Miss Granger! suffer those cold eyes to see the depth of her humiliation! That would be hard to endure. Yet what did any thing in the world matter to her when her boy was in jeopardy?

"We shall save him, Jane," she said, with a desperate hopefulness, clasping her hands and bending down to kiss the troubled little one, who had brief snatches of sleep now and then in weary hours of restlessness. "We shall save him. The doctor said so."

"God grant we may, mum! But the doctor didn't say for certain—he only said he *hoped;* and it would be so much better to send for master. It seems a kind of crime not to let him know; and if the poor dear should grow worse—"

"He will not grow worse!" cried Clarissa, hysterically. "What, Jane! are you against me? Do you want me to be robbed of him, as his father would rob me without mercy? No, I will keep him, I will keep him! Nothing but death shall take him from me."

Later in the evening, restless with the restlessness of a soul tormented by fear, Clarissa began to grow uneasy about her letter to Dr. Ormond. It might miscarry in going through the post-office. She was not quite sure that it had been properly directed, her mind had been so bewildered when she wrote it. Or Dr. Ormond might have engagements next morning, and might not be able to come. She was seized with a nervous anxiety about this.

"If there were any one I could send with another note," she said.

Jane shook her head despondently. In that house there was no messenger to be procured. The landlady was elderly, and kept no servant—employing only a mysterious female of the charwoman species, who came at daybreak, dyed herself to the elbows with blacking or black-lead before breakfast, and so remained till the afternoon, when she departed to "do for" a husband and children—the husband and children passing all the earlier part of the day in a desolate and un-"done-for" condition.

"There's no one to take a letter, mum," said Jane, looking wistfully at her mistress, who had been watching without rest or slumber for three days and three nights. "But why shouldn't you go yourself, mum? Cavendish Square isn't so very far. Don't you remember our going there one morning with baby? It's a fine evening, and a little fresh air would do you good."

Clarissa was quite willing to go on the errand herself. It would be doing something, at least. She might see the physician, and obtain his promise to come to her early next day; and beside that sick-bed she was of so little use. She could only hold her darling in her lap, when he grew weary of his bed, or carry him up and down the room sometimes. Jane, whose nerves were as steady as a rock, did all the rest.

She looked at the bed. It was hard to leave that tender little sufferer even for half an hour.

"If he should grow worse while I am away?" she said, doubtfully.

"No fear of that," replied Jane. "He's sleeping better now than he has slept for ever so long. God grant he's upon the turn!"

"God grant it! And you won't forget the medicine at half past eight?"

"Lor', mum, as if I should forget!"

"Then I'll go," said Clarissa.

She put on her bonnet and shawl, startled a little by the white face that looked at her from the glass. The things she had worn when she left Paris were the darkest and plainest in her wardrobe. They had grown shabby by this time, and had a very sombre look. Even in these garments the tall, slim figure had a certain elegance; but it was not a figure to be remarked at nightfall, in the London streets. The mistress of Arden Court might have been easily mistaken for a seamstress going home from her work.

Just at first the air made her giddy, and she tottered a little on the broad pavement of the quiet *cul-de-sac.* It seemed as if she had not been out-of-doors for a month. But by degrees she grew more accustomed to the keen March atmosphere and the noise of Oxford Street, toward which she was hastening, and so hurried on, thinking only of her errand. She made her way somehow to Cavendish Square. How well she remembered driving through it in the summer gloaming, during the brief glory of her one season, on her way to a commercial magnate's Tusculum in the Regent's Park! It had seemed remote and out of the world after May-fair—a locality which one might be driven by reverse of fortune to inhabit, not otherwise. But to-night the grave old square had an alarming stateliness of aspect after slipshod Soho.

She found Dr. Ormond's house, and saw his butler, a solemn, bald-headed personage, who looked wise enough to prescribe for the most recondite diseases of humanity. The doctor himself was dining out, but the butler pledged himself for his master's appearance at Clarissa's lodgings between eleven and two to-morrow.

"He never disappints; and he draws no distinctions," said the official, with an evident reference to the humility of the applicant's social status. "There's not many like him in the medical perfession."

"And you think he is sure to come?" urged Clarissa, anxiously.

"Don't you be afraid, mum. I shall make a particular pint of it myself. You may be quite easy about his comin'."

Clarissa thanked the man, and surprised him with half a crown gently slipped into his fat palm. She had not many half crowns now; but the butler seemed to pity her, and might influence his master to come to her a little sooner than he would come in the ordinary way.

Her errand being done, she turned away from

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the house with a strange sinking at the heart. An ever-present fear of his illness coming to a fatal end, and a guilty sense of the wrong she was doing to Daniel Granger, oppressed her. She walked in a purposeless way, took the wrong turning after coming out of the square, and so wandered into Portland Place. She came to a full stop suddenly, in that wide thoroughfare, and, looking about her like an awakened sleep-walker, perceived that she had gone astray—recognized the place she was in, and saw that she was within a few doors of Lady Laura Armstrong's house.

Although the London season had begun, there was an air of stillness and solitude in this grave habitation of splendors that have, for the most part, vanished. At one door there was a carriage waiting; here and there lighted windows shone out upon the night; but the general aspect was desolation. If there were gayety and carousing any where, closed shutters hid the festival from the outer world. The under-ground world of Egypt could scarcely have seemed more silent than Portland Place.

Clarissa went on to the familiar corner house, which was made conspicuous to the stranger by encaustic tiled balconies, or glass fern and flower cases at every available window, and by a certain color and glitter which seemed almost a family likeness to Lady Laura herself. There were lights burning dimly in the two last windows on the drawing-room floor, looking into the side street. Clarissa remembered the room very well—it was Lady Laura's own especial sanctum, the last and smallest of four drawing-rooms—a nest lined with crimson silk, and crowded with every thing foolish in the way of ebony and ormolu, Venetian glass and Sèvres china, and with nothing sensible in it except three or four delicious easy-chairs of the *pouf* species, immortalized by Sardou. Alas for that age of pouf which he satirized with such a caustic pen! To what dismal end has it come! End of powder and petroleum, and instead of beauty, burning!

The lonely wanderer, so sorely oppressed with cares and perplexities, looked wistfully up at those familiar windows. How often she had loitered away the twilight with Lady Laura, talking idly in that flower-laden balcony! As she looked at it to-night, there came into her mind a foolish wonder that life could have had any interest for her in those days, before the birth of her son.

"If I were to lose him now, I should be no poorer than I was then," she thought; and then, after a moment's reflection, "Oh yes, yes, a thousand times poorer, once having had him."

She walked a little way down the street, and then came back again and lingered under those two windows, with an unspeakable yearning to cast herself upon her friend in this hour of shipwreck. She had such bitter need of sympathy from some one nearer her own level than the poor, honest, faithful Yorkshire girl.

"She was once my friend," she said to herself, still hovering there irresolute, "and seemed very fond of me. She could advise me, knowing the world so well as she does; and I do not think she would betray me. She owes me something, too. But for my promise to her, I might have been George Fairfax's wife, and all this trouble might have been avoided."

George Fairfax's wife! What a strange dream-like fancy it seemed! And yet it might have been; it had needed only one little word from herself to make the dream a fact.

"I tried to do my duty," she thought, "and yet ruin and sorrow have come upon me." And then the small, still voice whispered, "Tried to do your duty, but not always; sometimes you left off trying, and dared to be happy in your own way. Between the two roads of vice and virtue, you tried to make a devious pathway of your own, not wholly on one side or the other."

Once having seen that light, feeling somehow that there was sympathy and comfort near, she could not go away without making some attempt to see her friend. She thought, with a remorseful pang, of times and seasons during her wedded life when Laura Armstrong's too solicitous friendship had seemed to her something of a bore. How different was it with her now!

She summoned up resolution at last, and, in a half-desperate mood, went round to the front-door and knocked—a tremulous conscience-stricken knock, as of some milliner's apprentice bringing home a delayed bonnet. The man who opened the door looked involuntarily for her basket.

"What is it?" he asked, dubiously, scenting a begging-letter writer in the tall, slim figure and closely veiled face, and being on principle averse from gentility that did not ride in its carriage. "What is it, young woman?"

"Can I see Lady Laura Armstrong? I want to see her very particularly."

"Have you got an appointment?"

"No; but I wish to see her."

"You're from Madame Lecoudre's, I suppose. You can see my lady's maid; but it's quite out of the question for you to see my lady herself, at this time of night."

"Will you take a message to her on a slip of paper? I am almost sure she will see me." And again Clarissa opened her slender purse, and slipped a florin into the man's hand, by way of bribe.

He was somewhat melted by this, but yet had an eye to the portable property in the hall.

"You can come in," he said, pointing with a lofty air to a table whereon were pens and paper, "and write your message." And then rang an electric bell, which summons brought a second powdered footman, who was, as it were, a Corsican Brother or Siamese Twin, without the ligature, to the first.

Clarissa scrawled a few hasty lines on a sheet of paper and folded it.

"Be so kind as to take that to your mistress," she said. "I am sure she will see me."

The second footman was that superior young man, Norris, whom Hannah Warman had praised. He stared aghast, recognizing Mrs. Granger's voice and bearing, in spite of the thick veil folded over her face, in spite of her shabby garments.

"My lady shall have your note immediately, ma'am," he said, with profound respect, and sped off as if to carry the message of a cabinet minister, much to the bewilderment of his brother officer, who did not know Mrs. Granger.

He reappeared in about two minutes, and ushered Clarissa duly up the broad staircase—dimly lighted to-night, the family being in Portland Place in a kind of semi-state, only newly arrived, and without so much as a hall-porter—through the corridor, where there were velvet-cushioned divans against the walls, whereon many among Lady Laura's guests considered it a privilege to sit on her great reception nights, content to have penetrated so far, and with no thought of struggling farther, and on to the white-and-gold door at the farther end, which admitted the elect into my lady's boudoir.

Laura Armstrong was sitting at an ebony writing-table, with innumerable little drawers pulled out to their utmost extent, and all running over with papers, a chaotic mass of open letters before her, and a sheet of foolscap scrawled over with names. She had been planning her campaign for the season—so many dinners, so many dances, alternate Thursdays in May and June; and a juvenile fancy ball, at which a Pompadour of seven years of age could lead off the Lancers with a Charles the Twelfth of ten, with an eight-year-old Mephistopheles and a six-year-old Anne Boleyn for their *vis-à-vis*.

As the footman opened the door and ushered in Mrs. Granger, there was a faint rustling of silk behind the portière dividing Lady Laura's room from the next apartment; but Clarissa was too agitated to notice this.

Laura Armstrong received her with effusion.

"My dearest girl," she exclaimed, rising, and grasping both Clarissa's hands, as the man closed the door, "how glad I am to see you! Do you know, something told me you would come to me? Yes, dear, I said to myself ever so many times, 'That poor misguided child will come to me.' Oh, Clary! Clary! what have you been doing? Your husband is like a rock. He was at Arden for a few days, about a fortnight ago, and I drove over to see him, and entreated him to confide in me; but he would tell nothing. My poor, poor child! how pale, how changed!"

She had thrown back Clarissa's veil, and was scrutinizing the haggard face with very womanly tenderness.

"Sit down, dear, and tell me every thing. You know that you can trust me. If you had gone ever so wrong—and I don't believe it is in you to do that—I would still be your friend."

Clarissa made a faint effort to speak, and then burst into tears. This loving welcome was quite too much to bear.

"He told me he was going to take my boy away from me," she sobbed, "so I ran away from him, with my darling—and now my angel is dying!"

And then, with many tears, and much questioning and ejaculation from Lady Laura, she told her pitiful story—concealing nothing, not even her weak yielding to temptation, not even her love for George Fairfax.

"I loved him always," she said; "yes—always, always, always—from that first night when we traveled together. I used to dream of him sometimes, never hoping to see him again, till that summer day when he came suddenly upon me in Marley Wood. But I kept my promise; I was true to you, Lady Laura; I kept my promise."

"My poor Clary, how I wish I had never exacted that promise! It did no good; it did not save Geraldine, and it seems to have made you miserable. Good gracious me!" cried Lady Laura, with sudden impetuosity, "I have no patience with the man! What is one man more than another, that there should be so much fuss about him?"

"I must go home to Lovel," Clarissa said, anxiously. "I don't know how long I have been away from him. I lost my head, almost; and I felt that I *must* come to you."

"Thank God you did come, you poor wandering creature! Wait a few minutes, Clary, while I send for a cab and put on my bonnet. I am coming with you."

"You, Lady Laura?"

"Yes, and I too," said a calm voice, that Clarissa remembered very well; and looking up at the door of communication between the two rooms, she saw the portière pushed aside, and Geraldine Challoner on the threshold.

"Let me come and nurse your baby, Mrs. Granger," she said, gently; "I have had a good deal of experience of that sort of thing."

"You do not know what an angel she is to the poor round Hale," said Lady Laura; "especially to the children. And she nursed three of mine, Maud, Ethel, and Alick—no; Stephen, wasn't it?" she asked, looking at her sister for correction—"through the scarlatina. Nothing but her devotion could have pulled them through, my doctor assured me. Let her come with us, Clary."

"Oh yes, yes! God bless you, Lady Geraldine, for wanting to help my darling!"

"Norris, tell Fosset to bring me my bonnet and shawl, and fetch a cab immediately; I can't wait for the carriage."

Five minutes afterward, the three women were seated in the cab, and on their way to Soho.

"You have sent for Mr. Granger, of course," said Lady Laura.

"No, not yet. I trust in God there may be no necessity; my darling will get well; I know he will! Dr. Ormond is to see him to-morrow."

"What, Clarissa! you have not sent for your husband, although you say that his boy is in danger?"

"If I let Mr. Granger know where I am, he will come and take my son away from me."

"Nonsense, Clary; he can't do that. It is very shameful of you to keep him in ignorance of the child's state." And as well as she could, amidst the rattling of the cab, Lady Laura tried to awaken Clarissa to a sense of the wrong she was doing.

Jane Target stared in amazement on seeing her mistress return with these two ladies.

"Oh, ma'am, I've been so frightened!" she exclaimed. "I couldn't think what was come of you."

Clarissa ran to the bed.

"He has been no worse?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, ma'am. I do think, if there's any change, it is for the better."

"Oh, thank God! thank God!" cried Clarissa, hysterically, falling on her knees by the bed. "Death shall not rob me of him! Nobody shall take him from me!" And then, turning to Laura Armstrong, she said, "I need not send for my husband, you see; my darling will recover."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE pea-nut, which is so popular a commodity that flourishing sale stands are seen at almost every other street corner in our city, has one peculiarity of growth which distinguishes it from all other known plants. The flowers and leaves are produced as they are in other plants of the pea or bean tribe; but when the flower has withered, the stem which supported it grows rapidly in a curved manner, bending toward the ground, into which it penetrates several inches. In this position the fruit becomes ripened; and from this singular operation the pea-nut has derived the name of "earth-nut" in Europe. This nut is a valuable article of food in many tropical countries, and is extensively cultivated. Formerly it was largely imported; now we depend chiefly on the crops from Virginia and the Carolinas. It contains a large percentage of clear yellow oil, which is highly esteemed for domestic purposes, and is frequently used to adulterate olive-oil. In Cochin China and in India pea-nut oil is used in lamps.

The public dedication of the "Cushman School" in Boston was the occasion of some very pleasant and appropriate exercises, in which Miss Charlotte Cushman herself took a part. After some preliminary exercises, the distinguished artiste was introduced to the audience, and made some happy remarks, which were received with warm applause. She afterward stated that it was her first public speech. The audience were then gratified by the reading of Southey's poem, "After the Battle of Blenheim," the story assuming an intensified interest as it came from the lips of the great actress.

A shapeless mass, covered with sand and shells, was recently brought up from the Seine in a fisherman's net. It was sold for a few francs to a dealer in antiquities on the Quai Voltaire. When the purchaser had carefully removed the earthy envelope, he discovered that he had in his possession an antique vase of the purest style. It is of an ovoid form, and the embossing represents a dance of satyrs and bacchantes beautifully executed. The material of which the work is composed is the Corinth bronze, the secret of which has been lost, and which in Seneca's time was worth several times its weight in gold. This valuable specimen of ancient art is supposed to date from the occupation of Lutetia by the legions of Cæsar and Labienus.

Milk-pans, wash-bowls, cups, etc., are now made out of paper, and are light and durable. It is said they do not shrink, leak, rust, or easily break.

Evidently one great secret of Miss Alcott's success in writing for children is her love for and sympathy with them. She says, in a plea for boys which prefaces one of her stories: "I like boys and oysters raw. So, though good manners are always pleasing, I don't mind the rough outside bur which repels most people, and perhaps that is the reason why the burs open and let me see the soft lining and taste the sweet nut hidden inside."

Two ladies found themselves in a very awkward position the other day. Entering a large dry-goods store, their attention was attracted by a handsome lay figure near the door. "What a handsome velvet cloak that is!" said one of the ladies. "Yes," responded the other, "and how natural those curls are!" And with that the lady raised her parasol, and gave the handsome figure a little poke in the back. The pretty curls began to quiver, and the supposed image turned its head, casting from two bright eyes a look of amazement upon the two ladies, whose astonishment was so intense that they hastily disappeared without a word of apology for their ludicrous mistake.

The expressed juice of the pulpy stems of the plantain and banana tree is now being exported from Jamaica, and bids fair to be a valuable article of commerce. The plantain juice is a gummy substance, capable of being made into an article as useful and as beautiful as papier-maché, and at much less cost. A French gentleman, who has experimented with the sap of the plantain and the fibre of the zamiaca (another nearly unknown and untried gift of the tropics), states that their combination produces a splendid article for book covers.

The poet Schiller left one son and one daughter. The daughter, who is still living, married Count von Gleichen, and her son was present at the ceremonies attending the uncovering of the statue of Schiller at Berlin. Schiller's son was twice married, and by his first wife there is one son living, namely, Baron Friedrich von Schiller, a retired officer in the Austrian service, who was prevented by indisposition from attending the ceremonial in Berlin. The present Baron von Schiller is married to the daughter of Colonel Alberti, of Stuttgart. There are no children living by this union, and with the decease of the present baron, who is in very bad health, the name of Schiller will be extinct.

The great Boston Coliseum for the June Jubilee is intended to be the largest building in the world. It is to be double the size of the previous Coliseum, and capable of seating one hundred thousand persons. The programme for the grand festival is not yet definitely arranged, but it is expected that it will commence on June 17 and close July 4, 1872.

Two periodicals are about to be started in Russia. The *Asiatic Messenger*—we omit the unpronounceable Russian title—is a monthly which will devote special attention to what is going on in Siberia, and in the Amoor, Transcaucasian, and Turkestan districts, besides dealing with such subjects as the history and ethnography of the East in general. The *Citizen* is a weekly, and will chiefly occupy itself with political and social questions, especially such as relate to the development of the resources of Russia, and to the moral and physical welfare of the Russian people.

A disgusted traveler gives the following schedule of hotel prices, as he has found them:

To lie down one night, $1; to sit up overnight, $1; to eat, $1; to stand fifteen minutes with back to stove, 50 cents; to go where there is a stove, 25 cents; to shave as a stranger, 25 cents; to shave as a citizen, 15 cents; half-soling shoes, $2; gin and milk, 25 cents; plain gin, 50 cents; plain wash, 10 cents; with soap and towel, 40 cents; to look out of the window, 10 cents; three looks out of the window for a quarter. If you have all your baggage in your coat pocket, the porterage is 50 cents.

The "postal-card system," as it exists in England and Germany, is open to some objection in the American mind. Nobody fancies the publicity to which the message is exposed, but there is ingenuity enough in America to relieve this difficulty. Two plans have been suggested. One inventor proposes a card which will fold in the centre, the edges being supplied with gum-arabic. Another suggests a card with a lappet of brown paper folding over the written matter. Some such postal system would be a great convenience in this country, and will doubtless be introduced before long.

A short time ago a valued and respected clerk of the Bank of New York shot himself. No reason could be conjectured to account for the act of suicide, except that he had been suffering from intense pain in the head, which was supposed to be caused by neuralgia. After the death of this young man, who was not twenty-five years old, his family physician made a scientific examination of the brain, which revealed the fact that for years he had been a sufferer from a strange and terrible cause. The fits of headache, which for the last eight years had almost driven him distracted, were caused by sharp, needle-like growths of bone, which had been forcing their way from the skull into the brain, until they penetrated so far that the agony seemed unendurable. Such cases are not without precedent in medical history; but, happily, they are rare.

The Princess Pauline de Metternich understands how to move the hearts and touch the pockets of selfish men. Some months ago the princess devoted her whole time and energy to collecting funds for the relief of the suffering French. She freely made appeals to the wealthy in Vienna, where she was residing. Early one morning she sent her footman to a wealthy banker, who at the time was yet in bed. The list of contributors was presented to the nabob on a silver tray. He glanced at it, and, yawning, returned it, saying, "Oh, if the princess herself had come, I should have subscribed five thousand florins." Early the following morning he was awakened again, and a closely veiled lady was ushered into his presence. She removed her veil, and the astonished banker beheld the Princess de Metternich. "You told my servant yesterday," she said, "you would subscribe five thousand florins if I would call on you myself. Here I am, and here is the list." There was no help for it. The banker had to subscribe the sum, and the princess left, rejoicing.

Foreign papers say that "the horror of the famine in Persia has not yet reached its climax."

The following method of cooking fish in India is very much in vogue in that country, and, indeed, constitutes a part of the morning meal of every white inhabitant when fish can be procured, any kind answering the purpose almost equally well. First fry the fish to a golden brown, with egg and bread crumbs and clarified butter. Keep it very hot in a metal dish while boiling some fresh eggs (half done), and have a pot of rice prepared and desiccated. Take the fish, and, with a fork in each hand, break it up and remove all bones as speedily as possible before it becomes cold. Fill the plates with rice for each person, sprinkle black pepper and salt thereon; chop up rather fine two or three green chillies (or capsicums), and sprinkle some over each plate of rice, or, as a substitute, use a little Cayenne. Now break two eggs over each plate of fish and rice, stirring all together with two forks.

A social revolution is rapidly going forward in Japan. The young mikado is no longer a hidden mystery, but appears openly among his people. Railways have quickly become popular; even street railways are spoken of. Principles of free trade are beginning to be recognized to a very limited degree; a society for prevention of cruelty to animals has been formed, and it is in contemplation next year to open the country to foreigners.

We are all open to conviction on the subject of artificial illumination, and wait patiently for further developments concerning a new light recently discovered by a French chemist, which claims to be as superior to gas as gas is to ordinary oil. It is said to be brilliant and wholesome—no escaping gas, no polluted air, no injury inflicted on eyes and lungs. "In short," it is perfect. We wait the importation of this luxury.

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Fig. 1.—White Tarlatan Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Pink Silk and Silk Gauze Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-4.

Fig. 3.—Blue Silk and Tulle Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Pink Silk Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Maize Gros Grain Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—White Swiss Muslin Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 5 and 6.

Fig. 7.—Blue Silk and Striped Grenadine Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig.

Figs. 1–14.—BALL

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Fig. 9.—NILE GREEN GROS GRAIN AND SILK GAUZE DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 7-9.

Fig. 10.—CHERRY-COLORED SATIN AND FIGURED BLACK TULLE DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 10-15.

Fig. 11.—BLUE CREPE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 12.—PINK TARLATAN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 13.—LILAC GROS GRAIN DRESS WITH TRAIN HOOKED ON.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 14.—LILAC TARLATAN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

ENING DRESSES.

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UNREFLECTING CHILDHOOD AND AGE.

IT is, indeed, a little while
Since you were born, my happy pet:
Your future beckons with a smile;
Your by-gones don't exist as yet.
Is all the world with pleasure rife?
Are you a little bird that sings
Her simple gratitude for life,
And lovely things?

The ocean, and the waning moons,
And starry skies, and starry dells,
And winter sport, and golden Junes,
And Art divine, and Beauty-spells;
Festa, and song, and frolic wit,
And banter, and domestic mirth—
They all are mine—ay, is not it
A pleasant earth?

And poet friends, and poesy,
And precious books, for any mood;
And then that best of company—
Those graver thoughts in solitude,
That hold us fast, and never pall;
And then there's You, my own, my fair—
And I—I soon must leave it all—
And much you care!

EUPHEMIA'S MUSIC-BOX.

THE music-teacher was in love with Effie. That would not have mattered much, had it been all; but it was not all. Effie was in love with the music-teacher! and that did matter so considerably that, on becoming known, it raised a very pretty domestic whirlwind. Mr. Ralston, at the best of times what is euphemistically termed "warm-tempered," on this occasion imagined, not perhaps wholly without reason, that he had a right to uncork the hottest vials of his wrath. Uncorked they were, accordingly, in a way to terrify the whole household, and especially the poor little sinner on whose head the boiling water fell. He stormed, he stamped, he did all but swear; indeed, I am by no means sure that there might not have been heard one or two small words of the sort that the recording angel loves to blot. In this case, however, the tear that followed was shed by Effie, and doubtless only made the mark the blacker. But we must go back a little to see how all this mischief came about.

Mr. Ralston had but two children, little Nan, and Effie the culprit, who, at seventeen, was in mind and body the image of her dead mother, and the very heart's delight of her father. She was one of those girls who are a perpetual trial and mystery to the extremists of social reform; one of the weak sisters who stand like so many stumbling-blocks in the path of progress, so carefully and laboriously prepared. But the world has its use for the weak sisters, and—a fact which should teach the extremists to make their position irresistible by combining the two—often sets sweetness quite as high as strength. And Effie was very sweet—a loving, simple, trustful nature; a hearth-flower which would shed about a home a constant bloom and fragrance, and keep to the last much of its early freshness. The little ten-year-old Nan was of quite another type; she had a touch of her father's temper, together with a certain cool audacity which promised well for the future. When grown she would find it easy enough to manage herself—and, for that matter, others too. Already even she began to take rather patronizing airs toward poor Effie, who had always leaned on somebody, and always would so lean as long as she lived. But such a soft and lovely vine was far from an irksome burden to the trunk that felt its clinging embrace.

Naturally the daughters of the wealthy Mr. Ralston were expected at the proper time to do their part toward upholding and adorning that social structure of which they were a part—in other words, to "come out" in society, like most girls of their standing. But Effie at seventeen was rather delicate, and her father thought it would be time enough a year or two later to launch her on the troubled waters. So, to her own great delight, she was allowed to stay at home in the quiet country place, happy with her books, her music, her rambles, and contented with the society of her father, her sister, and—the music-teacher! And, having got so far, we must once more take a step backward.

Miss Wylde, the governess, had been in the family from even before the death of Mrs. Ralston, nine years earlier. She was a very superior lady, Miss Wylde; but she was not exempt from the common failings of humanity. One of these had assailed her in the previous October in the shape of a cold, which had taken its revenge for neglect by assuming proportions so alarming that the physician peremptorily ordered her a winter in a warm climate. Mr. Ralston was a generous man, and, moreover, regarded Miss Wylde as the treasure she undoubtedly was. When the edict went forth he took the arrangement on himself, and without loss of time sent off the governess in search of her fountain of health.

But with her departure came up an important question. Who was to replace her? No one, insisted her pupils; and, to tell the truth, her own voice was not loud in opposition. Miss Wylde, as I have said, was a superior woman, and, as such, very properly aware of the fact. It was not so much with scorn as with a certain pitying disapprobation that she looked down from her height on the overwhelming majority of her sex who stood below. That one of these should thrust her unworthy self into a position so long and so perfectly filled—should come to neutralize, who could say? perhaps even to undo, the careful work of years—that would surely be a crying shame. So she reasoned, and from such reasoning she spoke. She would come back with the early summer at latest: for so short a time it would hardly be worth while to bring a stranger into the house. Thanks to her faithful efforts—and as she felt it her heart swelled with a mild exultation—Effie was quite capable not only of continuing her own studies, but of overseeing those of little Nan.

So the question was settled, and with it Effie's whole future. Tall oaks are continually growing up from such small acorns. For a time all went well with Miss Wylde's plan. Nan was an uncommonly bright child, and could learn readily enough when she chose. But then she did not always choose. The shoe generally pinches somewhere, and presently it became pretty evident where the pinch was here. In obedience to the modern musical principle of making bricks without straw, Nan, although not greatly gifted with melody, was made a daily sacrifice all the same to the piano Juggernaut, and for two mortal hours was metaphorically crushed beneath its weight. With Miss Wylde for high-priestess the ceremony really meant something, and the child did make progress, though sorely against her will. But with Effie in authority the whole thing was a farce. On one pretext or another the victim was perpetually crawling from under the chariot wheels. So it went on from bad to worse, till one day a chance, if such a thing there be, brought Emma Ritchie to witness one of these performances. Miss Ritchie was a musician, and Miss Ritchie was authoritative; and here was matter to exercise both qualities.

"The child is too much for you—that's the truth, Effie," said she. "Of course nobody would dream of minding you. What she needs is a real teacher. I know just the one; I'll arrange it all for you, and you'll see Nan will make at least as much progress as with Miss Wylde—to say nothing of the benefit to your Italian."

There was no great love lost between Miss Wylde and Miss Ritchie, who was also, after her own sort, a superior woman. Of course she had it all her own way with Effie. And so Luigi Nardi came into Mr. Ralston's house.

Without a question Miss Ritchie was right. Nan certainly did make progress; and so did her sister, though in a rather unlooked-for direction. Effie's Italian was undoubtedly improved; and it never occurred to her that one little heart was a high price to pay for a perfect accent. For, indeed, the mischief was done before either suspected it.

The Italian is a dangerous language. It is spoken music, and those soft Southern syllables lost none of their sweetness on the lips of Signor Nardi. What though not one word of love was spoken? to him who could read intonations the echoes of the old parlor could have told over and over again the tale which it was reserved for the youthful Nan to tell by-and-by. And this was how she came to tell it.

When the delicious spring weather begins to open leaf and blossom one must be harder than stick or stone to resist the influence of the faint sunbeams and the soft airs that seem to blow, not from east or west, north or south, but straight out of heaven. Effie and her Italian were young; they were in love; they were neither sticks nor stones. So they fell very easily into the habit of deserting the house for the garden as soon as Nan's hour of sacrifice was over. There they would pace up and down the leafy paths, each morning greener than the day before, murmuring their sweet Italian words to the accompaniment of light winds, and now and then perhaps a little flurry of rain from a thin cloud through which the sun was shining. Not love-making, indeed; no, but something far more dangerous with all that subtile element which somehow escapes when love is deliberately made and put into words.

It was a very pleasant place, that large, rambling old Ralston garden. With every thing that common gardens possess, it had, besides, odd nooks where one might hide away among rocks, and little curves, and jets of water, and dim, moist greenery, and make a tiny world for himself. And over the high wall that separated garden and orchard fresh smells from apple and cherry and peach blossoms were continually flying to coquet with the neighboring sweetness of the thick syringa hedges and the early lilies and hyacinths, and to wonder and whisper and play together about Adam and Eve wandering happily around their Eden.

Naturally there was a serpent in the Paradise, and, naturally again, it was the serpent that caused the gates to close on the unlucky pair. It was an adder that had been tempted out of some stony cleft to unroll his beautiful, wicked stripes and rings in the warm spring sun. He came curling straight across the path, and there stopped, with head uplifted, still and watchful.

At that moment they were looking at each other. Eve saw nothing in all the world but the face above her; but Adam was of a goodly height, as an Adam should be, and as he bent his head and gazed down into the blue eyes raised, yet drooping, beneath his own, he saw the glitter of the coils lying at her very feet. In an instant he had caught her up out of danger, and then, while she leaned yet a moment on him, bewildered and afraid, he forgot every thing that he had been forcing himself to remember, forgot every thing but that he loved her and that she was in his arms. He kissed the little head fallen on his shoulder, the soft rings of fluttering hair, the blue eyes that closed at the touch, the color that trembled into the white forehead. But when, somewhat recovering herself, she made a movement to escape, he released her instantly.

They walked on together, but in silence, under a new heaven, over a new earth. To Effie every familiar feature of the garden path was strange: the buzzing of the wild bees on the syringa blossoms rang loud in her ears, and the long willow branches blowing toward her seemed to reach out hands and speak to her. As for Luigi, his pulses were all quivering; he could scarcely have spoken coherently. When they reached the garden gate he took her hand abruptly, raised it between both his own to his lips, and went away without a word.

Naturally they had been too much occupied with each other to remember any thing else, even the small companion who was wont to form a running accompaniment to their loitering. But that innocent had by no means forgotten them. She had desisted from her lady-bug hunt among the rose-bushes to watch with keen delight the new and interesting drama enacting at a little distance. Here, now, was something quite out of the common way. Often as she had been with them they had never done so before. Instantly they assumed new interest in her eyes; not a movement, not a look, escaped her, as she proved that very evening, when, benevolently seeking to make her father share her new enjoyment, she recounted with surprising accuracy the whole scene: how Signor Nardi had held Effie like *that* ("*that*" being a print of the "Huguenot Lovers" on the opposite wall); how Effie had cried a little and turned very red, but Signor Nardi had been as white as paper; how they must, after all, have been angry with each other, for they did not speak one word afterward, not even when Signor Nardi went away; how he had forgotten to raise his hat, but had held Effie's hand up to his face. At which period, having a strong appreciation of dramatic points, she paused to note the effect.

And whatever her expectations, they must have been fully equaled. Mr. Ralston had hitherto remained silent, at first through utter stupefaction, then, by a mighty effort, from a desire to know the worst. But when that small voice ceased to speak his own took up the word after a fashion that beggars description. Poor Effie! poor little trembling culprit, dragged suddenly out of her sunshine to see the falling thunderbolt, that terrified her at the instant, and blasted all her hopes in the future!

Naturally the Italian lessons were not resumed. Effie's accent suffered, and so did her heart. The only gainer by the affair was Miss Nan, who rested from her labors, so far as the piano was concerned, and reveled in inglorious ease until the return of Miss Wylde.

When that superior woman did come back the whole business was confided to her. Mr. Ralston would gladly have let it die out in silence if that might have been, but he was not wholly at ease concerning Effie. There was a change in the girl. She did not fret nor sulk, but one could see how she pined. Her little heart was grieving, grieving day and night. The pathos of her quiet young face, the mute, unconscious appeal of her eyes, were so many reproaches to the father, who was fain to call in some judgment to aid his own.

Miss Wylde was strongly attached to the family and the family interests, with which she had come to identify her own. This unhappy episode afflicted her sincerely, and even the reflection that it was all the work of Emma Ritchie's officious folly could afford her no more than a passing gleam of comfort. At first she tried upon her pupil the mild, calm reasoning which had so often proved effective. But here Effie baffled her at the outset. She would rather not talk of it, she said: would Miss Wylde be so kind as never to mention it again? She spoke very softly, very sweetly; but somehow Miss Wylde was conquered at once, and knew that she was so. She felt that the child, whose plastic nature she had been wont to control and convince, had disappeared forever, and in her place was a woman, with a woman's power of silent suffering and silent resistance. She never attempted the argument again. She advised Mr. Ralston to show his daughter a little of the world; among the pleasures natural to her age she would most readily forget what probably only her youth and inexperience had glorified into a romance; a very slight comparison of men and things would show her in their true light this Italian music-teacher and the position he could offer her. Miss Wylde was an excellent generalizer; but when it came to particulars she sometimes failed, as generalizers have a way of doing. She had a most admirable knowledge of the abstract human heart, but of the mysterious springs of that girlish heart beating beside her she knew absolutely less than nothing.

So Effie went out into the world, according to order, to make her first trial of the round of pleasures which society has agreed to find amusing. Did they amuse her? She was very patient, very gentle; she never, by word or by look, objected to the gayeties planned for her; and if she did not carry to them a smiling face, she did not carry a sad one either. She was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve. These seemingly slight natures often astonish us with this power of quiet endurance. Whether the strength has all the while been latent, ready for the struggle, or whether to be so utterly absorbed by a master passion is but another form of the same weakness, is a question for psychologists to decide. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that there is scarcely any obstinacy like that of an ordinarily yielding nature of which some strong feeling has taken possession.

Effie went, then, very obediently through the prescribed routine. But when the first truant airs from the soft south began to stir in sense and spirit a feeling of coming spring, she begged them to let her go back to the old country place—begged them so earnestly that they could not refuse her. And there in the stillness and solitude remembrance came back fully, mingled of the subtilest pleasure and pain. There was not a sight, not a sound, not a breath of those spring days that was not linked with her lost happiness. She had seen him first in the early spring-time. Her love had silently budded and grown and unfolded with the growing leaf and blossom, to burst at last like them into a fullness of flower and sweetness that made of the dry old earth a new world of living beauty. Often now, waking in the early dawn, she heard the soft, unequal patter of April showers, and at intervals a faint bird-twitter; and memory was kind, and brought back the vanished days, and she lived an hour of exquisite delight. But with the uncertain twilight the dream faded too, so that when the clear morning beams drove away the shadows, and possibility changed into reality, she would bury her face in her pillow and weep burning, blinding tears, that seemed to pour out her life with them.

Her real existence was in those twilight hours. The rest of the day was only a monotonous stretch without meaning or interest. She was very silly, very weak, no doubt; I do not defend her; I only tell her story—a story, perhaps, not so very uncommon after all. It is easy to laugh at the power of love—over another. Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love; yet so long as the earth stands, and men and women walk upon it, love will be the making or marring of some lives. Mock or deny, human nature will be human nature to the end of the chapter.

They did not suspect it—she did not suspect it herself—but Effie Ralston was falling into a very dangerous state. She was losing not merely strength, but that vital grasp and instinct which is life itself. The world was quietly slipping from her, and she held out no hand to stay herself. They did not guess this, I have said, but still Miss Wylde had a vague uneasiness on the child's account. She felt that all was not well with her—felt it so strongly that at last she was impelled to speak to Mr. Ralston.

"By-the-way," she began, with that exaggerated carelessness which always defeats itself, "if you see Doctor Denny, will you ask him to come out in the course of the week? I should like to have him see Effie."

Mr. Ralston, while waiting for his carriage, was amusing himself by tightening his umbrella strap. "What's the matter with Effie?" he said, without raising his eyes.

"Well," rejoined Miss Wylde, with a world of cautious meaning in that prolonged utterance, "Effie is not as strong as I could wish. The spring weather is coming on, and perhaps—"

"Humph! spring weather!" growled Mr. Ralston. "The spring weather has come on seventeen times before since she was born, and she was never the worse for it. Miss Wylde, I ask you what is the matter with Effie?" and this time he looked full into her face. Miss Wylde, thus urged, spoke with a painful effort:

"Mr. Ralston, I don't wish to alarm you, but it is my duty to tell you I am afraid—I am *afraid* the child is going—as her mother went."

Mr. Ralston turned abruptly and walked the length of the piazza without a word. "I'll speak to the doctor," he said, shortly, when he came back. Then, after a moment's pause, "Where is Effie?"

She was in the garden with Nan. Mr. Ralston fidgeted about a little, then went slowly in the direction Miss Wylde had pointed out.

He found the two in a green corner by the orchard wall, Nan pursuing a hapless toad through a clump of syringa-bushes, and Effie curled up in a great garden chair, her chin resting on her hands clasped over the back, her eyes lost in the blossom-cloud hovering overhead, and dropping at the faintest stir a little scented shower. She lay there so white, so utterly motionless, that there went like a knife through the father's heart the fear of that possible day when he should see those hands folded ready to be laid to rest forever.

"Don't shake the bushes like that, child," he said, rather sharply, to the nearly invisible Nan. "You scatter the dew all over your sister. Well, Effie," turning with a softness that made itself apparent through the assumed indifference, and drawing the fleecy little shawl closer about her shoulders, "what do you want in town to-day? I'm just off."

"Oh, papa!" eagerly put in Nan, coming to the light in an indescribable state of disorder, "*I* want a horse with a big soldier on him, and a sword, and—and all like Jimmy Johnson has."

"I dare say you do. I'll pull Jimmy Johnson's ears like he never felt before for teaching you such expressions. But you have not said what you want, Effie?"

"Nothing, I think, thank you, papa," was the listless answer.

"Why, what a lucky little woman!" he said, jestingly, wondering the while that he had never before noticed the heavy head, the pinched outline, the unnaturally blue, transparent veins. "Perfectly contented; not a wish in the world! So you have got every thing you want, Effie?"

Effie raised her eyes suddenly. There was no conscious reproach in them, perhaps hardly any conscious meaning; but not the less was their language as intelligible as words to her father. It was with some effort that he kept up the light tone.

"As if there ever was a woman yet who didn't find something to want! If you won't tell me, I shall have to guess it out for myself."

"I'll tell you what she wants, papa," said Nan, the ever-ready. "A great big music-box like Miss Bacon's. She said so yesterday. And it plays 'Hear me, Norma,' and—"

"She shall have the largest music-box in New York, to play every tune from 'Yankee Doodle' to 'Old Hundred,'" emphatically declared Mr. Ralston, whose ideas, it is to be feared, were somewhat misty concerning the music-box capacity. Then, with a parting injunction about the damp grass, he went away.

But the fates were clearly against Mr. Ralston's getting to town early on this particular morning. He had barely reached the piazza when

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a carriage dashed up the avenue, and a stoutish gentleman, bearded like a patriarch, got down.

"Bless my soul! Doctor Dick!" exclaimed Mr. Ralston, after a moment's incredulous stare. "You don't mean it's really you?"

"I look like a ghost, don't I?" said the other, as the two hands met in a hearty grip. "Stolen a march on you this time, hey?"

It was Mr. Ralston's brother-in-law. Dr. Miller. For many years he had lived a road, only occasionally visiting his friends at home. Now he had taken a fancy to drop down upon them quite unannounced, "like thunder out of a clear sky," as Mr. Ralston said.

"And where are the babies?" he asked, presently. "Effie's a woman grown now, I suppose?—her mother over again if she is like what she promised three years ago." And his voice lost its hearty ring, for that only sister had all her life been his pet and darling.

They went together to Effie. The doctor's manner seemed careless enough; he laughed, and even made Effie laugh a little; but the narrow scrutiny, the adroit questioning, did not escape Mr. Ralston's awakened perception. He feared, yet was impatient, to speak to him alone.

Neither mentioned just at first the subject nearest their hearts. Each waited for the other to prepare the way.

"And what do you think of Effie?" said Mr. Ralston at last, carelessly.

"What do I think of her?" repeated Dr. Miller, drumming on the carriage arm, and frowning off on the green spring landscape.

"She is very much like her mother," pursued Mr. Ralston, uneasily.

"*Too* much like her mother," said the other, dryly. Then, turning suddenly: "Don't you see it, Ralston? The child is going—as her mother went."

For the second time that day he heard that terrible sentence pronounced. He shrank away from it as if from a blow.

"Don't say that!" he pleaded, huskily. "She is very young; she has grown fast—"

"But, good God! what a change in three years!" interrupted Dr. Miller, almost angrily. "Thin, pale, listless; do girls of eighteen look like that generally? No, no, no!" and he sank back with a heavy sigh.

"Ralston," he began again, suddenly, "has Effie any trouble on her mind?"

Mr. Ralston fidgeted under the keen eyes regarding him. "Trouble? how do you mean? There—what's the good? Yes, she has."

"Ah! some sort of love disappointment, perhaps?"

"Precisely that."

"And what was the difficulty?"

"Oh! it wasn't the right sort of thing at all," was the short answer.

"Why not?"

"Well, the man was an Italian—and a musician—"

"Well?"

"Well!" retorted Mr. Ralston, testily, feeling he was being driven to ground—"don't I tell you he was an It—"

"Oh, but that's nonsense, of course," said the doctor, with a cheerful directness. "It covers altogether too much ground. You might as reasonably say he is an American and a shoe-maker, and *therefore* a suitable match for Effie. Dante was an Italian, and Beethoven a musician, but you've got the bust of one and the poems of t'other in your library."

Mr. Ralston was silent. The doctor went on: "The only question here is of the individual. What's wrong with the man himself?"

"Nothing that I know of," admitted Mr. Ralston, reluctantly enough.

"Just tell me the whole story, will you?" said Dr. Miller.

"It appears to me he has behaved with a good deal of delicacy," he said, finally, "if he were a dozen Italians and the rest of it rolled together. I understand your prejudices perfectly, even if I don't share them; in an ordinary case perhaps I should not oppose them; but I know Effie's temperament; it is her mother's over again. She'll never get over such a disappointment; she'll make no fuss about it, but just quietly pine herself to death. It's of no use to fight against nature, take a doctor's word for it. Make the best of the matter; it is not so bad if the man is what you tell me. Effie is very young," he continued, after a pause, "and I think as yet there is no seated disease. But you have no time to lose if you want to save her. As the Lord hears me, Robert, I believe you hold your daughter's life or death in your hands."

He spoke with a solemnity which startled Mr. Ralston, who had good reason for trusting much in the physician's judgment. Long after Dr. Miller had left him, those words seemed to ring in his ears. Was he then really the arbiter of his child's fate? And should he doom himself to see her mother die again in her? He felt that he could not do it, that he would make any sacrifice to preserve her to him. Then he remembered that Dr. Miller had said there was no time to lose, and a fear sickened him lest it might be even now too late.

The poor little daughter at home was thinking in some degree the same thoughts. She did not suspect that she was slowly dying, but lately, wearying more and more of the empty stir and noise about her, she had felt that it would be very sweet to slip somehow out of the confusion, to lie down somewhere in perfect rest. It was only the slipping of another anchor by which the boat held to land.

I am afraid as she sat in the garden, almost as her father had left her that morning, the music-box he was to bring her had but little share in her languid musings. She had for a moment envied Miss Bacon, but that was because her music-box was just then playing a soft little Neapolitan air very frequent on Luigi Nardi's lips in that past time. Latterly he had had a way of greeting her with the fragment of which they were fondest, while he took her hand and looked into her eyes; so it had become wholly associated with him and with his coming, and she had thought she would like to be able to cheat herself into an instant's expectation of his presence. Otherwise the music-box was only a music-box to her—a thing of mere wood and workmanship.

But at last a message came to rouse her from the reverie in which she had been hearing without noticing Nan's busy prattle. Her father had returned, bringing with him the promised music-box. Would she come to the library to see it? Nan, at the first word, shot off to the house like an arrow; Effie followed slowly.

But when she opened the library door she saw no music-box, no father nor sister—only Luigi Nardi standing before her, and looking at her with the same look in the soft dark eyes that she had seen there—was it really a year ago, that strange, exquisite last day, or had she only dreamed the misery that lay between, and waked up now to take up her happiness where she laid it down then?

His voice drew her a little from her bewilderment. "I am given to you," he said. "Will you come and look at your property?" Lips and soft dark eyes smiled together and said, Come! and without a word she went to him.

While they stood together there began a great fumbling and talking outside, enough to have allowed a dozen pairs of lovers to take up discreetly remote positions; then the door slowly opened, and Nan's little dark curly pate was thrust in, followed by Mr. Ralston's grizzled head. Effie ran to her father and hid her face on his shoulder silently. Only the tears spoke for her. As for him, he felt a sort of lump in his throat that hindered his speaking just at first.

"I don't suppose you'll care about the other now," he said, finally, with a rueful abruptness, "but it's in the parlor when you want to see it. I don't know the rights of it, but—but I suppose Loojy here does." Here the lump came back again harder than ever, but he swallowed it bravely, and held out his hand to the Italian.

"His name *isn't* Loojy, papa," remonstrated Nan, patronizingly; "it's Luigi, Loo-ee-gee," slowly enunciating the syllables for the benefit of her deluded parent.

"And how do you know my name so well, *piccola?*" said the Italian, smiling down at her.

"I've heard Effie say it to herself sometimes when she cried," answered the innocent, in a clear voice.

The black eyes flashed a look round at the blushing face that was trying to shrink out of sight. "Please God she shall cry no more!" he exclaimed, fervently.

The low tone had a passion, and, better yet, an earnest tenderness, that struck home to the father's heart, which, for the first time, went out warmly to the young man. "Only make her happy—it is all I ask," he said, brokenly, and once more stretched out his hand, this time with a cordial impulse. The two hands met in a grasp that meant a reconciliation and a pledge.

"And now for the music-box and 'Hail, Columbia,'" he said, cheerfully, after a little. And to this day I doubt if one of the party, unless it might be Nan the superior, has clearly known if it were "Hail, Columbia," or "Hear me, Norma," with which Effie's music-box greeted them.

THE LADY CORRESPONDENTS AT WASHINGTON.

IF the follies of fashion have given us much to censure, they have done at least some good in the industries they have created and encouraged. One of these industries, and by no means the smallest, is the newspaper correspondence on life in the social centres, conducted by women; and chief among this correspondence is that from the national capital. As the gayeties there resume their sway at the same moment that political life waxes warm, a troop of brilliant women are at hand to serve as chroniclers of the fast and furious fun, and to set the scenes before us so vividly that in reading we seem to be a part of them.

It would be difficult to award the palm to any one of these ladies in preference to the others; but, perhaps, in the scope of her reminiscences, if in nothing else, it could be claimed by Grace Greenwood, whose previous residence in Washington, and long-standing friendships with people in power and people who have passed from power, give her some advantages that her contemporaries do not possess. Thoroughly at home there—her husband being established in one of the departments—on intimate terms with all the old clique of the *National Era*—charming people, whose refinement and accomplishments ornament one of those inner circles of Washington to which every stranger does not gain immediate admittance, once only holding their own through much tribulation, but now at the top of the wave—well acquainted, too, with most of the notables, and taking an active interest in affairs, she is able to make her letters in the New York *Times* exceedingly entertaining reading. Her style is rather dashing and reckless, and therefore, as may be supposed, always very bright and gay; she never spoils a joke for relation's sake, as the saying is; she sees in a flash the ludicrous side of every subject, but is capable of mounting to great heights of serious eloquence and earnestness. She is a tall, dark-eyed, handsome woman, often to be seen, late in the day, in the Senate gallery, where she seems to find enjoyment more to her mind than in the bedlam at the other end of the building, and always welcome every where.

Another correspondent of some years' standing is Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, a pretty woman, rosy and blue-eyed, and with a genial smile that wins friends wherever it is seen. Mrs. Ames has been the correspondent of the *Independent* for a long while, and very little either in politics or in society escapes her vigilant eye. Her letters are never censorious; where she can not speak kindly she prefers silence, and her good nature and freedom from jealousy are proverbial among the aspiring young letter-writers who visit the city, thinking to leap at once into epistolary fame, and finding the task a very different thing from the expectation.

A third correspondent is Mrs. Briggs—Olivia of the Philadelphia *Press*. Washington is Mrs. Briggs's home for a part of the year, her husband being one of the officials of Congress, and she consequently, in the matter of permanence and long acquaintance, has a decided and desirable foothold. Mrs. Briggs is a very energetic and enthusiastic correspondent, apparently thoroughly happy in her profession; her letters are sprightly and appreciative, and, what is of more value yet, very "newsy," and are constantly quoted from in the various newspapers of the country. Personally, Mrs. Briggs is pleasing, while her graceful manners and *savoir faire* are enviable possessions to those who have not moved in society so long as she has done.

Another, of equal rank with any of the correspondents mentioned, is Miss Austine Snead—"Miss Grundy" of the *World*. This young lady is a Kentuckian, who warmly espoused the Union side in the late war, and who deserves not only all the credit which that fact may bestow, but the additional credit of being one of the very few Southern women who consider work honorable. She wrote her first letters when very young; but their vivacity and true journalistic quality at once attracted attention, and procured for her an engagement on a paper which seems to be unable to dispense with her services, and which sells a large portion of its Sunday edition by reason of her contributions. Miss Snead's duties have been more arduous than those of the other correspondents, often involving the necessity of driving from a ball with her chaperon to telegraph its description before midnight; and besides recording the various phases of fashion as they pass, she has written long and interesting articles concerning the historical things of Washington, and full of items gathered from those old residents who were a part of the early life of the republic. A very fine series of letters was written by her at one time for the New York *Evening Post*, giving the story of all the houses surrounding Lafayette Square, and containing much of the minor romance of history. Miss Snead is still quite young, and with her fair skin and hazel eyes and tasteful dress, is as pretty and picturesque a sight herself as any in the gay scenes whose records she gives the world.

There are other correspondents going and coming for short seasons. The *Herald* last winter had quite an able social writer on its staff; Mrs. Calhoun, some winters since, wrote a few letters rich with keen characterization of the public men of the time, and which were then thought to be the most brilliant things of the kind that had been done; Shirley Dare now and then appears upon the scene; the charming and talented Miss Hutchinson, of the *Tribune*, goes on to report special matters in her own line; and this winter there are rumors that Nora Perry, whose articles in the Providence *Journal* have been greatly liked, may correspond from the capital; while it is possible that the same may be done by the lady whose clear and complete reports to the *Tribune* of the proceedings of the Radical and the Woman's Club, of Boston, under the signature of "L. C. M.," evince great and marked ability for the work in which Donn Piatt, Gath, Swinton, and so many others have won fame, and in which there are none whose geniality and thorough acquaintance with men and things exceed that of our own correspondent, "Raconteur."

Meantime, this winter, as in so many past winters, there will probably drift to Washington a score of unfortunate young writers, who fancy that correspondence from the capital is something as easily arranged as a private letter home, and who find themselves presently stranded in the city in a helpless condition, but who, if they had taken more knowledge and calculation into their counsels before setting out on their ill-starred errand, would have saved themselves some very uncomfortable experience. Perhaps it would spare them much disappointment if it were remembered that, in order to enter merely the official society of Washington, a round of calls is necessary, at houses one and two miles apart, that absorb a large part of every day; that personal attendance upon the routs and receptions to be described is also necessary, and, unless an escort is "ready-made and provided" to walk home with in the small hours of the night in all sorts of weather, carriages must be hired at panic prices; that in such frequent visiting the possession of an ample and luxurious wardrobe is necessary in order not to be as much known by a toilette as if one were labeled and ticketed; that invitations to private balls and parties—of which the newspapers desire more detailed accounts than of the public ones, as they are apt to be more elegant, and which are given by people usually unknown to the stranger—are only to be procured at the cost of painful humiliation or sycophancy; for it is quite the custom among the fortunate and wealthy ladies of fashion to slur and slight as much as may be those letter-writers whose rank is not well assured enough to make the opposite course advisable. "You are welcome as an individual," said a hostess to a guest last winter, "but not as a correspondent." It is not such successful correspondents as those whom we have named, however, who are liable to such treatment; if court is not paid to them, as in many instances it is, a certain deference is accorded them, for their tact and talent have taught them how to give the public those details of the lives of its servants which it demands without infringing upon those details to which it has no right.

PLAYING-CARDS.

FEW who sit down to a pleasant game at whist or piquet have any idea how many centuries these painted bits of card have furnished amusement to the human race. Far away into the times of unwritten history the Chinese, Hindus, and Arabs were making their different combinations of a warlike game, bearing many relations to its sister, chess. On thin slips of ivory, mother-of-pearl, or wood the devices were painted for the hands of Oriental despots; no less than eight armies and eight players struggled for the victory, under the command of a king, a vizier, and an elephant. China seems to have been the home of their invention; from thence they passed on to India about 1120, and were soon adopted by the Arabs. The Crusaders in their turn learned the game of their foes; and from the number of decrees forbidding their use issued by the Church, we may believe that they were soon spread all over Europe. The first authentic mention that occurs of them is in a chronicle of Nicolas de Covelluzzo, a native of Viterbo, which says: "In 1379 the game of cards was introduced at Viterbo, from the land of the Saracens, and which is called by them *naïb*."

Nor can we suppose, with some learned critics, that cards were but the amusement of children. St. Bernard of Sienna and St. Antony of Florence would scarcely have used such strong language against their use had it been so. On the 5th of May, 1423, the former, standing on the steps of the Church of St. Petronius, spoke to an immense crowd assembled round him, poured forth his fulminations against games of chance, and exercised so much power over his audience that every one ran to fetch his cards, dice, and chess, and having brought them to this public place, burned them with his own hand, in the presence of the chief of the republic. This terrible *auto-da-fé* brought a card-maker, who was ruined by St. Bernard's sermon, to the holy man, saying, with tears, "Father, I am a manufacturer of cards; I have no other trade by which I can live; by hindering me from doing my work you condemn me to die of hunger." "If you know how to paint," was the reply, "copy this image." And he showed him a sun surrounded by rays of glory, in the centre of which was the monogram of Christ—I.H.S. The card-maker followed his advice, and soon enriched himself by this painting, which St. Bernard adopted for his symbol.

The first printed cards probably came from Germany. A pack of these are still in existence, engraved with the burin, which are supposed to be the work of Finiguerra or Mantegna, and at any rate belong to this period of Italian art. The design is at once simple and good in outline, the engraving fine and harmonious; they are divided into five series, each of ten cards, and bear the names of the muses, the sciences, the heavenly bodies, and the virtues. The so-called cards of Charles VI. of France, which are now in the Bibliothèque du Roi, in Paris, are probably the most ancient of any that are preserved in the various public collections of Europe. There are but seventeen, painted with all the delicacy of the miniatures in the illuminated manuscripts of the period on a gold ground, and surrounded by a silver border, in which is a ribbon rolled spirally round, done in points. There is the emperor in silver armor, a diadem of fleurs-de-lis on his head, and holding a globe and a sceptre; the pope with his triple crown, the Gospels and keys of St. Peter in his hands, and seated between two cardinals; the crescent moon rises above two astrologers in long furred robes, who are measuring the conjunctions of the planets with compasses; the fool wearing a cap with asses' ears, and a deep-pointed ruff round his neck, while four children are throwing stones at him; Death, mounted on a white horse, is throwing down kings, popes, and bishops; the House of God seems half devoured by flames; and finally, the last judgment shows us the dead rising from their tombs to the sound of trumpets.

As time passed on the figures on the cards changed with the costume of the time, according to the caprices of the court or the imagination of the maker. The pointed beard, heavy collar, and plumed hat appeared as the dress of the kings; the hair turned back and crimped, the lace collar, and the farthingale as that of the queens.

As regards England, though it received the game from a very early period through the trade it carried on with the Hanseatic and Dutch towns, yet it does not appear that any cards were manufactured there before the end of the sixteenth century, since, under the reign of Elizabeth, the government reserved to itself the monopoly of playing-cards imported from abroad. The oldest which are known, and which closely approach the early Italian packs, were discovered by Dr. Stukely in the binding of a book. They mark a very early period, when the arts of drawing, engraving, and printing were in their infancy. Spain received from the Arabs and the Moors the Eastern game of *naïb* long before cards were made at Viterbo; but when the latter were introduced they excited the utmost enthusiasm in the country, and a passion for the play became general; so much so that when the companions of Christopher Columbus, after their discovery of America, formed the first establishment in the island of San Domingo, they found nothing better to do than at once to manufacture cards from the leaves of trees.

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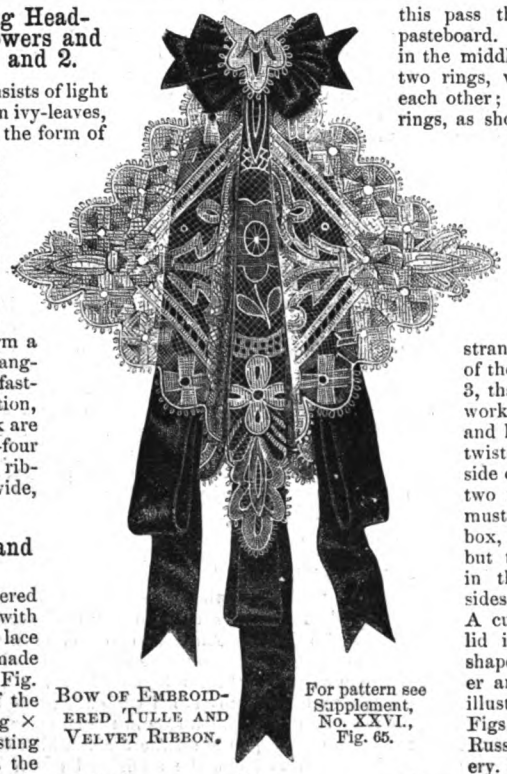
Fig. 1.—BALL AND EVENING HEAD-DRESS OF BLUE FLOWERS AND RIBBON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 64.

Ball and Evening Head-Dress of Blue Flowers and Ribbon, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS head-dress consists of light blue asters and maroon ivy-leaves, which are arranged in the form of a diadem on a double foundation of black stiff lace cut from Fig. 64, Supplement. This foundation is furnished with covered wire on the outer edge and along the straight lines; the back edge of the foundation is bent up to form a revers. On the right side a long, hanging spray of asters and leaves is fastened to the diadem (see illustration, Fig. 1). On the revers at the back are several loops, and two ends twenty-four inches long of light blue gros grain ribbon two inches and three-quarters wide, as shown by Fig. 2.

Bow of Embroidered Tulle and Velvet Ribbon.

THIS bow consists of a four-cornered piece of tulle, which is ornamented with embroidery of point lace braid and lace stitch; this part, however, may be made instead of figured tulle and lace. Fig. 65, Supplement, gives one-half of the pattern; pleat this piece, bringing × on ●, sew on a velvet bow, consisting of short loops and ends, along the straight line, turn down the projecting corner of tulle along the dotted line, and fasten it on the bow. On the under side of the tulle fasten loops and ends of black velvet ribbon an inch and three-quarters wide, as shown by the illustration.



BOW OF EMBROIDERED TULLE AND VELVET RIBBON.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 65.

Embroidered Cloth Rug.

See illustration on page 84.

THE middle part of this rug is of dark brown plush; the edge consists of three rows of leaves of brown cloth in three shades, which are arranged on a foundation of linen as shown by the illustration. Button-hole stitch all the leaves on the outer edge with light brown worsted, and work the veins with similar worsted in herring-bone stitch. Fig. 34, Supplement, gives the pattern for one of the larger outer leaves of the edge; the leaves of the two inner rows are cut from the same pattern, but smaller.

Embroidered Glove-Box, Figs. 1–4.

See illustrations on page 84.

THIS glove-box, consisting of two parts, is made of thick pasteboard, covered with gray silk, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with steel gray silk, and lined with gray satin. Fine gray silk cord edges the lid of the box, and coarse gray silk cords with tassels serve for closing; the latter cords are fastened in rosettes of large round steel beads and steel pivots by means of a slide ring. To make the box cut, first, for the under part a strip of pasteboard ten inches and three-quarters long and four inches and a quarter wide for the bottom, and a piece two inches and a half wide for the sides; the latter piece should be half an inch longer than the circumference of the bottom. To form the four corners cut four crosswise slits in the pasteboard through half its thickness; cut the first of these slits half an inch from one crosswise edge, and the remaining slits at the points which come on the corners of the bottom. Paste the ends of the strip on each other half an inch wide, in doing which the slits must be turned outward. Cover the bottom and sides first on both sides with net, and then with gray silk on the outside only; join the bottom with the sides, and in the middle of each of the two longer side pieces fasten the rosette of steel pivots and round steel beads which is shown in full size by Fig. 3, page 85; in doing this pass the needle through the pasteboard. Through the steel bead in the middle of each rosette slide two rings, which are slipped into each other; fasten on one of these rings, as shown by the illustration, a piece of coarse cord twenty-four inches long, which is worked lengthwise with gray saddler's silk in ribbed crochet stitch (a straight crocheted strip, the lengthwise sides of which are sewed together over a thick strand of cotton). Instead of the rosette shown by Fig. 3, that shown by Fig. 4 may also be worked; this consists of small cut and large round steel beads, and of twisted silk cord. Furnish the inside of the box with lining. The lid, two inches and a half high, which must be somewhat larger than the box, is made in a similar manner, but the edge of the lid is cut out in the middle of both lengthwise sides as shown by the illustration. A cushion of wadding is set on the lid in order to give it an arched shape; the pieces of silk for the cover are ornamented as shown by the illustration in the designs given on Figs. 38 and 39, Supplement, in point Russe and half-polka stitch embroidery. In completing the design, of which one-half only is given on Fig. 38, Supplement, the point marked *a* must come on the point marked *b*, and the point marked *b* must come on the point marked *a*.



WATCH-CASE WITH BEAD EMBROIDERY.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVII., Figs. 66 and 67.

Laundry Book, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on pages 84 and 85.

THIS book is made of pasteboard, covered on the outside with gray sail-cloth, which is ornamented in chain stitch embroidery with brown silk, and covered on the inside with brown silk. Tablets of thick paper are fastened inside of the cover of the book; on each of these tablets paste a strip of black slate-paper, on which the figures are to be written; a slate-pencil completes the arrangement. A silica tablet may be used instead. To make the book cut, first, for the halves of the cover two pieces of pasteboard nine inches long and four inches and a half wide; for the outer covering cut of sail-cloth one piece whole for both halves, leaving half an inch extra material for the back of the book. On this piece work the embroidery for the upper half of the cover in the design given by Fig. 35, Supplement. For the covering on the inside cut a piece of silk of the same size, and on the middle of it (the back of the book) fasten the tablets made of a double layer of thick paper by means of several long stitches. Join the embroidered piece with the silk lining over the card-board interlining, and sew on the band for the slate-pencil and the silk cord as shown by the illustration.



Fig. 2.—BALL AND EVENING HEAD-DRESS OF BLUE FLOWERS AND RIBBON.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 64.

Port-Folio with Application Embroidery.

See illustration on page 85.

THIS port-folio is made of sail-cloth, and is ornamented with



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED VELVET PALETOT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 16–19.



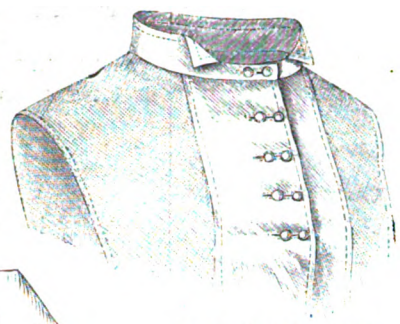
Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED VELVET PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 16–19.

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application figures and a binding a quarter of an inch wide of maroon kid; on the middle of the port-folio is an initial letter of maroon kid. Each half of the cover is furnished with a pocket on the inside. The blotting-paper inside of the port-folio is set in a lid of maroon moiré antique lined with white glazed paper. To make the port-folio cut of sail-cloth one piece twenty-seven inches long and ten inches wide, and on the crosswise edges of this strip cut out a flat piece; this part is afterward laid in a fold, at a distance of six inches and a half from each crosswise edge, in order to form the pockets. Work the embroidery for the upper half of the cover on the sail-cloth in the design given on Fig. 37, Supplement, and as shown by the illustration; the application figures are edged in half-polka stitch with maroon silk, and are ornamented besides with fine gold cord and black silk. The initial is worked to correspond with the remainder of the embroidery. Furnish the embroidered part with an interlining of thick paper, and with a lining of maroon moiré. The leather binding is fastened first on both crosswise edges, and then, after folding down the pocket pieces, on the free outer edges of the port-folio. Finally, fasten the blotting-paper into the port-folio by means of narrow silk ribbons. The monogram or initials of the owner may be embroidered on the covers.



FICHU-COLLAR WITH JABOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 20 and 21.



LINEN COLLAR WITH CHEMISETTE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 30.

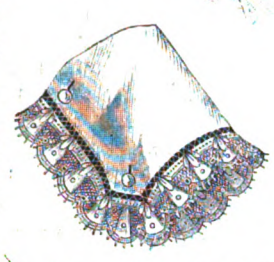


Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 27.



Fig. 1.—LINEN, INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Figs. 70 and 71.

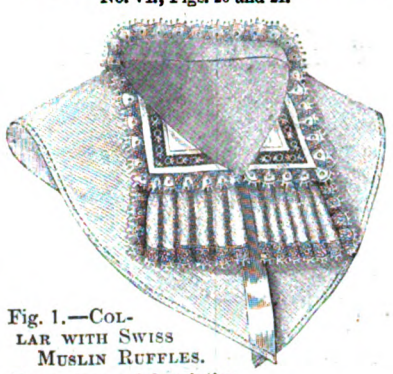


Fig. 1.—COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 22-24.

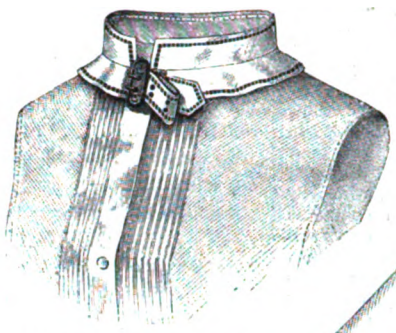


Fig. 1.—COLLAR WITH BUCKLE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 53-56.



Fig. 2.—CUFF FOR LINEN, INSERTION, AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIX., Fig. 72.

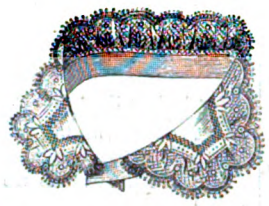


Fig. 1.—LINEN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 26.

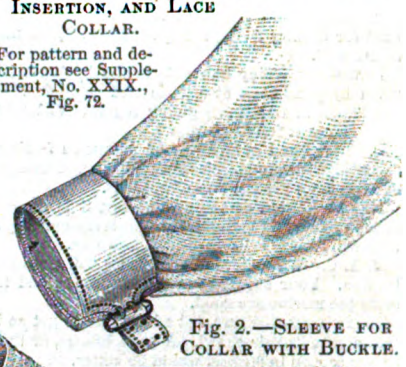


Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH BUCKLE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 57 and 58.

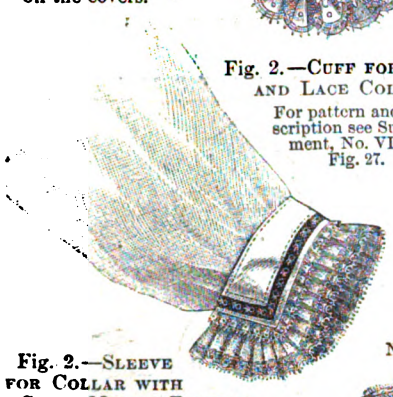
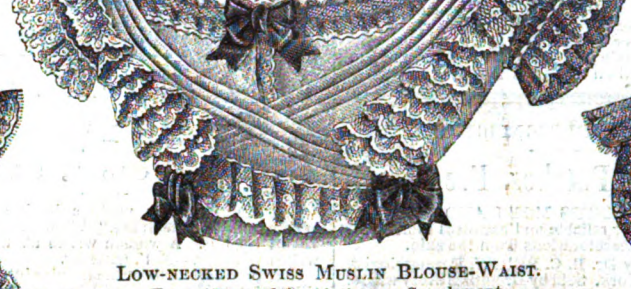


Fig. 2.—SLEEVE FOR COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 25.

Tapestry Border for Key-Bags, Napkin-Rings, etc.

See Illustration on page 84.

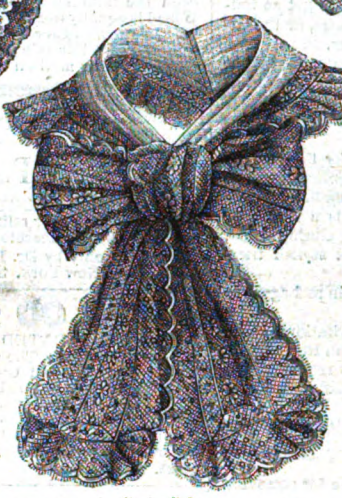
THIS border is worked on canvas with zephyr or tapestry worsted, silk, or beads, and forms a pretty border for fancy articles.



LOW-NECKED SWISS MUSLIN BLOUSE-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 49-52.



INSERTION AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVIII., Figs. 68 and 69.



SWISS MUSLIN, INSERTION, AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 29.



Fig. 2.—TRIMMING FOR BLOUSE-WAISTS, LINGERIE, ETC.

NOVEL NAMES.

THERE is no quotation for which we feel so decided a repulsion as that well-hacked quotation, that blunt, bent, jagged old saw, which works laboriously—"What's in a name?" Your "Foolometer" when busy with the rude carpentry he calls conversation, delights to rasp and flourish with this instrument. How many a snug, bald-headed, shining-faced bore has served up this quotation "all hot," as though it were a rare, even a new dish, "What's in a name?" to be surely followed by a complacent smile or laugh.

And nobody really agrees with the divine William on this point. The gentleman who exchanged Bugg for "Norfolk Howard" did not go with the bard; and we have all rather a weakness for a fair-sounding title. But there are two classes who differ "the whole sky" from the bard (or swan), and would intrude into that delicious garden scene with a serious protest. The answer of the public and the publishers to the question and following explanation, "What's in a name? the rose by any other name would smell as sweet," would be, bluntly, that "the name was every thing;" that all young ladies fling down contemptuously on the counter the work that the publisher's clerk offers if it be furnished with a disagreeable title. In this case, though the rose may smell as sweet, no one will take the trouble to smell it.

It is difficult to analyze this feeling. Though we may be pleasant on the novel-reading young ladies, the impression affects even the sage and whiskered pundit. The truth is, we confide, and always will confide, in human nature. We assume that the story and its title will faithfully reflect each other. They rarely do, however, for, as a rule, when the last chapter is "knocked off," the author devises half a dozen good titles, one of which is chosen after experiment and debate, chiefly in the test of its effect on the publisher, possibly a plain man, who says, "I like that," or, "I don't like that at all." The more flashy and sensational, the better the effect. Sometimes, in the case of a serial story, the name has to be selected "at the other end" before the story has fairly started; but here again it has little relation to the subject-matter, as the title is selected before the story has been written. The philosophy of novel-writing might fairly engage the speculation of a mind like that of Mr. John Stuart Mill, and with this philosophy the theory of names is not indistinctly connected. The list of writers is now swelled to hundreds, and why the most feeble-minded of either sex thinks he or she can sit down and tell a story, and secure an audience to listen, seems incomprehensible. The evil, however, will soon cure itself, for where all are story-tellers, the difficulty will be to find those who will listen. In the competition for an audience titles are at a premium, and the ingenious variety of nomenclature, as Doctor Johnson might phrase it, more than compensates for other deficiencies.

Among novel-writers the simple Christian name is by far the most popular. The lady writers are specially partial to it. Female names are particularly in favor. Thus we have Hannah, Edith, Polly, Hetty, Patty, Fanny, Daisy Nichol, Dorothy Fox, Estelle Russell, Esther West, Anne Furness, Bessy Raine, Janie, and a host more. Men are also in favor. Arthur, John, Hugh, Claude, with Harry Disney and Gerald Hastings. The places, too, where these ladies and gentlemen reside and carry on a part



WHITE CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 60-62.



VIOLET FLANNEL HOOD.
For description see Supplement.



RED CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Fig. 59.

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of their operations is also found useful, and thus we are introduced to Drayton Hall, Durnton Abbey, Earl's Dene, Dene Hollow, Ashcliffe Hall, Ferneyhurt Court, and other ancestral residences. The House of Percival and the House of Elmore have more a traditional interest, while the Home in Town has rather a metropolitan flavor. Many explanatory titles are naturally found: the Canon's Daughters, the Agent of Broomwarren, the Carylls, the Heir Expectant, the Heiress in her Minority, the Rector's Daughter, Doctor Jacob, and many more. This is a simple, straightforward way of going to work, and a number of quiet, easy-going readers rather relish such titles, as being significant of something like what some neighboring gossip would come in and retail. The adventures of Mary and Hannah promise something decorous, moral, and agreeable. Fairly to be included in this inviting class are those titles which ring their changes on somebody's wife, as Edward's Wife, Percy's Wife, James Gordon's Wife, which by anticipation give a picture of calm connubial bliss. These gentlemen are certain to turn out bookish, poetical men, worshiped by their ladies, but misunderstood, perhaps, and suffering in consequence. We can almost see James Gordon and Percy and Edward, one of whom at least must be a clergyman, preaching in a rich, full voice. There is the Doctor's Wife to keep the other ladies company.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS AMANDA.—White or pale-tinted grenadine will make a pretty dress for a Christmas party.—Harriet and Henrietta are considered the feminine of Henry, and Henry signifies uncertain.—Tinted paper is much used for writing notes, though white is by no means abandoned.

ECORETEAN.—Tiny bouquets in the button-hole are worn by gentlemen at parties and weddings. The gentlemen of the family giving the entertainment *do* wear gloves at full dress affairs.

C. C.—A band of the tips of peacock's feathers is put straight around black velvet hats; an erect aigrette of them is on the left side of bonnets.

NUNA.—Instead of being improper, it is the established custom, for ladies to send cards announcing that they will receive calls on New-Year's Day.

E. A. C.—We believe the polonaise will continue in fashion. Your suggestions about making and trimming the merino are good.

SEVENTY-SIX.—We do not advise you to get an imitation camel's-hair shawl. A good broché, or the Ottoman repped in stripes, would be better.

E. E. E.—Make your pretty garnet poplin with a demi-train and basque. Put a wide flounce on all but the front widths, and let it extend up the second side seam to the waist. Trim with velvet of the same shade and fringe.

LITTLE ROOK.—You can easily transfer the Supplement patterns by means of a copying-wheel—sold at this office for 25 cents. Braiding and embroidery are equally fashionable. Your cashmere is a very poor quality. The scallops, if made in long Gothic shape, might answer, but fringe is the most stylish trimming for a mantle.

MRS. L. M. R.—We have declined again and again to make purchases for our readers.

BACKWOODS KIT.—R. S. V. P. on invitations stand for French words which, translated, mean Reply if you please, and intimate that an answer is requested, accepting or declining the invitation.—Read reply above to "E. A. C."

ANNIE.—Make your wrapper by Watteau Wrapper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 42, Vol. IV. That paper will give you all the details.

WARTS.—We can not give you a recipe for removing warts. Our advice is, let them alone, as they will probably disappear after a time, and the severe remedies you are using may do you harm.

HOUSEKEEPER.—Put simple white fluted muslin, or else Nottingham lace, or guipure with small figures, inside the glass of your vestibule door.

HANNAH.—Astrakhan is the name given to the curly furs now worn. The low-priced Astrakhan sacques are often made of improperly dressed fur, the leather of which is made tender by acids used in dyeing them. When these are made up in sacques, it is impossible to distinguish them from good skins, hence the only safe way is to purchase from a reliable furrier, who sees the skins before they are put into the garment.

MARY GILBERT.—The Watteau mantle will answer for alpaca, and, indeed, any wool material of which suits are made.

E. R. D. AND E. M. F.—Issue the usual invitations to your phantom party, adding in the left-hand corner of the card *En costume fantôme*. Wear evening dress as for any other party. Ladies then envelope themselves in white gauzes, covering the head also, and gentlemen wear robes of muslin that cover them from head to foot. Pale, ghostly-looking masks are worn, and removed with the costume at supper.

ONE IN A QUANDARY.—We can't tell you any way of issuing party invitations that will dictate to certain gentlemen to bring certain ladies. You will have to write their notes separately making the request.

MARGERY.—Instead of buying back numbers of the *Bazar* to get the story of "Hannah," you had better buy it in book form. Harper & Brothers have it for sale for 50 cents, and will publish the "Lovels of Arden" in the same form when the story is completed.

FRIEND.—Trim your suit of plum blue satine with wide kilt pleating on the lower skirt, a bias band and fringe on the upper skirt and basque. Blue or rose ties can be worn with it. If your scarf is a wool broché or an India cashmere, you can wear it outside your cloak instead of fur in warm winter days. It is simply courteous to rise when being introduced to one who is standing.

EDNA.—Have your brown silk made with a rather long walking skirt, apron-front over-skirt, and basque. Trim with kilt pleating and fringe. Wear a standing fluting of Valenciennes lace, with a long Valenciennes bow in front. Make your black silk similarly, or by Marguerite polonaise pattern. Use passementerie and lace, or fringe, or ruffles of the material, for trimming.

HOUSEWIFE.—Parlors are not kept dark, as they were formerly. In Fifth Avenue houses the drawing-room windows are thrown open, and the lace curtains drawn back to let in the sunshine. Window gardening has brought this about, for the exotics in jardinières now seen in parlors require the sun.

DELHI.—Soutache is the name of the silk braid used for braiding suits. It is impossible for us to give you the number of yards you will require.

L. E. D.—We do not make purchases for our readers.—A tarlatan dress will cost from $50 to $125. Any of the large furnishing houses quoted in our New York Fashions will send it to you. We do not reply by mail.

MRS. G. D. W.—We shall take pleasure in answering your questions.

HARRIE.—Seal-skin caps are *not* worn on full dress occasions, but for shopping, promenading, skating, etc. Yes, many street dresses are worn long enough to touch the ground, but the *Bazar* recommends that they be made to escape it. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V., for hints about hair-dressing. The coiffure is worn half high and rather small.

BLACK THREAD LACE and CRAPES renewed. Crape Veils, Dresses, and Grenadines renovated, and made quite equal to new.—S. C. WARREN, 108 West 22d St., N. Y. Refer by permission to Crape Department, Lord & Taylor's, Broadway and 20th St.—[*Com.*]

DR. LOUIS A. SAYRE,

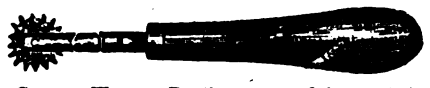
One of the most eminent physicians in the city of New York, has carefully examined the analysis made by the BOARD OF HEALTH of Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," and pronounced it entirely free from any material injurious to health, for beautifying the skin and removing all blemishes. It is the best preparation in the world.

Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

A PRIVATE revenue stamp three inches long, with a likeness of Mr. HALL in the centre, is placed over the cork of each genuine bottle of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. Take no other.—[*Com.*]

TRY *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. You will soon find it not only the best, but also the cheapest Baking Powder. Put up full, net weight.—[*Com.*]

BURNETT'S COCOAINE is the best hair-dressing.—[*Com.*]



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

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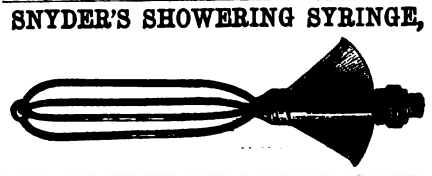
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FACETIÆ.

In a case of assault and battery, where a stone had been thrown by the defendant, the following clear and conclusive evidence was drawn out of a Jerseyman:

"Did you see the defendant throw the stone?"

"I saw a stone, and it's pretty sure the defendant throwed it."

"Was it a large stone?"

"I should say it wur a largish stone."

"What was its size?"

"I should say a sizable stone."

"Can't you answer definitely how big it was?"

"I should say it wur a stone of some bigness."

"Can you give the jury some idea of the stone?"

"Why, as near as I can recollect, it wur something of a stone."

"Can't you compare it to some other object?"

"Why, if I wur to compare it, so as to give some notion of the stone, I should say it wur as large as a lump of chalk."

"But the distance—how long was it?"

"Well, I should say about the length of a piece of string."

The height of stinginess is to grudge a steam-engine its fuel.

In a dialogue between a soldier and peasant at a *café*, the peasant, after stating that the country had been betrayed during the recent war, adduced as a proof that all the generals were living.

"Yes, not one has been killed."

"Not one!" replied the soldier, anxious for the honor of his general; "my general of brigade was killed twice!"

At a church of "color" near Albany, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and colored, standing upon the seats during service, called out, in a loud voice, "Git down off dem seats, bofe white man and color; I care no more for de one dan de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly singing, in short metre,

"Git down off dem seats,
Bofe white man and color;
I cares no more for one man
Dan I does for de odder."

Give a donkey thistles if you want to coax him.

Both watermen and wild Indians feather their skulls.

LONG AND SHORT TIME.—How fast time flies when you are working against it, how slowly when you are working to fill it up! What a difference between trying to get your work done before your dinner hour, and trying to fill up your hour before dinner with work!

An Iowa man reported that he couldn't find a word in the dictionary, because the book hadn't an index.

A NOD FELLOW—Morpheus.

A young student wants us to tell him if W-o-r-c-e-s-t-e-r spells Wooster, why R-o-c-h-e-s-t-e-r don't spell Rooster? We give it up, as we are not engaged in getting up dictionaries.

A WATCH-WORD—Tick.

A LIBERAL MEASURE—Thirteen to the dozen.

"Dreadful event this, Sir, that has happened," said an individual to a Scotchman.

"Bless me, what is't?"

"Why, your neighbor —— has committed suicide."

"Guid gracious! wha on?" anxiously inquired the bailie.

THE READY-MONEY SYSTEM—Dun, or be done.

AN ILLINOIS WEDDING.—A young and newly fledged justice of the peace out in Illinois was recently called upon for the first time to marry a couple. He nervously looked through "Every Man his Own Lawyer," and "Haines's Township Laws," but failed to find the desired form. The crowd grew impatient, and he told the couple to hold up their right hands. This done, he pronounced the following charge: "You and each of you do solemnly swear that in the cause now upon hearing you will tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, and that you will love, honor, cherish, and obey each other during the term of your natural lives, so help you God." Both answered, solemnly, "I will," and the justice charged them a dollar each, and pronounced them man and wife.

NEW POEM BY A FASHIONABLE LADY—"The Loves of Bonnets!"

TRUE—THIS WAY.—The worst use to which you can put a picture is to hang it—unless it's a good one.

BY AN ENRAGED PATERFAMILIAS.

Could a woman give the coals of a fire as clever a poke as she can give to the feelings of a friend, there would be less smoke in the drawing-room.

Women delight in mythological extremes. They are always either loving somebody with an A, because he is an Angel, or hating him with a Z, because he is a Zamiel. Now we have neither Angels nor Zamiels.

Why is love like a Scotch plaid?—Because it is all stuff, and often crossed.



MUSIC AT HOME.

THE HOSTESS. "*Dear* Miss Linnet! would you—*would* you Sing one of those charming Ballads, while *I* go and See if Supper's ready?"
THE COMPANION. "Oh, don't Ask me!—I feel Nervous. There are so many People—"
THE HOSTESS. "Oh, *they* won't Listen, bless you! not *one* of them! *Now DO!*"

SEASONABLE FOLK-LORE.

It is considered very lucky if on Christmas-eve the youngest child in the house finds under the door-mat a ten-dollar greenback.

It is unlucky to eat a mince-pie in the house of a Quaker, a prothonotary, a surrogate, a sinecurist, or a sworn select vestryman.

If the sun shines on Christmas-day between eight and nine, there will be a considerable reduction in the taxes; but if it snows, they will be raised during the next twelve months.

If you are a single man, fair, under six feet, and a good linguist, and will get out of bed between twelve and one on the morning of New-Year's Day, and walk for two hours to and fro in Central Park, with a crooked sixpence in your pocket, you will be sure to meet your future wife (should you marry again) at an evening party in the suburbs.

If the first thing you see when you come down stairs on New-Year's Day is a black cat, beware of crossing a bridge till the apples are in blossom; but if it is a gray horse, you may partake of pork pie without fear of consequences.

If a young unmarried woman eats three raisins running in a Christmas plum-pudding, which have not been stoned, and wishes three wishes while she looks over her left shoulder into the glass and throws a handful of mistletoe berries on a peat fire without mentioning names or moving a muscle of her face, she must not be surprised, provided the wind is in the right quarter, if events happen as she desires.

TO OUR FAIR READERS.—The year of grace 1872 is leap-year; be merciful, and *don't all speak at once!*

Some men get their barrel of beer on tick, and leave it to settle for itself.

You may always recognize a Champagne-maker by his fiz.

Pawnbrokers and drunkards are always taking pledges: the former sometimes keep them.

A Jefferson County farmer has named his pet ram Eugene. He calls him the modern Eugene, A ram.

NATIONAL GAMES.

England—Commerce.
Ireland—Shindy.
Scotland—Hop-Scotch.
France—Bagatelle.
Germany—Soldiers.
Italy—Magic music.
States of the Church—Pope.
Spain—Dominoes.
Russia—Snow-ball.
Poland—Patience.
Greece—Marbles.
America—Brag.
Turkey—Hunt the slipper.
Egypt—Pyramids.
Lapland—Cat's-cradle.

When betting men say they'll take you, take care it is not *in*.

It's the way with mites—there is not one of them that does not think himself the entire cheese.

A few days ago a child was crying in the street. A compassionate lady, passing at the time, stopped and asked him what was the matter. The child replied,

"Cos I've lost a penny mother gave me."

"Ah, well, never mind," said the lady; "here is another for you," and proceeded upon her way; but had not gone far when she heard the little fellow bellowing more lustily than before. She turned back and again asked the cause, upon which the little urchin answered,

"Why, if I 'adn't lost the first one, I should 'ave 'ad tuppence."

A man may be ashamed of the fashion of his nose, although he follows it.

Strange to say, no matter how well paid a dentist is, he always looks down in the mouth.

A GOLDEN EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never send off to man, woman, or child a letter which you would not like to read in a newspaper some morning at breakfast.

NAUTICAL MANŒUVRES.

BY A LANDLUBBER.

Sailing in the Wind's Eye.—In order to accomplish this difficult manœuvre, you must first of all discover where the wind's eye is, and then, if it be practicable, you may proceed to sail in it. It is presumed for this purpose that the wind's eye is a "liquid" one.

Hugging the Shore.—When you desire to hug the shore, you first of all must land on it. Then take some sand and shingle in your arms, and give it a good hug. In doing this, however, be careful no one sees you, or the result of the manœuvre may be a strait-waistcoat.

Wearing a Ship.—This is by no means an easy thing to do, and it is difficult to suggest what will make it easier. Wearing a chignon is preposterous enough, but when a man is told that he must wear a ship, he would next expect to hear that he must eat a monument.

Boxing the Compass.—Assume a fighting attitude, and hit the compass a "smart stinger on the dial-plate," as the sporting papers call it. But before you do so, you had best take care to have your boxing-gloves on, or you may hurt your fingers.

Whistling for a Wind.—When you whistle for a wind, you should choose an air appropriate, such as "Blow, gentle gales," or "Winds, gently whisper."

Reefing the Lee Scuppers.—First get upon a reef, and then put your lee scuppers on it. The manœuvre is so simple that no more need be said of it.

Splicing the Main-Brace.—When your main-brace comes in pieces, get a needle and thread and splice it. If it be your custom to wear a pair of braces, you first must ascertain which of them *is* your main one.

AN EXTINCT RACE—Child-like children.

Good musicians execute their music, the bad ones murder it.

ETIQUETTE.—If you pay a visit, it is not necessary to take a receipt.

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.—The ancients urned their dead, the moderns earn their living.

It's a way with tailors to recommend things that are much worn when you want to buy new.

A BIRD OF PASSAGE—The Christmas goose on the dumb-waiter in the hall.

At what time was Adam married?—On his *wedding Eve.*

The fastest city in the world is said to be electri*city.*

QUEER QUERIES.

Can a bill of exchange made payable at sight be drawn upon a blind man?

When an actor is said to "carry the house with him," is it meant that he travels with a portable theatre?

Why can not a man propose "the toast of the evening" without regretting that it had not been placed in abler hands?

Would you consider it an act of superfluity if you saw a chimney-sweep having his boots blacked?

Have you ever known a vegetarian attain a "green old age?"

If exposure to the weather gives your wife a chin chill, are you not in duty bound to give her a chinchilla?

A miser's first rule in arithmetic is addition, but his heirs generally begin with division.

The following dialogue is reported to have taken place between a Confederate and a Yankee picket:

"I say, can you fellows shoot?"

"We reckon we can, some. Down in Mississippi we can knock a bumble-bee off a thistle top at three hundred yards."

"Oh, that ain't nothing to the way we shoot up in Varmount. I belonged to a military company there with a hundred men in it, and we went out for practice every week. The captain draws us up in a single file, and sets a cider-barrel rolling down the hill, and each man takes his shot at the bung-hole as it turns up. It is afterward examined, and if there is a shot that did not go in at the bung-hole, the member who missed it is expelled. I belonged to the company ten years, and there 'ain't been nobody expelled yet."

CARATS AND CARBON.—Among the diamonds lately found in the South African diggings there is said to have been one of as many as 154 carats. Orthography apart, this statement harmonizes with the supposition that the diamond is of vegetable origin.

THE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS.

Apple—Discord.
Pear—Marriage.
Plum—Wealth.
Pine—Languishment.
Gooseberry—Simplicity.
Medlar—Interference.
Service—Assistance.
Elder-berry—Seniority.
Fig—Defiance.
Sloe—Tardiness.
Crab—Sour temper.
Date—Chronology.
Hip—Applause.
Haw—Swells.
Plantain—Growth.
Pomegranate—Seediness.
Prune—Retrenchment.



MUSIC AT HOME.

MRS. LYONS CHACER. "How *Cruel* of you to get up so Suddenly, dear Mr. Rumbeltumski! Is any thing Wrong with the Piano?"
HERR RUMBELTUMSKI (*with pardonable severity*). "No, Matam; but I was avraid dat I inderrubted de general Gonferzation!"
MRS. LYONS CHACER. "Oh dear, no! Not at all! *Pray* go on!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 6.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Ball and Evening Coiffures, Figs. 1–4.

Fig. 1.—COIFFURE WITH CROWN BRAID AND WILD ROSES. Part the crimped front hair in the middle, and comb it up as shown by the illustration. Arrange the back hair on the top in several puffs, and the remainder in long hanging curls. Set a three-strand crown braid between the front hair and the puffs of the back hair, and conceal the ends of the braid underneath the curls. Head-dress of wild roses, with long trailing sprays.

Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF PUFFS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS. Arrange the front hair in puffs as shown by the illustration, and divide the crimped back hair into several strands, which are also arranged in puffs over a topsy, and pinned on. Several short curls fall over the forehead. The head-dress consists of separate sprays of forget-me-nots, which are set between the puffs as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 3.—COIFFURE OF CURLS AND BRAIDS WITH PINK FLOWERS. Part the crimped front hair in the middle, and divide it once more into two parts. The part nearest the ear is combed back, and the two upper parts of the hair fall on the forehead as shown by the illustration. The ends of the front hair and the back hair are curled. Diadem of pink blossoms, with long and short sprays.

Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF PUFFED CHIGNON AND CURLS, WITH JET CHAINS, RIBBON, AND FEATHERS. Arrange the crimped front hair in several short curls in the middle of the front, which fall on the forehead, and comb the remainder up over a topsy. Chignon of crimped hair pinned up in puffs, with long curls on both sides of the chignon. Head-dress of jet chains, pink gros grain ribbon, black ostrich feather, and a tuft of red heron feathers, arranged as shown by the illustration.

NOVELTIES IN WAX-WORK.

A BEAUTIFUL use for wax is seen in the excellent imitations of autumn leaves. The first ones ever taken to England were considered such curiosities when exhibited at a bazar that crowds stopped to examine them, and a great price was offered for their purchase.

They are easily made by cutting out of double wax the exact shape of the natural leaves, then inserting wax-covered stems between the two thicknesses, and moulding them either on the natural leaves or on the admirable metal moulds made for the purpose. These latter certainly possess many advantages, as they are always at hand when the leaves themselves are not, and their sharper outlines give more decided impressions. Before moulding the wax leaves it is well to rub the reverse side, against which the wax is to be pressed, with a little sweet-oil, in order to prevent its adhering. White wax will be found most useful for most leaves, especially for the red ones, but light shades of green and yellow will answer well in cases where only slight tinting is required.

When the moulding has been completed, and all traces of oil removed from the wax leaves by wiping gently with a soft rag, they are ready to be colored. With the autumnal leaves the colors used are in powder: for brilliant reds, pure carmine (No. 40); yellows, different shades of chrome; greens, chrome-green mixed with chrome-yellow will produce any desired shade; browns, raw and burnt sienna, umber, or Vandyck brown. The shadings required in some of the bright-colored leaves can be given by rubbing a little umber or ivory-black on the edges, leaving other parts of the leaf quite brilliant. A little practice will enable one to imitate very closely the brilliant and blended tints of the natural autumnal forest leaves, whose rich variety of color it were hard to exaggerate. Nature will furnish her own gay models, and the tasteful artiste need only follow as closely as she can to produce an effect most pleasing to the beholder.

One of my friends has a collection of leaves in which are to be seen some specimens of those rare exotic plants with ornamental foliage which now form the greatest attraction in the large hot-houses; the velvety leaves of the *Canna*, the *Cissus discolor*, *Colens*, scarlet *Poinsetta*, and others of the curiously mottled varieties. Most of them had been painted with oil-colors instead of powder, which accounted for the accuracy of their veins and marks. They were arranged as a flat bouquet in a deep *passe-partout* frame, with a black velvet background, and tied down tightly so as to remain in place. Strong twines are used to tie them down to the thick card-board back, being introduced through holes made with a small awl, and tied on the outside. These fastenings are afterward concealed entirely by bending down the leaves. A very neat walnut frame around the outside of the *passe-partout* was all the border required; indeed, it would have looked very well without any such finish.

One other novelty in the arrangement of these exotic leaves may be worth mentioning here. I have seen whole plants of the *Begonia rex* made in wax and painted in oils, very closely imitating the growing plants as seen in hanging baskets and *jardinières*. I have seen them placed in vases, or pots of earth, exactly as natural specimens would be, and only a close inspection would show any difference. Hyacinths also, placed in glasses, will completely deceive one. These latter are attached to bulbs of wax, made of the proper shape and size, and then covered with the outer skin of a red onion so adroitly as to conceal entirely the ball of wax. The roots must be formed of thick crochet cotton covered with white wax, which will, of course, extend downward into the glass, the latter being half filled with water to continue the deception. By these means one may enjoy hyacinths all the year round, and, provided no one wants to smell them, none but the owner need know the secrets of their culture.

A very chaste and beautiful ornament in wax I have lately seen in the parlor of a friend whose home is embellished by many a tasteful specimen of her own handiwork. In a deep walnut frame was placed a cross of the purest white wax, without a base, and this was covered quite thickly with wreaths of ivy leaves of miniature sizes, all white as the newest alabaster. A black velvet background gave the proper effect, causing it to stand out in full relief. The delicately veined leaves of the wreathed ivy clung so closely to the cross as to give the best possible representation of sculptured marble. The whiteness of this wax was increased by rubbing in fine zinc-white powder paint, which also, I was told, prevents the yellow tinge that so often comes to wax after a year or two's exposure. This hint will be valued by all who have experienced the annoyance of having their work thus depreciate by age.

I have seen many white wax crosses under glass shades in shop windows, which were composed of the most remarkable masses of wax worked up into nondescript flowers that stood up from the cross itself, and gave it a very thick and clumsy appearance. I can not tell what they are intended to suggest, but certainly it is not sculpture. Lace-work and filigree may be very fitting and beautiful in jewelry, but are impossible in marble, and in all these imitative attempts one should never lose sight of the question of fitness.

I lately attended a funeral, and upon the top of the coffin was placed an exquisite design in white flowers—tuberoses and white rose-buds, which upon a close inspection were found to be made of wax. The design was a crown, and the frame was made very easily of wire; this can always be had ready-made at the florists' establishments, the flowers being tied on so adroitly and closely as entirely to conceal the said wires. The crown was then fastened in the centre of a circular card, an illuminated text surrounding the outer margin; the words were, "I will give



Fig. 1.—COIFFURE WITH CROWN BRAID AND WILD ROSES.



Fig. 2.—COIFFURE OF PUFFS AND FORGET-ME-NOTS.



Fig. 4.—COIFFURE OF PUFFED CHIGNON AND CURLS, WITH JET CHAINS, RIBBON, AND FEATHERS.



Fig. 3.—COIFFURE OF CURLS AND BRAIDS WITH PINK FLOWERS.

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thee a crown of righteousness that fadeth not away."

This was the first time I had seen wax flowers used on a funeral occasion, and few who saw them knew them to be such. Had they been natural ones, they would have been useless as mementoes, because of their perishing so quickly; but this wax crown is still preserved under a glass shade, and will be kept for many years to come as a sacred remembrance of one departed.

I know not how many other beautiful things will yet be manufactured from wax. Its pliable nature renders it capable of receiving many beautiful impressions, and these may be applied in really useful directions. I will give you an instance taken from my own experience.

I have a handsome French mantel clock made of alabaster, and very elaborately ornamented with wreaths of sculptured flowers, which was unfortunately deprived of its chief beauty, a vase of exquisite shape, by a fall while undergoing repairs in the hands of a clock-maker. I thought at first that my clock was ruined forever, and sought in vain in all the fancy shops for one to take its place. At last I gathered up the broken pieces, and by means of cement managed to join them so as to be once more in shape; but what should I do to conceal the unsightly seams, and make it ornamental as before? The well-known capabilities of wax immediately suggested an expedient; and by first covering the vase itself with a layer of white wax, and joining the seams neatly, then rubbing well with the powdered zinc-white, it was ready to be ornamented with clusters and wreaths of white flowers, which was easily done. Thus my clock was restored, and, as some think, even improved by the operation; at any rate, what was before useless as a mantel ornament was thus made available with very small outlay of money or time.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1872.

☞ THE EIGHT-PAGE PICTORIAL SUPPLEMENT furnished gratuitously with this Number of the BAZAR contains a graphic account of the "BURNING OF WARWICK CASTLE," with several Illustrations; a thrilling Illustrated Story by J. S. LE FANU, entitled "THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WESTMINSTER;" a beautiful Engraving, "BLINDMAN'S-BUFF;" a touching Story, "CLIPT WINGS;" another of the valuable "UGLY GIRL" papers; Seasonable Instructions to Skaters; and other attractive features.

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LITTLE GIRLS.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

I HAVE just been reading an article on the mysterious disappearance of little girls from our civilization. We have small women, it is said, bedizened like their mothers in silks and flounces, dressed up, or down, into an insipid and constrained prematurity. But the little girl, free, bright, child-like, natural, is gone.

Oh no! We deceive ourselves. We overrate our own power, and underrate the strength of nature. There is enough extravagance, I grant. Lack of independence, taste, character, does put little girls into unbecoming finery; but the little girl, God bless her! is made of sterner stuff than to be so easily extinguished. It takes more silk and satin than our ships can bring to stiffen her into a reliable and proper monotony. She is often subdued, but she is constantly breaking out in insurrection. She views her clothes with a suitable reverence, but there are moments, and even hours, of supreme indifference. Only this morning she came into the post-office while I was there. She had doffed her trumpery over-skirts, for even the American little girl is not without a plain undress suit. She wore a big blue coat and cape, over which her yellow hair tossed in waves and water-falls of sunshine. In her tiny fist she clinched a letter which she was to deposit. By utmost stretch of tiptoe she could hardly bring her bit of a nose to a level with the counter, behind which stood the young clerk; but full of her important mission, too young to be bashful, regardless of the men who lingered over their papers and their chitchat around the stove, and intent only on her errand, she managed to transfer her letter to the clerk's outstretched hand; then bustling out of the door, which she could with difficulty open, she cried, with her clear, shrill, child voice, "Now, Benny, you make that letter *go*, 'cause I want it to *go*!" Evidently she considered the whole postal service of the United States dependent on Benny's good-will. But here was a real little girl—just as real as if she had been born a century ago—real in her intentness, her simplicity, her imperiousness, her fearlessness—real in the eager smile that saw no one, and thought of nothing but to rush home and prove that she had done her errand—just as real as when she sits on the floor singing and rocking her doll to sleep, and "does wish Susie wasn't so *unfond* of 'Shoo, Fly.'"

And just a little way beyond me in the western winter sunshine there is another little girl. She has all the furbelows there is any call for, but the little girl is unmarred, the little soul is uncrimped, unstarched, free of fashion or formula. Bless your heart! if you could have seen how bravely she fought her lady mother in the broad aisle the other day! It did my very soul good. Lady mother evidently had doubts of Katie's behavior in Sunday-school, and wanted her to go where she could be steadily supervised; but Katie, too, had rights which she knew, and knowing, dared maintain, and insisted, *pugnis et calcibus*, on going into the little girls' class, and did go, and sat upright with a demure propriety which must have planted a sting in the maternal conscience. All her feathers and fooleries had not quenched the irrepressible sturdiness which glows in the bosom of the little girl, and she stood her ground with as much spirit and persistence as if she had been clad in a tow slip.

Daisy comes softly stealing into the parlor where her mother sits with guests, and puckering her rosy lips into her mother's ear, asks in loud, outraged whispers, "Mamma, *shall* I wear my blue thash? It dothn't correthpond!" The unregenerate male mind, overhearing the inquiry, is amazed, not to say awed. A five-year-old maiden, already versed in the science of correspondences, is a precocity not dreamed of in SWEDENBORG'S philosophy. But be not alarmed. Daisy's immortal nature is not wholly given up to "thashes," nor does it appear to be materially deteriorated by a consciousness that all colors are not harmonious in combination. This knowledge is often a matter of instinct, and though Daisy is a connoisseur in fitnesses, she has a soul above "thashes;" and, for all her dainty dressing, she can upon occasion forget her decorum, and rage into as pretty a passion as the most conservative could desire.

Harry is not a girl. That is, he will cease to be in a year or two; but now, in white frock and petticoats, he is girl enough to look at. The same ruffling and embroidery that spoil his sisters wreak their full wrath on him. *Is* he spoiled? His picture lies before me, just taken. Apparently he trotted into the photographer's on his own account. He is capable of such things. No mother's hand arranged him for immortality. His little legs hang bowed in stolid repose. The last tree or shrub has done harm to his cambric flounce. His dimpled hands lie in a blur of satisfaction and unconsciousness; and his fat wrists are not in the least abashed by obtruding half-way out of what must have been originally long sleeves, but which the arms seem erewhile to have outgrown. That sash—*Ilium fuit!*—I knew it in its pristine brilliancy, but it has been as familiar with soap-suds as the white frock, and is a standing proof that silk will wash. But what cares Harry, and what care I? The sturdy, strong little body is there, the brave, bright, handsome face, wearing yet only its inherited features, "the crown wherewith his mother crowned him," and we know not what shall be.. But he is not spoiled. That plump, solemn face, fixed now with unwonted steadfastness, will brighten over a new frock. I have seen the great eyes snap, and heard the young voice shriek with delight, at a gay suit; but it was a surface joy. The child underneath goes his way strong in infantile vigor.

No, the children are still here. The little girls have not left us. Do not let us tremble at bugbears. We stifle them all we can under superfluous and incongruous decorations; we dress them like dolls, and bemoan ourselves that they have turned into dolls, but all around the little elfs are laughing us to scorn. Beneath all their flimsy fussery the wild, willful, fantastic creatures are playing their fantastic tricks, laughing and crying, fibbing and fretting, romping and teasing, weaving their wonderful imaginings, fighting their infantile battles, doing their best to resist our encroachments, neutralize our folly, defy our ignorance, and to grow up into frank, natural, delightful men and women. It is a losing game, the more's the pity. By continued trituration we shall worry them all down to pretty much one model of commonplace, and by the time they are grown up we shall wonder what could have made their childhood so winsome; but during their short spring-time the little girls are out in full blossom.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Sunshine.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I awoke the other morning with a sense of happiness which I could not explain. Not that I am in the habit of awaking unhappy, for I am not, but I was conscious of that peculiar elation which is always delightful both to feel and to remember. I was aware of no especial reason for the feeling. The evening before I had, indeed, passed with Mrs. Margery, but that is not an unusual event, and I did not remember that my dreams had been peculiarly charming. There are quaint old authors who say that to be awakened by sweet music soothes the spirits for the day; and one of the wisest mothers whom I ever knew thought that to be awakened at all was prejudicial to perfect equability; so that when I one day asked her how she explained the invincible good humor and constant self-sacrifice of her daughters, she said that it was because she would never allow them to be awakened in the morning. When I have told this story at Mrs. Margery's table the Honeysuckle children with one accord have begged their mother to perfect their dispositions in the same manner.

On the morning of which I speak I do not think that I was aroused by gentle music, but it may have been by melodious thoughts, so delicate that they disappeared in awakening, as the thin and roseate vapors of dawn melt in the sunrise. Indeed, I was conscious, or thought I was, that my mind was impressed by something that was gone before it was perceived, like a bank of fern still warm and pressed with the figure of the fawn that has bounded away. It was broad day, and my chamber, which has many windows, as every chamber should have, both for air and light, was full of sunshine. Indeed, the sun shone upon my bed, and I became gradually sure that the gentle music of my awakening was nothing less than the sunshine itself. In old Egyptian days its earliest beams touched Memnon's lips, and they began to sing. So it seemed to my foolish old brain that they had now touched me, and my day burst into music.

Nothing disturbed that faith. As I fancy a young man who has heard the sweetest of words from the dearest of lips goes inwardly and outwardly smiling, knowing that no sorrow can be so deep as that joy, so I walked about all day, and the sunshine went with me. It made wonderful and beautiful pictures every where. I looked up the long vistas of streets, and they were bright and crowded, and the sunshine softened the sky at the end. It made deep shadows upon the pavement, and again spread itself like a fairy carpet for the children to play upon. It was winter, but the sunshine was such an enchanter that windows were opened to receive the air which it blessed, and within the spacious and noble houses I could see ranges of beautiful flowers, and in cages at the windows the golden-breasted canaries, steeped in sunshine, answered it as Memnon answered it long ago. Men and women came out into the street, drawn by the sunshine, and I could see that they were as happy and surprised as I when I awoke in the morning. Every body seemed to have been awakened by music of which they were yet unconscious. And with the birds at the windows were flowers, brilliant and in perfect bloom, as if summer, hiding in those splendid drawing-rooms until another year, were looking out, delighted and amazed, to see if the hour had come.

Every body that I met had but a single salutation, "What a perfect day!" Indeed, the weather seemed the only subject really worth talking about, and the affairs of business and pleasure, the little odds and ends of money-getting, with which we were all concerned, were profoundly insignificant when compared with the supreme sunshine. I saw invalids in carriages, and pale faces looking pensive from chamber windows. The world was laid under a benediction. The great glory of the sunshine was the type of the Divine love that vivifies and supports the world. Why do not the bells ring, as on the Fourth of July? I asked myself. Then, seeing the rector of Saint Rainbow's, I asked him why his church was not open, and why no Thanksgiving rite was celebrated. "Set the chimes ringing, your reverence; let us intone a Te Deum laudamus." The good rector smiled as if willing to humor a crazy man. "Thanksgiving was at the end of November," he replied; "and in our church we do not sing Latin hymns. But what is the occasion?" "This!" I said, extending my arms. "What! you yourself, dear Mr. Bachelor! shall we sing a Te Deum for you?" The good rector is as suspicious of "enthusiasm" as the bishop who begged Whitefield to have none of it—which was much like praying fire not to be warm. I therefore sobered myself, and said, "I mean the sunshine." "Yes, yes, my friend," he answered; "but it is not a special providence. It is the daily order of nature. Why should we especially commemorate it? It is the goodness of God made manifest. But it is in that bird at the window and in that flower at the door not less than in the full splendor of light in which we stand at this moment.

"'Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display.'"

And he quoted the whole of Addison's hymn. We both smiled as he ended the beautiful verses. "True, true," I said; "but, your reverence, the human heart can not rest in generals. I have never been able to console Romeo when Juliet was cold by telling him that women and men were made for each other. He indignantly declares that it is not women, it is Juliet, whom he loves."

I said nothing more to the good rector, although I have my own opinion whether I might not have turned his guns against himself. But as I loitered along in that warm light I thought again of Memnon sitting upon the great plain of Thebes, waiting forever for the morning, and forever murmuring when it came: stony and silent until the sunshine touched him into music. I reflected that you may go to Egypt, my dear Arthur, without leaving home, and behold Memnon in your family. There was your uncle, my old school-mate, in whose benign and friendly face and manner I can not recognize the hard and silent and seeming surly boy whom I knew. Clever, solitary, selfish, he seemed to us all, when he became a man, stern and rigid as a stone. His ability made him eminent, and he was a true Memnon, lofty, hard, and inaccessible, haughtily domineering the plain of lesser men. He seemed to sit in shadow, and to cause a chill around him. It is Memnon, I said, sitting in the night. Suddenly the sun arose. There had been to us who watched closely the brief but sure preluding of glory—the surprise, the delight, which attended the coming of the gracious lady who is now your aunt. But the sun, I say, arose and melted Memnon to music. From the moment of his yielding to the power which we all felt, and which you young men must still feel in her, his life and nature seemed to change. I say seemed, because it was probably only a development, not a change. He became the most generous, friendly, social, delightful of men. Like the prodigal son, he had come to himself. All that night he had been waiting for the morning, yet without knowing it, and without knowing what the sun would bring. But it came, and brought him warmth and life; and the statue that seemed only stone has made music ever since.

There are, as you know, children of the sun—those who are born with the sunshine in them, and who impart it to others. When Lady Crab, whom we call so because she is so sourly polite, asked me why I liked such a silent and dull fellow as a certain companion of mine, I answered that it was because he was the seventh son of a seventh son. Lady Crab said that that was impossible, because his father was one of three children, and had only two. "Then, my lady," I replied, "it is because he is 'a sun.'" She looked as if I were quizzing her, and said no more. But I had told her the truth. It is my good fortune to know very clever and accomplished men; men of genius, and faculty, and experience; men who can instruct and correct me in every direction; but when I would choose a companion for a journey, or with whom to pass a loitering day, or to sit with me in weariness or sickness or sorrow, I should choose him of whom Lady Crab spoke to me. If you ask me why, I answer you as I did her, "Because he is a sun." When I said so to my oldest nephew, he smiled kindly, and said, "Ah! Uncle Bachelor, had he only been a daughter—who knows? who knows?" The young dogs, you see, make merry with my condition.

But the children of the sun not only diffuse sunshine by their actual presence, but indirectly also. If you look at a bee-hive, I am sure that, with your poetic eye and fancy, you have often said to yourself, "That gold-

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en honey in its white cells of wax is summer sunshine, first gathered in the cups of flowers, like aerial wine, and now stored away in those fragrant bins. Whoever tastes the golden sweet tastes sun and summer." So, as I write you, I raise my eyes and look around upon my shelves and see my books. I know them all, and some I read and read again, and never see without delight. Such books are hives of honey. In them the sun of a thousand summers is stored, and when I open them I open a window into that immortal glory. I take them in my hand, and as I read, they are so serene and lofty, and their light is so steady and warm, that I am refreshed and quickened, and my whole life is purified. I have the same sense of happiness that I had when I awoke in the sunshine and thought that it must have been soft music that aroused me. For after reading those books the nobler and heroic stops of life seem to have been pulled out as by an organist, and the strain that follows is inspiring. So whether it is the actual visible sun, whence spring the light and heat that make the life of the world, or the sunshine of personal presence and character, or the transmitted and reflected sunshine of good books and of art in every form, it is the same benediction. And each of us, perhaps, my boy, has a little ray of sunshine in him if he would only not obscure it, but suffer it to beam around him. Lorenzo and Jessica thought that the little candle threw its beams very far into the night, and the torch of Hero showed the way to the struggling Leander. If that torch had been blown out, Leander would have sunk in despair, if not in weariness; and if we do not free our ray of light from the clouds that so often conceal it, are we not somehow responsible for the lost Leanders whom our sunshine might have saved? Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

LADIES' UNDER-CLOTHING.

THE patterns of ladies' under-clothing that we illustrate this week are commended as copies of the best models for sale at the furnishing houses. The chemise has a comfortably-fitting yoke that dispenses with the small gussets set on about the neck of chemises made with bands. The body of the garment is sloped to suit the pointed yoke, and is so shaped about the sleeves that sleeve gussets are also dispensed with. Chemises for general wear should be made of soft substantial cotton, a yard wide, with even, regular selvedge. The garment is not easily fitted, and is tedious to make, hence it is poor economy to use inferior fabrics for it. Two and a half yards is the usual quantity. Smooth, soft-finished Utica muslins are now 19 cents a yard, Wamsutta muslin is 20 cents, and the New York Mills brand is 21 cents. Fine French percale is chosen for handsome chemises to be worn in the winter, and for ladies who consider linen unhealthy. It costs about the same as the well-known brands of linen.

A set of under-clothing consists of three pieces—chemise, drawers, and night-gown—and these pieces should be made of the same material, and trimmed to match. As most ladies are provided with patterns of the ordinary drawers that button behind, we give in preference a pattern of closed drawers buttoning on the sides. The belt attached to the front of these drawers is usually made long enough to button behind; the back of the garment then has a separate belt with a button-hole in each end to be fastened to a button on each side of the long belt of the front. Another plan is to have the drawers open only on the right-hand side, letting the belt extend all around the top, and button on the right. A casing is sometimes run in the top of the belt, and a drawing-string of tape inserted. Drawers are not made very wide or long at present. Drawers lengths of muslin are imported with clusters of narrow tucks, a hem, and large tuck with fine embroidery on the hem and between the groups. These are sold, unmade, for $2 50 or $3; of linen, they cost $5. Canton flannel drawers are usually made in Turkish fashion, with a band of embroidery buttoning around the ankle, and a needle-worked muslin ruffle below. Drawers of fine wool flannel, to be worn inside muslin drawers, are shown for traveling on shipboard. These are closed, and very slightly gathered to a linen band.

Two night-gown patterns are furnished. The yoke gown is most popular, as it is graceful, and conceals the figure. The pattern is a simple straight yoke with a seam on each shoulder; the body of the garment is three straight widths of muslin gathered to the yoke. The sacque gown may be worn short with a chemise, or else lengthened to full size by sloping gradually to the selvedge and adding gores. A slightly full sleeve, gathered to a broad cuff, and buttoned on the outside of the wrist, is pretty for gowns. Easy-fitting coat sleeves are also worn.

The three pieces already described are worn next the skin, and must have no "raw" seams; all bias seams should be felled, and straight selvedges, joined together, should be overseamed by stitches so lightly taken that the seam may be smoothed flatly.

Embroidery in close, thick patterns, done on doubled linen, or on thick linen lawn, is now the durable and fashionable trimming for under-clothing. Fine needle-work is now done here as beautifully as that imported from France. It is expensive, but is very valuable, as it outwears any other trimming. A sensible bride has had all the under-clothing in her trousseau trimmed with fine, substantial embroidery, without an inch of lace. The woven embroideries come in beautiful designs, are inexpensive, and, if made without herring-bone or other open stitches, will wear well. Narrow tucks in clusters, and rows of perpendicular tucks, are much used for ornament; diagonal tucks are seldom seen now. Puffs are not very popular, as they are difficult to iron. Pleated and fluted ruffles are greatly in favor. Linen cambric is chosen here for ruffles, but most imported garments are frilled with fine nansook, as it is more serviceable than cambric, is firmer, and washes better.

Corset covers are made of linen, percale, or fine cambric, and are richly trimmed with embroidery, insertion, and lace. Valenciennes is the favorite trimming lace, and many use the German and Italian imitations of real Valenciennes.

A dressing sacque to wear while making the toilette should be amply large and of simple shape, that it may easily be put on and off. The sleeves are half-flowing. Percales, spotted muslins, and cambrics are the usual fabrics. Sometimes the dressing sacque is of fine mull, and serves for a négligé breakfast jacket. In a trousseau just finished there were dressing sacques of linen cambric with a Watteau fold behind, while the front had a jabot made of shells of gathered Valenciennes lace three inches wide.

PETTICOATS.

Muslin skirts of walking length are now very slightly gored on the front and sides, with straight, full back breadths. The popular trimming is one or two rows of side pleating. A good plan for making trained petticoats is to gore them at the top, and add a wide Spanish flounce, beginning at the knee.

The Russian gored knit skirt is a warm petticoat to take the place of flannel. It is of merino and part cotton, to prevent shrinkage; the seams are "regular," woven, as in merino vests and stockings; the width at the bottom is two yards, and the skirt slopes toward the top as if gored. The binding has a drawing-string to adjust the belt various sizes. $3 or $3 25 is the price. Ribbed merino skirts, shaped as if gored, with tapes stitched over the seams, are $1 25. Fleece-lined piqué skirts, gored, with the edge prettily scalloped, are worn by many ladies instead of flannel. Price from $5 to $6. Thick embroidery in silk or in linen floss, braiding, and tucks headed with feather stitching or plain chain stitch, are the trimmings for flannel skirts.

PILLOW SHAMS.

Ornamental squares of linen to put over the pillows during the day are richly embroidered and ruffled. An inch-wide hem is hem-stitched around the square, vines of embroidery are inside the hem, and a fluted nansook ruffle, with three or four tucks in it, is rolled and overseamed to the edge of the hem. An embroidered initial four or five inches long, or a monogram, ornaments the centre. The sham is not always square; thirty-six inches broad by thirty-three long is a usual size. A sham sheet is trimmed to match these, and consists of a width of linen three yards long. This is placed at the top of the covering when it is turned down. A set such as we have described costs from $50 to $60. A Swiss set, embroidered, and to be worn over colored silk slips, has a bed-spread added to the three usual pieces.

CHINTZ FIGURED EMPRESS CLOTH.

Empress cloths for Dolly Varden polonaises are now brought out in black grounds, with gay chintz patterns of roses, buds, and foliage in natural colors. They cost $1 15 a yard, and are exceedingly pretty and bright for home dresses. The skirt should be black silk.

REDUCTION OF PRICES.

As the season is nearly over, winter goods are offered at reduced prices, to make room for new stock. Bargain-lovers who avail themselves of this reduction, should take care to purchase only standard, solid colors of quiet hues, as these are always in fashion. The purchaser will discover that there is no reduction of black goods, as they are always salable. Thin silks, with black grounds striped with white, and colored silks of the same style, are sold for 90 cents or $1 a yard. They are only half a yard wide. Made-up suits of striped silks are offered for $50.

The furnishing houses are already busy preparing suits of black alpaca for spring. They will be made with polonaises of various designs, especially that with a vest front and Marguerite back. There are but two bows to drape the skirt behind; a row of bows fastens the front, and a ruche edges the garment, outlines the vest, passes over the shoulders, and down the back to the bows below the waist.

SPRING COSTUMES AND CAMBRICS.

Dispatches from merchants returning home from Berlin state that they will soon have ready for sale here costumes of linen and stuffs elegantly trimmed with laces and fringe, for from $12 to $60. Domestic cambrics, in spring colors, are already shown on the counters of the large stores. The grounds are white, with regulation stripes of color or black, or else Greek squares, or lines crossing each other to form diamonds, squares, or blocks of alternating colors.

SPRING CASHMERES.

Gray cashmeres, in many faint pale tinges, for spring suits, are about to be brought out. The sample cards show blue-grays, stone and steel color, rather than the softer brown-grays. They will cost $1 85 a yard. Peculiar shades of brown and green, verging on olive, are in store for the spring also. The soft, graceful cashmeres grow in favor, instead of decreasing, and ladies need not fear to purchase them for next season's dresses. Their trimming continues to be bias bands of corded silk of the same shade and thick cord fringe.

Double standing ruffles of white muslin edged with Valenciennes are now worn around the neck of dresses. They are gathered very full, and look much richer than a single standing pleating. Many dresses have a ruche of the material of the trimming around the neck, and a standing lace frill is placed inside. Jabots of white lace, gathered slightly and sewed back and forth in shell shape on muslin, are very stylish, and are likely to supersede cravat bows of colored silk. All-white neck-ties are frequently worn with handsome black suits, making the wearer seem as if dressed in mourning. The gray grenadine veils and the pale gray gloves that are the fancy of the moment do not detract from this appearance. Colored jewelry, and occasionally a colored ostrich tip on the black hat, give the only evidence that the costume is not meant for mourning.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and H. J. LIBBY & Co.

PERSONAL.

WHAT drolls those ex-Governors of Massachusetts are! Two of them—BULLOCK and CLIFFORD—were going to the State House to see Governor WASHBURN inaugurated. Dr. LORING joined them. "Why," said CLIFFORD, "here are the three ex's—two ex-Governors and one ex-pectant." And those three worthy persons laughed.

—Dr. TODD, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, has in his congregation seven clergymen, four of whom are residents of the town, the others sojourners in search of health.

—Professor GOLDWIN SMITH has become a resident of Toronto, and is to edit a new Canadian magazine. He will, as heretofore, do his six weeks' lecture-work at Cornell University.

—A gifted German poet, one EMIL RITTERHAUS, has written a poem upon Lake Erie, in which he is eloquent upon the palm-trees and alligators common to its shores. The work does not include any thing about the bays or smaller creeks tributary to the watery expanse that makes up the heft of his production.

—Elder WEAVER, of Voluntown, Connecticut, stated recently to the Sunday-school children of his church that he had heard a man say he had read the Bible through in sixty hours. Determined to know whether or not it could be done, he set about it himself, and read the whole of it aloud to his wife in fifty-nine hours and thirty minutes. He read sometimes an hour a day, sometimes two, but kept exact account.

—The recent sale of the Marquis of Waterford's estates in Ireland is described by the Dublin *Post* as one of the most remarkable ever witnessed in any part of that country. The land was divided into one hundred and twenty-one lots, and brought upward of $1,500,000. What renders this sale remarkable was the fact that most of the land was bought by tenants, some of whom paid at the rate of fifty, others forty, and none at less than thirty years' purchase.

—The extent to which people will "go on" about music may be seen in the fact that RICHARD WAGNER has succeeded in collecting half a million of dollars for the purpose of having all of his operas performed at a new theatre to be constructed for that purpose in the city of Baireuth.

—Since the war GUSTAVE DORÉ has returned to Paris and put up a barn-like studio in the Champs Elysées, where he is finishing a massive picture of Christ leaving the Prætorium to reach Calvary.

—Mr. JOHN HALME, of Philadelphia, elicits the praise of the press for having nineteen years ago become the guardian of a niece and nephew, receiving in trust for them $19,039 46. Last week he filed his account in court, which showed that during this long period of time he had not only supported and educated them out of the fund, but was ready to pay over the handsome sum of $79,201 24. He made no charge for his services.

—RUBINSTEIN is to be the next musical celebrity to come among us. After him PAULINE LUCCA. LISZT pronounces RUBINSTEIN to be the best of living pianists. He is a Russian, descended from Jewish ancestry. His grandfather was a Jew, but his father is of the Greek Church, as is the pianist. He is now forty-two, and in the prime of his powers. He has not only written operas and symphonies, but many piano pieces, and songs, duets, and quartettes innumerable, and most of them very good.

—That the world moves is freshly indicated by the fact that among the students at Balliol College, Oxford, are the Duke of Genoa and Prince HASSAN of Egypt. The former is quite English in dress, appearance, and language. The Prince also has become quite an Englishman, and may be seen rowing on the river, or driving his pair, cigar in mouth, just like any other young swell.

—King VICTOR EMANUEL has received from his Minister of Finance, purporting to be a gift from "his people," the beautiful estate of Castel Porziano, near Rome. The cost was $900,000.

—Mr. DOUGLAS TAYLOR, a printer, of course, was chairman of the committee of arrangements on the Franklin Statue celebration, and discharged his duty with proverbial energy and tact. When he asked Professor MORSE to unveil the statue, the grand old man said, "Yes, if I have to be lifted to the spot." The statue itself is a gift from Captain ALBERT DE GROOT, an opulent and public-spirited bachelor, who many years ago, when a boy, was asked by Commodore VANDERBILT, "What can you do?" A. DE G. answered, "Almost any thing," which was truthful; for since then he has been doing almost every thing, and gathering much pecuniary moss in the manœuvre.

—New York's notable centenarian is THOMAS FITZGERALD, of Rhinebeck, who has lived to see one hundred and eight years. He resides with one son, while his wife, one hundred years old, lives with another. The "children" are good children. Mr. FITZGERALD chews tobacco and eschews spirits. He is a deaf individual, but sees things with the eye naked. Moreover, he threadeth the needle at arms-length, strops his individual razor, shaves his own features, and earns his salt by fishing. Mr. FITZGERALD felicitates himself on having been born in Ireland.

—The following curious "personal" appears in the English papers: General BOUVERIE, a veteran of the Peninsular war, and for a long time a member of Queen VICTORIA'S household, died recently, leaving an estate worth $50,000 per annum, and a large accumulated property besides. His only son had been a very fast young man, and had married a girl much below his rank in life, and for that had been disowned by his family. The property by law went to heirs male, and in order that it should not go to one of the common people, great effort was made to show that the son of the disowned heir at law was only so by repute, but not in fact. This project failed, and consequently, on General BOUVERIE'S death, his grandson—a young man who has served as a private soldier and officer's servant in the line, and afterward as a member of the Irish constabulary—now steps into possession of a splendid mansion (Delapre Abbey), with park and gardens on a commensurate scale, and becomes the representative of an aristocratic house in one of the most exclusive county societies in England, with an estate worth at the least a million of dollars.

—When Mr. JOSEPH JEFFERSON last performed Rip Van Winkle in St. Louis, Judge GILLESPIE, for the first time in his life, was induced to go to the theatre and see the play. When asked what he thought of it, he replied, "Confounded ridiculous! The idea of a poor Dutchwoman over the wash-tub with diamond rings on her fingers!"

—In addition to the WADSWORTHS of Geneseo, Livingston County, New York, boasts of other descendants of early settlers, among whom the most notable are the FITZHUGHS, who came from Maryland A.D. 1800, and purchased large tracts of land near Mount Morris, in the famed valley of the Genesee. In conjunction with Judge CARROLL, of Washington, D. C., and Colonel ROCHESTER, of North Carolina, the original FITZHUGH bought the hundred-acre tract which is now the business centre of the famous city of flour-mills. At the age of seventy-eight Dr. DANIEL H. FITZHUGH, a son of the pioneer, still lives and moves, an example of the health and length of days which "moderation in all things" brings. At the age of nearly fourscore the doctor has the bodily and mental vigor of a man of fifty, and superintends his large estates, near Mount Morris and in Michigan, as actively as he did half a century ago. By his cheerful temperament and courteous bearing he carries sunshine wherever he goes. When he entered the valley, the noble red man welcomed visitors with the pleasantry of the tomahawk; but he has lived through those little difficulties, and seen civilization progress from the trail to the bridle-path, the turnpike, canal, and iron horse of the Erie.

—The statistics of the G. D. ALEXIS in his recent raid on the buffalo of the excessive West, put in tabular form, foots up:

G. D.—Buffaloes, old	2
" " calf	1
General SHERIDAN	2
"SHORTY"	3
"BUFFALO WILLIAM"	40
Other slaughterers	8
Total	56

Grand powwow at the close. G. D. presented warriors $50 in half dollars, twenty blankets, and eight jackknives; SHERIDAN gave SPOTTED TAIL scarlet cap, belt, and a—a—[shirt.] In the evening they hilarified, took something warm, and dropped off into fine old snore.

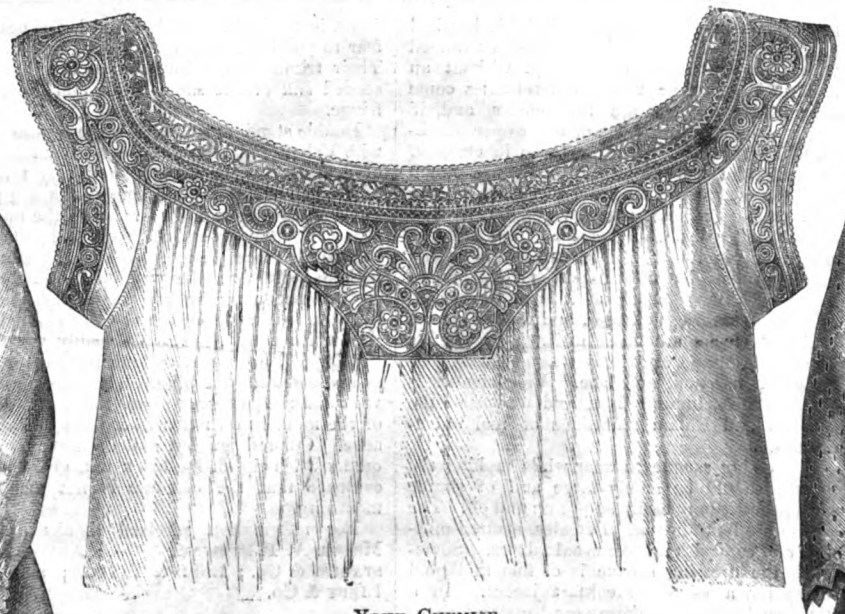
—Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY states that in the coming autumn Mr. EDMUND YATES, author of several capital novels published by HARPER & BROTHERS, proposes to visit the U. S. for the purpose of delivering lectures embodying his recollections of old acquaintances of his, such as DICKENS, THACKERAY, JERROLD. He is a bright and clever fellow, a capital speaker, with an inherited gift of humorous dramatic expression.

—An admirer of Senator SCHURZ says that "he has no equal in the Senate in direct, pointed attack, skillful and graceful vehemence, and rare scholarship, which seems to be as perfect in our history as in that of Germany or France. Nobody dare meet him in debate; for all feel that he has reservations of cruel force, which to tempt would not be agreeable. He is, however, a man of cold temperament, respectable rather than hearty, and always finds his chief adorers among men of his own class—those who adore faculty, knowledge, chivalry." SCHURZ is only forty-two years old—one of the youngest Senators. He is in the prime of vigorous life, very tall, broad-shouldered, spare, and graceful, and he may be likened in appearance to a fine stag. He lives like a gentleman, drinks a bottle of good wine at his dinner, sees well to his apparel, dressing for the most part in fine English browns, roans, or blues, and he wears gold spectacles. His income, derivable from his paper in St. Louis, his writings, and his Senatorial salary, is probably about $16,000 a year. His wife is probably one of the very finest specimens of German women in America, the daughter, it is said, of a Hamburg banker. She met SCHURZ in the city of London when he was a poor exile there, living upon remittances from home and from correspondence from his pen to German journals, and she sympathized with him and loved him. Mrs. SCHURZ is a dark-haired, dark-eyed woman of beautiful figure, and a mild and delightful expression of countenance. SCHURZ and herself are very much in love with each other, and they keep the best class of company in Washington. Both of them are earnest and strong in their attachment to German manners and the German country. Mrs. SCHURZ appreciates the fact that our republic affords her husband the best chance for a high career; but she and he prefer to give their children a German education, and they like to be well considered and remembered by the North German statesmen. When SCHURZ ran for the Senate against HENDERSON and BEN LOAN, old Baron GEROLT, the Prussian minister, appeared for the only time in his life on Newspaper Row, sanguine to get points in favor of his friend. SCHURZ is on good terms with BISMARCK; and his enemies here have alleged that he means to return to Germany and take part in that government; on the other hand, he has repeatedly said, with emphasis, that this is his country, and that his whole future is comprised in America.

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NIGHT SACQUE.



YOKE CHEMISE.



DRESSING SACQUE.



DRAWERS.



YOKE NIGHT DRESS.



CORSET COVER.

LADY'S LINGERIE.

[Cut Paper Patterns of entire set of Lingerie, comprising Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

Lady's Lingerie.

FOR the convenience of those who frequently apply to us for good patterns of under-clothing, we publish herewith a set of lingerie, modeled after the favorite styles in use, and consisting of dressing sacque, corset cover, night sacque, yoke night dress, yoke chemise, and close drawers. Cut paper patterns of the entire set will be furnished in nine even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. The size is taken in the usual manner, by passing a tape entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest. No other measure is required. If the size is an uneven number of inches, for instance, 37, send for 38 inches, and take the seams deeper than is allowed on the pattern.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS set of patterns comprises six articles, viz., dressing sacque, corset cover, short night sacque, long yoke night dress, yoke chemise, and drawers closed at the side.

DRESSING SACQUE.—This pattern is in



Fig. 1.—SUIT WITH WATTEAU OVER DRESS.—FRONT.



Fig. 2.—SUIT WITH WATTEAU OVER DRESS.—BACK.

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four pieces—front, back, sleeve, and piece for trimming. Cut the back and sleeves with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut the front with the straight edge laid lengthwise on the edge of the goods, and turn back to the notch at the top and bottom for the hem in front. The collar is formed by a binding an inch wide, cut double, and edged with upright points. The front, bottom, and sleeves are trimmed with a pointed strip cut from the pattern given. Place the longest straight edge of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you in sewing it in. The perforations show where to baste the sleeves on the shoulders and under the arms. Put the pattern together by the notches. Baste up and try on wrong side out before sewing; and if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for the other seams. Lengthen or shorten the sacque at the bottom, taking care not to alter the shape. If the sleeves are too long or short, take from or add an equal amount at the top and bottom.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.

CORSET COVER.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and sleeve. The fronts are fitted with darts on each side. The back is cut with a seam in the middle. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and where to take the darts. The notches show how to put the pattern together. Baste up and try on in the manner described for dressing sacque. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for the others. The corset cover is closed in front with buttons and button-holes. The neck and sleeves are trimmed with insertion an inch wide divided by a row of puffing an inch and a half wide, and edging three-quarters of an inch wide.



BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH BLACK AND WHITE TULLE STRINGS.



VIOLET VELVET AND LILAC GROS GRAIN BONNET.



HAT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.



HAT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 5 YEARS OLD.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 1½ yards.

Insertion, 4½ yards. Puffing, 2½ yards. Edging, 2 yards.

SHORT NIGHT-SACQUE. — This pattern is in five pieces — front, back, sleeve, cuff, and collar. Cut the back and sleeves with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut the front with the straight edge laid lengthwise on the fold of the goods. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. The standing collar has the corners turned down in front, even with the line of perforations. The front is embroidered or trimmed with insertion and edging. Gather the sleeve at the bottom, and sew it between the double cuff, with the opening on the outer edge. Place the longest straight edge of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, where to turn down the collar, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Baste up and try on in the manner described for dressing sacque. Lengthen or shorten the sleeves by taking from or adding an equal quantity at the bottom and top, always keeping the same shape. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for the others.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.

Insertion, 3¼ yards. Edging, 3¼ yards.

LONG YOKE NIGHT DRESS.—This pattern is in six pieces—front and back of yoke, front and back of body, sleeve, and cuff. Cut the back of the yoke and body with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut the front of the yoke and body with the longest straight edge laid lengthwise on the edge of the goods. Cut the garment of the required length. The notches at the top and bottom show where to turn back for the hem in front. The yoke is cut double. The body is gathered, back and front, to fit the yoke. The sleeve is gathered at the top to fit the armhole. Sew in the sleeve as described for dressing sacque, etc. The neck is finished with a band an inch wide. The front is closed all the way with buttons and button-holes, and is trimmed with needle-work edging. The yoke is trimmed with insertion an inch wide. Put the pattern together by the notches. An outlet of an inch is given for the seams on the shoulders, and a quarter of an inch for the others. Lengthen or shorten the sleeves at the top and bottom in the manner already described.



BLACK VELVET BONNET WITH WHITE FEATHERS.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 6 yards.

Edging, 4 yards. Insertion, 1¼ yards.

YOKE CHEMISE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front and back of yoke, front of body, and sleeve. Cut the front and back of body with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid making a seam, and lengthen the garment as much as may be required. Cut the front of the yoke with the longest straight edge laid on the edge of



Fig. 1.—CRÊPE DE CHINE OPERA CLOAK.—BACK.



Fig. 2.—CRÊPE DE CHINE OPERA CLOAK.—FRONT.

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the goods. Sew up the seam in the middle of the back. Put the body together according to the notches, gather the top, front, and back to fit the yoke, and set on the latter. Sew the seams of the sleeves, placing the notches evenly together, and join them with the body and yoke. The garment can be left open in front, or closed, as may be desired. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams in this pattern, and the pieces are all notched to prevent mistakes in putting together.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 2½ yards.

Edging for trimming, 3½ yards.

DRAWERS.—This pattern is in two pieces—body and waistband. In cutting lay the straight edge of the pattern on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut off the top at the line of perforations in front. Join the garment in the centre. Cut an opening at each side down to the notch, and face this slit all around with a strip of the material an inch wide. Gather the top of the body, back and front, and sew to the bands. Finish the ends of the bands with buttons and button-holes, letting the front overlap the back. Tuck the material before cutting out. The original is trimmed with an embroidered ruffle two inches wide. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams.

Quantity of material, 36 inches wide, 2 yards.

Embroidery, 1 yard.

Suit with Watteau Over Dress, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 100.

THIS suit consists of a skirt and over dress. The illustration Fig. 1 shows the suit made of purple silk, and illustration Fig. 2 shows it made of purple silk and purple and white striped Algérienne. The trimming consists of gathered and side-pleated ruffles, scalloped bias strips furnished with a binding, of folds, rolls, and bows.

Violet Velvet and Lilac Gros Grain Bonnet.

See illustration on page 101.

THIS violet velvet bonnet is trimmed with folds and a scalloped revers of the material, which are bound with lilac gros grain. The front of the bonnet is furnished with a similar binding. Violet gros grain strings and bows. A cluster of pansies and mignonette, arranged as shown by the illustration, forms the trimming. A ruche of white silk tulle is set inside of the bonnet in front. Lilac silk gauze veil, edged with blonde of the same color.

Black Velvet Bonnet with Black and White Tulle Strings.

See illustration on page 101.

THIS black velvet bonnet is furnished in front with a broad diadem of black gros grain, which is edged on the top with two rows of black lace. On the right side of the bonnet is a tuft of black and white feathers and a bow of black gros grain, the ends of which are fringed out. Black figured silk tulle strings, underlaid with white tulle, and trimmed with wide open silk fringe, are tied under the chin.

Black Velvet Bonnet with White Feathers.

See illustration on page 101.

THIS black velvet bonnet is furnished with bows and strings of black gros grain ribbon. The trimming consists of two white ostrich feathers. A ruche of white silk tulle is set inside the front.

Hat for Girl from 4 to 6 Years old.

See illustration on page 101.

THIS brown beaver hat is trimmed with brown gros grain and a brown feather. The rim, which is turned up on the sides, is faced with gros grain. Folds three-quarters of an inch wide and a side-pleated gros grain strip are wound around the crown of the hat. A bow of gros grain with fringed ends and a tuft of brown feathers are set on the side of the hat.

Hat for Boy from 3 to 5 Years old.

See illustration on page 101.

THIS gray felt hat is bound with velvet, and trimmed with velvet folds, loops, and ends, and a tuft of feathers. The ends are edged with fringe.

Crêpe de Chine Opera Cloak, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 101.

THIS opera cloak is made of white crêpe de Chine, and is lined with white lustring. The trimming consists of rich satin stitch embroidery of white silk, white silk tassel fringe six inches wide, and passementerie agrafes with tassels.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"STRANGERS YET."

LADY LAURA went back to Portland Place in an hour; but Geraldine Challoner staid all night with the sick child. God was very merciful to Clarissa; the angel of death passed by. In the night the fever abated, if only ever so little; and Dr. Ormond's report next day was a cheering one. He did not say the little one was out of danger; but he did say there was hope.

Lady Geraldine proved herself an accomplished nurse. The sick child seemed more tranquil in her arms than even in his mother's. The poor mother felt a little pang of jealousy as she saw that it was so; but bore the trial meekly, and waited upon Geraldine with humble submission.

"How good you are!" she murmured once, as she watched the slim white hands that had played chess with George Fairfax adjusting poultices—"how good you are!"

"Don't say that, my dear Mrs. Granger. I would do as much for any cottager's child within twenty miles of Hale; it would be hard if I couldn't do it for my sister's friend."

"Have you always been fond of the poor?" Clarissa asked, wonderingly.

"Yes," Geraldine answered, with a faint blush; "I was always fond of them. I can get on with poor people better than with my equals sometimes, I think; but I have visited more among them lately, since I have gone less into society—since papa's death, in fact. And I am particularly fond of children; the little things always take to me."

"My baby does, at any rate."

"Have you written or telegraphed to Mr. Granger?" Lady Geraldine asked, gravely.

"No, no, no; there can be no necessity now. Dr. Ormond says there is hope."

"Hope, yes; but these little lives are so fragile. I implore you to send to him. It is only right."

"I will think about it, by-and-by, perhaps, if he should grow any worse; but I know he is getting better. Oh, Lady Geraldine, have some pity upon me! If my husband finds out where I am, he will rob me of my child."

The words were hardly spoken when there was a loud double knock at the door below, a delay of some two minutes, and then a rapid step on the stair—a step that set Clarissa's heart beating tumultuously. She sat down by the bed, clinging to it like an animal at bay, guarding her cub from the hunter.

The door was opened quickly, and Daniel Granger came into the room. He went straight to the bed, and bent down to look at his child.

The boy had been light-headed in the night, but his brain was clear enough now. He recognized his father, and smiled—a little wan smile, that went to the strong man's heart.

"My God, how changed he is!" exclaimed Mr. Granger. "How long has he been ill?"

"Very little more than a week, Sir," Jane Target faltered from the background.

"More than a week! and I am only told of his illness to-day, by a telegram from Lady Laura Armstrong! I beg your pardon, Lady Geraldine; I did not see you till this moment. I owe it to your sister's consideration that I am here in time to see my boy before he dies."

"We have every hope of saving him," said Geraldine.

"And what a place I find him in! He has had some kind of doctor attending him, I suppose?"

"He has had a surgeon from the neighborhood, who seems both kind and clever, and Dr. Ormond."

Mr. Granger seated himself at the foot of the bed, a very little way from Clarissa, taking possession of his child, as it were.

"Do you know, Mrs. Granger, that I have scarcely rested night or day since you left Paris, hunting for my son?" he said. And this was the first time he acknowledged his wife's presence by word or look.

Clarissa was silent. She had been betrayed, she thought—betrayed by her own familiar friend; and Daniel Granger had come to rob her of her child. Come what might, she would not part with him without a struggle.

After this there came a weary time of anxious care and watching. The little life trembled in the balance; there were harassing fluctuations, a fortnight of unremitting care, before a favorable issue could be safely calculated upon. And during all that time Daniel Granger watched his boy with only the briefest intervals for rest or refreshment. Clarissa watched too; nor did her husband dispute her right to a place in the sick-room, though he rarely spoke to her, and then only with the coldest courtesy.

Throughout this period of uncertainty, Geraldine Challoner was faithful to the duty she had undertaken—spending the greatest part of her life at Clarissa's lodgings, and never wearying of the labors of the sick-room. The boy grew daily fonder of her; but, with a womanly instinct, she contrived that it should be Clarissa who carried him up and down the room when he was restless—Clarissa's neck round which the wasted little arm twined itself.

Daniel Granger watched the mother and child sometimes with haggard eyes, speculating on the future. If the boy lived, who was to have him? The mother—whose guilt or innocence was an open question—who had owned to being at heart false to her husband—or the father, who had done nothing to forfeit the right to his keeping? And yet to part them was like plucking asunder blossom and bud, that had grown side by side upon one common stem. In many a gloomy reverie the master of Arden Court debated this point.

He could never receive his wife again—upon that question there seemed to him no room for doubt. To take back to his home and his heart the woman who had confessed her affection for another man was hardly in Daniel Granger's nature. Had he not loved her too much already—degraded himself almost by so entire a devotion to a woman who had given him nothing, who had kept her heart shut against him?

"She married Arden Court, not me," he said to himself; "and then she tried to have Arden Court and her old lover into the bargain. Would she have run away with him, I wonder, if he had had time to persuade her that day? *Can* any woman be pure when a man dares ask her to leave her husband?"

And then the locket that man wore—"From Clarissa"—was not that damning evidence?

He thought of these things again and again, with a weary iteration—thought of them as he watched the mother walking slowly to and fro with her baby in her arms. *That* picture would surely live in his mind forever, he thought. Never again, never any more, in all the days to come, could he take his wife back to his heart; but, O God, how dearly he had loved her, and how desolate his home would be without her! Those two years of their married life seemed to be all his existence; looking back beyond that time, his history seemed, like Viola's, "A blank, my lord." And he was to live the rest of his life without her. But for that ever-present anxiety about the child, which was in some wise a distraction, the thought of these things might have driven him mad.

At last, after those two weeks of uncertainty, there came a day when Dr. Ormond pronounced the boy out of danger—on the very high-road to recovery, in fact.

"I would say nothing decided till I could speak with perfect certainty," he said. "You may make yourselves quite happy now."

Clarissa knelt down and kissed the good old doctor's hand, raining tears upon it in a passion of gratitude. He seemed to her in that moment something divine, a supernal creature, who, by the exercise of his power, had saved her child.

Dr. Ormond lifted her up, smiling at her emotion.

"Come, come, my dear soul, this is hysterical," he said, in his soothing, paternal way, patting her shoulder gently as he spoke. "I always meant to save the little fellow; though it has been a very severe bout, I admit, and we have had a tussle for it. And now I expect to see your roses come back again. It has been a hard time for you as well as for baby."

When Mr. Granger went out of the room with the physician presently, Dr. Ormond said, gravely,

"The little fellow is quite safe, Mr. Granger; but you must look to your wife now."

"What do you mean?"

"She has a nasty little hacking cough—a chest cough—which I don't like; and there's a good deal of incipient fever about her."

"If there is any thing wrong, for God's sake see to her at once!" cried Daniel Granger. "Why didn't you speak of this before?"

"There was no appearance of fever until to-day. I didn't wish to worry her with medicines while she was anxious about the child; indeed, I thought the best cure for her would be the knowledge of his safety. But the cough is worse to-day; and I should certainly like to prescribe for her, if you will ask her to come in here and speak to me for a few minutes."

So Clarissa went into the dingy lodging-house sitting-room to see the doctor, wondering much that any one could be interested in such an insignificant matter as *her* health, now that her treasure was safe. She went reluctantly, murmuring that she was well enough—quite well now; and had hardly tottered into the room, when she sank down upon the sofa in a dead faint.

Daniel Granger looked on aghast while they revived her.

"What can have caused this?" he asked.

"My dear Sir, you are surely not surprised?" said Dr. Ormond. "Your wife has been sitting up with her child every night for nearly a month—the strain upon her, bodily and mental, has been enormous, and the reaction is, of course, trying. She will want a good deal of care, that is all. Come now," he went on cheerfully, as Clarissa opened her eyes, to find her head lying on Jane Target's shoulder, and her husband standing aloof, regarding her with affrighted looks—"come now, my dear Mrs. Granger, cheer up; your little darling is safely over his troubles."

She burst into a flood of tears.

"They will take him away from me!" she sobbed.

"Take him away from you—nonsense! What are you dreaming of?"

"Death has been merciful; but you will be more cruel," she cried, looking at her husband. "You will take him away."

"Come, come, my dear lady, this is a delusion; you really must not give way to this kind of thing," murmured the doctor, rather complacently. He had a son-in-law who kept a private mad-house at Wimbledon, and began to think Mrs. Granger was drifting that way. It was sad, of course, a sweet young woman like that; but patients are patients, and Daniel Granger's wife would be peculiarly eligible.

He looked at Mr. Granger, and touched his forehead significantly.

"The brain has been sorely taxed," he murmured, confidentially; "but we shall set all that right by-and-by." This with as confident an air as if the brain had been a clock.

Daniel Granger went over to his wife and took her hand—it was the first time those two hands had met since the scene in Austin's painting-room—looking down at her gravely.

"Clarissa," he said, "on my word of honor, I will not attempt to separate you from your son."

She gave a great cry—a shriek, that rang through the room—and cast herself upon her husband's breast.

"Oh, God bless you for that!" she sobbed; "God bless—" and stopped, strangled by her sobs.

Mr. Granger put her gently back into her faithful handmaiden's arms. *That* was different. He might respect her rights as a mother; he could never again accept her as his wife.

But a time came now in which all thought of the future was swept away by a very present danger. Before the next night Clarissa was raving in brain-fever; and for more than a month life was a blank to her—or not a blank, an age of confused agony rather, to be looked back upon with horror by-and-by.

They dared not move her from the cheerless rooms in Soho. Lovel was sent down to Ventnor with Lady Geraldine and a new nurse. It could do no harm to take him away from his mother for a little while, since she was past the consciousness of his presence. Jane Target and Daniel Granger nursed her, with a nursing sister to relieve guard occasionally, and Dr. Ormond in constant attendance.

The first thing she saw, when sense came back to her, was her husband's figure, sitting a little way from the bed, his face turned toward her, gravely watchful. Her first reasonable words—faintly murmured in a wondering tone—moved him deeply; but he was strong enough to hide all emotion.

"When she has quite recovered, I shall go back to Arden," he said to himself, "and leave her to plan her future life with the help of Lady Geraldine's counsel. That woman is a noble creature, and the best friend my wife can have. And then we must make some fair arrangement about the boy—what time he is to spend with me, and what with his mother. I can not altogether surrender my son. In any case, he is sure to love her best."

When Clarissa was at last well enough to be moved, her husband took her down to Ventnor, where the sight of her boy, bright and blooming, and the sound of his first syllables—little broken scraps of language, that are so sweet to mothers' ears—had a better influence than all Dr. Ormond's medicines. Here too came her father, from Nice, where he had been wintering, having devoted his days to the pleasing duty of taking care of himself. He would have come sooner, immediately on hearing of Clarissa's illness, he informed Mr. Granger; but he was a poor, frail creature, and to have exposed himself to the north-east winds of this most uncertain climate early in April would have been to run into the teeth of danger. It was the middle of May now, and May this year had come without her accustomed inclemency.

"I knew that my daughter was in good hands," he said. Daniel Granger sighed, and answered nothing.

Mr. Lovel's observant eyes soon perceived that there was something amiss; and one evening, when he and Mr. Granger were strolling on the sands between Ventnor and Shanklin, he plainly taxed his son-in-law with the fact.

"There is some quarrel between Clary and you," he said; "I can see that at a glance. Why, I used to consider you a model couple—perfectly Arcadian in your devotion—and now you scarcely speak to each other."

"There is a quarrel that must last our lives," Daniel Granger answered, moodily, and then told his story, without reservation.

"Good heavens!" cried Mr. Lovel, at the end; "there is a curse upon that man and his race."

And then he told his own story, in a very few words, and testified to his undying hatred of all the house of Fairfax.

After this there came a long silence, during which Clarissa's father was meditative.

"You can not, of course, for a moment suppose that I can doubt my daughter's innocence throughout this unfortunate business," he said at last. "I know the diabolical persistency of that race too well. It was like a Fairfax to entangle my poor girl in his net—to compromise her reputation, in the hope of profiting by his treachery. I do not attempt to deny, however, that Clarissa was imprudent. We have to consider her youth, and that natural love of admiration which tempts women to jeopardize their happiness and character even for the sake of an idle flirtation. I do not pretend that my daughter is faultless; but I would stake my life upon her purity. At the same time, I quite agree with you, Granger, that, under existing circumstances, a separation—a perfectly amicable separation, my daughter of course retaining the society of her child—would be the wiser course for both parties."

Mr. Granger had a sensation as of a volume of cold water dashed suddenly in his face. This friendly concurrence of his father-in-law's took him utterly by surprise. He had expected that Mr. Lovel would insist upon a reconciliation, would thrust his daughter upon her husband at the point of the sword, as it were. He bowed acquiescence, but for some moments could find no words to speak.

"There is no other course open to me," he said at last. "I can not tell you how I have loved your daughter—God alone knows that—and how my every scheme of life has been built up from that one foundation. But that is all over now. I know, with a most bitter certainty, from her own lips, that I have never possessed her heart."

"I can scarcely imagine that to be the case," said Mr. Lovel, "even though Clarissa may have been betrayed into some passionate admission to that effect. Women will say any thing when they are angry."

"This was not said in anger."

"But at the worst, supposing her heart not to have been yours hitherto, it might not be too late to win it even now. Men have won their wives after marriage."

"I am too old to try my hand at that," replied Mr. Granger, with a bitter smile. He was mentally comparing himself with George Fairfax, the handsome soldier, with that indescribable charm of youth and brightness about him.

"If you were a younger man, I would hardly recommend such a separation," Mr. Lovel went on, coolly; "but at your age—well, existence is quite tolerable without a wife; indeed, there is a halcyon calm which descends upon a man, when a woman's influence is taken out of his life, that is perhaps better than happiness. You have a son and heir, and that I should imagine, for a man of your position, is the chief end and aim of marriage. My daughter can come abroad with me, and we can lead a pleasant, drowsy life together, dawdling about from one famous city or salubrious watering-place to another. I shall, as a matter of course, surrender the income you have been good enough to allow me; but, *en revanche*, you will no doubt make Clarissa an allowance suitable to her position as your wife."

Mr. Granger laughed aloud.

"Do you think there can ever be any question of money between us?" he asked. "Do you think that if, by the surrender of every shilling I possess, I could win back my faith in my wife, I should hold the loss a heavy one?"

Mr. Lovel smiled, a quiet, self-satisfied smile, in the gloaming.

"He will make her income a handsome one," he said to himself, "and I shall have my daughter—who is really an acquisition, for I was beginning to find life solitary—and plenty of ready money. Or he will come after her in three months' time. That is the result I anticipate."

They walked till a late moon had risen from the deep blue waters, and when they went back to the house every thing was settled. Mr. Lovel answered for his daughter as freely as if he had been answering for himself. He was to take her abroad, with his grandson and namesake Lovel, attended by Jane Target and the new nurse, vice

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Mrs. Brobson, dismissed for neglect of her charge immediately after Clarissa's flight. If the world asked any questions, the world must be told that Mr. and Mrs. Granger had parted by mutual consent, or that Mrs. Granger's doctor had ordered Continental travel. Daniel Granger could settle that point according to his own pleasure; or could refuse to give the world any answer at all, if he pleased.

Mr. Lovel told his daughter the arrangement that he had made for her next morning.

"I am to have my son?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, don't I tell you so? You and Lovel are to come with me. You can live any where you please; you will have a fair income, a liberal one, I dare say. You are very well off, upon my word, Clarissa, taking into consideration the fact of your supreme imprudence—only you have lost your husband."

"And I have lost Arden Court. Does not there seem a kind of retribution in that? I made a false vow for the love of Arden Court—and—and for your sake, papa."

"False fiddlestick!" exclaimed Mr. Lovel, impatiently; "any reasonable woman might have been happy in your position, and with such a man as Granger—a man who positively worshiped you. However, you have lost all that. I am not going to lecture you—the penalty you pay is heavy enough, without any sermonizing on my part. You are a very lucky woman to retain custody of your child, and escape any public exposure; and I consider that your husband has shown himself most generous."

Daniel Granger and his wife parted soon after this—parted without any sign of compunction; there was a dead-wall of pride between them. Clarissa felt the burden of her guilt, but could not bring herself to make any avowal of her repentance to the husband who had put her away from him—so easily, as it seemed to her. *That* touched her pride a little.

On that last morning, when the carriage was waiting to convey the travelers to Ryde, Mr. Granger's fortitude did almost abandon him at parting with his boy. Clarissa was out of the room when he took the child up in his arms and put the little arms about his neck. He had made arrangements that the boy was to spend so many weeks in every year with him—was to be brought to him at his bidding, in fact; he was not going to surrender his treasure entirely.

And yet that parting seemed almost as bitter as if it had been forever. It was such an outrage upon nature; the child, who should have been so strong a link to bind those two hearts, to be taken from him like this, and for no sin of his. Resentment against his wife was strong in his mind at all times, but strongest when he thought of this loss which she had brought upon him. And do what he would, the child would grow up with a divided allegiance, loving his mother best.

One great sob shook him as he held the boy in that last embrace, and then he set him down quietly, as the door opened, and Clarissa appeared in her traveling dress, pale as death, but very calm.

Just at the last she gave her hand to her husband, and said, gently,

"I am very grateful to you for letting me take Lovel. I shall hold him always at your disposal."

Mr. Granger took the thin, cold hand, and pressed it gently.

"I am sorry there is any necessity for a divided household," he said, gravely. "But fate has been stronger than I. Good-by."

And so they parted; Mr. Granger leaving Ventnor later in the day, purposeless and uncertain, to moon away an evening at Ryde, trying to arrive at some decision as to what he should do with himself.

He could not go back to Arden yet a while—that was out of the question. Farming operations, building projects, every thing else must go on without him, or come to a stand-still. Indeed, it seemed to him doubtful whether he should ever go back to the house he had beautified, and the estate he had expanded: to live there alone—as he had lived before his marriage, that is to say, in solitary state with his daughter—must surely be intolerable. His life had been suddenly shorn of its delight and ornament. He knew now, even though their union had seemed at its best so imperfect, how much his wife had been to him.

And now he had to face the future without her. Good heavens! what a blank, dismal prospect it seemed! He went to London, and took up his abode at Claridge's, where his life was unspeakably wearisome to him. He did not care to see people he knew, knowing that he would have to answer friendly inquiries about his wife. He had nothing to do, no interest in life; letters from architect and builder, farm-bailiff and steward, were only a bore to him; he was too listless even to answer them promptly, but let them lie unattended to for a week at a time. He went to the strangers' gallery when there was any debate of importance, and tried to give his mind to politics, with a faint idea of putting himself up for Holborough at the next election. But, as Phèdre says, "Quand ma bouche implorait le nom de la déesse, j'adorais Hippolyte;" so Mr. Granger, when he tried to think of the Irish Church question, or the *Alabama* claims, found himself thinking of Clarissa. He gave up the idea at last, convinced that public life was, for the most part, a snare and a delusion, and that there were plenty of men in the world better able to man the great ship than he. Two years ago, he had been more interested in a vestry meeting than he was now in the most stirring question of the day.

Finally, he determined to travel—wrote a brief letter to Sophia, announcing his intention, and departed unattended, to roam the world; undecided whether he should go straight to Marseilles, and thence to Africa, or whether he should turn his face northward, and explore Norway and Sweden. It ended by his doing neither. He went to Spa to see his boy, from whom he had been separated something over two months.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

MR. LOVEL had taken his daughter to Spa, finding that she was quite indifferent whither she went, so long as her boy went with her. It was a pleasant, sleepy place out of the season, and he liked it; having a fancy that the mineral waters had done wonders for him. He had a villa on the skirts of the pine-wood, a little way beyond the town—a villa in which there was ample room for young Lovel and his attendants, and from which five minutes' walk took them into shadowy deeps of pine, where the boy might roll upon the soft, short grass.

By-and-by Mr. Lovel told Clarissa they could go farther afield, travel wherever she pleased, in fact; but, for the present, perfect rest and quiet would be her best medicine. She was not quite out of the doctor's hands yet; that fever had tried her sorely, and the remnant of her cough still clung to her. At first she had a great terror of George Fairfax discovering her retreat. He had found her at Brussels; why should he not find her at Spa? For the first month of her residence in the quiet inland watering-place she hardly stirred out-of-doors without her father, and sat at home reading or painting day after day, when she was longing to be out in the wood with her baby and nurse.

But when the first four weeks had gone by, and left her unmolested, Mrs. Granger grew bolder, and wandered out every day with her child, and saw the young face brighten daily with a richer bloom, as the boy gained strength, and was almost happy. The pine-wood was very pretty; but those slender trees, shooting heavenward, lacked the grandeur of the oaks and beeches of Arden, and very often Clarissa thought of her old home with a sigh. After all, it was lost to her—twice lost, by a strange fatality, as it seemed.

In these days she thought but seldom of George Fairfax. In very truth, she was well-nigh cured of her guilty love for him. Her folly had cost her too dear; "almost the loss of my child," she said to herself sometimes.

There are passions that wear themselves out, that are by their very nature self-destroying—a lighted candle that will burn for a given time, and then die out with ignominious smoke and sputtering, not the supernal lamp that shines on, star-like, forever. Solitude and reflection brought this fact home to Clarissa, that her love, fatal as it had been, was not eternal. A woman's heart is scarcely wide enough to hold two great affections; and now baby reigned supreme in the heart of Clarissa. She had plenty of money now at her disposal—Mr. Granger having fixed her allowance at three thousand a year, with extensive powers should that sum prove insufficient; so the Bohemian household under the shadow of St. Gudule profited by her independence. She sent her brother a good deal of money, and received very cheery letters in acknowledgment of her generosity, with sometimes a little ill-spelled scrawl from Bessie, telling her that Austin was much steadier in Brussels than he had been in Paris, and was working hard for the dealers, with whom he was in great favor. English and American travelers, strolling down the Montagne de la Cour, were caught by those bright "taking" bits, which Austin Lovel knew so well how to paint. An elderly Russian princess had bought his peach picture, and given him a commission for portraits of a brood of Muscovian bantlings. In one way and another he was picking up a good deal of money; and, with the help of Clarissa's remittances, had contrived to arrange some of those awkward affairs in Paris.

"Indeed, there is very little in this world that money won't settle," he wrote to his sister; "and I anticipate that enlightened stage of our criminal code when willful murder will be a question of pounds, shillings, and pence. I fancy it in a police report: 'The fine was immediately paid, and Mr. Greenacre left the court with his friends.' I have some inclination to go back to my old quarters in the only city I love; there is a Flemish buffet in the Rue du Chevalier Bayard that was a fortune to me in my backgrounds; but the little woman pleads so earnestly against our return, that I give way. Certainly, Paris is a dangerous place for a man of my temperament, who has not yet mastered the supreme art of saying no at the right moment. I am very glad to hear you are happy with your father and the little one. I wish I had him here for a model; my own boys are nothing but angles. Yet I would rather hear of you in your right position with your husband. That fellow Fairfax is a scoundrel; I despise myself for ever having asked him to put his name to a bill; and still more for being blind to his motives when he was hanging about my painting-room last winter. You have had a great escape, Clary; and God grant you wisdom to avoid all such perilous paths in time to come! Preachment of any kind comes with an ill grace from me, I know; but I dare say you remember what Portia says: 'If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces;' and every man, however fallen, has a kind of temple in his breast, wherein is enshrined the image of his nearest and dearest. Let my garments be never so besmirched and bedraggled, my sister's robes must be spotless."

There was comfort in these good tidings of her brother—comfort for which Clarissa was very grateful to Providence. She would have been glad to go to Brussels to see him, but had that ever-present terror of coming athwart the pathway of George Fairfax; nor could she go on such an errand without some kind of explanation with her father. She was content to abide, therefore, among the quiet pine-woods and umbrageous avenues, which the holiday world had not yet invaded, and where she was almost as free to wander with her boy as amidst the beloved woods of Arden Court.

Life thus spent was very peaceful—peaceful, and just a little monotonous. Mr. Lovel sipped his chocolate, and trifled with his Maintenon cutlet, at 11 A.M., with an open volume of Burton or Bentley beside his cup, just as in the old days of Clarissa's girlhood. It was just like the life at Mill Cottage, with that one ever fresh and delicious element—young Lovel. That baby voice lent a perpetual music to Clarissa's existence; the sweet companionship of that restless clambering infant seemed to her the perfection of happiness.

And yet—and yet—there *were* times when she felt that her life was a failure, and lamented somewhat that she had so wrecked it. She was not hard of heart; and sometimes she thought of Daniel Granger with a remorseful pang, that came upon her sharply in the midst of her maternal joys; thought of all that he had done for love of her—the sublime patience wherewith he had endured her coldness, the generous eagerness he had shown in the indulgence of her caprices; in a word, the wealth of wasted love he had lavished on an ungrateful woman.

"It is all over now," she said to herself, sadly. "It is not every woman who in all her lifetime can win so great a love as I have lost."

The tranquil, sensuous life went on. There were hours in it which her child could not fill—long hours, in which that marvelous blossom folded its petals, slumbering sweetly through the summer noontide, and was no better company than a rosebud. Clarissa tried to interest herself in her old studies; took up her Italian, and read Dante with her father, who was a good deal more painstaking in his explanations of obscure idioms and irregular verbs for the benefit of Mrs. Granger with a jointure of three thousand per annum, than he had been wont to show himself for the behoof of Miss Lovel without a sixpence. She drew a great deal; but somehow these favorite pursuits had lost something of their charm. They could not fill her life; it seemed blank and empty in spite of them.

She had her child—the one blessing for which she had prayed—about which she had raved with such piteous bewailings in her delirium; but there was no sense of security in the possession. She was full of doubts and fears about the future. How long would Daniel Granger suffer her to keep her treasure? Must not the day come when he would put forth his stronger claim, and she would be left bereaved and desolate?

Scarcely could she dare to think of the future; indeed, she did her uttermost to put away all thought of it, so fraught was it with terror and perplexity; but her dreams were made hideous by scenes of parting—weird and unnatural situations, such as occur in dreams; and her health suffered from these shadowy fears. Death, too, had been very near her boy; and she watched him with a morbid apprehension, fearful of every summer breeze that ruffled his flaxen hair.

She was tired of Spa, and secretly anxious to cross the frontier and wander through Germany, away to the farthermost shores of the Danube; but was fain to wait patiently till her father's medical adviser—an English physician, settled at Spa—should pronounce him strong enough to travel.

"That hurried journey to the Isle of Wight sent me back prodigiously," Mr. Lovel told his daughter. "It will take me a month or two to recover the effects of those abominable steamers. The Rhine and the Danube will keep, my dear Clary. The castled crag of Drachenfels can be only a little mouldier for the delay, and I believe the mouldiness of these things is their principal charm."

So Clarissa waited. She had not the courage to tell her father of those shapeless terrors that haunted her by day, and those agonizing dreams that visited her by night, which she fancied might be driven away by movement and change of scene; she waited, and went on suffering, until at last that supreme egotist, Marmaduke Lovel, was awakened to the fact that his daughter was looking no better than when he first brought her to Belgium—worse rather, incontestably worse.

He took alarm immediately. The discovery moved him more than he could have supposed any thing outside himself could have affected him.

"What?" he asked himself. "Is my daughter going to languish and fade, as my wife faded? Is she, too, to die of a Fairfax?"

The English physician was consulted; hummed and ha'd a little, prescribed a new tonic; and finding, after a week or two, that this produced no result, and that the pulse was weaker and more fitful, recommended change of air and scene—a remedy which common-sense might have suggested in the first instance.

"We will start for Cologne to-morrow morning. Tell Target to pack, Clary. You shall sleep under the shadow of the great cathedral to-morrow night."

Clarissa thanked her father warmly, and then burst into tears.

"Hysteria," murmured the physician.

"I shall get away from that dreadful room," she sobbed, "where I have such hideous dreams;" and then went away to set Jane Target to work.

"I don't quite like the look of that," the doctor said, gravely, when she was gone. "Those distressing dreams are a bad sign. But Mrs. Granger is very young, and has an excellent constitution, I believe. Change of scene, and the amusement of traveling, may do all we want."

He left Mr. Lovel very thoughtful.

"If she doesn't improve speedily, I shall telegraph to Granger," he said to himself.

He had no occasion to do this. Daniel Granger, after going half-way to Marseilles, with a notion of exploring Algiers and Morocco, had stopped short, and made his way by road and rail—through sirocco clouds of dust, and much inconvenience—to Liege, where he had lingered to recover and calm himself down a little before going to see his child.

Going to see his child—that was the sole purpose of his journey; not for a moment would he have admitted that it mattered any thing to him that he was also going to see his wife.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A HAPPY MISTAKE.

ONE day there was a great feast in a great house. A wealthy young merchant was giving a dinner-party one winter evening. The guests had just entered the dining-room, when suddenly a carriage drove up to the door, and the portals once more opened at a reverberating knock. A tall, elegant girl presently entered the dining-room. Perhaps if she had been able to glance carefully at the faces of some of those who were assembled, she would have seen some slight marks of surprise. None was expressed; she was greeted with favor by the lady who did the honors of the house, and had a seat next the host. Every body was charmed with the beauty and grace of the fair apparition. The dinner was hardly finished, when the visitant discovered that she had made a mistake. She had come to the wrong house. The right dinner-party was the very next door. The young merchant had already fallen in love with his guest, and he wooed and won her. I am not quite certain about the details of the story—how she was alone and without any friends; but, for all that, the story is true, and I trust I may be excused the telling of it.

USEFUL RECIPES.

INGLESIDE WAFFLES.—Make one pint of Indian meal into mush in the usual way. While hot, put in a lump of butter the size of an ordinary hen's egg, and a dessert-spoonful of salt. Set the mush aside to cool. Meanwhile beat separately till very light the whites and yolks of four eggs. Add the eggs to the mush, and cream in gradually one quart of wheaten flour. Add half a pint of buttermilk or sour cream, in which has been dissolved half a tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda. Lastly, bring to the consistency of thin batter, by the addition of sweet milk. Most stoves are at present furnished with waffle-irons, which are made to supply temporarily the place of one of the stove-plates, and are much more convenient than the old-fashioned sort, save where they still cook in open fire-places. An hour should be allowed for the process of waffle-making, and the cook should in the beginning put her irons to heat, that they may be in the proper condition for baking so soon as the batter is ready. Have a brisk fire, grease the irons thoroughly, but with nicety, and bake quickly. Fill the irons only half full of batter, that the waffles may have room to rise, or they will be heavy, despite previous pains in their preparation.

GERMANTOWN PUFFS.—Beat the whites of six eggs till they stand alone, and the yolks the same space of time. Cream in by degrees nine table-spoonfuls of flour. Put in a table-spoonful of melted butter and a tea-spoonful of salt; then make into a batter with one pint of sweet milk. Grease little patty-pans, pour in the batter, and bake rapidly till of a light brown color. No more luscious food can be procured for the breakfast-table than is furnished by these simple cakes. Some persons think the flavor improved by the addition of a little grated nutmeg.

OLD MAIDS.—This peculiarly English bread is to be recommended for the extreme simplicity of its composition, and, at the same time, for being generally acceptable to the palate. At night make into dough, precisely as if for light bread, one quart of flour with half a gill of any lively yeast, using warm water in winter and cold water in summer. Work well. In the morning work again two hours before breakfast-time. Then roll out with the rolling-pin, and make with the hand into cakes somewhat larger than a common-sized biscuit. When well risen, bake on a griddle, turning them as you do muffins. The baking only requires a very few minutes.

SHERWOOD BISCUIT.—For breakfast, make up at night one pint of flour with a table-spoonful of yeast, exactly as if for light bread. In the morning work in one quart of flour, with a heaping table-spoonful of lard and butter mixed, an even dessert-spoonful of salt, and half a pint of buttermilk in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved, or simply a cup of sweet milk. Work well for ten minutes. Make into small biscuits with the hand, instead of cutting out. To be precise, let them be two and a half inches in diameter, and half an inch in thickness. Stick with a fork. Bake quickly. Another ten minutes suffices for this, if the oven is in proper order. This quantity makes two large plates heaping full.

FAMILY CRACKERS.—Take biscuit dough made after the above recipe; roll out thin; allow a little for rising, and let the crackers be just one inch in thickness when done. Stick as you do biscuits, and cut out with a round cutter three and a half inches in diameter. Bake in a quick oven, and they will be found very nice, especially for tea, either hot or cold.

YELLOW PICKLED CABBAGE.—This recipe recommends itself as of delightful flavor, yet easily made, and a convenient substitute for the old-fashioned, tedious method of pickling the same vegetable. Take a peck of quartered cabbage, put a layer of cabbage and one of salt, let it remain overnight; in the morning squeeze them and put them on the fire, with four chopped onions covered with vinegar; boil for an hour; then add one ounce of turmeric, one gill of black pepper, one gill of celery seed, a few cloves, one table-spoonful of allspice, a few pieces of ginger, half an ounce of mace, and two pounds of brown sugar. Let it boil an hour longer, and when cold it is fit for use. Four table-spoonfuls of made mustard should also be added with the other ingredients.

A very easy way to remove spots of candle grease, etc., from a carpet, is to lay over them coarse brown paper, and on it set a warm iron; take off in a few minutes, and the grease will be found on the paper. If one application does not entirely remove, try again.

Just before baking buckwheat cakes, add to about one quart of the batter a scant half pint of bread crumbs that have been soaked in new milk. It is best to put the crumbs to soak overnight, so they may be thoroughly softened; the surplus milk can be drained off.

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BLINDMAN'S-BUFF—"I KNOW WHO YOU ARE."

BLINDMAN'S-BUFF.

THE old-fashioned pastimes, where people do something for themselves instead of sitting still to be amused by others, are both the cheapest and the wholesomest mode of Christmas entertainment. When Mrs. Jackson engages a conjurer to amuse the young people at her party, she is apt to think she does the very best thing possible for their delectation; but it is not at all unlikely that if she could listen unperceived to some of these *blasé* juveniles, she would hear them whispering, "He is not half so good as Mrs. Johnson's conjurer;" "Look how slowly he did that trick;" "He doesn't come from the right place," and so forth. Set these little detractors, however, to play at blindman's-buff, and you will see a wonderful change. Criticism will be abandoned, shouts of merriment, shrieks of pretended terror, and that ringing laughter peculiar to childhood will be heard on every side. Blindman's-buff is a most inexpensive amusement, unless the children are dressed with such absurd elegance that they can not bear to be touched, for there is often a good deal of scuffling and tumbling. According to theory, nobody has a right to touch Buff, but in practice poor Buff is pushed about unmercifully, and then, sometimes, he revenges himself, as in our picture, by pulling the bandage off his eyes before he has fairly ascertained the name of his captive. When the game is played by persons who have entered their teens, Buff is apt, if he secures some young lady whom he believes to be an especial favorite, to spend an unconscionable amount of time in deciding on her identity; but on this view of the subject it is not advisable to dwell.

FOR THE UGLY GIRLS.

No. VIII.

IT is a wonder that so few educated people address themselves to the service of the becoming in the human form. It is refined to study draperies or design costumes for the adornment of the body, but not to develop the beauty of the body itself. Hair-dressers, perfumers, and bathers find ample consolation for being the ninth part of men, or something less, in public estimation, since the refined world finds their work a necessity, and gives ample reward for it. Who make fortunes faster among the working classes than those who minister to the want of the beautiful, let us call it, rather than the severer name of human vanity? The arts of the toilette, as is well known, are advanced to the rank of a profession abroad. English fashion journals testify to this in their advertisement of establishments in London and at fashionable watering-places which offer brightly furnished parlors where one may enjoy the luxurious soothing of every appliance of the toilette in succession. The warm bath, in all the appealing pleasure of marble, porcelain,

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and gold, instead of dingy oil-cloths and reeking zinc basins, gives place to the deft hands of the hair-bather and chiropodist, these to the dresser, who bestows the locks, quickly and artificially dried, in the most elegantly simple style. Then comes the cosmetic artist, who removes blotches and specks from the face with quick acids, and laves it with soothing washes, or applies the emollient pastes which leave such fresh softness behind. The vulgarity of paint and enamel is forbidden in these establishments, though the operators have good knowledge of all secrets of their art. Innoxious dyes are applied as novices never can apply them, superfluous hairs are removed, and eyebrows and lashes are cared for by the most skillful hands. The former have every unnecessary hair removed, and are thinned to the penciled line they form in the portraits of Venetian ladies, who secured this peculiar charm in the same manner. With a pair of surgeon's scissors, fine and fairy-like weapons, the lashes are trimmed a hair-breath and no more, and brushed with sable pencils, conveying an ointment which increases their growth. The nails are polished, and the hands imbued with soft and perfumed oils which leave no trace. Let any lady picture the luxury of such a place and such attention, instead of the frowzy rooms and careless servants of a common hair-dressing saloon! The magnetic soothing of such appliances ought to count for a great deal in estimating elegant physical culture. It unmistakably soothes the system, and freshens its powers better than any narcotic stimulant. More than one of the most brilliant writers of the time is in the habit of bathing and making a full toilette before composition, realizing the magic influence such care has on the mind, rendering it bright and happy—two states which seldom exist independent of each other.

But, blessed circumstance, water and chemicals, simples and strokings, do their work in top bedrooms and stone-ware as well as in baths lined with porcelain behind the portière of a Pompadour dressing-room. Clever girls can do much for each other in these matters; and let me hope no one will have to ask more than sixteen people before finding a friend with nerve enough to trim her eyelashes for her, as an ambitious maiden once did. A fresh handful of prescriptions is taken from Paris authorities. If I could only find out how Petrarch's Laura trimmed her eyebrows, and give the method to the readers of the *Bazar!*

The cosmetic gloves for which there is such a demand are spread inside with the following preparation. The yolks of two fresh eggs beaten with two tea-spoonfuls of the oil of sweet almonds, one ounce of rose-water, and thirty-six drops of tincture of benzoin. Make a paste of this, and either swab the gloves with it, or spread it freely on the hands and draw the gloves on afterward. Of course there is no virtue in the gloves other than as they protect the hands from drying or soiling the bed-linen.

A paste for the skin of shoulders and arms is made from the whites of four eggs boiled in rose-water, with the addition of a grain or two of alum, and beaten till thick. Spread this on the skin and cover with old linen. Wear it all night, or all the afternoon before a party where it is desired to appear in full dress. This cosmetic gives great firmness and purity to the skin, and may be used to advantage by plump persons having soft, flabby flesh, as it shrinks the flesh by its astringent quality.

A wash recommended to stimulate the growth of hair in case of baldness is equal parts of the tincture of sulphate of quinine and aromatic tincture. For causing the eyebrows to grow where lost by fire, use the sulphate of quinine—five grains in an ounce of alcohol. For the eyelashes, five grains of the sulphate in an ounce of sweet almond oil is the best prescription; apply to the roots of the lashes with the finest sable pencil. One should never try to do this for one's self, as it irritates the eye to finger it so much as a self-applier must do.

The best dye that has come under my notice is this French recipe, which is seen to be harmless at a glance. Melt together, in a bowl set in boiling water, four ounces of white wax in nine ounces of olive-oil, stirring in, when melted and mixed, two ounces of burned cork in powder. This will not take the dull bluish tinge of metallic dyes, but gives a lustrous blackness to the hair like life. To apply it put on old gloves, cover the shoulders carefully to protect the dress, and spread the salvy preparation like pomade on the head, brushing it well in and through the hair. It changes the color instantly, as it is a black dressing rather than a dye. A brown tint may be given by steeping an ounce of walnut bark, tied in coarse close muslin, in the oil for a week before boiling. The bark is to be had at any large drug store, at about thirty cents the ounce.

The recipes which follow will be of special value in the warm days of early spring. The first contains nearly all the vegetable medicines in common use for purifying the blood, and will really prevent the lassitude and bilious symptoms which overcloud many a sweet spring day. When made by one's own hand, so that the purity and excellence of the ingredients can be insured, the mixture is to be commended far beyond the blood-purifiers and tonics prescribed by the faculty. But its connection with our present purpose is to remove the sallowness and unhealthy iris hues the complexion takes on at a season when, with all healthy, natural things, a girl's cheek should wear its brightest, clearest flame.

Half an ounce each of spruce, hemlock, and sarsaparilla bark, dandelion, burdock, and yellow dock, to one gallon of water; boil half an hour, strain hot, and add ten drops of oil of spruce and sassafras mixed. When cold, add half a pound of brown sugar and half a cup of yeast. Let it stand twelve hours in a jar covered tight, and bottle. Use this freely as an iced drink. This is merely a good recipe for the root beer which New Yorkers like to taste during warm months.

People inclined to embonpoint feel the burden of mortality oppressively during the first heats of the calendar. They will be glad to hear the prescription of a hill-country doctor, whose praise is sung in the household, that a strong decoction of sassafras drank frequently will reduce the flesh as rapidly as any remedy known. Take it either iced or hot, as fancied, with sugar if preferred. It is not advisable, however, to take this tea in certain states of health, and the family physician should be consulted before taking it. By a strong infusion is meant one made at the rate of an ounce of sassafras to a quart of water. Boil it half an hour very slowly, and let it stand till cold, heating again if desired, and keep it from the air.

A trouble scarcely to be named among refined persons is the tendency to perspiration, which ruins clothing and comfort alike. For this it is recommended to bathe the feet, hands, and parts of the body where the secretion is obtrusive with cold infusion of rosemary, sage, or thyme, and afterward dust the stockings and under-garment with a mixture of two and a half drams of camphor, four ounces of orris-root, and sixteen ounces of starch, the whole reduced to impalpable powder. For bathing powder this is extremely beneficial. But this article has encroached on the physician's province enough, at least, to prove the convertibility of matter of every kind, even of advice.

LITTLE CHINCHILLA.

A SKATING SONG.

SHE wears the shortest skirts,
And shows the whitest frilling;
She looks, as Queen of Flirts,
Miraculously killing!
She'll skim the thinnest ice,
As light as Queen Camilla;
She looks supremely nice—
My little pet Chinchilla!

Oh, should the gracious fates
But deign to be propitious,
I strap her fairy skates
On furry boots delicious;
Her willing hand I take,
In spite of Aunt Priscilla,
Then speed I o'er the lake
With little love Chinchilla!

The sleekest otter cuffs,
The rosiest of real skin,
The sable-est of muffs,
The softest gloves of seal-skin,
The quaintest hose with "clocks,"
A "cloud" like a mantilla,
The velvetest of frocks—
Wears little sweet Chinchilla!

The warmth of her regard
I take as sort of token;
Although 'tis freezing hard,
Our social ice is broken!
Coquettish in her furs,
She minds not my Manilla;
Ah! what a glance is hers,
My little dear Chinchilla!

She'll figure, glide, and twirl,
And worry the officials;
She'll cut out ev'ry girl
As easy as initials!
Oh, I could skate for miles,
Or dance a seguidilla,
Cheered by the sunny smiles
Of little smart Chinchilla!

Had I enough a year
To find my sweet in sable;
To wrap my dainty dear
In ermine were I able;
Had I a longer purse,
A neat suburban villa—
For better or for worse
I'd take my pet Chinchilla!

CLIPT WINGS.

THE most trying thing about Uncle Ted was his resemblance to his brother. It was sufficiently disagreeable to have an old man with tastes so low and habits so unpleasant fastened upon the family at all; but to see, and to know all saw, in this person the Leffler figure, and the Leffler features, and all the Leffler peculiarities to the very finger-nails, was a misfortune which demanded the whole of that fortitude of which the family motto boasted.

All attempts at reforming Uncle Ted had long since been abandoned. His brother, the doctor, had now grown accustomed to silence the complaints of his wife and children by half-reproachful reminders of that complete and final release which the whitening hair and battered frame seemed to prophesy was near at hand. No other comfort concerning the old man presented itself; and even this, suggested by his appearance and sometimes rambling mind, was made faint and doubtful by his good appetite, long walks, and early hours.

Uncle Ted had for years submitted himself to abject dependence on his brother. He could not work, he could not cope with strangers. Innumerable were the situations his brother had obtained for him, and the wardrobes Mrs. Leffler with willing fingers had prepared, and the departures that Uncle Ted had made; but swift had been the return on each occasion, pathetic the tale, irresistible the prayer to be allowed to stay.

The doctor continued his efforts from time to time; but, finding them always followed by the same results, and finding also that as the tall old form and noble-looking, half-vacant face grew more and more like his father's, it became more and more difficult for him to force him from under his roof. The doctor, therefore, had settled in his own mind, and made the family aware, he should not again seek a situation for Uncle Ted until he was compelled to place him in that from which return is impossible.

He was certainly a formidable incumbrance—one whom it was as impossible to conceal from society as it was to expect society to receive. Though his peculiar habits rendered it necessary for him to be banished from the room on the arrival of visitors, no one could be sure he would not come back for his snuffy pocket-handkerchief left lying on his niece's work-basket, or one of his enormous slippers dropped in his precipitate retreat, and in search of which all the ladies would have to rise, and turn about, and look under their chairs, while the doctor and Mrs. Leffler stood in sick, smiling patience; and uncle bowed, and apologized, and uttered most absurd compliments, and made—as his nieces afterward would declare—a "fearful exhibition" of himself.

Uncle Ted was full of admiration for these nieces, but they were scarcely able to appreciate his high opinion of them, their beauty, elegance, and accomplishments, since he was in the habit of confiding his opinion to the footman and the cook, who were kept well informed by him as to the conquests and matrimonial chances of the young ladies; and, indeed, as to most of the family affairs, private or otherwise, with which he might happen to become acquainted.

It was no longer of any use trying to keep him from talking to the servants. Who else could or would talk to him? His brother had done his utmost to frighten and persuade him out of the habit, had insisted on each member of the family devoting an hour a day to him, that he might not be driven to this extremity. But all was of no use. Uncle Ted was tiresome, and failed to keep his appointments. The young people were full of their own cares and pleasures, or rather of the pleasures which were their cares. The strong young wings wearied of trying to fly so low as this maimed and degraded old eagle; so they left it, and pursued their own bright flight.

Uncle Ted now, therefore, almost unchidden, carried his paper down to the kitchen every morning, and read leading articles to the cook, who without ceremony ordered him from place to place, to suit her convenience; while the housemaid would peep over his shoulder at the advertisements, and the footman sit on the table, discussing politics with him, undisguisedly patronizing.

The doctor could do nothing but sigh helplessly as he, passing the kitchen stairs for a stroll in the garden, heard that fine old voice losing every day something of its nobility of tone, and that pure accent becoming so uncertain and vulgarized. Yet it would have been well for the family had Uncle Ted confined his friendship to his brother's servants solely. This, however, was not the case; for the doctor had more than once surprised him, before breakfast, standing on the step, leaning against the area railings—his skull-cap on the back of his head, his hands in the pockets of his old dressing-gown—asking the milkman's advice on some delicate family matter, hitherto supposed to have been a secret from Uncle Ted himself.

Led gently away by his brother's trembling arm, and sternly, yet entreatingly remonstrated with in the seclusion of the doctor's study, Uncle Ted defended his conduct on the score of the milkman's being a very remarkable man, a gentleman under a cloud, a person of considerable mental endowments; and the interview would be brought to an abrupt close by an earnest recommendation from Uncle Ted that his friend should be asked to dinner.

Among the nurse-maids in the park, no less than among his brother's domestics and tradespeople, Mr. Edward Leffler was incessantly discovering some "highly gifted mind," or some "fine nature," that demanded not only the devotion of his morning hours, during which he would sit in speechless or eloquent admiration of the "mind" or "nature" in question, usually to the embarrassment of its owner, and of some policeman or lifeguardsman near at hand, but, unfortunately, too often demanded also homage, in the shape of a silver thimble, brooch, or ribbon, pilfered from the toilette-table of one of Uncle Ted's nieces.

When the family went out of town, Uncle Ted was left behind. To carry such a disgrace among fresh scenes and servants was, of course, out of the question; yet the alternative was a serious one. In fact, it generally happened that, from the moment of the family's return to the moment of its departing again, fresh revelations were constantly being made concerning Uncle Ted's peculiar modes of passing this interval of separation from his relatives.

At first when the doctor, on opening one after another of his favorite books, found himself possessed by a strong inclination to sneeze, and traced this strange effect to its cause—namely, a few grains of brown powder sullying nearly every page—he concluded that Uncle Ted had been devoting his time exclusively to study during the family's absence. Sundry odd volumes being missing from their places, and undiscoverable any where else, Uncle Ted's bedroom and favorite little retreats would be searched. As to the volumes themselves, the search would be in vain, but would result in the finding of mysterious little tickets bearing mention of the missing books and their whereabout; and not of these alone, but bearing mention also of other little trifling articles and *their* whereabout. Perhaps the whole amount which the exchange of the things mentioned on the tickets themselves had brought Uncle Ted would not be more than ten or twelve shillings. But the most alarming thought to the family was not, after all, the way by which the money had been obtained, but the way in which it had been spent.

Who could tell for what purpose it had gone? Perhaps in wooing to be Mrs. Edward Leffler, Mrs. Woods, the tobacconist, a widow with six children, and a person for whom Uncle Ted had confessed a feeling of no common friendship, through her likeness to a certain Lady Emily, his first love; or perhaps it had purchased a betrothal gift for Mrs. Webfoe, the char-woman, whom the master of the house was ever in fear of having introduced to him as his sister-in-law.

It can not be supposed that the discovery of these tickets could be passed over as easily as Uncle Ted's other little eccentricities. A sense of unavoidable but useless duty compelled the doctor to summon his brother to his study, and endeavor to awaken in him some feelings of shame and penitence; but when, in obedience to his stern command, the tall form appeared, there was still so much of the old nobility about it that the doctor felt himself almost overcome with shame at the accusation he had to bring against him, and his voice would tremble as, pointing to the tickets on the table, he would say,

"Well, Edward, so it has come to *this*, has it, again?"

Uncle Ted, though seated in an attitude as dignified as his brother's, would gaze on the tickets with the expression of a child being chidden for a broken toy, and wondering timidly whether the fact of its being rendered useless ought not to be considered sufficient punishment, without further interference.

Sometimes, when the doctor's words were more than usually stern and rousing, when his eloquence over the family honor came strongly, like the wind from mountain heights, to this poor fallen human eagle, he *was* stirred, would ruffle his feathers, and struggle to soar to where he had fallen from. His brother, pausing for want of breath, would gaze upon him with some hope, as he saw the thin figure draw itself suddenly up, as if stung, the long hand trembling and hurriedly stroking the long chin, the fine blue eyes kindling to something like horror as they rested on the tickets; but the very next instant, catching sight of his brother's relenting eye, Uncle Ted would forget every thing but the fact that he was about to be forgiven and set free, and the doctor saw that he had seized upon that thought with the joyous avidity of a child, though he still tried to keep the corners of his mouth drawn down, and an affectation of remorse in his eyes during the rest of the lecture.

When it was over, and the doctor looked after his retreating form, trying to cover its relief by a greater show of infirmity than usual, he sighed to think how useless it seemed even to point out to him a better state, since it was so impossible for him to reach it. Not only had fate so cast him down, but had taken away all by which he might ever hope to rise—had clipped the wings which in this world could surely never grow again. The poor eagle might ruffle its feathers and struggle, but never soar.

It did continue to struggle at times, even while its decadence went on so rapidly—when, while reading his paper, the house-maid, in her anxiety to hear of a more eligible situation, so far forgot herself as to lay her black-leaded fingers on his shoulder; or when, in the heat of a political discussion, the footman addressed him by an opprobriously familiar name; or when the cook, after the failure of repeated hints as to the kitchen fire being needed for other purposes than toasting the sole of his slipper by, dropped the poker accidentally on his foot: on such occasions Uncle Ted was seen to change from his normal state. The half-startled, meditative look would come suddenly into his eyes, the long hand begin stroking the chin with quick, agitated fingers, the figure draw itself up, and make its retreat from the kitchen with a dignity that accorded but ludicrously with the set of the ragged and patched Indian dressing-gown, which had something of the character of the garments worn by monkeys on barrel-organs.

These attempts at flight were very rare, and of brief duration. Before his friends in the kitchen had enjoyed his absence a quarter of an hour, Uncle Ted would probably be again among them, assisting the offending house-maid to shell pease, helping John to spell out a love-letter from the country, or bowing at cook's elbow with his newly filled snuff-box, and the request,

"Madam, obleege me. I have desired Mrs. Woods to put in a little more rappee than Scotch on purpose to suit your taste. You *will* obleege me?"

The gravy or sauce of such a day usually seemed to suggest that cook had not spurned the prayer, though it might have happened she had not sufficiently recovered her temper to utter her accustomed magnanimous reply of—"Certingly, Mr. Edward, Sir," while her huge thumb and finger filled his tiny box which he held toward her, perfectly concealing his dismay, not only at so much of its contents being covered by the finger and thumb, but at so much more being scattered around in their efforts to squeeze themselves out of the box again without losing a grain of what they had secured.

One day it was exceedingly desirable that Uncle Ted should be so disposed of as to leave no danger of his intrusion at a little dance to take place in honor of his eldest niece's engagement.

The task had been undertaken by Dr. Leffler at the tearful entreaties of his daughter, who, in consideration of the high birth and poetic temperament of her betrothed, implored that he might be spared the sight of Uncle Ted until a closer intimacy would allow of some explanation as to his condition.

The queen of the evening was Uncle Ted's special favorite and the object of his most intense admiration. Ever since he had heard of the engagement he had been in a state of wild anxiety to see the person for whom all those affairs of Sophy's, in which he had shown her such lively though inconvenient sympathy, had been brought to so sudden a termination. But though Uncle

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Ted rushed out into the area, and stared up every time he heard a carriage stop at the house, he had always as yet managed to miss *his* carriage; though he had paced the hall for half an hour when he knew him to be in the house and on the point of taking his departure, he had been always beguiled away before the moment came, and listened at a distance to the buoyant step and voice in indignant disappointment. He did at last obtain a sight of him through the key-hole, and spent some time there—rushing down every minute to confide to the servants his impressions of the bridegroom elect from this narrow point of view, then rushing back to it again. These impressions, unfortunately, were such as to make him more eager than ever for an introduction. Countless pieces of paper were found about the house, the beginning of letters presenting "Mr. Edward Leffler's compliments to Captain Aldyce," and begging for an interview at Mrs. Woods's, or at some other of Uncle Ted's choice resorts, at the captain's earliest convenience. These notes sadly alarmed Sophy, who felt sure the writer was waiting his opportunity to throw one into the captain's carriage, or have it delivered to him in the house, as perhaps it would be, in her own presence.

All his efforts failing, Uncle Ted had of late begun to give way a little to despondency. This had been brought on by a severe cold he had caught through waiting half an hour in the area on a foggy evening just to see the captain's carriage-lamps flash by. He had not been out for the last day or two, to the wonder of several small pensioners of his to whom he made a daily allowance of hard-bake out of the little money with which the doctor ventured to trust him for his snuff. He had passed most of his time in the kitchen, had been rather more silent—"mopish," as cook expressed it—and altogether less sociable than usual, muttering, when asked what he would take to eat, some gloomy allusion to a dry crust, and snappishly offering, when asked where he would sit, to go to the coal-hole, if his doing so would afford any body satisfaction.

Dr. Leffler found him seated by the fire, and his first glance at him led him to expect even more opposition to Sophy's wishes than he had anticipated.

"I'm sorry to hear your cold's worse, Edward," he said, in a professional tone. "You must go to bed very early."

To his surprise Uncle Ted answered immediately,

"Yes, Theodore, I think I will go to bed early to-night."

"I would, indeed, Edward," urged the doctor.

"I think I'll go now, Theodore," declared Uncle Ted, rising from his chair.

"Well, I really would," agreed the doctor, trying hard not to appear too much relieved.

He began to think, as he gave Uncle Ted his arm up the stairs, that he must have forgotten about the party altogether, but as he gave him over to John's care in the hall he was undeceived in this matter by Uncle Ted's observing quietly, as he looked round at the camellias and lights,

"I should like to have seen Sophy when she's dressed."

"You shall do so," said the doctor. "Sophy shall run up and see you, only you must not trouble her about any thing. She is overexcited as it is; you must not add to her excitement by troubling her in any way."

"No, Theodore," answered Uncle Ted, meekly, and after one dazed, lingering look at the lights and flowers, passed up the stairs with John.

He kept his word, for when Sophy went up to his little room at the top of the house, John carrying two candles before her, and her maid keeping her dress from touching the floor, Uncle Ted only raised himself on his elbow and gazed at her till the tears came into his eyes, then he lay down again, saying gently,

"Thank you, Sophy; I am much obleeged to you, Sophy. I haven't excited you, have I, Sophy? Tell your father I have not excited you, my darling."

Sophy assured him with a conscience-smitten tenderness, and, throwing him a flower out of her bouquet, and courtesying with mock solemnity at the door of his little room, left him by himself.

Cook had promised to send him up some gruel, but forgot all about it, and he lay in the dark listening to the music, and thinking of his darling, all loveliness and love, floating among the lights and flowers, and of the bright young conqueror, whom he was not allowed to see.

After lying so long a time, he heard John bounding up the stairs to take a peep at himself before attending at supper.

Uncle Ted called to him, but he tripped down again, calling back carelessly,

"Can't stop now, Mr. Hedward. Just a-going into supper. Lie down and keep warm now, or we shall be a-having brunkeetis set in. Be up directly. *Haw rewore.*"

It was about half an hour past midnight when John whispered something to Dr. Leffler that caused him to go out of the room, and go straight up to Uncle Ted's attic.

The doctor sat down on the edge of his brother's bed, scarcely knowing for a moment or two what it was which had so shaken him—his sudden ascent of the stairs, the sight of Uncle Ted's face, or the weak cry with which he had greeted him.

"Theodore, I will see him—I've a *right* to see him."

"Be quiet, Edward; you shall see whom you like; but don't excite yourself. What is the matter? Have you been alone long?"

The quiet, anthoritative, professional tone and manner had some effect. Uncle Ted became a little calmer.

The doctor gave John some directions, sent him down stairs, made an alteration in the arrangement of the pillows, then sat down again and felt his brother's pulse.

"Theodore."

"Don't talk, Edward; don't talk just now," said the doctor; "presently will do."

"No, it won't, Theodore. I want to tell you something."

"Well, if it will relieve you. But you must be very quiet."

"Theodore, the night father died—you know I was alone, taking care of the house—me and Mrs. Webfoe. I was out when they brought him home in the fit; I was taking a cup of tea at a friend's — excellent woman, Theodore — perfect lady, though reduced to a mangle."

"Don't excite yourself, Edward, pray," said the doctor, beginning to have appalling forebodings as to the actual existence, after all, of the long-dreaded sister-in-law. "Well?"

"We had conversed on the subject of your quarrel with poor father, and she joked me about being likely to have all if he should die before you made it up, and said that people *did* say he had a will made in my favor. Then they fetched me, Theodore—Mrs. Webfoe came in a cab for me."

"Now you *are* exciting yourself, Edward."

"Theodore, he *did* have a will, leaving all to me; he put into my own hands—this—this—"

"Be quiet; pray be quiet," said the doctor, half dreamily, keeping one of his brother's hands as he took the thing they thrust into his.

He was almost startled out of his usual inscrutable pulse-feeling expression. How great and sudden a change must have come to the poor, weak, isolated mind—all unnoticed—for such an idea to have found place and conviction in it! At that moment a recollection of his brother's manner when he had returned home after his father's sudden death caused the doctor to think over the words he had just heard in an entirely different spirit.

After sitting looking into his face a minute, he got up slowly and went to the candle with the paper Uncle Ted had given him. There was no mistaking it for the very same whose reported existence, twelve years ago, had filled his heart with misgiving and bitterness.

"What made you do this, Edward? How could you receive me as owner of all, and remain yourself almost—God forgive me!—almost penniless? How could you, Edward?"

"Was I fit to be any thing but almost penniless, Theodore?"

"But why not have told me—have shared it with me equally?" asked the doctor, with almost passionate reproach.

Uncle Ted sighed, and shook his head.

"Ask your own spirit"—he said "sperit," in imitation of cook—"Ask your own spirit, Theodore. You know as well as I do you would almost have cursed your poor father, Theodore—you know you would—and let your children starve, rather than let them touch a penny of his money so left. Ah, *I* knew you, Theodore—*I* knew you. I knew it must be all or nothing. I says to myself, What am I? I only want to see the children happy, and find a home among 'em. And I *have* found a home, and been a turrable trial to you, Theodore; but it won't be for long—I feel it won't be for long, Theodore."

The doctor sat with his face buried in his hands. The story had not startled him. He knew that such an act was simply natural to Uncle Ted. There had not been the slightest heroism about it; it had been his *easiest* course, and therefore the one most pleasant to him.

"But, Theodore, you wouldn't always let me see you happy. Sophy won't let me see her happy; she won't let me see young Aldyce. It's *too* bad, that is, Theodore."

"I will fetch them," said the doctor, huskily; "they shall both come up."

"Stop, Theodore," cried Uncle Ted, with a vehemence that left him breathless.

When the doctor reached the bedside, he had turned his cheek to the pillow, and closed his eyes.

"Don't call 'em," he said, faintly. "I like to hear the music, and to think they're happy. Don't make 'em leave off for me. I'd rather not see *him* now. I won't have her made to leave off dancing, and set a-crying with her happy eyes. Not to-night, Theodore. Let her dance; let her be happy. Bless her!"

After watching by him some little time, Dr. Leffler ventured to disobey the master of the house so far as to summon his relatives and Captain Aldyce to his bedside.

Uncle Ted was so favorably impressed by Sophy's choice, that he left him a verbal introduction to carry to his special friend the policeman, lodging at Mrs. Woods's, whose acquaintance he strongly advised the captain to cultivate.

He passed away at seven o'clock in the morning, in the presence of all he loved, and looked on by a landingful of honestly regretful eyes.

The Indian dressing-gown was bequeathed to Captain Aldyce, and now serves as a nursery divan, the bright colors of which baby hands pat adoringly. The slippers were left to cook, their owner having observed, he said, that she had a Cleopatra foot. The snuff-box had so many claimants that the doctor, to settle the matter, decided to retain it in his own possession.

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

AN economic English minister, on the look-out for abuses, arrived on his mission at a public department a few seconds after the nominal hour for the commencement of business, entered the first room in a long passage, and there beheld a well-dressed youth, who, with his back to the fire, was calmly perusing a morning paper.

"Alone?" inquired the minister.

"Ya-as," replied the sole tenant of the office.

"Not much to do, I suppose? Plenty of time to read the papers, I see."

"Ya-as, plenty. I can always do my work here in twenty minutes."

"Oh, you can, can you? Has Mr. —— come?" naming the head of the department.

"I believe not," replied the newspaper student.

"Which is his room, may I ask?" pursued the minister.

"Last on the right along the passage," answered the youth.

Thither the minister repaired, and when the head of the department arrived, the latter was, after the first greetings, informed that it was clear there was ample room for a reduction of the clerical staff. The departmental head protested that he really had not men enough to get through the work.

"Oh," quoth the economist, "I know better than that. Why, not ten minutes ago one of them told me he had plenty of time to read the papers, and could get through his work here in twenty minutes."

The under-secretary protested that no clerk in the place could say so truly.

"Then come and see him," said the minister.

As they went along the passage they met the youth in question.

"Did you not tell me, Sir," demanded the right honorable gentleman, "that you had plenty of time to read the papers?"

"I did," was the reply.

"And that you could do all your work in twenty minutes?"

"Yes."

"There," said the minister, triumphantly, "it is clear your staff must be reduced, Mr. ——."

"But," stammered the head of the department, "I do not know this gentleman; he is not a clerk here."

"Clerk here!" replied the youth, in an injured tone; "I should think not, indeed. I come once a week in the mornings to wind and regulate the clocks. I'm no clerk." And he stalked off in dudgeon, leaving the economical cabinet minister to enjoy the joke as he might.

HINTS ON SKATING.

PROBABLY some of our readers are only just learning to skate, and perhaps, therefore, a few hints on the elements of the art may not be out of place. The ice is, of course, the first consideration. Will it bear? Make sure of your ice, therefore, first of all, and, if possible, have a ladder and ropes by the side of the pond. At any rate, carry a good long piece of stout whip-cord, with a bullet at the end, in your pocket. If any one falls through the ice, slide the ladder to him, sit on the broad end yourself, and he will be able to scramble out without any further harm than a good wetting. If you have no ladder, fling him the whip-cord, and he will be able to hold on till more substantial means of help arrive; whereas, if he tries to get out by clutching the edges of the hole through which he has fallen, the ice will most probably keep breaking in his grasp till he sinks exhausted. If you have no ladder, rope, or whip-cord, do not attempt to walk to the edge of the hole and give him your hand; the ice will most likely break and let you in too. No. Lie down on your belly, let somebody else do the like behind you and hold your heels, let two or three more continue the chain, and then grovel along till you can reach a stick to him, or throw him a rope of *securely* knotted handkerchiefs. Many a valuable life might have been thus saved at a comparatively small risk to the salvors, whereas, if people go crowding to the edge of the hole, they will most likely only make bad worse.

Having secured your ice, the next thing to be sure of is your boots. Let these be stout, closely fitting, laced boots. Those with elastic sides are generally very unsatisfactory, and *give* at the ankle, just where you want them to be the firmest.

With regard to skates, it is well to begin with quite a common pair. You will be pretty sure to spoil them in learning, and a common pair, or somebody else's cast-off ones, will answer the purpose very sufficiently. Only, if you really want to learn to skate, do not begin on "runners" or on fluted skates. If you do, you will find that you will have to start afresh with your apprenticeship when you put on a proper pair. Do not bother yourself with a multiplicity of straps; one round the instep and one over the toe are enough. There are some skates which are made to fit on without any straps at all. These are the best, if you get the right sort; but woe to you if you get the wrong. The screws won't bite, the cramps will slip, and you find yourself utterly helpless with a smart pair of brand-new skates, while a ragged little boy goes skimming past you on a couple of odd irons, which he has picked up somewhere and stuck into two clumsy pieces of wood, shaped with his own pocket-knife, and tied on to his fragments of high-lows with pieces of tar-rope. If your skates, however, go with straps, you will find it a good plan to take with you an extra piece (an inch or two long), with a buckle at each end. Then, if a strap breaks, you can piece it together again at once, and go on as if nothing had happened.

We will now suppose the learner to have arrived at the ice, and to have his skates firmly fastened on. Well, you must make up your mind to feel very foolish at first. Probably you will begin by trying to do something like *walking* on your skates, and this will be an ignominious failure. Disabuse your mind of all previous notions of progressing, forget all about walking and running: when you do either of *them*, your object is to plant the advanced foot firmly; in *skating*, your object is to set down the advanced foot so that it will *slide forward* as far as possible. Bear this, then, in mind (that your foot is to continue advancing after you have set it down), and throw your body *forward;* your performance will be awkward and ungraceful, no doubt, but dexterity and elegance can be acquired afterward, when you have learned how to balance yourself. If you do not lean well forward, your heels will go faster than your head, and down you will come, again and again, and probably you will get habits of timidity—far more serious hinderances to good skating than is the trick of leaning too forward.

At first you must be content to shuffle along anyhow, shambling about in a tipsy sort of way, only too pleased if you can keep on your legs for five minutes together. But get out of this as soon as you can, lift one foot from the ice, and see what you can do with the other by itself; do not try the "outside edge:" one great difficulty for beginners is that they are not aware of the difference between the inside and outside edges. The fact is, that in skating you should travel not on the flat of the iron, but on one or other of its edges. If your foot is unsteady, you wobble about from one edge to the other, and when you get on the outside edge you go down, unless you have the good luck to wobble back again instantaneously; for there is as much difference between skating on the outside edge or the inside edge as there is between balancing an egg on its *end* or its *side*. Begin, consciously, on the inside edge, then you will always have your other foot to save yourself with, for you can only fall toward the foot which is at present off the ice, as you have guarded against falling backward by leaning forward to such an extent that your hands will save you in that direction.

So there you are, feeling very foolish and feeble. Never mind. Begin to *strike*, throw your weight upon your left foot (inside edge), giving yourself at the same time a little impulse with your right as you lift it from the ice. Most likely you will have to bring your right foot down again before you have finished your stroke. Very well. Go off on the right foot next time in the same way, and, as you gain confidence, you will soon be able to throw yourself from the inside edge of one skate to that of the other without having recourse to the ignominous process of getting both feet on the ice between each stroke. When you can compass this, and can make a long, steady, equable stroke on each foot, you may conclude that you have begun to learn to skate. Your next stage will be learning to skate with both feet on the ice. This will not take you long; you roll yourself forward in a sinuous sort of way, which you will easily acquire if you only persist in keeping both feet down. This art is not worth much in itself, but it is very valuable for what it leads to—and that is skating *backward*.

As soon as you can writhe yourself forward in the way indicated, begin to wriggle backward in the same style; but first of all have the heels of your skates *rounded off*, unless you begin with round heels, which are far the best, though people will tell you that you must have sharp heels to stop yourself with. No such thing. Turn your toes in, when you want to stop, and your round-heeled skates will bring you to a standstill soon enough. At any rate, have round heels as soon as you begin to wriggle backward, and as soon as you can do that, begin to *strike* backward on alternate feet.

When you can do this, your next step will be to learn to go on the *outside* edge of your skate. Hitherto you have been traveling on the *inside* edge, and if you have lost your lateral balance you have always had the other foot to bring down and save yourself with; but when you are on the outside edge, you must keep your lateral balance, or down you go.

In order to learn this indispensable part of skating, lay a little lump of snow or tuft of grass on the ice, look steadily at it over your left shoulder, and skate slowly round it. This will bring you on the outside edge of your *left* skate. When you have done this several times, reverse the motion, and go round the circle so as to bring yourself on the outside edge of your *right* skate. You will probably get some tumbles during this process, but you must not think that you can *skate* till you can perform it, and, when you have succeeded, you will have mastered the whole alphabet of skating, with the exception of the outside edge *backward*, which is the only additional accomplishment required to enable you to do all *figure* skating.

As soon, therefore, as you get on a little with alternate inside and outside edges round a circle, set yourself to go on the outside edges alone, which you will do by *crossing* your feet. The long turned-up toes with which some skates are made are horribly in the way for this, and are of no use for any thing else, unless you are to go over ice so rough that nobody can skate upon it. Let your skates, therefore, have toes as nearly like the heels as possible, and then you will get on much better.

Now, too, you may at once begin to cut a figure of three. If you can really go on the outside edge you will find this figure of three much more easy than it looks. Start off with a semicircle on the outside edge gently (with your knee straight, of course), carry your other foot some twelve inches behind the skating foot, and the figure will *do itself;* you will find yourself swinging round, and cutting another semicircle (with the same foot) on the *inside* edge *backward;* and there you will be a "figure skater" almost before you know it. You will be on the high-road to all other figure skating, and will be able to disport yourself for a whole morning with the greatest enjoyment on a tiny pond, which would be utterly useless to the mere "inside edge" skater.

Here, then, we conclude, leaving all other figure skating to be learned where and how you can only really do it—*i. e.*, upon the ice, and under the tuition and after the example of some capable skater.

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VIEW OF WARWICK CASTLE.

BURNING OF WARWICK CASTLE.

THE year 1871 was a year of fires, and although the partial destruction of Warwick Castle may seem but a trifling matter by the side of the tremendous conflagrations of Paris and Chicago, nevertheless every man of English lineage, whether born on this or on the other side of the Atlantic, must regret the injury inflicted on that noble edifice, which Sir Walter Scott styles "the fairest monument of ancient and chivalrous splendor which remains uninjured by time." The original foundation of this noble pile dates from A.D. 813, according to the Saxon chronicle, for in that year Ethelfleda, Lady of Mercia, and daughter of King Alfred, erected a fort here on the mound, now existing. It was repaired and fortified by Turchill, the Saxon Earl of Warwick. In 1172 Warwick Castle was provisioned and fortified on behalf of the king, Henry II., and during these troublous times it remained about three years in his hands. It was again repaired during the reign of King John; but in 1263 the Earl of Warwick was surprised by the adherents of Simon de Montfort, then holding Kenilworth, and the walls of the castle were completely destroyed. In the twelfth year of the reign of Edward III. a new building was begun, and in 1394 Guy's Tower was completed by Thomas Beauchamp, the Earl of Warwick. In the reign of James I. £2000 were expended by the then owner of the castle, Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, "in making it habitable, and restoring it to its former importance." The castle sustained a short siege during the civil wars; afterward its dungeons received one or more royalist prisoners. About ninety years ago it was altered, beautified, and enlarged, when the elegant bridge over the Avon was built. Warwick Castle was especially attractive to American visitors; and in his book on England, "Our Old Home," Nathaniel Hawthorne lovingly and reverently describes the "gray magnificence" of the ancient edifice. He contrasts "bright, new Leamington, the growth of the present century, and rusty Warwick, founded by King Cymbeline in the twilight ages, a thousand years before the medieval darkness;" and then he opens out the scene of the castle's battlemented turrets, embowered half-way up with foliage, the machicolated towers, the long line of ramparts, the massive buttresses, and the high windowed walls. Then from the towers of the chapel in Leicester's Hospital he descries the battle-field of Edge Hill on the verge of the horizon, and in the middle

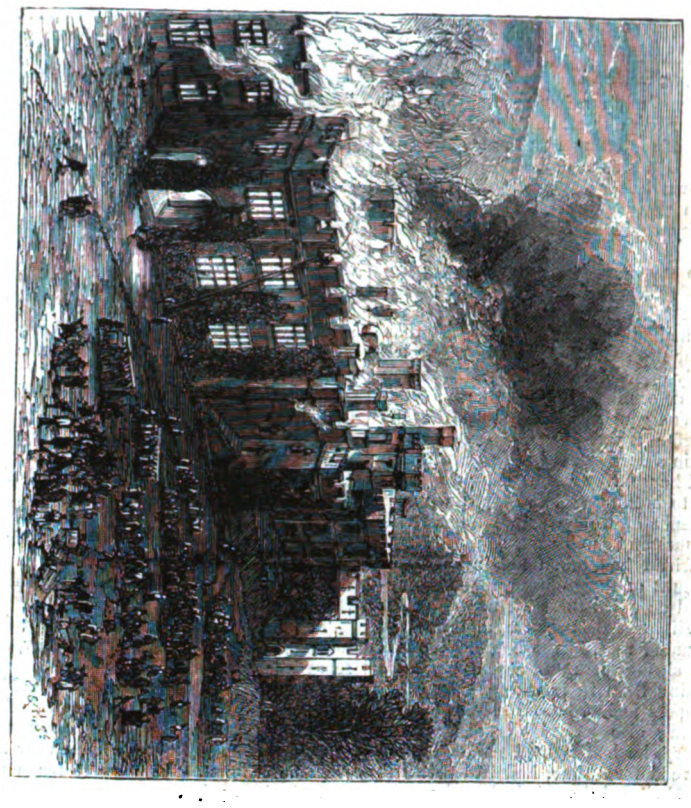


THE GREAT HALL, WARWICK CASTLE.

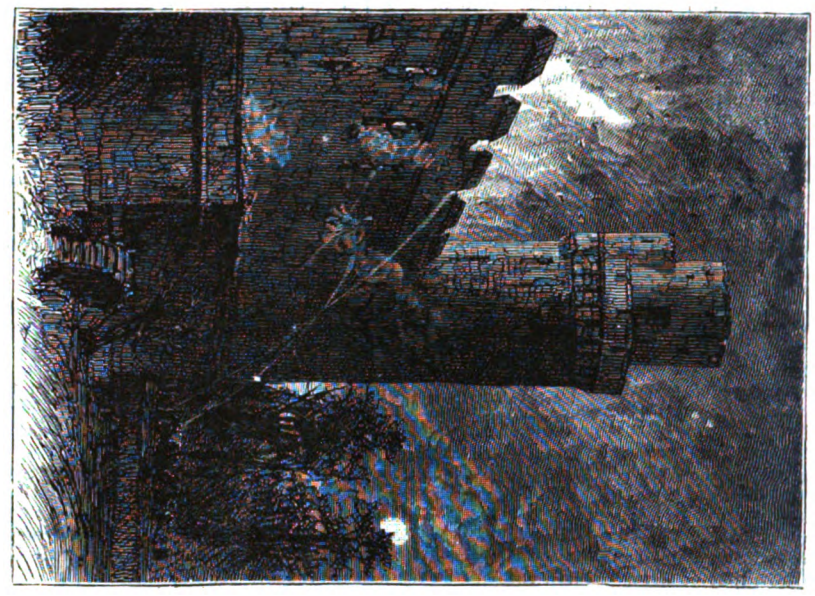
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THE FIRE AT WARWICK CASTLE—VIEW FROM THE MEADOWS.



GENERAL VIEW FROM GUY'S TOWER.



VIEW FROM THE MILL.



THE DINING-ROOM AND EAST WING, WITH CÆSAR'S TOWER.

distance the house where Cromwell slept the night before the battle. Gazing over the splendid park—"a wide extent of sunny lawns, interspersed with broad contiguities of forest shade"—his imagination was kindled into ecstasy. The cattle grazing in the meadow became so many Dun Cows, and the scene was alive with the exploits of the terrific Guy of Warwick. Nor did he forget the river Avon, rolling at the foot of the castle, and ennobled by the memories of the immortal playwright of Stratford.

The calamitous fire which our engravings commemorate took place on the morning of Advent-Sunday, December 3. At two o'clock in the morning some of the servants were aroused by a crackling noise, and on rising to ascertain the cause, they saw flames issuing from Lady Warwick's dressing-room, which lies to the east of the great hall. The alarm-bell was rung, and messengers were dispatched both to the town of Warwick and to Leamington, Coventry, and Kenilworth for assistance. Lord and Lady Warwick had only gone to Torquay two days before. Two of their younger children, who were asleep in the castle, only just escaped in time. The Warwick Volunteer Fire Brigade were promptly on the spot, and the Leamington Brigade speedily followed. Before their arrival the flames had made rapid progress. The whole of the east wing, containing the private apartments, was soon completely gutted, while the grand staircase, with its richly carved woodwork, rapidly conducted the fire to the great hall—a magnificent apartment, sixty feet by forty feet, and twenty-six feet high. The Gothic wooden roof, richly and elaborately carved, was executed in 1851. The walls were paneled with carved oak, and hung with antlers of deer, armor, swords, and match-locks. Here were exhibited Cromwell's battered helmet, and the doublet in which Lord Brooke was killed at the siege of Lichfield in 1644. The whole of the apartment and its contents were destroyed. Meanwhile the adjacent apartments were hastily stripped of all valuables that could be carried away. Pictures were torn out of their beadings, tapestry was wrenched off the walls, the tops of marble tables were carried off, and Queen Anne's bed was borne away piecemeal. But the state apartments were saved by the massive stone wall which separated the baronial hall from the red drawing-room. This prevented the extension of the fire below, and the firemen cut the connection on the roof. The final result was that half the building, but fortunately not the most ancient part, was completely gutted, and rendered as ruinous as the neighboring pile of Kenilworth. The valuables saved, including the priceless pictures, and Marie Antoinette's *lapis lazuli* table, were little damaged; Lady Warwick's jewels and the family plate were likewise preserved. Lord Warwick was not insured, nor is it known how the fire originated. The persons who assembled to put out the fire behaved with great pluck. A footman carried off 500 cartridges at the risk of his life; a fireman went on the burning roof when the lead was melting under his feet to cut a passage for the water; while another man was suspended by his belt over the fire while he poured a jet of water over a critical spot. We have been fortunate enough to obtain some very admirable sketches of the fire from Mr. J. Tom Burgess, editor of the Leamington *Courier*, and have also been assisted by some excellent photographs by Mr. A. Findlow, of Warwick.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE IN WESTMINSTER.

BY J. S. LE FANU, AUTHOR OF "UNCLE SILAS," ETC.

THIRTY years ago an elderly man, to whom I paid quarterly a small annuity charged on some property of mine, came on the quarter-day to receive it. He was a dry, sad, quiet man, who had known better days, and had always maintained an unexceptionable character. No better authority could be imagined for a ghost story.

He told me one, though with a manifest reluctance; he was drawn into the narration by his choosing to explain what I should not have remarked, that he had called two days earlier than that week after the strict day of payment which he had usually allowed to elapse. His reason was a sudden determination to change his lodgings, and the consequent necessity of paying his rent a little before it was due.

He lodged in a dark street in Westminster, in a spacious old house, very warm, being wainscoted from top to bottom, and furnished with no undue abundance of windows, and those fitted with thick sashes and small panes.

My poor friend had taken lodgings in this house on account of their extraordinary cheapness. He had occupied them for nearly a year without the slightest disturbance, and was the only tenant, under rent, in the house. He had two rooms, a sitting-room and a bedroom, with a closet opening from it, in which he kept his books and papers locked up. He had gone to his bed, having also locked the outer door. Unable to sleep, he had lighted a candle, and after having read for a time, had laid the book beside him. He heard the old clock at the stair-head strike one; and very shortly after, to his alarm, he saw the closet door, which he thought he had locked, open stealthily, and a slight, dark man, particularly sinister, and somewhat about fifty, dressed in mourning of a very antique fashion—such a suit as we see in Hogarth—enter the room on tiptoe. He was followed by an older man, stout, and blotched with scurvy, and whose features, fixed as a corpse's, were stamped with dreadful force with a character of sensuality and villainy.

This old man wore a flowered silk dressing-gown and ruffles, and he remarked a gold ring on his finger, and on his head a cap of velvet, such as, in the days of perukes, gentlemen wore in undress.

This direful old man carried in his ringed and ruffled hand a coil of rope; and these two figures crossed the floor diagonally, passing the foot of his bed, from the closet door at the farther end of the room, at the left, near the window, to the door opening upon the lobby, close to the bed's head, at his right.

He did not attempt to describe his sensations as these figures passed so near him. He merely said that so far from sleeping in that room again, no consideration the world could offer would induce him so much as to enter it again alone, even in the daylight. He found both doors, that of the closet and that of the room opening upon the lobby, in the morning fast locked, as he had left them before going to bed.

In answer to a question of mine, he said that neither appeared the least conscious of his presence. They did not seem to glide, but walked as living men do, and he felt a vibration of the floor as they crossed it. He so obviously suffered from speaking about the apparitions that I asked him no more questions.

There were in his description, however, certain coincidences so very singular as to induce me, by that very post, to write to a friend very much my senior, then living in a remote part of England, for the information which I knew he could give me. He had himself more than once pointed out that old house to my attention, and had told me, though very briefly, the strange story which I now asked him to give me in greater detail.

His answer satisfied me; and the following pages convey its substance.

Your letter (he wrote) tells me you desire some particulars about the closing years of the life of Mr. Justice Harbottle, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas. You refer, of course, to the extraordinary occurrences that made that period of his life long after a theme for "winter tales" and metaphysical speculation. I happen to know, perhaps, more than any other man living of these mysterious particulars.

The old family mansion, when I revisited London, more than thirty years ago, I examined for the last time. When I made it my first visit, it was in company with my father, when I was still a boy, in the year 1808.

My father was an old bachelor of nearly sixty when he married. He had, when a child, seen Judge Harbottle on the bench in his robes and wig a dozen times at least before his death, which took place in 1748, and his appearance made a powerful and unpleasant impression, not only on his imagination, but upon his nerves.

The Judge was at that time a man of some sixty-seven years. He had a great mulberry-colored face, a pendulous nose, small fierce eyes, and a grim and brutal mouth.

This old gentleman had the reputation of being about the wickedest man in England. Even on the bench he now and then showed his scorn of opinion. He had carried cases his own way, it was said, in spite of counsel, authorities, and even of juries, by a sort of cajolery, violence, and bamboozling, that somehow confused and overpowered resistance. He had never actually committed himself; he was too cunning to do that. He had the character of being, however, a dangerous and unscrupulous judge; but his character did not trouble him. The associates he chose for his hours of relaxation cared as little as he did about it.

One night during the session of 1746 this old Judge went down in his chair to wait in one of the rooms of the House of Lords for the result of a division in which he and his order were interested.

This over, he was about to return to his house close by, in his chair; but the night had become so soft and fine that he changed his mind, sent it home empty, and with two footmen, each with a flambeau, set out on foot in preference. Gout had made him rather a slow pedestrian. It took him some time to get through the two or three streets he had to pass before reaching his house.

In one of these narrow streets of tall houses, perfectly silent at that hour, he overtook, slowly as he was walking, a very singular-looking old gentleman.

He had a bottle green coat on, with a cape to it, and large stone buttons, a broad-leafed, low-crowned hat, from under which a big powdered wig escaped; he stooped very much, and supported his bending knees with the aid of a crutch-handled cane, and so shuffled and tottered along painfully.

"I ask your pardon, Sir," said this old man in a very quavering voice, as the burly Judge came up with him; and he extended his hand feebly toward his arm.

The Judge stopped short, and said, in his harsh, peremptory tones, "Well, Sir, how can I serve you?"

"Can you direct me to Judge Harbottle's house? I have some intelligence of the very last importance to communicate to him."

"If that be so, Sir, you have only to accompany me a few steps farther to reach my house and obtain a private audience; for I am Judge Harbottle."

With this invitation the infirm gentleman in the white wig complied very readily; and in another minute the stranger stood in what was then termed the front parlor of the Judge's house, *tête-à-tête* with that shrewd and dangerous functionary.

There were guests waiting in the drawing-rooms, and the sound of men's voices laughing, and then of a female voice singing to a harpsichord, was heard distinctly in the hall over the stairs; for old Judge Harbottle had arranged one of his dubious jollifications, such as might well make the hair of godly men's heads stand upright, for that night.

This old gentleman in the powdered white wig, that rested on his stooped shoulders, must have had something to say that interested the Judge very much; for he would not have parted on easy terms with the ten minutes and upward which that conference filched from the sort of revelry in which he most delighted, and in which he was the roaring king, and in some sort the tyrant also, of his company.

The footman who showed the aged gentleman out observed that the Judge's mulberry-colored face, pimples and all, was bleached to a dingy yellow, and there was the abstraction of agitated thought in his manner as he bid the stranger good-night. The servant saw that the conversation had been of serious import, and that the Judge was frightened.

The hall door had hardly closed when the old Judge was in the hall bawling hasty orders with such stimulating expletives as old colonels, under excitement, sometimes indulge in nowadays, with a stamp or two of his big foot, and a waving of his clinched fist in the air. He commanded the footman to overtake the old gentleman in the white wig, to offer him his protection on his way home, and in no case to show his face again without having ascertained where he lodged, and who he was, and all about him.

The old man, in the conference to which he had been admitted in that stately paneled room, had just told the Judge a very strange story. He might be himself a conspirator; he might possibly be crazed; or possibly his whole story was straight and true.

The aged gentleman in the bottle green coat, on finding himself alone with Mr. Justice Harbottle, had become agitated. He said,

"There is, perhaps you are not aware, my lord, a prisoner in Shrewsbury jail charged with having forged a bill of exchange for a hundred and twenty pounds, and his name is Lewis Pyneweck, a grocer of that town."

"Is there?" says the Judge, who knew well that there was.

"Yes, my lord," says the old man.

"Then you had better say nothing to affect his case. If you do, by ——, I'll commit you, for I'm to try it," says the Judge, with his terrible look and tone.

"I am not going to do any thing of the kind, my lord; of him or his case I know nothing and care nothing. But a fact has come to my knowledge which it behooves you to well consider."

"And what may that fact be?" inquired the Judge; "I'm in haste, Sir, and beg you will use dispatch."

"It has come to my knowledge, my lord, that a secret tribunal is in process of formation, the object of which is to take cognizance of the conduct of the judges, and first, of *your* conduct, my lord. From what I can gather they are Jacobites who desire private revenges upon certain judges."

"What do they call their cabal?"

"The High Court of Appeal, my lord."

"Who are you, Sir? What is your name?"

"Hugh Peters, my lord."

"That should be a Whig name."

"It is, my lord."

"Where do you lodge, Mr. Peters?"

"In Thames Street, my lord, over against the sign of the Three Kings."

"Three Kings? Take care one be not too many for you, Mr. Peters! How come you, being an honest Whig, as you say, to be privy to a Jacobite plot? Answer me that."

"My lord, a person in whom I take an interest has been seduced to take a part in it; and being frightened at the unexpected wickedness of their plans, he is resolved to become an informer for the Crown."

"He resolves like a wise man, Sir. What does he say of the persons? Who are in the plot? Doth he know them?"

"Only two, my lord; but he will be introduced to the club in a few days, and he will then have a list, and more exact information of their plans, and above all of their oaths, and their hours and places of meeting, with which he wishes to be acquainted before they can have any suspicions of his intentions. And being so informed, to whom, think you, my lord, had he best go then?"

"To the king's attorney-general straight. But you say this concerns me, Sir, in particular? How about this prisoner, Lewis Pyneweck? Is he one of them?"

"I can't tell, my lord; but for some reason it is thought your lordship will be well advised if you try him not. For if you do, it is feared 'twill shorten your days."

"So far as I can learn, Mr. Peters, this business smells pretty strong of treason. The king's attorney-general will know how to deal with it. When shall I see you again, Sir?"

"If you give me leave, my lord, either before your lordship's court sits, or after it rises, to-morrow. I should like to come and tell your lordship what has passed."

"Do so, Mr. Peters, at nine o'clock to-morrow morning. And see you play me no trick, Sir, in this matter; if you do, by ——, Sir, I'll lay you by the heels!"

"You need fear no trick from me, my lord; had I not wished to serve you, and acquit my own conscience, I never would have come all this way to talk with your lordship."

"I'm willing to believe you, Mr. Peters; I'm willing to believe you, Sir."

And upon this they parted.

"He has either painted his face, or he is consumedly sick," thought the old Judge.

The light had shone more effectually upon his features as he turned to leave the room with a low bow, and they looked, he fancied, unnaturally chalky.

"Dash him!" said the Judge, ungraciously, as he began to scale the stairs; "he has half spoiled my supper."

But if he had, no one but the Judge himself perceived it, and the evidence was all, as any one might perceive, the other way.

In the mean time the footman dispatched in pursuit of Mr. Peters speedily overtook that feeble gentleman. The old man stopped when he heard the sound of pursuing steps, but any alarms that may have crossed his mind seemed to disappear on his recognizing the livery. He very gratefully accepted the proffered assistance, and placed his tremulous arm within the servant's for support. They had not gone far, however, when the old man stopped suddenly, saying,

"Dear me! as I live, I have dropped it. You heard it fall. My eyes, I fear, won't serve me, and I'm unable to stoop low enough; but if *you* will look, you shall have half the find. It is a guinea; I carried it in my glove."

The street was silent and deserted. The footman had hardly descended to what he termed his "hunkers," and begun to search the pavement about the spot which the old man indicated, when Mr. Peters, who seemed very much exhausted, and breathed with difficulty, struck him a violent blow from above, over the back of the head, with a heavy instrument, and then another; and leaving him bleeding and senseless in the gutter, ran like a lamp-lighter down a lane to the right, and was gone.

When, an hour later, the watchman brought the man in livery home, still stupid and covered with blood, Judge Harbottle cursed his servant roundly, swore he was drunk, threatened him with an indictment for taking bribes to betray his master, and cheered him with a perspective of the broad street leading from the Old Bailey to Tyburn, the cart's tail, and the hangman's lash.

Notwithstanding this demonstration, the Judge was pleased. It was a disguised "affidavit man," or footpad, no doubt, who had been employed to frighten him. That trick had fallen through.

A "court of appeal," such as the false Hugh Peters had indicated, with assassination for its sanction, would be an uncomfortable institution for a "hanging judge" like the Honorable Justice Harbottle. That sarcastic and ferocious administrator of the criminal code of England, at that time a rather pharisaical, bloody, and heinous system of justice, had reasons of his own for choosing to try that very Lewis Pyneweck, on whose behalf this audacious trick was devised. Try him he would. No man living should take that morsel out of his mouth.

Of Lewis Pyneweck, of course, so far as the outer world could see, he knew nothing. He would try him after his fashion, without fear, favor, or affection.

But did he not remember a certain thin man, dressed in mourning, in whose house, in Shrewsbury, the judge's lodgings used to be, until a scandal of his ill-treating his wife came suddenly to light? A grocer with a demure look, a soft step, and a lean face as dark as mahogany, with a nose sharp and long, standing ever so little awry, and a pair of dark steady brown eyes under thinly traced black brows—a man whose thin lips wore always a faint, unpleasant smile.

Had not that scoundrel an account to settle with the Judge? had he not been troublesome lately? and was not his name Lewis Pyneweck, sometime grocer in Shrewsbury, and now prisoner in the jail of that town?

The reader may take it, if he pleases, as a sign that Judge Harbottle was a good Christian, that he suffered nothing ever from remorse. That was undoubtedly true. He had nevertheless done this grocer, forger, what you will, some five or six years before, a grievous wrong; but it was not that, but a possible scandal, and possible complications, that troubled the learned Judge now.

Did he not, as a lawyer, know that to bring a man from his shop to the dock, the chances must be at least ninety-nine out of a hundred that he is guilty?

A weak man like his learned brother Withershins was not a judge to keep the high-roads safe, and make crime tremble. Old Judge Harbottle was the man to make the evil-disposed quiver, and to refresh the world with showers of wicked blood, and thus save the innocent; to the refrain of the ancient saw he loved to quote:

"Foolish pity
Ruins a city."

In hanging that fellow he could not be wrong. The eye of a man accustomed to look upon the dock could not fail to read "villain" written sharp and clear in his plotting face. Of course he would try him, and no one else should.

A saucy-looking woman, still handsome, in a mob-cap gay with blue ribbons, in a sacque of flowered silk, with lace and rings on, much too fine for the Judge's housekeeper, which nevertheless she was, peeped into his study next morning, and, seeing the Judge alone, stepped in.

"Here's another letter from him, come by the post this morning. Can't you do nothing for him?" she said, wheedlingly, with her arm over his neck, and her delicate finger and thumb fiddling with the lobe of his purple ear.

"I'll try," said Judge Harbottle, not raising his eyes from the paper he was reading.

"I knew you'd do what I asked you," she said.

The Judge clapped his gouty claw over his heart, and made her an ironical bow.

"What," she asked, "will you do?"

"Hang him," said the Judge, with a chuckle.

"You don't mean to; no, you don't, my little man," said she, surveying herself in a mirror on the wall.

"I'm dashed but I think you're falling in love with your husband at last!" said Judge Harbottle.

"I'm blessed but I think you're growing jealous of him," replied the lady, with a laugh. "But no; he was always a bad one to me; I've done with him long ago."

"And he with you, by George! When he took your fortune and your spoons and your ear-rings, he had all he wanted of you. He drove you from his house; and when he discovered you had made yourself comfortable, and found a good situation, he'd have taken your guineas and your silver and your ear-rings over again, and then allowed you half a dozen years more to make a new harvest for his mill. You don't wish him good; if you say you do, you lie."

She laughed a wicked, saucy laugh, and gave the terrible Rhadamanthus a playful tap on the chops.

"He wants me to send him money to fee a counselor," she said, while her eyes wandered over the pictures on the wall, and back again to the looking-glass; and certainly she did not look as if his jeopardy troubled her very much.

"Confound his impudence, the *scoundrel!*" thundered the old Judge, throwing himself back in his chair, as he used to do *in furore* on the bench; and the lines of his mouth looked brutal, and his eyes ready to leap from their sockets. "If you answer his letter from my house to please yourself, you'll write your next from somebody else's to please me. You understand, my pretty witch, I'll not be pestered. Come, no pouting; whimpering won't do. You don't care a brass farthing for the villain, body or soul. You came here but to make a row. You are one of Mother Carey's chickens; and where you come the storm is up. Get you gone, baggage! Get you *gone!*" he repeated, with a stamp; for a knock at the hall door made her instantaneous disappearance indispensable.

I need hardly say that the venerable Hugh Peters did not appear again. The Judge never mentioned him. But, oddly enough, considering how he laughed to scorn the weak invention which had blown into dust at the very first puff, his white-wigged visitor and the conference in the dark front parlor were often in his memory.

His shrewd eye told him that, allowing for change of tints and such disguises as the play-house affords every night, the features of this false old man, who had turned out too hard for his tall footman, were identical with those of Lewis Pyneweck.

Judge Harbottle made his registrar call upon the crown solicitor and tell him that there was a man in town who bore a wonderful resemblance to a prisoner in Shrewsbury jail named Lewis Pyneweck, and to make inquiry through the post forthwith whether any one was personating Pyneweck in prison, and whether he had thus or otherwise made his escape.

The prisoner was safe, however, and no question as to his identity.

In due time Judge Harbottle went circuit. In due time the judges were in Shrewsbury. News traveled slowly in those days, and newspapers, like the wagons and stage-coaches, took matters easy. Mrs. Pyneweck, in the Judge's house, with a diminished household—for the greater part of the Judge's servants had gone with him, for he had given up riding circuit, and traveled in his coach in state—kept house rather solitarily at home.

In spite of quarrels, in spite of mutual injuries—some of them, inflicted by herself, enormous—in spite of a married life of spited bickerings—a life in which there seemed no love or liking or forbearance—for years, now that Pyneweck stood in near danger of death, something like remorse came suddenly upon her. She knew that in Shrewsbury were transacting the scenes which

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were to determine his fate. She knew she did not love him; but she could not have supposed, even a fortnight before, that the hour of suspense could have affected her so powerfully.

She knew the day on which the trial was expected to take place. She could not get it out of her head for a minute; she felt faint as it drew toward evening.

Two or three days passed; and then she knew that the trial must be over by this time. There were floods between London and Shrewsbury, and news was long delayed. She wished the floods would last forever. It was dreadful waiting to hear; dreadful to know that the event was over, and that she could not hear till self-willed rivers subsided; dreadful to know that they must subside and the news come at last.

She had some vague trust in the Judge's good nature, and much in the resources of chance and accident. She had contrived to send the money he wanted. He would not be without legal advice and energetic and skilled support.

At last the news did come—a long arrear, all in a gush: a letter from a female friend in Shrewsbury; a return of the sentences, sent up for the Judge; and most important, because most easily got at, being told with great aplomb and brevity, the long-deferred intelligence of the Shrewsbury Assizes in the *Morning Advertiser*. Like an impatient reader of a novel, who reads the last page first, she read with dizzy eyes the list of the executions.

Two were respited, seven were hanged; and in that capital catalogue was this line:

"Lewis Pyneweck—forgery."

She had to read it half a dozen times over before she was sure she understood it. Here was the paragraph:

"*Sentence, Death—7.*

"Executed accordingly, on Friday, the 13th instant, to wit:

"Thomas Primer, *alias* Duck—highway robbery.

"Flora Guy—stealing to the value of 11*s.* 6*d.*

"Arthur Pounden—burglary.

"Matilda Mummery—riot.

"Lewis Pyneweck—forgery, bill of exchange."

And when she reached this, she read it over and over, feeling very cold and sick.

This buxom housekeeper was known in the house as Mrs. Carwell—Carwell being her maiden name, which she had resumed.

No one in the house except its master knew her history. Her introduction had been managed craftily. No one suspected that it had been concerted between her and the old reprobate in scarlet and ermine.

Flora Carwell ran up the stairs now, and took her little girl, hardly seven years of age, whom she met on the lobby, by the arm, and led her into her bedroom, without well knowing what she was doing, and sat down, placing the child before her. She was not able to speak. She held the child before her, and looked in the little girl's wondering face, and burst into tears of horror.

She thought the Judge could have saved him. I dare say he could. For a time she was furious with him; and hugged and kissed her bewildered little girl, who returned her gaze with large round eyes.

That little girl had lost her father, and knew nothing of the matter. She had been always told that her father was dead long ago.

A woman coarse, uneducated, vain, and violent does not reason, or even feel, very distinctly; but in these tears of consternation was mingled a self-upbraiding. She felt afraid of that little child.

But Mrs. Carwell was a person who lived not upon sentiment, but upon beef and pudding; she consoled herself with punch; she did not trouble herself long even with resentments; she was a gross and material person, and could not mourn over the irrevocable for more than a limited number of hours, even if she would.

Judge Harbottle was soon in London again. Except the gout, this savage old epicurean never knew a day's sickness. He laughed and coaxed and bullied away the young woman's faint upbraidings, and in a little time Lewis Pyneweck troubled her no more; and the Judge secretly chuckled over the perfectly fair removal of a bore, who might have grown little by little into something very like a tyrant.

It was the lot of the Judge whose adventures I am now recounting to try criminal cases at the Old Bailey shortly after his return. He had commenced his charge to the jury in a case of forgery, and was, after his wont, thundering dead against the prisoner, with many a hard aggravation and cynical gibe, when suddenly all died away in silence, and, instead of looking at the jury, the eloquent Judge was gaping at some person in the body of the court.

Among the persons of small importance who stand and listen at the sides was one tall enough to show with a little prominence; a slight mean figure, dressed in seedy black, lean and dark of visage. He had just handed a letter to the crier before he caught the Judge's eye.

That Judge descried, to his amazement, the features of Lewis Pyneweck. He had the usual faint thin-lipped smile; and with his blue chin raised in air, and as it seemed quite unconscious of the distinguished notice he had attracted, he was stretching his low cravat with his crooked fingers, while he slowly turned his head from side to side—a process which enabled the Judge to see distinctly a stripe of swollen blue round his neck, which indicated, he thought, the grip of the rope.

This man, with a few others, had got a footing on a step, from which he could better see the court. He now stepped down, and the Judge lost sight of him.

His lordship signed energetically with his hand in the direction in which this man had vanished. He turned to the tipstaff. His first effort to speak ended in a gasp. He cleared his throat, and told the astounded official to arrest that man who had interrupted the court.

"He's but this moment gone down *there*. Bring him in custody before me, within ten minutes' time, or I'll strip your gown from your shoulders, and fine the sheriff!" he thundered, while his eyes flashed round the court in search of that functionary.

Attorneys, counselors, idle spectators, gazed in the direction in which Mr. Justice Harbottle had shaken his gnarled old hand. They compared notes. Not one had seen any one making a disturbance. They asked one another if the Judge was losing his head.

Nothing came of the search. His lordship concluded his charge a great deal more tamely; and when the jury retired, he stared round the court with a wandering mind, and looked as if he would not have given sixpence to have the prisoner hanged.

The Judge had received the letter; had he known from whom it came, he would no doubt have read it instantaneously. As it was, he simply read the direction:

To the Honorable
The Lord Justice
Elijah Harbottle,
One of his Majesty's Justices of
the Honorable Court of Common Pleas.

It remained forgotten in his pocket till he reached home.

When he pulled out that and others from the capacious pocket of his coat, it had its turn, as he sat in his library in his thick silk dressing-gown; and then he found its contents to be a closely-written letter, in a clerk's hand, and an inclosure in "secretary hand," as I believe the angular scrivinary of law-writings in those days was termed, engrossed on a bit of parchment. The letter said:

"MR. JUSTICE HARBOTTLE:—MY LORD,—I am ordered by the High Court of Appeal to acquaint your lordship, in order to your better preparing yourself for your trial, that a true bill hath been sent down, and the indictment lieth against your lordship for the murder of one Lewis Pyneweck of Shrewsbury, citizen, wrongfully executed for the forgery of a bill of exchange, on the —th day of —— last, by reason of the willful perversion of the evidence, and the undue pressure put upon the jury, together with the illegal admission of evidence by your lordship, well knowing the same to be illegal, by all which the promoter of the prosecution of the said indictment, before the High Court of Appeal, hath lost his life.

"And the trial of the said indictment, I am further ordered to acquaint your lordship, is fixed for the 10th day of —— next ensuing, by the right honorable the Lord Chief Justice Twofold, of the court aforesaid, to wit, the High Court of Appeal, on which day it will most certainly take place. And I am further to acquaint your lordship, to prevent any surprise or miscarriage, that your case stands first for the said day, and that the said High Court of Appeal sits day and night, and never rises; and herewith, by order of the said court, I furnish your lordship with a copy (extract) of the record in this case, except of the indictment, whereof, notwithstanding, the substance and effect is supplied to your lordship in this Notice. And further I am to inform you, that in case the jury then to try your lordship should find you guilty, the right honorable the Lord Chief Justice will, in passing sentence of death upon you, fix the day of execution for the 10th day of ——, being one calendar month after the day of your trial."

It was signed by "CALEB SEARCHER,
"*Officer of the Crown Solicitor in the*
"*Kingdom of Life and Death.*"

The Judge glanced through the parchment.

"'Sblood! Do they think a man like me is to be bamboozled by their buffoonery?"

The Judge's coarse features were wrung into one of his sneers; but he was pale. Possibly, after all, there was a conspiracy on foot. It was queer. Did they mean to pistol him in his carriage? or did they only aim at frightening him?

Judge Harbottle had more than enough of animal courage. He was not afraid of highwaymen, and he had fought more than his share of duels, being a foul-mouthed advocate while he held briefs at the bar. No one questioned his fighting qualities. But with respect to this particular case of Pyneweck, he lived in a house of glass. Was there not his pretty, dark-eyed, over-dressed housekeeper, Mrs. Flora Carwell? Very easy for people who knew Shrewsbury to identify Mrs. Pyneweck, if once put upon the scent; and had he not stormed and worked hard in that case? Had he not made it hard sailing for the prisoner? Did he not know very well what the bar thought of it? It would be the worst scandal that ever blasted judge.

So much there was intimidating in the matter, but nothing more. The Judge was a little bit gloomy for a day or two after, and more testy with every one than usual.

He locked up the papers; and about a week after he asked his housekeeper, one day, in the library:

"Had your husband never a brother?"

Mrs. Carwell squalled on this sudden introduction of the funereal topic, and cried exemplary "piggins full," as the Judge used pleasantly to say. But he was in no mood for trifling now, and he said, sternly:

"Come, madam! this wearies me. Do it another time; and give me an answer to my question."

So she did.

Pyneweck had no brother living. He once had one; but he died in Jamaica.

"How do you know he is dead?" asked the Judge.

"Because he told me so."

"Not the dead man?"

"Pyneweck told me so."

"Is that all?" sneered the Judge.

He pondered this matter; and time went on.

The Judge was growing a little morose, and less enjoying. The subject struck nearer to his thoughts than he fancied it could have done. But so it is with most undivulged vexations, and there was no one to whom he could tell this one.

It was now the 9th; and Mr. Justice Harbottle was glad. He knew nothing would come of it. Still it bothered him; and to-morrow would see it well over.

Judge Harbottle went this night to the play at Drury Lane. He was one of those old fellows who care nothing for late hours, and occasional knocking about in pursuit of pleasure. He had appointed with two cronies of Lincoln's Inn to come home in his coach with him to sup after the play.

They were not in his box, but were to meet him near the entrance, and to get into his carriage there; and Mr. Justice Harbottle, who hated waiting, was looking a little impatiently from the window.

The Judge yawned.

He told the footman to watch for Counselor Thavies and Counselor Beller, who were coming; and, with another yawn, he laid his cocked hat on his knees, closed his eyes, leaned back in his corner, wrapped his mantle closer about him, and began to think of pretty Mrs. Abington.

And being a man who could sleep like a sailor, at a moment's notice, he was thinking of taking a nap. Those fellows had no business keeping a judge waiting.

He heard their voices now. Those rake-hell counselors were laughing, and bantering, and sparring, after their wont. The carriage swayed and jerked, as one got in, and then again as the other followed. The door clapped, and the coach was now jogging and rumbling over the pavement. The Judge was a little bit sulky. He did not care to sit up and open his eyes. Let them suppose he was asleep. He heard them laugh with more malice than good humor, he thought, as they observed it. He would give them a dashed hard knock or two when they got to his door, and till then he would counterfeit his nap.

The clocks were chiming twelve. Beller and Thavies were silent as tombstones. They were generally loquacious and merry rascals.

The Judge suddenly felt himself roughly seized and thrust from his corner into the middle of the seat, and opening his eyes, instantly he found himself between his two companions.

Before he could blurt out the oath that was at his lips, he saw that they were two strangers—evil-looking fellows, each with a pistol in his hand, and dressed like Bow Street officers.

The Judge clutched at the check-string. The coach pulled up. He stared about him. They were not among houses; but through the windows, under a broad moonlight, he saw a black moor stretching lifelessly from right to left, with rotting trees, pointing fantastic branches in the air, standing here and there in groups, as if they held up their arms in horrible welcome at the Judge's coming.

A footman came to the window. He knew his long face and sunken eyes. He knew it was Dingly Chuff, fifteen years ago a footman in his service, whom he had turned off at a moment's notice, in a burst of jealousy, and indicted for a missing spoon. The man had died in a hospital; and yet this was *he!*

The Judge drew back in utter amazement. His armed companions signed mutely; and they were again gliding over this unknown moor.

The bloated and gouty old man, in this horror, considered the question of resistance. But his athletic days were long over. This moor was a desert. There was no help to be had. He was in the hands of strange servants, even if his recognition turned out to be a delusion, and they were under the command of his captors. There was nothing for it but submission, for the present.

Suddenly the coach was brought nearly to a stand-still, so that the prisoner saw an ominous sight from the window.

It was a gigantic gallows beside the road; it stood three-sided, and from each of its three broad beams at top depended in chains some eight or ten bodies, from several of which the cere-clothes had dropped away, leaving the skeletons swinging lightly by their chains. A tall ladder reached to the sumnit of the structure, and on the peat beneath lay bones.

On top of the dark transverse beam facing the road, from which, as from the other two completing the triangle of death, dangled a row of these unfortunates in chains, a hangman, with a pipe in his mouth, much as we see him in the famous print of the "Idle Apprentice," though here his perch was ever so much higher, was reclining at his ease and listlessly shying bones, from a little heap at his elbow, at the skeletons that hung round, bringing down now a rib or two, now a hand, now half a leg. A long-sighted man could have discerned that he was a dark fellow, lean; and from continually looking down on the earth from the elevation over which, in another sense, he always hung, his nose, his lips, his chin were pendulous and loose, and drawn down into a monstrous grotesque.

This fellow took his pipe from his mouth on seeing the coach, stood up, and cut some solemn capers high on his beam, and shook a new rope in the air, crying, with a voice high and distant as the caw of a raven hovering over a gibbet, "A rope for Judge Harbottle!"

The coach was now driving on at its old swift pace.

So high a gallows as that the Judge had never, even in his most hilarious moments, dreamed of. He thought he must be raving. And the dead footman! He shook his ears and strained his eyelids; but if he was dreaming, he was not able to awake himself.

There was no good in threatening these scoundrels. A *brutum fulmen* might bring a real one on his head.

Any submission to get out of their hands; and then heaven and earth he would move to unearth and hunt them down.

Suddenly they drove round the corner of a vast white building, and under a *porte cochère*.

The Judge found himself in a corridor lighted with lamps, the walls of bare stone; it looked like a passage in a prison. His guards placed him in the hands of other people. Here and there he saw gigantically tall soldiers pacing to and fro, with muskets over their shoulders. He saw these by glimpses, round corners, and at the ends of passages, but he did not actually pass them by.

And now, passing through a narrow door, he found himself in the dock, confronting a judge in his scarlet robes, in a large court-house. There was nothing to elevate this temple of Themis above its vulgar kind elsewhere. Dingy enough it looked, in spite of candles lighted in decent abundance. A case had just closed, and the last juror's back was seen escaping through the door in the wall of the jury-box. There were some dozen barristers, some fiddling with pen and ink, others buried in briefs, some beckoning to their attorneys, of whom there were no lack; there were clerks to-ing and fro-ing, and the officers of the court, and the registrar, who was handing up a paper to the judge; and the tipstaff, who was presenting a note at the end of his wand to a king's counsel over the heads of the crowd between. If this was the High Court of Appeal, which never rose night or day, it might account for the pale and jaded aspect of every body in it. An air of indescribable fatigue hung upon the pallid features of every body here; no one ever smiled; all looked more or less secretly suffering.

"The king against Elijah Harbottle!" shouted the officer.

"Is the appellant Lewis Pyneweck in court?" asked Chief Justice Twofold, in a voice of thunder.

Up stood Pyneweck from his place at the table.

"Arraign the prisoner!" he roared; and Judge Harbottle felt the wood-work of the dock round him, and the floor, and the rails, tremble in the vibrations of that tremendous voice.

The prisoner *in limine* objected to this pretended court, as being a sham, and non-existent in point of law; and then that, even if it were a court, constituted by law (the Judge was growing dazed), it had not and could not have any jurisdiction to try him for his conduct on the bench.

Whereupon the chief justice laughed suddenly, and every one in court, turning round upon the prisoner, laughed also, till the laugh grew and roared all round like a deafening peal of thunder; but though all the voices laughed, not a single face of all those that concentrated their gaze upon him looked like a laughing face. They all gaped dismally. The mirth subsided as suddenly as it began.

The indictment was read. Judge Harbottle actually pleaded! He pleaded "Not guilty." A jury were sworn. The trial proceeded. Judge Harbottle was bewildered. This could not be real. He must be either mad, or *going* mad, he thought.

One thing could not fail to strike even him. This Chief Justice Twofold, who was knocking him about at every turn with sneer and gibe, and roaring him down with his tremendous voice, was a dilated effigy of himself; an image of Mr. Justice Harbottle, at least double his size, and with all his fierce coloring, and his ferocity of eye and visage, enhanced awfully in power.

Nothing the prisoner could argue, cite, or state was permitted to retard for a moment the march of the case toward its catastrophe.

The chief justice seemed to feel his power over the jury, and to exult and riot in the display of it. He glared at them, he nodded to them; he seemed to have established an understanding with them. The lights were faint in that part of the court. The jurors were mere shadows, sitting in rows; the prisoner could see a dozen pair of white eyes shining, as it were phosphorically, out of the darkness; and whenever the judge in his charge, which was contemptuously brief, nodded and grinned and gibed, the prisoner could see in the obscurity, by the dip of all these rows of eyes together, that the jury nodded in acquiescence.

And now the charge was over, the huge chief justice leaned back panting and gloating on the prisoner. Every one in the court turned about, and gazed with steadfast hatred on the man in the dock. From the jury-box, where the twelve sworn brethren were whispering together, a sound in the general stillness like a prolonged "hiss-s-s!" was heard; and then, in answer to the challenge of the officer, "How say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?" came, in a melancholy voice, the finding, "Guilty."

The place seemed to the eyes of the prisoner to grow gradually darker and darker, till he could discern nothing distinctly but the lumen of the strange eyes that were turned upon him from every bench and side and corner and gallery of the building. The prisoner doubtless thought he had quite enough to say, and conclusive, why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; but the lord chief justice puffed it contemptuously away like so much smoke, and proceeded to pass sentence of death upon the prisoner, having named the 10th of the ensuing month for his execution.

Before he had recovered the stun of this ominous farce, in obedience to the mandate, "Remove the prisoner," he was led from the dock. The lamps seemed all to have gone out, and there were stoves and charcoal fires here and there, that threw a faint crimson light on the walls of

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the corridors through which he passed. The stones that composed them looked now enormous, cracked, and unhewn.

He came into a vaulted smithy, where two men, naked to the waist, with heads like bulls, round shoulders, and the arms of giants, were welding red-hot chains together with hammers that pelted like thunder-bolts.

They looked on the prisoner with fierce red eyes, and rested on their hammers for a minute; and said the elder to his companion, "Take out Elijah Harbottle's gyves;" and with a pincers he plucked the end which lay dazzling in the fire from the furnace.

"One end locks," said he, taking the cool end of the iron in one hand, while with the grip of a vise he seized the leg of the Judge, and locked the ring round his ankle. "The other," he said with a grin, "is welded."

The iron band that was to form the ring for the other leg lay still red-hot upon the stone floor, with brilliant sparks sporting up and down its surface.

His companion in his gigantic hands seized the old Judge's other leg, and pressed his foot immovably to the stone floor; while his senior in a twinkling, with a masterly application of pincers and hammer, sped the glowing bar round his ankle so tight that the skin and sinews smoked and bubbled again, and old Judge Harbottle uttered a yell that seemed to chill the very stones, and make the iron chains quiver on the wall.

Chains, vaults, smiths, and smithy all vanished in a moment; but the pain continued. Mr. Justice Harbottle was suffering torture all round the ankle on which the infernal smiths had just been operating.

His friends Thavies and Beller were startled by the Judge's roar in the midst of their elegant trifling about a marriage *à la mode* case which was going on. The Judge was in panic as well as pain. The street lamps and the light of his own hall door restored him.

"I'm very bad," growled he between his set teeth; "my foot's blazing. Who was he that hurt my foot? 'Tis the gout—'tis the gout!" he said, awaking completely. "How many hours have we been coming from the play-house? 'Sblood, what has happened on the way? I've slept half the night!"

There had been no hitch or delay, and they had driven home at a good pace.

The Judge, however, was in gout; he was feverish too; and the attack, though very short, was sharp; and when, in about a fortnight, it subsided, his ferocious joviality did not return. He could not get this dream, as he chose to call it, out of his head.

People remarked that the Judge was in the vapors. His doctor said he should go for a fortnight to Buxton.

Whenever the Judge fell into a brown study, he was always conning over the terms of the sentence pronounced upon him in his vision—"in one calendar month from the date of this day;" and then the usual form, "and you shall be hanged by the neck till you are dead," etc. "That will be the 10th—not much in the way of being hanged. I know what stuff dreams are, and I laugh at them; but this is continually in my thoughts, as if it forecast misfortune of some sort. I wish the day my dream gave me were passed and over. I wish I were well purged of my gout. I wish I were as I used to be. 'Tis nothing but vapors, nothing but a maggot." The parchment and letter which had announced his trial with many a snort and sneer he would read over and over again, and the scenery and people of his dream would rise about him in places the most unlikely, and steal him in a moment from all that surrounded him into a world of shadows.

The Judge had lost his iron energy and banter. He was growing taciturn and morose. The Bar remarked the change, as well they might. His friends thought him ill. The doctor said he was troubled with hypochondria, and that his gout was still lurking in his system, and ordered him to that ancient haunt of crutches and chalk-stones, Buxton.

The Judge's spirits were very low; he was frightened about himself; and he described to his housekeeper, having sent for her to his study to drink a dish of tea, his strange dream in his drive home from Drury Lane play-house. He was sinking into the state of nervous dejection in which men lose their faith in orthodox advice, and in despair consult quacks, astrologers, and nursery story-tellers. Could such a dream mean that he was to have a fit, and so die on the 10th? She did not think so. On the contrary, it was certain some good luck must happen on that day.

The Judge kindled; and for the first time these many days he looked for a minute or two like himself, and he tapped her on the cheek with the hand that was not in flannel.

"Odsbud! odsheart! you dear rogue! I had forgot. There is young Tom—yellow Tom, my nephew, you know, lies sick at Harrogate; why shouldn't he go that day as well as another? and if he does, I get an estate by it. Why, lookee, I asked Doctor Hedstone yesterday if I was like to take a fit any time, and he laughed, and swore I was the last man in town to go off that way."

The Judge sent most of his servants down to Buxton to make his lodgings and all things comfortable for him. He was to follow in a day or two.

It was now the 9th; and the next day well over, he might laugh at his visions and auguries.

On the evening of the 9th, Doctor Hedstone's footman knocked at the Judge's door. The doctor ran up the dusky stairs to the drawing-room. It was a March evening, near the hour of sunset, with an east wind whistling sharply through the chimney-stacks. A wood fire blazed cheerily on the hearth. And Judge Harbottle, in what was then called a brigadier-wig, with his red roquelaure on, helped the glowing effect of the darkened chamber, which looked red all over like a room on fire.

The Judge had his feet on a stool, and his huge grim purple face confronted the fire, and seemed to pant and swell, as a blaze alternately spread upward and collapsed. He had fallen again among his blue-devils, and was thinking of retiring from the Bench, and of fifty other gloomy things.

But the doctor, who was an energetic son of Æsculapius, would listen to no croaking, told the Judge he was full of gout, and in his present condition no judge even of his own case, but promised him leave to pronounce on all those melancholy questions a fortnight later.

In the mean time the Judge must be very careful. He was overcharged with gout, and he must not provoke an attack, till the waters of Buxton should do their office for him.

The doctor did not think him perhaps quite so well as he pretended, for he told him he wanted rest, and would be better if he went forthwith to his bed.

Mr. Gerningham, his valet, assisted him, and gave him his drops; and the Judge told him to wait in his bedroom till he should go to sleep.

Three persons that night had specially odd stories to tell.

The housekeeper had got rid of the trouble of amusing her little girl at this anxious time by giving her leave to run about the sitting-rooms and look at the pictures and china, on the usual condition of touching nothing. It was not until the last gleam of sunset had for some time faded, and the twilight had so deepened that she could no longer discern the colors on the china figures on the chimney-piece or in the cabinets, that the child returned to the housekeeper's room to find her mother.

To her she related, after some prattle about the china, and the pictures, and the Judge's two grand wigs in the dressing-room off the library, an adventure of an extraordinary kind.

In the hall was placed, as was customary in those times, the sedan-chair which the master of the house occasionally used, covered with stamped leather, and studded with gilt nails, and with its red silk blinds down. In this case the doors of this old-fashioned conveyance were locked, the windows up, and, as I said, the blinds down, but not so closely that the curious child could not peep underneath one of them and see into the interior.

A parting beam from the setting sun, admitted through the window of a back-room, shot obliquely through the open door, and, lighting on the chair, shone with a dull transparency through the crimson blind.

To her surprise, the child saw in the shadow a thin man dressed in black seated in it; he had sharp dark features; his nose, she fancied, a little awry, and his brown eyes were looking straight before him; his hand was on his thigh, and he stirred no more than the waxen figure she had seen at Southwark fair.

A child is so often lectured for asking questions and on the propriety of silence, and the superior wisdom of its elders, that it accepts most things at last in good faith; and the little girl acquiesced respectfully in the occupation of the chair by this mahogany-faced person as being all right and proper.

It was not until she asked her mother who this man was, and observed her scared face as she questioned her more minutely upon the appearance of the stranger, that she began to understand that she had seen something unaccountable.

Mrs. Carwell took the key of the chair from its nail over the footman's shelf, and led the child by the hand up to the hall, having a lighted candle in her other hand.

"Peep in, Margery, again, and try if there's any thing there," she whispered, holding the candle near the blind, so as to throw its light through that transparent curtain.

The child peeped, this time with a very solemn face, and intimated at once that he was gone.

"Look again, and be sure," urged her mother.

The little girl was quite certain; and Mrs. Carwell, with her mob-cap of lace and cherry-colored ribbons, and her dark brown hair, not yet powdered, over a very pale face, unlocked the door, looked in, and beheld emptiness.

"All a mistake, child, you see."

"*There*, ma'am! see there! He's gone round the corner," said the child.

"Where?" said Mrs. Carwell, stepping backward a step.

"Into that room."

"Tut, child! 'twas the shadow," cried Mrs. Carwell, angrily, because she was frightened. "I moved the candle." But she clutched one of the poles of the chair, which leaned against the wall in the corner, and pounded the floor furiously with one end of it, being afraid to pass the open door the child had pointed to.

The cook and two kitchen-maids came running up stairs, not knowing what to make of this unwonted alarm.

They all searched the room; but it was still and empty, and no sign of any one's having been there.

Some people may suppose that the direction given to her thoughts by this odd little incident will account for a very strange illusion which Mrs. Carwell herself experienced about two hours later.

She was going up the great staircase with a posset for the Judge in a china bowl, on a little silver tray.

Across the top of the well-staircase there runs a massive oak rail; and, raising her eyes accidentally, she saw an extremely odd-looking stranger, slim and long, leaning carelessly over with a pipe between his finger and thumb. Nose, lips, and chin seemed all to droop downward into extraordinary length, as he leaned his odd peering face over the baluster. In his other hand he held a coil of rope, one end of which escaped from under his elbow and hung over the rail.

Mrs. Carwell, who had no suspicion at the moment that he was not a real person, and fancied that he was some one employed in cording the luggage, called to know what he was doing there.

Instead of answering, he turned about, and walked across the lobby at about the same leisurely pace that she walked at, and entered a room, into which she followed him. It was an uncarpeted and unfurnished room. An open trunk lay upon the floor empty, and beside it the coil of rope; but except herself there was no one in the room.

Mrs. Carwell was very much frightened, and now concluded that the child must have seen the same ghost that had just appeared to her. Perhaps, when she was able to think it over, it was a relief to believe so; for the face, figure, and dress described by the child were awfully like Pyneweck; and this certainly was not he.

Very much scared and very hysterical, Mrs. Carwell ran down to her room, afraid to look over her shoulder, and got some companions about her, and wept, and talked, and drank more than one cordial, and talked and wept again, and so on, until, in those early days, it was ten o'clock, and time to go to bed.

A scullery-maid remained up finishing some of her scouring and "scalding" for some time after the rest of the servants—who, as I said, were few in number—that night had got to their beds. This was a low-browed, broad-faced, intrepid wench with black hair, who did not "valy a ghost not a button," and treated the housekeeper's hysterics with measureless scorn.

But this skeptical heroine, at near twelve o'clock, being the only person awake and about, and the house within quite still, except for the uncertain wailing of the wintry winds, audible from outside, piping high among the roofs and chimneys, or rumbling at intervals, in under-gusts, through the narrow channels of the streets, was herself destined to be more terrified than even was the housekeeper.

There was a back kitchen in this house, and from this she heard a sound like the strokes of a hammer on metal. Sometimes a dozen in sequence, at regular intervals; sometimes fewer. She was surprised to see a dusky glow issuing from this room, as if from a charcoal fire.

Looking in, she beheld a monstrous figure, black as soot, over a furnace, beating with a mighty hammer the rings and rivets of a long iron chain, which he shifted on the huge stone of a disused jack that served him for an anvil.

The strokes, swift and heavy as they looked, sounded faint and distant. The man fixed his red eyes on her, and pointed to a coarse cloth which lay upon the flags, spread like a coverlet, with a great bulk like a huge bale stretched under it.

She said something in her panic to the unknown smith, who seemed to await only that to speak. What he said she did not tell; but he drew the cloth down from the feet, slowly disclosing the bloated features and body of the old Judge, lying flat on his back, with his eyes open, and quite dead. She remarked no more; but the servants in the room close by, startled from their sleep by a hideous scream, found her in a swoon on the flags where she had just witnessed this ghastly vision.

Startled by the girl's incoherent asseverations that she had seen the Judge's corpse on the floor, two servants went rather frightened up stairs to ascertain whether their master was well. He had a table with candles burning by his bed, and was getting on his clothes again; and he swore and cursed at them roundly in his old style, telling them that he had business, and that he would discharge on the spot any scoundrel among them who should dare to disturb him again.

So the invalid was left to his quietude.

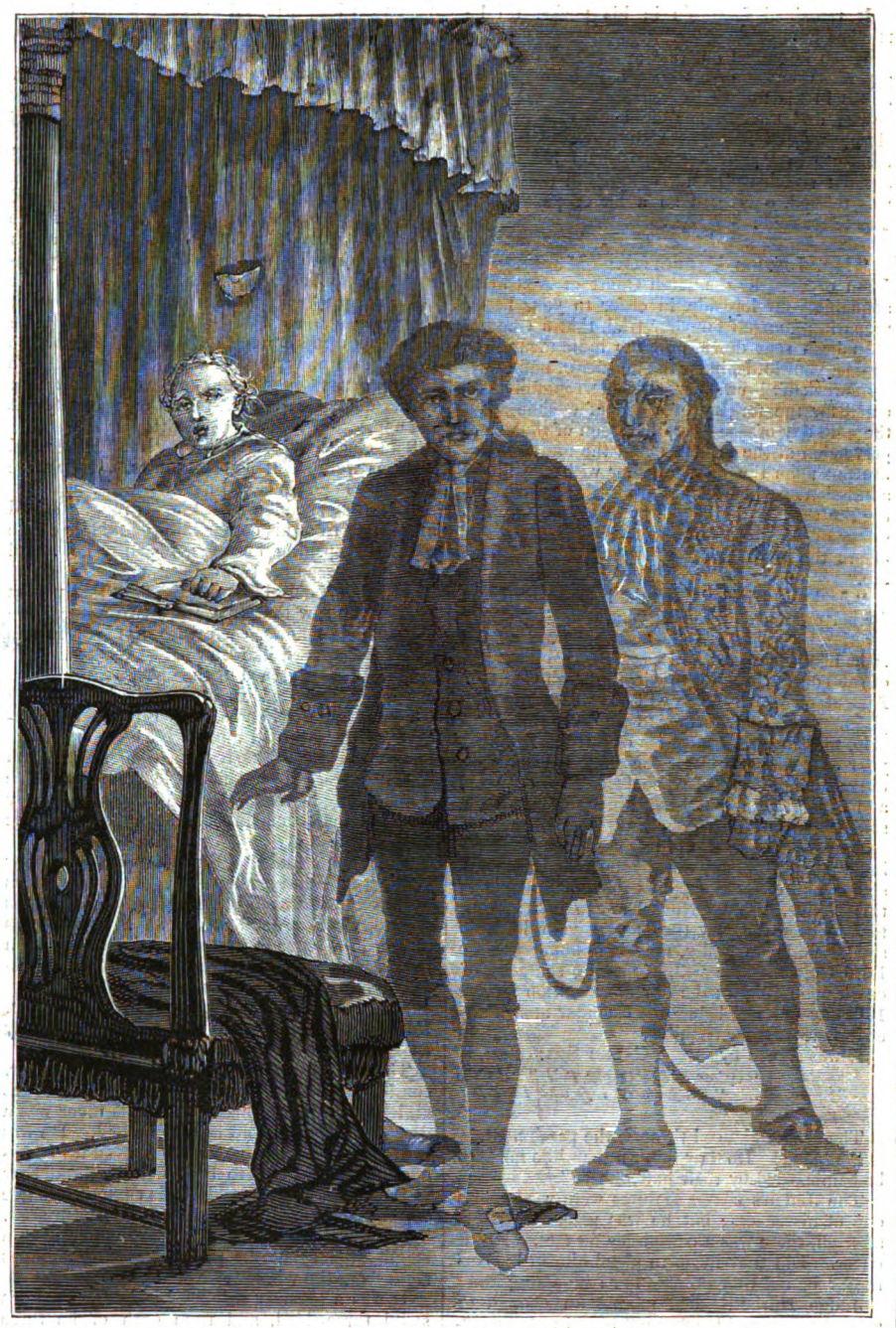
In the morning it was rumored here and there in the street that the Judge was dead. A servant was sent from the house three doors away, by Counselor Traverse, to inquire at Judge Harbottle's hall door.

The servant who opened it was pale and reserved, and would only say that the Judge was ill. He had had a dangerous accident; Doctor Hedstone had been with him at seven o'clock in the morning.

There were averted looks, short answers, pale and frowning faces, and all the usual signs that there was a secret that sat heavily upon their minds, and the time for disclosing which had not yet come. That time would arrive when the coroner had arrived, and the mortal scandal that had befallen the house could be no longer hidden. For that morning Mr. Justice Harbottle had been found hanging by the neck from the baluster at the top of the great staircase, and quite dead.

There was not the smallest sign of any struggle or resistance. There had not been heard a cry or any other noise in the slightest degree indicative of violence. There was medical evidence to show that, in his atrabilious state, it was quite on the cards that he might have made away with himself. The jury found accordingly that it was a case of suicide. But to those who were acquainted with the strange story which Judge Harbottle had related to at least two persons, the fact that the catastrophe occurred on the morning of the 10th March seemed a startling coincidence.

A few days after, the pomp of a great funeral attended him to the grave; and so, in the language of Scripture, "The rich man died, and was buried."



"THESE TWO FIGURES CROSSED THE FLOOR DIAGONALLY."

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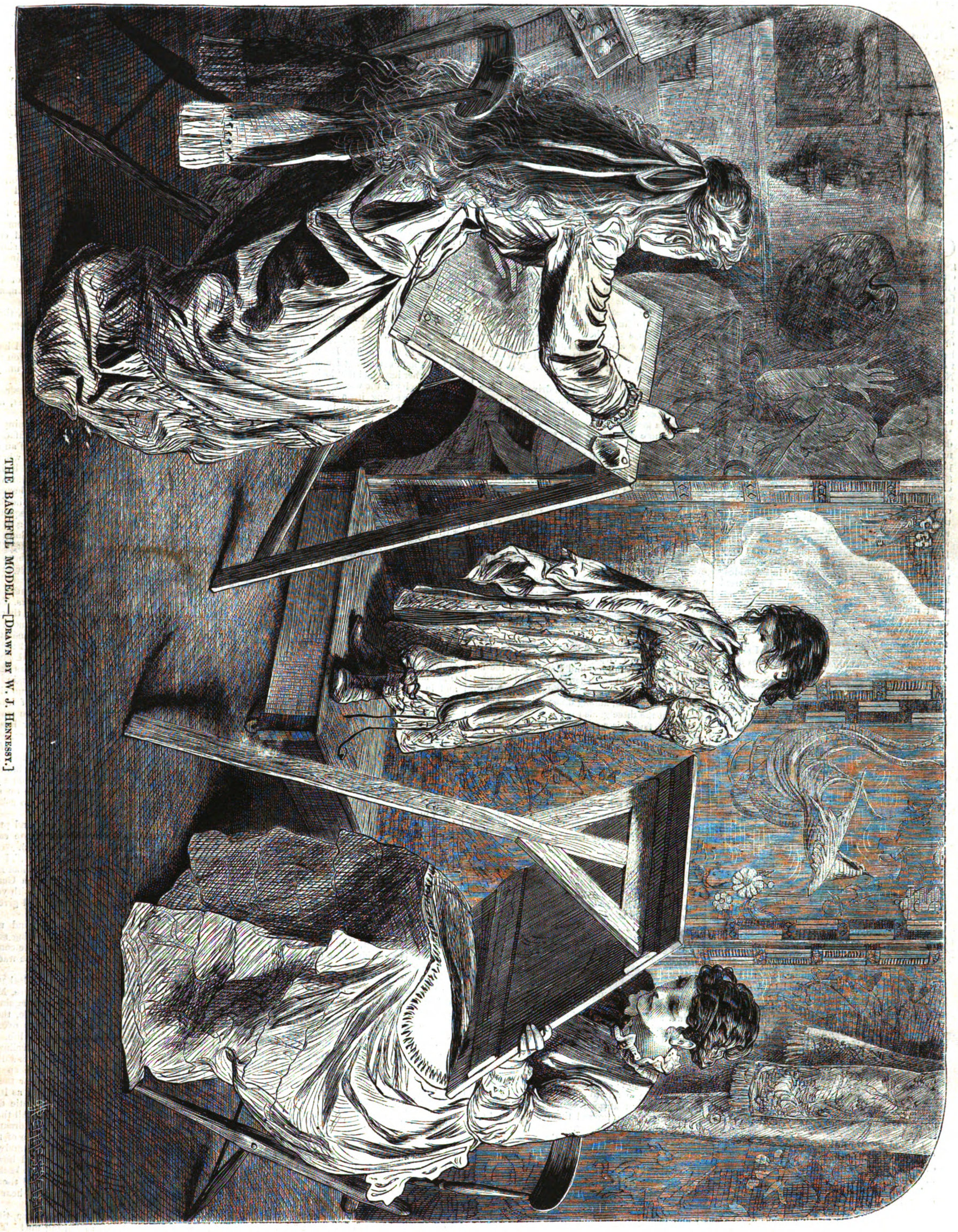
THE BASHFUL MODEL.

A FEW years ago the number of ladies who made the profession and practice of art a means of earning a livelihood might have been told on the fingers of one hand. They were not regarded with much favor either by the public or by their brother artists. It was sometimes difficult for them to procure studios and suitable places for the prosecution of their studies in drawing and painting. The National Academy of Design was unwilling to admit them among its pupils. In short, drawing, painting, wood-engraving, etching, and other branches of art were generally regarded as beautiful accomplishments for women, to be learned at boarding-school, with French, music, and other elegant culture, and to be neglected with them as soon as the "graver duties" of life commenced.

But, like many other unjust prejudices, the idea that a woman could not become an artiste, in the real sense of the word, has been put to rout by the experience of the last few years. In almost every department of art we see young women not only earning a livelihood, but achieving popularity and fame. Every exhibition of the National Academy contains evidence of their skill in oil and water-color painting, and in the various branches of drawing and design. Within a few months they have established a "Ladies' Art Association," numbering about fifty members. They have secured and fitted up a large, convenient, and well-lighted hall, attractively furnished, where those who do not wish to have studios to themselves can be accommodated with easels at a very moderate rent, each easel being shut off from the others by movable screens. Once a week there is a day class, to draw from life, and we understand that an evening class has been formed for those who can not give up any portion of the day to study.

The ladies' art school of the Cooper Institute offers many advantages to students. The instruction is thorough and practical, and free to all who desire to attend and are willing to conform to the necessary rules that govern the Institute. Last year the number of students was 213, of whom sixty-eight received, at the close of the term, certificates of merit, seventeen received prizes and medals, and six "honorable mention." Besides these, there were thirty-five pupils in the department where young ladies are taught wood-engraving, of whom twenty-eight received certificates at the close of the term.

Mr. Hennessy's picture on this page, whose title we have appropriated as a heading to this article, requires but little explanation. There are few professional models in this city, though the number is increasing, and our artists are frequently compelled to put up with very raw material from the street. The two young ladies into whose studio the artist gives us a pleasant glimpse have evidently coaxed in the little girl,



THE BASHFUL MODEL.—[DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.]

and persuaded her to "posture" for them. She is new to the work, and can hardly believe that they are not going "to do something" to her. However, she will soon gain confidence, and will come the next time with greater alacrity, and be less bashful as she stands to be drawn.

SEVEN YEARS.

SEVEN years since we made up our quarrel!
I remember the little low room,
And the garden out of the window,
And the second roses in bloom.

You had suffered, it may have been bravely,
But never pang passed without trace;
And if any atonement were needed,
It was there, in the look of your face.

The dear eyes too wet to be lifted,
The sweet lips which quivered with pain,
Blotted all out: *forgiveness?* Oh, darling,
What need, when I have you again?

Seven years! and life rises against us,
And drifts us still farther apart,
And the old timid anguish of silence
Sets a seal on the lips and the heart.

But I think of the tears that were hidden
That day in the little low room,
And the garden out of the window,
And the second roses in bloom.

MY ANTIQUE LOCKET.

QUITE a curiosity, isn't it—this quaintly chased locket of old-fashioned gold, with a good red tint in it? It was a cunning hand that cut in relief those masses of grape leaves and clusters; and do you see the faces peering out from among them? Bacchantes, maybe; but this one looks like a cherub, and that—well, if I were French, I should cry, "*Diable!*" I wonder what fancies trooped through the brain of the artist-engraver, and what manner of man he was. But he is dust long ago, and the one for whose adorning he wrought is dust also. Now turn the locket over, and look at the other side. Crest and coat of arms!—lions rampant, and an argent lily on a sapphire field. No bar sinister there. Simply magnificent, isn't it? And now look at the motto, in odd, tiny lettering, "*En Dieu est ma fiance.*" If you had a Doomsday-book you might find out to what noble old name it belonged: my locket looks almost out of place in your democratic hands. Where did I get it? Ah, now your questions are treading close home.

When I was at boarding-school we girls were overflowing with enthusiasm for each other, and undying friendships. The chief favorites were called "planets," and those who adored them were "satellites," called "ites" for short. Clara Delancey—a tall, pretty blonde, who was very haughty, but could smile most sweetly—was my planet, and she had a great many "ites" besides. Rebbie Schwarz was one of them. Clara used to pet me sometimes, but she scarcely ever noticed Rebbie, and Rebbie, being in my dormitory, next bed to mine, used to make me the confidante of all her grievances, so that we got to be first-rate friends.

"I shall hate her by-and-by, I know I shall!" declared Rebbie one night, her black eyes flashing at some fancied slight.

"Oh no, you won't, Rebecca," I said, earnestly; "it isn't half so glorious to love a planet who loves you back again as it is to do it without any hope of reward."

"But it is a great deal more comfortable," sighed Rebbie, oblivious of chivalry, "and I am not going to be Clara's 'ite' any more; I am going to be yours."

Rebecca Schwarz, my "ite," was a handsome little brunette, and a regular Jewess. When we went to prayers in the chapel she always carried her own prayer-book with her on the sly—an odd volume, half Hebrew and half German—and in this she read silently during all our devotions. On Saturday, our holiday, on which we could go out, by some private agreement with one of the teachers, she would slip away from the rest of us, and after a while we discovered that she went regularly to synagogue service. When this became known the girls laughed at her and teased her till she grew angry and defiant, and after that she had but few warm friends. But she was a brave, stanch little soul, full of spirit, and true as steel to those who loved her. I liked to watch her, and to think how very Oriental she was, with her splendid heavy black hair, her bright, dark eyes, her aquiline nose, and clear olive complexion. She inclined to a gorgeous style of dress, too, which I could not have endured in any of the other girls, but in her it seemed like a national characteristic, and her right; so I liked to watch her at her toilette, when she would try on one handsome set of jewelry after another, and frown when the ear-rings did not suit, or when the same brooch that looked so well with her black velvet bodice lost all its effect against her amber satin. She was a generous creature, too, and was always wanting to lend me her finest ornaments to "brighten me up;" but I never wore jewelry, and invariably refused.

I loved my warm-hearted, defiant, impulsive "ite," and was heartily annoyed when, on one of our reception evenings, a mischievous schoolmate ran into the parlor, exclaiming:

"Oh, girls, the Jewess is almost ready to come down, and she has on ear-rings, a pin, a necklace, three bracelets, six rings (each with a stone in it), and her watch and chain. I went in with an atlas, and caught sight of the glory."

"Her father must be very rich," said one of the girls: "she brings entirely different jewelry every time. I wonder what his business is?"

"Peddler, probably," sneered another.

"No such thing!" exclaimed one of Rebbie's friends, hotly. "Her father is in the Exchange, just the same as *your* father. She told me so herself."

"Queen Esther comes in royal state," said some one near me, softly, as Rebecca now entered in her ornaments. Well, they *would* have looked absurd on any of our pale-faced race, but, to tell the truth, they suited Rebbie's style. She really seemed born for a sort of barbaric splendor.

"I must say it don't look bad," murmured Clara Delancey; "but it shows a vulgar taste to display so many kinds of jewelry." Clara herself, on state occasions, never wore any ornaments but the pearls and turquoises which had belonged to her family for a century.

Term after term flew swiftly by, and school-life, with its feuds and friendships, its failures and successes, its dreams and ambitions, came to an end, and one tearful day we separated.

"I shall send for you to visit me some time, dear Madge," whispered Clara Delancey, as she bade me good-by.

"And oh, I *do* wish I was ever going to see you again, darling!" cried Rebbie, embracing me passionately, as we waited in the hall with corded trunks, ready to go.

"One flew east, and one flew west, and one flew into the cuckoo's nest," says an old rhyme. I flew not into a cuckoo's, but a robin's nest, for my father and mother were just like two domestic, cheerful robins, working with all their might to feed their young. And now that I had my education, I must help the rest; so I taught school for a year, while Grace was sent to the seminary.

At the end of the year I had letters from my "planet" and my "ite." Clara Delancey sent me a very sweetly worded invitation to visit her for a month, said she was having a charming time, and wanted me to share it. Rebbie Schwarz wrote that she loved me dearly as ever, and if ever I came to New York, she begged I would spend a few days with her. I decided to go to Rebbie's first, for a week, and then to Clara's.

It was a long journey, and quite dark when I reached the city; but I took a carriage to Rebbie's address.

"Is this the place?" asked the driver, as, after a while, he stopped his horses and came to the carriage door. We were in front of a lighted shop, and a great many people were coming and going. There were three great golden balls over the door, and a sign, "Joseph Schwarz."

"That is No. 12," said the driver; "here is No. 14 at the side door. It's up stairs, miss."

Rather bewildered, I toiled up the long, narrow stairway, and was met at the top by Rebbie herself, radiant with welcome. She drew me into the parlor, called her mother, rang for some supper, and asked a thousand questions as she helped me off with hat and cloak. What a beauty she had grown to be!—tall, lithe, dark, with glowing cheeks and luminous, fathomless eyes. Then her mother came in, a stout lady, very Jewish-looking, not so handsome as Rebbie, but gorgeous in ruby-colored velvet, and warmly cordial. A young Jew boy brought in a tray of refreshments, and filled a slender glass with some wine. I felt as if I were in Jerusalem or Damascus.

Rebbie was evidently a petted daughter. Her room, where we slept together, was furnished with the utmost luxury, and I smiled at the familiar sight of an open jewel-box, and trinkets scattered all over the dressing-table. We talked half the night, and, among other things, I asked her about the three golden balls.

"Why, father is a pawnbroker," she said, innocently. "Didn't I ever tell you?"

Now I had the vaguest possible ideas about pawnbrokers, but they were not very agreeable ones, and for an instant I was a little taken aback. But there was dear Rebbie's warm, loving hand in mine, and there was the beautiful room and the comfort and the welcome. I suddenly made up my mind that a pawnbroker's life must be full of interest and romance, and so I went to sleep with perfect resignation under the eider-down coverlet.

Joseph Schwarz was an old man with a bent figure and sharp black eyes, but he had a kind word for his daughter's guest, and I took a fancy at once to his odd foreign ways. He was a German Jew, and had been a pawnbroker in his own country before coming here. I asked him if he did not get interested in his customers sometimes.

"Vell, it ish very sad sight sometimes," he said, thoughtfully. "The sick and the hungry comes to mine door, and I helps them all a little."

Dear me! a pawnbroker's shop all at once became exalted to a benevolent institution in my mind, and the next evening I begged Rebbie to let me visit it. She took me to a small back-room, from which we could peep into the shop. But I did not want to stay long, for, of all the wretched sights I ever saw, this was most pitiful. Such haggard and desperate men! such pale, wan women! such old, sharp children! each bringing some little property to get money on. And I am bound to say that good Joseph Schwarz, with all his benevolence, ground them all down to the smallest possible amount.

"They are not all like these," said Rebbie. "Sometimes fine ladies come in their carriages, and bring their jewels to pledge, and sometimes they never redeem them. Then, after a while, father gives them to me. That is how I always have so many to wear."

I really felt as if I had left my own country and gone into some foreign land while I staid with Rebbie, for all their callers were Jews and Jewesses; even the little children and babies were dark, and had aquiline noses and keen eyes. On Saturday we went to the synagogue, and Rebbie and I sat up in the gallery, while the men worshiped below.

It was soon time for me to go to Clara Delancey's, and Rebbie and I were talking it over. Rebbie declared that I did not dress enough for Clara's gay society, and, as of old, offered to lend me any thing she had. But I refused.

"Though it *is* rather peculiar," I said, laughing, "that I never wear ear-rings, and have not a ring to my ten fingers, and no pin but this old pearl one with father's and mother's hair in it."

That evening Mr. Schwarz brought into the parlor an old ebony box that he had been promising to show me, and unlocked it. It contained a great many valuable jewels and ornaments, which had been pawned to him years ago in Germany, and never redeemed. Some he had had for forty years. I looked at them with interest. In what romantic histories, perchance, they had played a part! There was a diamond cross, a string of gold beads, a carbuncle heart, an old, old watch set in the side of a mimic castle of gold, with curiously carved turrets and parapets. There was a great lustrous pink opal. "It brings bad luck," said Mr. Schwarz, shaking his head. Then there were plenty of charms, pencil-cases, seal rings, and pretty trinkets. As I turned them over with my hand suddenly I came upon this locket. It took my fancy at once; I could not bear to put it down.

"That's just the odd sort of thing to suit you, Madge," cried Rebbie. "Put the chain around your neck, and let me see how it looks. Just your style!"

Every link of the chain had some fanciful bit of carving on it—a hand here, a profile there, a moth's wing, an imp's face, a flower—each done in such small space as almost to need a magnifying-glass. Here, you can look at it for yourself as I talk. Mr. Schwarz said the locket and chain were brought him, some thirty years before, in Frankfort, by a sickly looking young Englishman, who only asked five pounds on them—hoping, he said, to redeem them within a week. But Mr. Schwarz had never seen or heard from him again.

"Oh, father," said Rebbie, "we'll lend that to Madge to wear at the Delanceys'!" At last she had found something I could not refuse. I would rather have had that locket and chain than all the jewelry in the world. There could be no danger in wearing it—a thing that had been pawned thirty years ago in Germany; no one would ever dream how I had obtained it. And so, when I went from Rebbie's house the next day, the locket went with me.

"My dear Madge," said Clara Delancey, a few evenings after, as we were getting ourselves ready for a *soirée*, "how very distinguished-looking you are in that black silk, and with your wonderful heir-loom of a locket!"

I smiled to think how little foundation I had for distinction. Clara herself was looking exquisite, wearing mauve and her pearls.

"Madge," she whispered, when we had been at the *soirée* perhaps twenty minutes, "you are making a conquest. Dudley Vereham is looking at you with all his eyes, and it is 'mirabile visu,' as our Latin books used to say, for he scarcely ever notices us butterflies!"

A few moments after Dudley Vereham was brought to us by our hostess and introduced. Clara escaped for a promenade with one of her favorites, and I was left alone with him. He was a grave, handsome young man, with a rather abstracted air, which he seemed to try to overcome as he entered into conversation with me; and in a few moments I found myself talking with him with the greatest ease and pleasure. This was something enjoyable, for most of the young gentlemen whom I had met in society hitherto had only answered "yes," "no," and "indeed," when I had any thing to say, and when they made any remarks I could only answer "yes," "no," and "indeed" myself. We never could seem to strike the same chords. But Mr. Vereham, I made up my mind at once, was decidedly agreeable. He had traveled a great deal, and once on that topic, there was no end to my interest. There were so many places I wanted to hear about, which I had seen only in imagination, and I would tell him how I had pictured them to myself, and then he would give me the true picture, sometimes with such comical contrast that I think we were both very much entertained. We promenaded, ate ices together, and at last he asked permission to call on me.

"Why, Madge, he never called at this house but once in his life," exclaimed Clara, when I told her that night, "and that was a brief party call. It is a decided case of love at first sight, my dear!"

Was it? I almost wanted to think so myself as I fell asleep, dreaming of Mr. Vereham. He called a few evenings after, was even more agreeable than at the *soirée*, and when he left, invited me to go sleigh-riding with him the next day.

"He'll propose, next thing you know," said Clara, sagely. "These grave bachelors always do it very suddenly. I have known it to happen more than once myself."

"Would you wear the locket, Clara?" I asked, as I was getting ready for the ride.

"Well, I don't know," replied Clara, thoughtfully. "Yes! It will look so handsome against your black velvet jacket, and they wear them on the street a great deal this winter."

We had a grand sleigh-ride, the strong black horses carrying us like the wind again and again around the principal drives of the Park. All the world was out, and it was a brilliant scene, intensified every few moments by some of the fast horses breaking into a race. I was in the highest possible spirits, and when we turned homeward felt as if it was the closing of a triumphal march.

"I beg your pardon, but that is a very rare and curious locket that you wear," said Mr. Vereham, as he assisted me out of the sleigh.

"Yes," I answered, confusedly; and gathering up my furs, hurried through thanks and leave-taking, and ran into the house. I had such a dread of any one questioning me about the locket, and finding out that I had borrowed it of a pawnbroker.

The next two or three times that I met Mr. Vereham I did not wear it. I was really beginning to think a good deal of him in a romantic sort of way, and Clara's raillery only added to it. It seemed to me that I never had seen, never should see, any one that I could like so well as I did Dudley Vereham.

There came presently cards for a party which was to be *the* party of the season. Clara was getting up for herself some wonderfully lovely cloud-like drapery, with pearls and turquoises. I was to wear my blue silk, the only real party dress I had, and—the locket. Clara did my hair, and that was half the battle.

"Now you are a perfect violet," she said, when I was ready. "Here, use some of this violet powder, child, and let me pour some *eau de violette* on your handkerchief. There is a charming great conservatory at Mrs. Hart's, and perhaps Mr. Vereham will ask you to walk there with him. We girls have counted up at least ten proposals that have been made in that conservatory this winter."

I must confess that my heart beat tumultuously when, in the course of that never-to-be-forgotten evening, Mr. Vereham, as Clara had predicted, invited me to walk with him in the conservatory. I took his arm all in a flutter, half terror, half happiness, and in a few moments more we stood among the camellias and cactuses. He talked about the plants at first, showing me some that he had seen blossoming in their own native climes. I answered rather at random, I am afraid, for the burden of my thoughts was, "Oh, what *will* father and mother say?"

Standing at last beside an orange-tree, there was a moment's silence. Mr. Vereham appeared somewhat embarrassed.

"May I ask," he said, hesitatingly—"I have been wishing a long time to ask—would you tell me, Miss Madge, the history of your unique locket?"

I suppose I looked surprised, for he hastened to add, "Let me tell you my story first, and then you will pardon my curiosity."

And while I stood there silent, summoning all my self-control, he told it. His grandfather, it seemed, was one of the younger sons of an old English family of nobility. His mother, when a girl, was presented with a curious antique locket, at the time of her confirmation, by an aunt, who was also her godmother. It was given her as a priceless treasure, it having belonged to the family for at least two centuries. She subsequently made a love match which was displeasing to her relatives, and left home and country to share the fortunes of her young husband. At last, when in Germany, pressed by the utmost necessity, for they had met with many reverses, they were obliged to pawn the locket, hoping by good luck to redeem it speedily. But the very next day they received letters telling them of Mrs. Vereham's father's illness, and summoning them to England that he might see them once more and forgive them. They went home immediately, and were detained there by his long and tedious illness, and afterward by business and family complications, so that it was three years before they found their way to Frankfort again, and then the pawnbroker was gone, leaving no clew.

"It has always been the subject of intense regret to us," said Mr. Vereham, at the conclusion of his story. "And my mother has described the locket to me a thousand times, grieving to think how she had let it slip out of her possession. The moment I saw you first, Miss Madge, my eyes were riveted by your chain and locket, and I determined at once to make your acquaintance, and as soon as we were on sufficiently friendly terms to warrant it, to ask you about your antique ornament."

By this time I was self-possessed and proud. My little love dream was dashed to the earth; but no one should dream it had existed.

"The locket is undoubtedly yours," I said, briefly. "It was lent me by an old school-mate, daughter of a pawnbroker. He is a German Jew, and his account of it coincides with yours. I will return it to him to-morrow, and give you his address that you may reclaim it."

Mr. Vereham was delighted beyond measure, and thanked me earnestly, wearing such a radiant face when we emerged from the conservatory that Clara told me afterward she was sure we were engaged.

"And to think, after all, it was the locket, and not you!" she exclaimed. "I declare, Madge darling, I never want to see the man again!"

Ah, well! As in the old fairy tale, the bell had rung midnight, the festival was over, and Cinderella must go back to every-day life. I returned home, and to my teaching, feeling very grave and experienced after my winter's dissipation, and with my mind fully made up that I should never marry. But somehow the work of teaching did not go on so lightly as it used, when I had vague little sweet romantic dreams of love that might come any day. All that was past and lost now, and I was sick of dreams. I had a letter from Rebbie, telling me of the redemption of that curious old locket, and what a splendid gentleman came for it, and how wonderful it was that it should have got back to its owners. As I put away the letter, I thought to myself, "That's the last I ever shall hear of Mr. Vereham!"

But one evening when I came home, tired and spiritless, there he was awaiting me! The moment I entered the room his hands clasped mine, and his eyes questioned mine eagerly.

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"Little Madge, little Madge," he said, "what a fool I have been! I thought it was the locket that won all my thoughts last winter, and instead of that, it was *you!* I found it out when you had gone. Life has been a blank to me ever since. Have I lost my chance? Am I too late?"

Ah, the dreams, the dreams of love! How they came trooping back into my heart, in their most perfect sweet fulfillment! And how ten times beautiful is the happiness that comes out unharmed and immortal from the fires that we thought had consumed it!

And now I have my love and my locket. Hark! There is Dudley's step in the hall, and I always go to meet my husband. I leave you to examine the rich and dainty fancifulness of the graving, the cherubs, and the imps. But this is simply a magnificent antique. If you wish to see the triumphs of modern skill in gold and gems, you must wait till to-morrow, when Rebecca Schermerhorn, *née* Schwarz, is coming to make me a visit.

FAIR WOMEN.

THE tall, dark, formidable-looking woman of fiction, who is equal to any crime you like to name, and whose very presence inspires all beholders with fear or repulsion, has had her day. A generation ago virtue and blue eyes were as inseparable as vice and black ones; angelhood and golden locks went together, and demonism and raven tresses, as surely as sweetness accompanies sugar and bitterness follows after gall; a pink and white complexion was held to include all the feminine graces, just as a dark one was eloquent of all possible human sinfulness; and, given a commanding presence, you might be sure of high treason or homicide, while a paucity of inches betokened a suffering martyr chastised for crimes not her own, and bearing like a saint the evils laid on her by sinners. We have changed all that now. When we open one of the books wherein our youths and maidens learn their first lessons of life—as it is not—and we come upon a heroine with yellow hair, marvelous eyes of greenish hue, small waist, shapely hands, and stunted if symmetrical growth, we may settle ourselves comfortably to an after-narrative of horrors; to a case or two of secret poisoning; or a bolder murder, with the chances of exposure by a full-grown witness hidden where only an owl could hide; while bigamy will be thrown in to give the right flavor of impropriety, or perhaps, for a diversion, a marriage of that kind known to the French as "of the thirteenth arrondissement." The fair-haired heroines of modern novels have now the monopoly of all the vices, crimes—and diamonds involved; the former typical brigandess is shelved, while the chestnut-headed girls are relegated to virtue and patience, and mildness and despair, and the loss of their lovers through the machinations of the too-fascinating and immoral blondes. It is all the difference, say the analytical novel-writers, between iron and carbon, electricity and brute matter; and they give the preference to the former for that queer manifestation of character they call Force.

Well, perhaps there is something in the theory, though it may be carried too far. Given a fair woman with dark, or even light hazel eyes, aquiline features, a narrow forehead, and great width between her ears, all enhanced by a nervous temperament—which is a different thing from nervousness—and we have the type of the Borgia, whence we may reasonably expect something more than would be possible to the lymphatic, conventional British matron, whose worst sins are peevish humors, and whose wildest pleasure is a box at the theatre at Christmas time, with all her little ones about her. Society goes pretty smoothly between its ordained banks so far as we can see, but we are all aware of the difference between reality and appearance, and if we do not know the precise strength of the undercurrent, we all know that there is an under-current, and that many lives which look quite calm and respectable on the outside are turbulent and unrestrained enough below. So it is with your fair women of a certain type; creatures who might have sat to Guido for his angels, but whose souls are as the soul of Lilith and of Mélusine—the Borgias and the Brinvillierses of historic crimes, the "modern Messalinas" of present life. Who does not know these women—whose secret doings are whispered about from friend to friend, for all there is no Asmodeus, happily for them, to render roofs transparent—who go about well-lighted drawing-rooms looking much like other people, save that they are perhaps more careful of observances, and, when they give utterance to their opinions, express an edifying strictness of morality which puts the very matron herself on the list of the careless encouragers of vice? Weak as their rootlets are, they still keep their place among the honest and the honorable—perhaps because of their father's name, perhaps because of their husband's place—people all silently combining to so much kindly hypocrisy as includes their formal acceptance, though none of the better sort care for more than this. In society, as it is called, these frail fair women are always surrounded by men, and by men only. They are both disliked and dreaded by other women, and they return the feeling. Between them and the rest, in that dreadful hour of up-stairs retirement, from the last glass of claret to the first cup of tea, there is a visible but unspoken enmity. They are left alone in their blonde beauty to practice glances and gestures till the men come up; or if any one goes over to speak to them, it is a woman of like nature but of less daring than themselves, or an innocent who does not know the goats of the drawing-room from its sheep. Sometimes they make a friend of one of these innocents, whose eyes they blind, and whose imagination they dazzle, and whose time and talents they use to fetch and carry, as monkeys are said to use poor pussy's paws for the safe gathering-in of roasted chestnuts. Keener-sighted women shrink from the fair siren; but then these are poor spiritless dowdies—that object of ridicule, the British matron; so what does it matter to the brave and untrammeled free dame what they say?

There are times in almost all lives when we have to come to a stand-up fight. Not necessarily with fists—that is brutal, and among gentlewomen impossible; nor with words—that is vulgar; but with acts, with deeds, with foresight and circumvention, which is a keener and a more difficult kind of thing. But take a dark-haired woman with red, fleshy lips, broad eyebrows, a blunt nose, and a formidable look generally; let her be as tall as a grenadier and as strong as a man; and pit her against a keen, fair-haired, thin-lipped, and high-nosed little woman; and your black-browed giantess will be nowhere in the fight. She will be overcome, however unscrupulous she may be, and however violent, as certainly as a thin line of steel can pin an elephant to the ground. The most resolute woman I know is a fair-haired woman, of easy-going temperament, feminine build, and charming manner; her good temper is imperturbable, her will unyielding, her moral courage dauntless, her resources—in a fight—inexhaustible, her devices for baffling her opponents and gaining important positions of the most marvelous fertility. She has not her match in any of the qualities which insure success in a mortal combat of wits and will; yet she has not a feature that betrays her nature, save a certain unusual steadiness of eye; and we might also except her hands, which are of fair size, shapely, and with taper fingers, but with the palm of a strong man.

Again, the most cruel woman I know is a fair woman, with hazel eyes, a soft but not sweet-toned voice, a caressing manner, a good shape; but her hands are large and broad, and her fingers thick and spatulous. Given the opportunity, and this woman would have been a Borgia; she would have smiled while she poured the poison in the cup; she would have caressed her victim in his dying agonies; she would have shed tears with the widow of the man she had just executed; and with the blood on her hand still wet, she would have maintained her fond affection for, and denied that she had ever harbored an evil thought against, those she had sacrificed to her hate or to her fears.

And the most audacious woman I know is a fair woman—a woman whose every look has a hidden meaning, whose every word is capable of two interpretations, a woman whom nothing can abash, and to whom no one can teach reverence. But if you were to speak of her with her pearly skin, her flaxen, silky hair, her long, light fringe of eyelash, and her scarcely defined line of eyebrow, you would say she was emphatically a human lily, and you would expect from her only the sweetest and most gracious tenderness and reticence and modesty. As it is—!

Talk of the courage of your masculinely moulded women, with their breadth of shoulder and their development of muscle! Nothing on earth equals the courage of a small, wiry, and intense blonde! She is irrepressible, and the chains that can bind her have yet to be forged. In a public place the women whom you see setting at defiance every rule of the police are the two opposite poles—the dense and heavy British matron and the pert, small blonde. The first takes her place and keeps it, and nothing but main force can put her out, and as it would take a great deal of main force, she is generally allowed to stay; the last leaps over barriers, dives under ropes, pounces on places that do not belong to her, slips by the check-taker, and laughs in the face of those who come to dislodge her. Or if she does not laugh, she tightens her lips and says "I sha'n't move!" and leaves you to find your remedy. What can you do? You may have conquered an Indian fort, and have marched up to the cannon's mouth with as quiet a pulse as if you had been going to the mess dinner; but the fair-haired little woman, who has your seat and who refuses to give it up, is beyond you, and even your Victoria cross can not inspire you to her removal. In the end she triumphs, as she knew she should; and you retire discomfited, shut out from what you had paid your two guineas to see, while the audacious little blonde enjoys for five shillings the full worth of your outlay.

To be sure, all fair women are not of this intense kind, and there are the doves of old-time romance yet extant; blue-eyed, tender, timid, virginal, who blush much, hold the creed of "sh[illegible]" and who would be as incapable of the f[illegible]s to w[illegible]ch their more "electrical" sisters are prone as a child would be incapable of carrying the weight [illegible] a man. But we are bound to say that these [illegible]ves are comparatively rare, while the hawks [illegible]ith golden wings are more abounding, and blondes "without salt" less numerous than blondes with too much.

The painted wheel of fashion will take a turn before long. After having flooded our *salons*—and saloons—with every shade of fairness from pure flaxen to fiery red, with all the intermediate shades of gold, both pale and ruddy—after having caused many a once luxuriantly tressed girl to weep in secret over her faded handful of broken hairs, and to grow furious at the horrid falsehoods her hair-dresser told when he sold her that golden fluid, and swore by all his gods (of the curling-tongs) that it would do no harm—after having made brunettes blondes, and born blondes insupportable in their self-complacency—we shall come round again to the passionate and flashing brunette; unless, indeed, we give the "strong blondes" a turn, the brown-haired women of the true English type. But they are too numerous to be particularized; wherefore the choice must still be between the true blonde and the brunette—the face of an angel and a soul as of Lilith, with the look of a brigandess and the heart of a Una; or the brunette with passions and crimes as dark as her skin, and the blonde once more the human Dove and Lily.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

OUR markets are loaded with the constantly arriving cargoes of golden oranges and lemons. Almost every street corner proclaims the abundance of these tropical fruits. The West India Islands furnish us with a large quantity of oranges, and by many these are esteemed of finer flavor than the varieties which come from the shores of the Mediterranean. Every one, however, may suit his own taste; for so long as a capital of no less than four million dollars is actively employed in supplying New York alone with all delicious fruits from foreign climes, nothing obtainable is likely to be lacking. What *is* lacking in this comparatively frigid latitude is the orangery itself. How tantalizing, when wintry breezes blow, and Jack Frost nips our noses, to read of long avenues of umbrageous trees, their dark green, glossy foliage contrasting beautifully with clusters of delicate white flowers, which diffuse a delightful fragrance, while at the same time the golden fruit droops from the boughs! A full-grown, healthy orange-tree will produce annually from five hundred to two thousand oranges. As the tree increases in age, the fruit improves in quality—it is more juicy, the skin is thinner, and the seeds diminish in number. In some countries it is no uncommon thing to see a tree a hundred years old still bearing plentifully a highly prized, thin-skinned orange, free from pips. It requires some experience to make a judicious selection of oranges and lemons. Large dealers understand the business, but small purchasers are easily cheated. Fresh, ripe fruit is most wholesome; stale or unripe, it is dangerous.

According to recent statements—which, however, we have not seen statistically proved—Paris has not known so cold a winter as the present, since 1788. Certain it is that the weather has been very severe not only in France, but in Italy. In Florence and Naples skating has actually been *the* amusement of the season—the time very limited, but the novelty very great.

Cows will soon be superfluous. A French chemist has prepared artificial milk from sugar, dried whites of eggs, carbonate of soda, olive-oil, and water. For cream he substitutes gelatine for whites of eggs, and takes less water. Nevertheless we prefer the old-fashioned cow's milk and cream; that which used to come from our grandmother's dairy, "long time ago," was good enough, and science can not improve upon the original articles.

It is only comparatively recently that hypermetropia, or oversightedness, has been recognized as a fertile source of impaired vision. In Breslau, of 10,060 children whose eyes were examined, 289 were found to be afflicted with this difficulty; and of these 158 squinted—an affection largely due to the oversightedness. Ophthalmic surgeons agree that hypermetropia is the frequent cause of weak sight. When reading and writing fatigue the eye, when the letters become confused, and a feeling of tension and pain gathers over the eyebrow, which assumes the character of headache, while at the same time the eye becomes watery and hot—the difficulty may be oversightedness, which the use of convex glasses will remedy. Children who manifestly have some trouble with the eyes should promptly have proper surgical examination. Near-sightedness is a common condition of the eye, and a source of much annoyance. Long, or oversightedness, though not as common, may be the source of much evil, if not understood and remedied.

Rumor says that the adhesive matter on postage stamps is to be hereafter *flavored:* vanilla for the one-cent, winter-green for twos, chocolate for threes, and so forth!

How pleasant to be assured by a lucid philosopher that "the absolutoid and abstractoid elementismus of being echoes or reappears by analogy, within the relatoid and concretoid elaborismus!"

A New Jersey philanthropist is reported to have sent six thousand dollars to Chicago for Christmas presents, whereat little Chicagoans rejoice.

The French government has no intention of selling the crown jewels, rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. Many inventories have been made of these jewels. In 1774 the diamonds were 7482 in number, but in 1776 Louis XVI. sold 1471 for the enormous sum at that epoch of £75,050. In 1791 a delegation from the National Assembly again counted them, and found that they numbered 9547. The principal diamond in the French crown jewels is the famous Regent. It was found in the mines of Golconda at the commencement of the last century, and was sold to the Governor of Madras by the agents of the Mogul for 500,000 francs. It then passed into the hands of Law, the notorious schemer, who sold it to the Regent of France for 2,500,000 francs, and from whom it received its name. In 1855, at the opening of the Exposition, the Empress Eugénie had it mounted, and wore it, but the weight of the diadem was so great that it caused her Majesty to have a violent headache, and the Regent was consequently taken out and placed in its old position. Its weight is 137 carats, or 558 grains. In addition to the diamonds, the crown jewels include 507 pearls, 230 rubies, 150 emeralds, and a great quantity of sapphires, topazes, amethysts, and other precious stones.

The total destruction of the world is now definitely settled by the Second Adventists to take place in 1873. The exact day is not yet announced.

The Saturday before Christmas—which New Yorkers remember as a dreary, drizzling day—was in London even more dismal than here. The whole metropolis, with its suburbs for miles around, was visited with one of the densest fogs experienced for many years. Traffic on the Thames was suspended for some hours, and on all suburban railways fog signals were used, as well as extreme care. At noon it was as dark as midnight in the heart of the city, with the aggravation that the public lamps were not lighted; and the confusion which prevailed in some of the thoroughfares of the city was fearful. An appeal was made to the proper authorities to have the public lamps lighted—but alas! "the contractors were only bound by their agreement to light them between sunset and sunrise"—and they were not benevolent. Private lamps, however, were lighted, and thus the general gloom abated until the fog lessened.

Hans Christian Andersen will write no more books, he says. But he may break his resolution.

Not a bad idea was that of the little four-year-old to whom was narrated the Bible story of Elisha and the bears. The story was illustrated with a picture of the venerable Elisha going out bare-headed, the bears coming out of the woods, etc. The little one looked at it, and immediately spoke out, "Father, why didn't he put his hat on? then they wouldn't have hollered baldhead."

During the trial of Mrs. Wharton at Annapolis some sharp-shooting took place between the Attorney-General and a well-known physician of Baltimore, who was under cross-examination. The following is a specimen:

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "A doctor ought to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes."

WITNESS. "They are as capable as lawyers."

ATTORNEY-GENERAL. "Doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground; lawyers' are not."

WITNESS. "But they are sometimes hung on a tree!"

Ojibway is the proposed name for a new Territory designed to be set off in the northern part of Dakotah. It will contain about 74,000 square miles, a large area of fertile lands, and plenty of Indians. The Northern Pacific Railroad will cross it midway, and therefore towns will rapidly grow up along the route.

One of the famous Siamese twins is dangerously ill at the present time. They are now living in North Carolina. Eng and Chang were born in a small village of Siam, in 1811, and came to the United States in 1829. These twins are seldom observed to converse with each other; but they play a good game of draughts, and are fond of playing against each other. They are both married, and have grown children.

The fourteen young American ladies who, accompanied by competent guardians, are making a tour of the world, were last heard from in Egypt, and were *en route* still further East. It is said that the Emperor of Brazil met these adventuresome travelers beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, and received them graciously.

Once there was a man—so goes the story—who drove a yoke of oxen from Maine to California. It is asserted that he is the only person who has a correct idea of the size of the United States. Be that as it may, few people realize the vastness of our territorial area. Colorado, for example, is thirteen times as large as Massachusetts, and Dakota is as large again as Colorado. The eleven Territories, as accurately as can at present be ascertained, contain over one billion and a quarter of acres (1,036,385,919), exceeding by nearly two hundred thousand square miles the aggregate territory of all the present admitted States of the Union. The Territory of Alaska, containing 369,529,600 acres, is included in the number of acres stated.

Improvements are being made on some of the lines of street cars which, we hope, portend the dawn of a better day in common conveyances. On some of the cars of the Sixth Avenue we notice a sliding panel in the front-door, through which the conductor thrusts his hand for the fare of front-platform passengers, instead of opening the door and admitting a cold current of air upon shivering inside passengers. We hear also of stoves in some cars, which, if properly managed, must be a comfort in January; and a lamp suspended from the centre of a high-roof car is a satisfactory change from a low, ill-lighted conveyance.

A Turkish breakfast is a laborious and complicated affair, about thirty dishes being essential, the first always being roast lamb. A round metal plate, three feet in diameter, is placed on a low frame, and serves as a table, about which half a dozen persons repose on rugs. There are no plates, knives, or forks, and only the right hand is permitted to be used; the left must remain invisible. The dishes on the table are continually changed, so that little can be eaten from each. When the repast is finished, an attendant presents to each guest a basin and a piece of soap, and pours water over his hands from a metal jug. An elegantly embroidered napkin serves for drying the hands.

Ink, spilled on desk, clothing, and carpets, is a great trouble to the housewife. Often the stain is effectually "set" for want of the knowledge of some simple application, which, if promptly used, might remove it. Mrs. H. W. Beecher, in the *Christian Union*, gives this recipe, which is worth remembering: "When ink is spilled on the carpet, or on woolen goods, if attended to instantly after the accident, it can be taken out entirely by sweet milk. First wipe off carefully all that can be soaked up by a handful of cotton batting. Then have a dish of sweet milk ready, and dipping the clean cotton batting in it, wash the spot, changing the batting for a clean piece as soon as it gets black with the ink. Continue this till the ink no longer shows; then take a pail of hot suds and a clean cloth, and wash as far as the milk has wet; rinse with clear warm water, and rub dry with a clean cloth." Salt and water, and lemon juice are recommended for removing ink from white clothing, either linen or cotton. We know from experience also that a weak solution of oxalic acid will remove ink from white cloth. If it is too strong a solution, however, it will make a hole in the cloth: and as oxalic acid is a poison, the bottle containing it should be properly labeled, and kept out of the way of children.

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"WAIT HALF A MINUTE."

EVERY one who has sustained a part in private theatricals knows that unpleasantly anxious half minute which occurs when the curtain draws up. Up to that instant every thing appears to be in apple-pie order; the gentleman who, like Snug the joiner, is "slow of study," has at last consented to pocket his part, the chatterers have been reduced to silence by the energetic stage manager, and another performer has managed to force his foot into a refractory boot; but just as the curtain is about to go up something delays the opening of the performance. Perhaps a fair damsel, who enacts the part of a fascinating brigand, finds that the type of manhood attached to her upper lip won't stay there; perhaps somebody who has been diligently practicing carte and tierce at the wing breaks his sword; perhaps—but we will leave farther suggestions to the imaginations of our readers, merely observing that, just at the critical moment of drawing the curtain, an agonized voice is heard to exclaim, "Wait half a minute!"



"WAIT HALF A MINUTE."

CLEANING SEWING-MACHINES.

A WRITER in the Leipsic *Polytechnic Journal* has an extended article upon the proper method of cleaning sewing-machines that require such treatment, and begins by cautioning the owners against carelessly submitting them to the manipulation of even professional machinists for this purpose. The parts of the sewing-machine are so carefully adjusted to each other that any abrasion of the bearings will necessarily involve irregularity of motion, which will increase in time, until the whole machine becomes worthless. For this reason it is desirable to oil the different parts of the machine without taking them apart, even although this should be superintended by a careful artificer. According to the writer, the principal cause of injury to the machine consists in the accumulation of dust from the fabrics upon which it is used, this being so minute as to be inappreciable by the naked eye, but nevertheless accumulating and becoming fixed in the working-gear, and attracting the dust of the atmosphere. The best substance for the purpose of cleaning the machine is said to be fat from sheeps' feet, which is to be placed in tolerable abundance upon the bearing surfaces of the machine to be oiled, which is then to be set in rapid motion. This fat acts on the bearings, and when melted by the heat of friction is driven out again, mixed with the dirt and blackish matter from the machine. This is to be wiped off with a soft cloth, and a quantity of fat again applied, to be again treated in the same way, and this operation is to be continued until the fat, as it comes from the joint, is clear and free from dirt, after which the machine may be considered as entirely clean.

When the machine has become rusty in any of its bearings, this is to be removed very careful-

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ly by fine emery paper, although, if the trouble is not very serious, the application of fat as described will probably answer every purpose, and this is to be applied as already indicated until there is no further rusty tinge to the escaping oily matter.

Should the sewing-machine have become very much clogged through long disuse by dust and hardened oil, after a preliminary treatment with the fat referred to, spirits of turpentine or benzine may be applied to good advantage.

EVENING TOILETTE.

THE trained skirt of this pretty dress is made of plain white tulle, edged with a wide puffing of the same material, which is finished on each side by a thick tulle ruche. The front of the skirt is trimmed nearly to the waist with rich white Malines lace, set on in shells. A wreath of blue and pink morning-glories with green leaves is set in the middle of the puffing on the bottom. Low waist, and short bouffant over-skirt of rose pink faille, edged with a puffing of white tulle like that on the skirt. A bouquet of morning-glories is set at the side on the upper edge of the waist. The over-skirt is draped and trimmed with morning-glories. Pearl necklace, bracelets, and ear-rings. The hair is roped with pearls, and ornamented with a spray of morning-glories.



EVENING TOILETTE.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

AS I predicted in my last letter, the National Assembly has not returned to Paris. Great efforts will be made after the opening of the year to bring this about, and it is said that M. Thiers will do his best to insure its return hither. M. Thiers is very powerful, but it is doubtful whether he will succeed. The present Assembly is determined not to sit at Paris. The complementary elections will decide the question, most likely, in the negative.

Social life is greatly changed, and this change is making the fortune of the theatres. They are almost the only places where one can find any amusement. Parties are few and far between. Christmas-eve, with its traditional tree, which had been widely adopted by the Parisians, has fallen into disrepute. Poor Christmas-trees! the French children will never more know the joys they bring; such is the abhorrence of every thing belonging to Germany that they have become execrable on account of their origin, and we have returned to the old French custom. On Christmas-eve the children, on going to bed, set their shoes in the chimney-corner, and find in them the next morning the reward or punishment for their past behavior which Santa Claus brings them—toys and bonbons, or a birch rod.

At this moment Paris is truly magnificent. Its streets are lined with shops filled with the most varied, beautiful, unique, and ingenious articles that the mind can imagine. It is the New-Year's show; and this show would reach hundreds of leagues if the shops containing it were ranged in a straight line. The toy most in favor is a Prussian soldier with his arms loaded with a basket of wine-bottles, a tall mirror, a clock, and several other articles, which he is carrying off, while his pockets are stuffed with lace, velvet, and silk, destined for his dear wife. This barometer of public sentiment is handsomely gotten up, and costs five dollars.

One could never imagine or recount all the devices that have been invented to hold the bonbons which it is the fashion to present on New-Year's Day. There are shapely hands with arms cased in sleeves, that serve for bonbonnières; bomb-shells loaded with bonbons, cannon charged with the same ammunition, and Alsatian peasants stuffed with bonbons. Then, for more artistic recipients, there are cups of Chinese or Japanese ware, old porcelain, costing from seventy-five to a hundred dollars, and holding five dollars' worth of candies; bonbonnières of modern porcelain, copied from antique designs of Rouen or Nevers, and set in silver; large crystal vases filled with bonbons, with accompanying crystal cornets, serving as bouquet-holders. Is this wealth of invention to be attributed to the forced stagnation of Parisian fancy for the last two years? Never has there been such a multitude of beautiful and artistic devices as this year. Fancy jewelry has produced marvels merely in copying and popularizing our ancient models, from the times of the Valois to Louis XVI.

The approaching marriage of the Princess Marguerite, daughter of the Duke de Nemours, to the Prince Czartoriski, whose first wife was the daughter of Queen Christina of Spain and the Duke of Rianzarés, her second husband, will be celebrated very simply. The corbeille of the bride is marvelous. Every member of her family has contributed a souvenir: the Comte de Chambord has sent a Marguerite of diamonds and pearls; the King of Belgium, laces that might have been spun by the fairies; and the Duc d'Aumale a diamond rivière. The bridal pair will live in that historic and quasi-royal residence which is called here the Hôtel Lambert, and which is situated on the Ile St. Louis—an abode built by a private individual, but decorated by the same painters that embellished Versailles and the Tuileries. The Princess Marguerite is twenty-five years old; her future husband is forty, or perhaps a little more. I met him just sixteen years ago at a ball, where he had brought his bride, the daughter of Queen Christina. He was then from twenty-four to twenty-six. The Duc de Nemours is not rich, comparatively speaking; his wife was a German, and poor, and his father's inheritance was wrested from him by Louis Napoleon.

The Parisian workshops are full of activity for the future as well as the present. Having been permitted to lift the veil which conceals this future, I will say that charming toilettes are in course of preparation for next summer, of plain cretonne of very pale tints—light green, straw, Bengal rose, and myosotis blue. These are chiefly trimmed with bands of English embroidery and insertion to match; and exceptionally, for those who are willing to spend money lavishly, with laces made by hand in guipure on an extremely fine web. These toilettes consist of a skirt and a blouse of the same material. The blouse is confined round the waist with a drawing-string, over which is worn a belt of the material, and is high-necked, or else square or shawl-shaped.

For those who prefer a different combination there will be the skirt with a casaque, tight-fitting behind, and laid in large pleats at the bottom of the back, but loose in front. Nothing is more insupportable in hot weather than a completely tight-fitting garment, while nothing is more slovenly looking and ungraceful than one that is completely loose.

Embroidery of very fine or very coarse soutache will be the favorite trimming of the spring toilettes. The fine soutache is little coarser than silk twist. It is used for very fine and rich designs, and always color upon color. Elegant wrappings have huge slashed sleeves, under which almost tight-fitting sleeves are worn. I have seen in preparation some suits designed for the first fine days of March. One of these was composed of a skirt of gray faye trimmed with a flounce a quarter of a yard wide, set on the front only, and joining two flounces each half its width, which extended round the rest of the skirt. Over-skirt and wrap of gray poplin. The front of the over-skirt was entirely covered with embroidery of fine gray soutache; the rest had a light embroidery of soutache around the lower edge. The wrap, of the same poplin, was not tight-fitting, but only shaped in the back. The sleeves were very large, and slashed, with under-sleeves like the faye skirt. The wrap, with both sets of sleeves, was covered with fine soutache embroidery.

Suits of satin de laine are in preparation for the same epoch (March). This is an admirable improved fabric. It is plain, with a satin border and fringe. The pékin de laine is composed of alternate mate and satin stripes. These two materials will be much worn next season; they are so soft that they can almost be drawn through a ring, like a cashmere shawl.

But one of the prettiest spring dresses that I have seen was of tourterelle gray silk poplin, trimmed with thirteen bias folds of the material. Under the lower edge of each of these folds was set a narrower fold of velvet of the same shade. Over-skirt very short in front, but rather long behind, with wide revers, faced with the same velvet, and caught together in the back under a velvet bow of four loops without ends. Vest corsage of velvet with basques laid in deep pleats; on the inside of each pleat was set a shell bow of velvet loops, long enough to reach below the waist, and longer in the back than at the sides. Half-flowing sleeves, open from the elbow to the wrist, and trimmed with a pleated band and shells of velvet, repeating in miniature the trimming of the basques. Lace jabot and sleeves.

For the hair large Alsatian bows of black velvet or gros grain, lined with cherry, blue, or pink, are much worn; also demi-caps are composed of ruches of illusion, or black or white lace, in the form of a diadem, mounted on a ribbon, and trimmed with a knot of ribbon or a cluster of spring flowers, a rose-bud surrounded with Parma violets, a bunch of mignonette and violets, or a spray of lilies of the valley and a rose-bud. Caps for elderly ladies are almost all of the Charlotte Corday shape, and are generally made of white illusion, with large bows of black gros grain ribbon and bright flowers, such as sprays of fuchsias, crimson roses, or red asters.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

CHANGES OF FASHION.

SINCE Louis Quatorze, France has shown us five distinctly marked periods of fashion. We may count Louis XV. and Louis XVI. as one, for the difference between the products of the two reigns is scarcely striking enough to justify their being separately classed. The Directory introduced a totally new type, which, though it did not exercise any permanent influence on ideas, at all events indicated the point of rupture between the taste of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Then came the Empire, the Restoration, and the Second Empire, each bringing its special models and its special school. Of these five epochs, two only, however, have presented a vivid character of their own; the First Empire was all Roman, the Second Empire was all utilitarian; the first reflected the sympathies for Cæsar which filled the master's head; the second exhibited the love of material comfort which filled the people's heart. The men of Austerlitz sat at home in straight, square-backed wooden chairs, ornamented with bronze dragons or copper eagles, which were abominably disagreeable, and, according to our actual theories, outrageously ugly too. The present generation, on the contrary, has been supplied with such incredibly agreeable *fauteuils*, so well wadded, so exactly calculated to receive the hollow of the back, that it is difficult to imagine how future manufacturers are to surpass their merit. We have here an advantage which the history of the fluctuations of taste but rarely affords us; we are able to recognize with precision the cause of the tendencies which sprang up during the two empires, just as we know that the famous Isabelle yellow came into fashion, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, in imitation of the color of the innermost garment of Isabelle of Austria, daughter of Philip II., who vowed

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that she would not change her linen until Ostend was taken, and had to wait three years for that event. The pursuit of ease and of satisfaction of the body being the main agent which has brought about the type of furnishing which at this moment prevails in France, we naturally find an intimate correlation between the habits of our generation and the upholstery which it employs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOU H.—A Marguerite polonaise suit like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 37, Vol. IV., would be pretty for your purple reps. Trim with a pleating of the same and velvet. Such a suit would answer for both house and street.

BETTY.—Boys' kilt skirts are not gored, but are as wide at the top as at the bottom. You can make them of three straight widths, or else, if the goods is plaid, of three bias widths, but no gores.

MRS. W. J. K.—A pearl and rose-color, or a pearl and blue faille dress, would be suitable for you. For style of making gather hints from New York Fashions of present number. A basque with deep pointed neck and antique sleeves would suit you.

MISS W. A., A. R. G., AND OTHERS.—We do not give addresses here.

INQUIRY.—We *will* sell you the *Bazars* for 1868 for $4.—It is too early to describe a sea-side outfit for next summer. You might begin it by making a white muslin suit for morning, a Watteau wrapper of white, pink, blue, or buff organdy, an over dress of white Swiss, and a Dolly Varden of French chintz to wear over a black silk skirt. You must wait until later for further details. Make a black silk suit by the Marguerite polonaise pattern, and the striped alpaca by pattern for Plain-waist House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV.—We can not commend one boarding-school above another. Write to the principal of any good school you hear of, and ask him to send you a circular, catalogue, etc.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—We do not know where the stamps you want are made.

ALLIE.—Side (or kilt) pleatings are cut across the cloth, and in most cases are lined with coarse thin foundation muslin. Standing bands, with the points turned over at the throat, still prevail for linen collars. Standing pleated ruffles of muslin are most becoming, and are very much worn.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—The boat that carried the Grand Duke Alexis and a gay party from this city to West Point was called the *Mary Powell*.—Your old-fashioned blue brocade will make a beautiful Dolly Varden, a polonaise over dress, of which the Marguerite is the best pattern. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 3, Vol. V., for full instructions. It will make you a lovely evening dress over a blue or black silk skirt, with Swiss muslin flounces, or else the plain skirt of your black silk walking suit. If you object to cutting the skirt in a polonaise, take out the three front breadths, put in similar breadths of white silk, and of the brocaded widths make a flounce all around the brocaded train, and graduated up the second side seam to the belt. Wear with the low-necked waist.

MRS. A.—Wear your brown waist and skirt, draping the latter over the black silk skirt. Black silk is the foundation of many toilettes, and should be below the colored dress, instead of above it, as formerly. Piqué, linen, and muslin Gabrielles are what you want for your child. *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV., gives an illustration of such a dress, and also a walking coat for a child of that age. The pattern costs 25 cents.

F. T.—An ashes-of-roses poplin, worn with a pink coral neck-tie, would be becoming to you. Make by the Marguerite Vest-Polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV. Trim it with the same color of bias velvet or silk, and fringe. The black guipure will not look well on it. Make the black silk suit with a basque and upper skirt. Put a deep kilt pleating on the lower skirt, and narrower pleating on the upper skirt and basque. Have a hat made of black faille and velvet, and black and ashes-of-roses ostrich tips. The proper length of a walking skirt is just to clear the ground, but many drag a few inches. Only very small crinoline skirts are worn, and most ladies have abandoned these, using only a tournure of horse-hair.

LISS.—Try fresh benzine on your moiré antique. Over-skirts are as much worn as ever. Make a demi-train, over-skirt, and basque for the black silk, and trim with ruffles of the same.

SADE.—Victoria lawn is one of the most fashionable materials for summer morning and afternoon dresses.—Ladies should always be served first at table, whether by host or hostess.

BITTERSWEET.—Your lace is guipure; the purple sample is Irish poplin; the pink and grisaille striped are Japanese poplin, of mixed silk and cotton. The prettiest trimming for black alpaca is deep kilt pleating on the lower skirt, folds and fringe on the upper skirt and basque. Narrow ruffles are not much worn on lower skirts. Make with basque and upper skirt. Put ruffles of the silk on the over-skirt of your black silk. It will look better than fringe with the lace-trimmed waist. Wear a white muslin over dress with your lavender silk. Good black grenadine of narrow width costs $1 a yard. Use the over-skirt pattern of Plain-waist House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV.—We do not answer questions about MSS. in this column.

NOM DE PLUME.—We have said before that the initials R. S. V. P. stand for French words that mean "reply, if you please." You should send your regrets as soon as possible after receiving the invitation, not later than a day at least, so that the hostess may know how many guests to expect. Word them simply as follows: Mrs. Smith and daughters acknowledge the receipt of Mrs. Martin's kind invitation, and regret the necessity of declining it. Under the circumstances you mention, simple politeness demands that you should do this.

SORIBE.—Plain doubled linen bosoms are most fashionable for gentlemen's shirts. Some, however, prefer one or two wide pleats.

E. C. P.—A black cashmere suit would be most useful, but one of gray cashmere will probably be the most stylish spring suit. Trim it with bands of silk of the same color and with fringe.—An exhaustive treatise on wood-engraving, by John Jackson, has been published by Charles Knight, of London.

CAD.—Make your boy's summer dresses Gabrielles by cut paper pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV. Perhaps the fancy stores here can supply your wants, but we are not sure. We have given general directions for white embroidery and many patterns.

ELIZABETH S.—Prune-color and olive brown would be becoming to you. Wear a blue tie with your striped silk, or else pale salmon. Wear pale gray with blue for spring.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.—Read the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V., for information about arranging hair.

CYNTHIA.—Make your garnet silk by the Worth basque pattern, and trim with ruffles of the same and fringe. The traveling suit will look well made by the Marguerite Vest-Polonaise pattern (illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV.), with velvet trimming.

TWO.—In the engraving of the "Queens of Europe" the figures read from the top downward.

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BURNETT'S COCOAINE stops falling of the hair.—[*Com.*]



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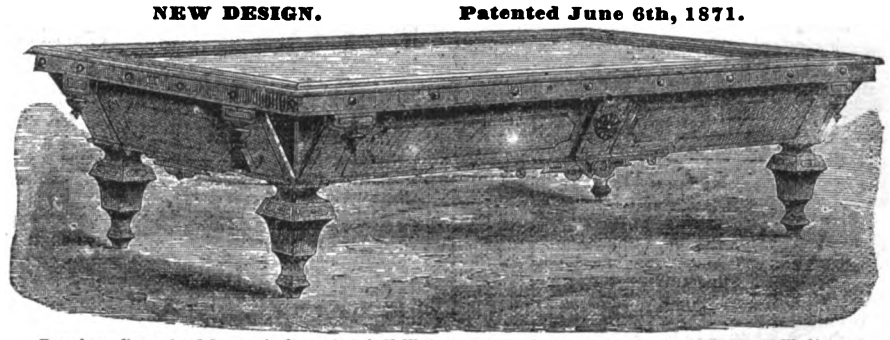
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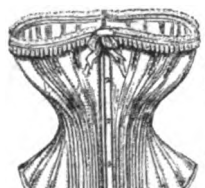
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Mr. Tyerman's work was fairly called for, both by the fact that no life of Wesley had been published for forty years, and because Southey's, the only one tolerably written as a literary performance, is the production of a writer who was not himself a member of the Society, who in few points of character resembled the subject of his memoir, and possessed no sources of information which were not already before the world. Mr. Tyerman is a Wesleyan minister, and his materials, both printed and in manuscript, have been accumulating for seventeen years. He has made most diligent use of them; and his history, in regard to its facts, is incomparably more full than any that preceded it.—*Saturday Review*, London.

Mr. Tyerman's book is by far the most valuable life of Wesley. Its thoroughness, frankness, fearlessness, simplicity; bold, yet self-distrusting discrimination; its loving, yet not blind appreciation of the subject; its patient, painstaking, one would think exhaustive, collection of data and weighing of evidence; its gathering into a focus all the scattered rays of information about Wesley and his work; all this makes one profoundly grateful to Mr. Tyerman. The leading minds of other denominations will welcome this as distinctly the best life of Wesley ever issued; and Methodists will recognize the gracious wisdom of Providence in setting Mr. Tyerman apart for this work.—*City Road Magazine*, London.

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The following Patterns are now ready:

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LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	"	5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	"	11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	"	17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	"	21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	"	23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	"	25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	"	27
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BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old)	"	31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	"	33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	"	35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	"	39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	"	41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	"	42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	"	44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	"	46
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Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	"	2
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FACETIÆ.

WOMEN think all men are thieves. Well, they may rob them even of their names.

HOW TO PREVENT MILK TURNING INTO CREAM.—Buy it of a city milkman.

"I think," said a farmer, "I should make a good Congressman, for I use their language. I received two bills the other day, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table, the other to be read that day six months."

A POSER FOR AN OCULIST.—A window-blind.

Sometimes coal does not burn well of an evening, because it's slate.

Some people at a crowded evening party had belles on their toes. It generally hurts them.

A young man in New York is becoming independently rich by breaking off marriage engagements objectionable to his father at $100 a time.

"Parting is such sweet sorrow," particularly with a cracked looking-glass and a toothless comb.

Some spinsters complain that the men leave them alone, even when they never leave them.

COME TO HAND.—A lady of our acquaintance, who has a pretty hand, is anxious to learn whether people are more liable than common to "burn their fingers" if they happen to be taper ones. We can not say, but we have advised her not to let a spark get at them.

"Let the toast be, dear woman," as the man said to his wife when he wanted to eat it all himself.

PROVERB.—"A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand."

PURCHASER. "K-a-t-l is no the way to spell 'Cattle.'"

DROVER (*writing the receipt*). "Naebody could spell wi' this pen. There's been owre mony drunken bodies usin' it."

A MISPRINTED MORAL.—Give your eyes more holidays than your tongue, as they are more delicate things.

BAD ADVICE.—"Take care of your cold," say well-meaning but unthinking friends. They had far better say, "Take care and get rid of your cold."

TO REMOVE DOUBTS.—Mrs. Partington does not approve of this new-fangled stuff, diabolic acid, but she is highly delighted to see there is an antisceptic.

Blind men can always buy eyes-in-glass very cheaply at a druggist's.

When your doctor questions you, it is some consolation to know that he is out of order also; for, though you are queer, he is the querist.

THESE WERE THE ANSWERS—WHAT WERE THE QUESTIONS?



. . . . . ?

OH!—HE SAID I WAS TO SAY HE WAS OUT OF TOWN IF YOU CALLED.



. . . . . ?

IF YOU DON'T DESIST, I WILL CALL FOR PROTECTION!



. . . . . ?

MY DEAR FELLOW, I HAVEN'T GOT IT!



. . . . . ?

BOTH? THERE ARE TWO!



. . . . . ?

MY DEAR CHILD, THEY'RE ALL ALIKE; I KNOW IT.



. . . . . ?

NEXT SUNDAY, IF YOU LIKE, AS SOON AS I'VE GOT THEM THEIR TEA.

Doran Platt tells the following touching story of how a life was saved: "A Sunday-school superintendent out in Alaska treated his entire charge to a sleigh-ride. There were just forty-one of the cherubs and a six-horse sleigh. On the way home they were beset by a pack of ferocious wolves. Cool and collected in that hour of fearful trial, the heroic superintendent saw at a glance that he must soon be overtaken. In an instant his quick mind grasped the only chance of escape. Seizing the child that always sang 'I want to be an angel' two notes too high, he flung it to the rapacious horde. It stayed their onward rush for a moment. Next came the urchin who never brought any pennies for the heathen. And so on swept the pursued and the pursuers, until the last infant was exhausted. But the brave fellow had economized his material nobly. He was saved."

Some married people always go to bed quarreling, yet they never fall out.

TO A FAIR CORRESPONDENT.—No; ships do not wear whalebones in their stays, nor do they suffer from tight lacing.

NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.—A shoe-maker always finishes his shoe at the beginning, and begins at the last.

When a kettle just begins to boil, is its music that of a *dull simmer?*

What is dyspepsia?—Stuff!

"Your 'poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling' is all bosh!" said Wilkins. "I hate all the fuss some scribblers assume when they go to work. Why, I knock off an epigram or a poem in a minute, and think nothing of it!"

"And your readers, no doubt, think with you," returned his bosom friend.

A stitch in time saves nine. Those who have got one in the side, be thankful.

NET PROFITS—A fisherman's.

A married lady complained that her husband had ill used her. Her father, hearing it, boxed her ears. "Tell him," said the father, "that if he beats my daughter, I will beat his wife." Rather a pleasant prospect for the lady.

A COMMON INFORMER—Webster's Dictionary.

A correspondent wants to know if Noah was his own ark-itect. Not having been with him when he built the ark, our Noah-ledge on the subject is too limited to give a satisfactory answer.

A POPULAR MODE OF REASONING—Man and woman putting their heads together.

MR. EDITOR,—What resemblance is there between swinging, drinking a cup of tea, sharpening a carpenter's tool, and dressing a wound?—In each case you see-saw, Sir.



A VOICE FROM THE SEA.

"OH, LET ME KISS HIM FOR HIS MOTHER!"



A FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION.

CISSY. "So you're Going Away, Effie, and we shall have no more Races round the Garden for Bonbons."

EFFIE. "Yes, Cissy dear. And if we don't Meet in this World again, when you are an Angel, and I am an Angel, I'll Fly you for a Box of Chocolate Creams."

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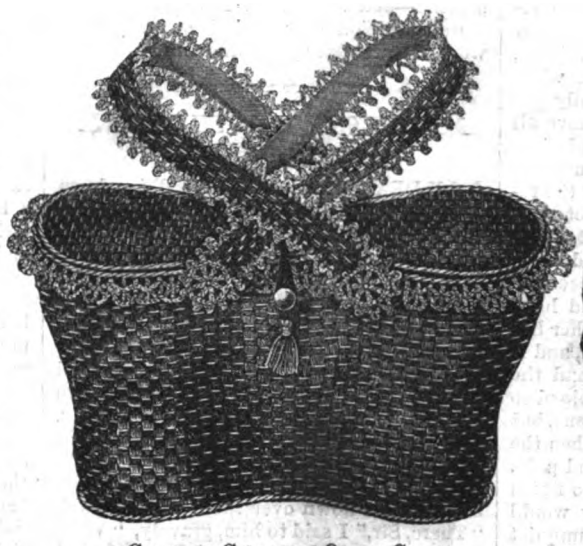
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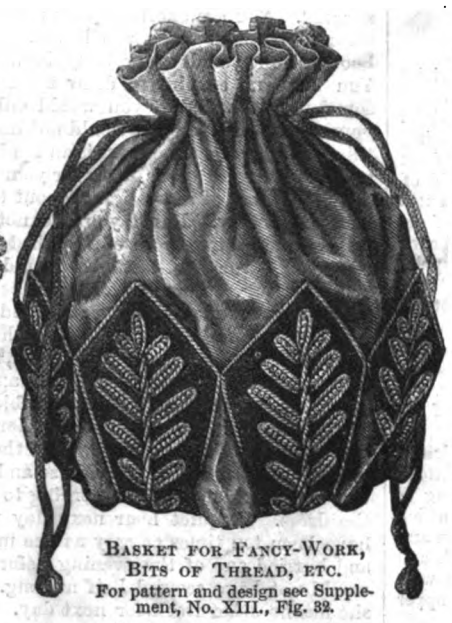
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Crochet Case for Opera-Glass.

THIS case is crocheted with green saddler's silk on gold cord, and is lined with green satin. On the upper edge, and on the outer edges of the handles, is a row of edging crocheted with gold thread. Begin the case on the under edge with a foundation which corresponds in length to the circumference of the bottom (Fig. 34, Supplement), close the foundation in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and work one round of sc. (single crochet). 2d round (on a foundation of fine twisted gold cord).—Always alternately 2 sc. on the next 2 st. (stitch) of the preceding round, 2 ch. (chain stitch); with these pass over 2 st. Crochet the following rounds in a similar manner, always working the sc. on the ch. of the preceding round. In order to widen this part toward the upper edge (to suit the circumference of Fig. 35, Supplement), crochet somewhat looser gradually; besides this, after the crochet part has gained a height of one inch, always work 3 ch. instead of every 2 ch. When the crochet part is two inches high, work always 3 sc., 3 ch.



CROCHET CASE FOR OPERA-GLASS.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XV., Figs. 34 and 35.



BASKET FOR FANCY-WORK, BITS OF THREAD, ETC.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 32.

Then work the last round on the upper edge in sc. without the cord foundation. On this round crochet with gold thread the edging turned downward as follows, holding the crochet part so that the wrong side is turned outward: 1st round.—∗ 1 sc. on both upper veins of the next st. of the last round, 3 ch., 1 dc. (double crochet) on the third following st., 3 ch.; with these pass over 2 st. and repeat from ∗. At the end of the round fasten to the first sc. with 1 sl. 2d round.—∗ 3 ch., 3 stc. (short treble crochet) separated each by 3 ch. on the next dc. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 sc. on the next sc.; repeat from ∗. The bottom and lid of the case, of which Figs. 34 and 35, Supplement, give one-half of the shape, are worked each crosswise in single rounds on a foundation of gold cord in the previous design, always alternately 2 sc., 2 ch. The silk thread is fastened and cut off at the end of every round; the gold cord, however, is always carried back and forth. Finally, surround the bottom and lid with one round of sc. of green silk, at the same time working in the projecting thread ends. The two handles, which are eight inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide, are crocheted lengthwise in the previous design, and are



Fig. 1.—GRAY FLANNEL WRAPPER.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.



Figs. 1-7.—GRAY FLANNEL WRAPPER.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-7.

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edged with one round of sc. and also with an edging of gold thread. Work the latter in one round as follows: * 1 sc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st., one picot of 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the dc., 3 ch.; with these pass over 2 st., and repeat from *. After finishing the crochet-work, interline the case with stiff lace, line it with green satin, and on the upper edge set a piece of covered wire. Bind the under edge of the case with green satin ribbon a quarter of an inch wide. For the bottom and lid of the case cut of thick card-board one piece each from Figs. 34 and 35, Supplement; cover one side with the crochet part, and the other side with wadding and satin lining, and bind each part on the outer edge with narrow satin ribbon. Overhand the bottom and edge together, and cover the seam with a row of gold cord. Similar cord surrounds the edge of the lid. The latter is joined with the case at the points marked : with several stitches. Finally, furnish the case with the handles, and a button and cord loop for closing, as shown by the illustration. The seams where the handles are set on are covered by small rosettes, which are worked with gold thread similar to the edging on the upper edge of the case. Instead of gold cord, fine silk cord or coarse gray tatting cotton may also be used.

Basket for Fancy-Work, Bits of Thread, etc.

See illustration on first page.

THIS basket is made of card-board and violet velvet, embroidered with gold beads and fine gold cord, and is furnished with a bag of violet satin. Cut of card-board, velvet, and violet silk, the latter for the lining, one piece each from Fig. 32, Supplement, which gives one-half of the basket; leave a quarter of an inch extra material for the seams on the outer edges of the velvet and silk. Cut slits in the card-board along the dotted lines given on Fig. 32, Supplement. These slits are only cut through half the thickness of the card-board, so that the bottom and tabs are in one piece. Paste the velvet on that side of the card-board which is furnished with the slits; work the embroidery as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on Fig. 32, Supplement, and cover the still free side of the card-board with silk. Inside of the basket, on the edge of the bottom, sew the bag, which is seven inches and a quarter long, and sixteen inches and three-quarters wide. This bag is closed with violet silk cord, the ends of which are trimmed with tassels. Edge the bottom and tabs with gold cord, bend the tabs upward, and fasten them together on the side corners with several stitches of violet silk. Baste the upper corners of the tabs on the bag.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1872.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a Plain-Basque House Dress, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, will be published with the next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 135.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Walking Suits, Over Dresses, Redingotes, Basque Waists, Aprons, Embroidery and Braiding Patterns, Fancy Articles, etc., together with choice literary and artistic attractions.*

THE ORIGINAL SIN OF WOMAN.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

SO far as women are concerned, total depravity is but the theological formula for fatigue. I rather think men may be bad in the grain. Wretch that I am, to say that, when I my own self have seen so many who are as helpful and pleasant and "nice" as women! Still we do see men who, in sound health and comfortable circumstances, are arrogant, fault-finding, and disagreeable, and who ought to be swept from the face of the earth; while the women who are hateful when they are happy are so few that they but emphasize the rule. Most women are bad only when they are tired. See women peevish and troublesome, and you can almost always see a reason for it, and a remedy short of annihilation. They have too much work to do, too much anxiety or responsibility to bear. Their health is infirm, their nerves are shattered. They stay in the house too much, they do not take journeys and make excursions. They have too little variety, adventure, scope. They must repress their tastes to satisfy wants. They are disappointed and imbittered. You see how circumstances have wrought weakness. If things had only been different, they would have been different. Chill penury repressed their noble rage, and so they experience ignoble rages. One suffers martyrdom from an ignorant husband, whom she has worn herself out in striving to shield from contempt. One crucifies her love of art, and bends her shoulder to the wheel of wearing drudgery. One wastes wit and sprightliness enough to make fame in an appreciative circle upon an unappreciative and uncongenial home. If a woman has an inferior or unsympathizing husband, there is no hope for her till her children grow up, and by that time she is past hope; if she has a good husband, or none at all, every evil can be borne that can not be prevented. But a good many of them can be prevented. We do not, perhaps, lay too much stress on moral resistance, but we do not lay half stress enough on material prevention. It may be just impossible to keep your temper where it would have been very possible so to arrange matters that no draught should be made on your temper. Jesus taught his disciples to pray not that they might resist temptation, but that they might not be led into it. We have a notion that resistance makes strong character, and we comment learnedly on the modifications and limitations of that petition, but I have a fancy that Jesus meant just what he said. He knew that, as a general thing, we could not stand it; that when we are tempted we fall; and instead of reining us up to an impossible standard, he directed us into the only safe path, viz., keeping out of the way of wickedness. Moreover, prevention is so much easier than resistance. A very slight degree of foresight will avert the exigency which you have to bring all the force of your nature to surmount, and perhaps not half succeed. You are exerting your utmost efforts to be calm when you have lost your boot-buttoner, and every body is waiting. You have no surplus to draw upon when somebody says that if you would only put your things in place you would not have all this trouble; of course there is an explosion, and you have had your labor for your pains—all the effort of repression without the reward of victory. But if you had not willfully sacrificed two hours of sleep last night, the loss of the boot-buttoner would have been nothing. There would have been no call upon your nerves, and you would have ridiculed the useless truism. A mother has been hard at work on the little frock, and is eager to finish it before night-fall, and the whole universe appears to have combined to hinder. She stands a few interruptions, but presently comes the last straw, and then the impatient word, and then remorse and pain. The real mistake was in her trying to finish the dress. A quiet hour next day would have been ten times as easy as the unquiet and hurried one of the evening before, and would not have seemed half as long. But she has no other frock for next day. Then put one of them out to a seamstress. But she can not afford it. But she *can* afford it nine times out of ten when she thinks she can not. She can not afford to lose self-control to save money and gain remorse. The overwhelming probability is that if she can afford to have the frock at all, she can far better afford to hire it made than to sew her own leisure and patience into it.

It is, moreover, more economical to take the moral power, sometimes immense, which you bring to the resistance of temptation, and use it for the furtherance of positive good. At the end of all your resistance you are only where you were when you started. You may be a little stronger yourself, but you have benefited nobody else. Can not you strengthen yourself just as much by adding to another person's happiness as by keeping yourself from being a shrew? And is it not a nobler and better thing to set out from a plateau of good humor and serenity on your upward journey, taking other people along with you, than it is to suffer yourself to be dragged down into the ravines of irritation and petulance, and have to devote all your energies to clambering painfully back again alone? One of the worst features of adversity is that it has a tendency to concentrate one's thoughts on one's self. One of the best features of prosperity is that it permits a person to forget himself and help others. If it takes all your strength to stem the tide of trouble, what have you to spare to help a brother afloat? But if you are gliding smoothly down the tide, with sails full spread and favoring breezes, you can have eye and ear and helping hand for all endangered or overladen craft. It is, therefore, a duty to be happy. Women ought to feel it a part—I might almost say the most important part—of their work so to systematize their life that their tasks shall not overlap their time, with the danger of devouring their temper. When the conscientious, loving, Christian mother has spoken an impatient word to the husband or child whom she loves as her own life, and to whom she gives her life daily, let her not drop tears of remorse over her needle; let her drop her needle. She may repent if she chooses—I have nothing against repentance—but she should bring forth fruits meet for repentance not by consuming her heart with unavailing sorrow, but by thinking whether there may not be some ruffling of gowns that can be dispensed with for the sake of preventing this ruffling of nerves; whether some dainties may not be well spared from her table, that she may gain leisure for repose and refreshment, for a daily walk, or drive, or a six-cent ride in a horse-car, or an hour with an entertaining book, that so her nerves may be healthful and not tense, her body and soul fresh and not jaded, all her words and ways cheerful and leisurely; so that there shall be no impatience or petulance clamoring for expression and enforcing repentance. Moralists teach us to repress unamiable speeches; and it is so disagreeable to be snubbed and scolded and snarled and sneered at that their teachings are not unnatural, and I dare say not unwise. Yet if we studied diseased minds as earnestly as we do diseased bodies, should we not sometimes find that a "snarl" is like a cough or a cutaneous eruption, not itself the disease, but a symptom—an effort of nature to cure disease; and that the true remedy is not to stop it suddenly and thus drive the disease in upon the soul, but rather coax it to snarl itself out safely, and apply our remedies to the deep seat of life? When the soul is in high health and serenity, the unpleasant symptoms will disappear. So when the husband frets at the wife, or the wife at the husband, instead of fretting back again, or taking it to heart as a sign of decaying love, let them simply lay it to the account of overexertion, and look about for some moral cod-liver oil or other tonic—if cod-liver oil happen to be a tonic—and administer it deftly with no more suspicion of moral degeneracy than would be aroused by an influenza.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Boot-Blacks.

MY DEAR JAMES,—I was walking down town the other morning, and turning into the City Hall Park, I was accosted by a little fellow carrying a box, who said to me, in a shrill, quick tone, "Shine ye up, Sir? shine ye up?" My shoes really did not need polishing, but the boy's face was eager, and I knew that he was very much more interested in the matter than I, so I assented, and seating myself upon a bench, he began to shine me up. He worked very earnestly, kneeling before me and polishing briskly with both hands, so that I could not help admiring his industry; and when he pulled the trowsers down over the shoes and said, "There, Sir," I said to him, gravely, "Well, my boy, as you have shined up my feet, I will shine up your face;" so I gave him some money, and, seeing the amount, he looked at me for a moment doubtfully, and then smiled, as he said, "Thank you, Sir." I walked slowly on, and he slung his box again over his shoulder and sought another customer. But we had each "shined up" the other, and we were each satisfied.

As I strolled along I passed many other boys with boxes, all of them inviting every body to be shined up. And gradually I observed that there were other persons whom I knew very well, who had no boxes over their shoulders, and who said nothing as they walked, but whom I recognized as belonging to the same craft with the little fellow who had sent me on my way shining. In one word, my dear James, these gentlemen whom I saw sedately hurrying along with the other passengers were lawyers. And by a singular coincidence I observed one of them walking not far behind the very person whom in his mind the lawyer was shining up. To increase the curious resemblance to my own recent transaction with the little boot-black, the polishing was to be done for money. My young friend was not a moralist. He did not ask nor care whether my shoes were old or new, patched or broken, nor whether the socks beneath were whole, or darned, or worn, nor, indeed, whether there were any socks at all. He did not consider whether highly polished shoes would not be so out of keeping with the rest of my dress as to be suspicious or ridiculous. Nor did he trouble himself to wonder whether I was a respectable man or a rascal, nor where I was going, nor where I came from. Indeed, he thought of nothing but his job and the money he should get for it.

I could think of nothing but the boy and his utter carelessness of every thing but the money as I watched the learned counsel who was moving down town, making his brushes ready, as it were, to put on the finest polish. I was so attracted that I did not hesitate to decide that there was nothing more important for me to do that day than to go into court and see the polishing process. So after loitering away a half hour in an old bookstore in Nassau Street, I repaired to the court-room, and presently the learned brother appeared, and the judge took his seat upon the bench, and the case was called. Just beneath the windows of the court-room outside was the bench upon which I had sat earlier in the day, and here before me, upon a bench within the room, sat the other gentleman who was to be polished. My shoes only were submitted to that process, but he was to submit his character. And I might say that while my shoes did not really require to be shined up, the gentleman's reputation was so soiled as to demand the utmost zeal in polishing to produce any effect whatever. And the zeal was not wanting. When the case was called I was struck by the continued resemblance to the process to which my shoes had been subjected in the morning.

The learned gentleman polisher seemed to me to be really upon his knees before the court and the public. His hands flew as briskly as those of my boy, and he certainly scrubbed the reputation of his client with as much vigor as any boy in the city applies to shoes. He dextrously breathed upon it only to make it more lustrous, and with stroke after stroke he produced an effect that was almost dazzling. But somehow it was not honest polish. My boy smeared my shoes with blacking, and shined them up successfully. They deceived nobody. They were honest shoes honestly polished. It was a piece of work well done and well paid for, and every body was rightfully satisfied. But I observed that the learned gentleman in court produced his polish unfairly. He worked hard, certainly. But he evaded and misrepresented and exaggerated and falsified, and I was willing to put my shoes, fresh from the hands of the boy boot black in the Park, against the reputation fresh from the labor of the learned boot-black in the court. My shoes would have borne the palm. In both instances it was a job, and a job done for money. But my boy's polish only revealed the real quality of the leather, while the lawyer's polish concealed the real quality of his client. My shoes were shined up according to their nature, but the client was shined up against his nature and his reputation, and the universal conviction of his real character.

Since that morning I can not escape the feeling that boot-blacks are of many kinds, and that some of those who can not be called the best are in receipt of very large incomes from the polishing business. I asked the little fellow who labored at my shoes how much he could make in a week, and he told me that he sometimes made as much as ten dollars. But I think that many of his learned brothers make a great deal more—at least I can not otherwise explain their very handsome houses, their sumptuous feasts, and their equipages. Then there are the members of the craft who "polish off" as well as "shine up." I meet many of these in editorial rooms, where their brushes are pens, which prick while they polish. Adder is one of this class of the genus boot-black, and I went in to see him the other evening to carry an advertisement of the meeting for the promotion of virtue. He received me affably, and asked me to be seated, saying, as he looked up from the table at which he was writing, that he begged to be excused for a moment, as he was just polishing off a customer.

Presently he laughed and said, "Pray, Mr. Bachelor, what do you think of this?" Then he read me a very biting and humorous article, which covered his customer, as he called him, with the utmost ridicule and contempt. Every kind of innuendo and sarcasm and falsehood was flung at him like mud. He was held up to scorn and laughter. "Haven't I polished him off?" he said to me, as he read the last words of the article, which were like a wasp's sting. I could not deny it. He also was a diligent and effective boot-black, and the polishing was undeniable. "That's what the public likes," said he, exultingly; "that's what sells newspapers." But when I asked him if he meant that the article was not true, if the charges and assertions were false, Adder smiled, evidently with a little contempt for a well-meaning but weak old man, and answered: "Truth! what have I to do with truth? My business is to make a handsome livelihood by my paper, and woe to him who bars my path!" I repeat that there are many kinds of boot-blacks.

Another class is perhaps the most extraordinary of all. They polish boots with their lips! The gentleman whom you know very well, and who is so very rich, is perpetually "shined up" by this class. You may see them around him, deferring to every thing he says, eating their own words, denying their own faith, laughing at poor jokes, and praising the thinnest wit. He can not speak but they listen as if the oracle were beginning. Their very attitude is one of prostration; and while my little boot-black was content to kneel before me in an effort to polish my shoes honestly with his brushes, this class, like the Danubian Christians at Jerusalem, knock their foreheads in abject prostration before Midas, and humbly polish his boots with their lips. Or you may see them in the presence-chambers of the great, engaged in prolonged flattery. Indeed, the very atmosphere seems to foster and develop this class. If there is any latent tendency in a man to polish boots with his lips, it is very sure to be revealed by the air of the presence-chamber. And whatever may be the Pope's opinion of a practice which, in his case, is an ecclesiastical ceremony, I do not believe that Midas honestly respects those who "shine up" his boots with their lips.

And so of that other kind who, like Adder,

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are chiefly devoted to polishing, rather than shining up. They are not alone to be found in Adder's craft; you may see them in what are called deliberative bodies. I have heard them "polish off" those with whom they differed. It was very skillfully done—often with the Saladin stroke of the cimeter; a blow so delicate that no cut was felt until the life-blood began to ooze out. I have heard the most spotless character, the most illustrious service, the greatest ability, assailed with exquisite derision, and the foulest motives imputed to the fairest minds. Monstrous perversions, mean insinuations, plausible slanders, bitterness, an unjust spirit, and a contemptuous manner—these are the blacking with which this "polishing off" is accomplished. Often when the audience has roared with laughter, and when the poisoned shaft was shot so neatly that every eye has turned to see it strike, and to mark if the victim quivered, I have thought of him who, dying, left no word written that his hand would wish to blot, and I have felt that surely no applause could satisfy a noble soul so entirely.

Of all those who shine us up, my dear James, I think that the little fellows who carry the box upon their shoulders are the most harmless and agreeable. The shining or the polishing is always a job, and the consideration is money, or profit of some other kind. But the ten cents that we give the boy in the Park for "shining up" is without stain or drawback, for it is the fair wages of honest work; while the applause or the influence or the advantage of any kind that is gained by those who, with tongue or pen or manner, "polish off" is like pirates' gold—there is a tinge of blood in it.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE NEW REDINGOTE.

A NEW redingote among late French importations is a military-looking cloak, or polonaise, to be worn as a warm over-garment when traveling, or else as the upper part of an entire suit. It is made of ribbed cloth of the new *printemps* or spring gray, with blue shading and trimming of dark blue. The back of the polonaise is similar to that of the Marguerite, but a belt and straps are used instead of bows. The front hangs loose from the throat down; a facing of blue cloth lines the entire fronts, and the lowest corner of the front is turned back and buttoned to the belt at the sides, making a large three-cornered revers of blue. The neck is finished by three round collars, simply hemmed, and alternately of gray and blue cloth. These are not capes, but collars, as the largest one reaches only to the top of the shoulders. The sleeves are easy, coat-shaped, with blue revers as cuffs. There are pockets with flaps, and large serviceable buttons of gutta-percha. This garment is imported with skirts of the cloth, or else of silk. A few entire suits of the material have appeared on the street; they have an air of comfort and warmth, but must be very heavy. Some polonaises have the back of the skirt covered from the belt down by three wide flounces that give the effect of three skirts. These polonaises are also being made in the India camel's-hair cloth, the roughly twilled goods introduced last fall. A light brown camel's-hair polonaise over a darker brown silk skirt makes a rich and appropriate costume for traveling.

DOLLY VARDEN FOULARDS.

Fine soft foulards of a pure flexible silk that will not rumple or crease as ordinary foulards do are among the latest importations. The fabric is closely woven, has a good body, and is in many ways an improvement on those sleazy materials that brought the name of foulards into disfavor. They are designed for Dolly Varden polonaises, and are in cashmere and chintz patterns of gay arabesques, and small palm leaves on Mazarin blue, *cuir*, and apple green grounds. They are over a yard wide, and cost $3 a yard. A polonaise would require from four to five yards, and should be trimmed with ruffles of the same, black velvet bows, and narrow pleatings of white muslin. There will be an effort to make cretonnes and all gay-figured goods popular for spring costumes, as Dolly Varden calicoes, cretonnes, and chintz goods are being prepared in great quantities. The real twilled cretonne, or cotton satin, as upholsterers call it, is sold for $1 a yard. Gray striped French calicoes are 30 or 40 cents a yard; the real Dolly Varden patterns, a dark ground with vines of flowers in natural colors, will be more expensive.

BONNETS.

Parisian bonnets arrived since the holidays show high soft crowns and small fronts, and are, in fact, distinguishable from round hats only by their faille ribbon strings. Those of black velvet are entirely without color; a faille bow rests on the puffed crown, and ostrich tips ornament the left side. Evening bonnets are of the palest shades of royale; and a pretty fashion is to form them of three puffs going around the frame, as if on a round hat, the centre filled in with ostrich tips and loops of faille that droop over the back hair.

The winter has been so open that many ladies are weary of heavy velvet bonnets, and milliners are supplying them with rich faille bonnets trimmed with feather tips and a spray of roses. Sometimes velvet folds and piping-cords are judiciously intermixed. These hats are chosen in colors to match suits that will be worn during the coming intermediate season.

Bonnets that foretell something of spring styles are being prepared for Southern customers. They are of Belgian straw, soft and white, and are ornamented with faille, black lace, and flowers. One, sent to a married lady, has light plum-colored faille ribbon over two inches wide folded around the crown and falling in long loops behind. Fine black dotted net with a thread edge is laid like a scarf over this ribbon, while a cluster of satin petal flowers is placed directly on top in front, and their dark glossy foliage falls over the crown.

BREAKFAST CAPS.

Breakfast caps are worn by all married ladies, and are becoming even to the youngest matron. At some of the best French houses the fine old thread lace called Malines is used for these caps, associated with a small bit of linen cambric and rich faille ribbon of the palest tints. Ladies with small, delicate features wear the coronet cap with full ruche in front, while large-featured, broad faces look best in a flat Fanchon with Marie Stuart point above the forehead. These coiffures are for ornament only, and display rather than conceal handsomely arranged hair. The widow's cap has a large crown that covers the entire chignon. Fine white crape, tarlatan, or crape lisse is the material for widows' caps.

SPRING SILKS.

Among outfits in preparation for early spring, a simple and tasteful house dress will serve as a model for many. It is a rich silk, with hair stripes of black on white. The demi-trained skirt has three short front breadths that are trimmed with a deep straight flounce, on which are narrow bias ruffles of pale blue silk, and of the striped silk, faced with blue. This flounce is headed by a blue puff and a striped puff. A revers of silk laid over in folds covers the entire second side breadth; blue ruffles and two large bows are on the revers. The straight back breadths have a narrower flounce than that in front, similarly trimmed. The skirt has the effect of a court train, consequently there is no over-skirt: it measures five and a half yards at its greatest width. The basque is pointed in front, while behind is a narrow, sharp, bird's-tail postilion, laid in pleats like a fan, and simply faced with blue silk; a bow without ends is placed at the taper of the waist behind. The front is buttoned to the throat, and there is a low Marie Antoinette drapery on the bosom, with a standing frill of white lace over black, arranged so that the neck of the dress may be turned in and worn heart-shape in front. Long sleeves, with ruffles falling on the wrist.

There are points about this dress that will prevail in spring dresses, and should be noted by correspondents who ask about making black silks and other dresses for the house. Its fashion of a simulated court train that dispenses with an over-skirt is already popular, and is a simple, graceful style; the Marie Antoinette drapery is becoming to most figures, and a bow at the back of basques is a relief to long waists. Tall and slender ladies have a short, broad apron draped across the three front breadths of such dresses.

SHELL AND OTHER JEWELRY.

Tortoise-shell sets of jewelry are very fashionable for all except full dress occasions. The finest shell is selected for ear-rings and brooch, and is carved in cameo heads almost as finely done as the cutting on stone. The ear-rings of hoops swinging within hoops are still much worn. Dark and light shells are found in the same set. At the best houses shell sets range in price from $15 up to $200. Those at high prices are finely cut, and include a necklace of large links with a pendent locket marked with the wearer's monogram. Handsome pendants of shell cost $30. A plain cable-chain necklace is from $15 to $25. Shell bracelets are shown from one to three inches wide; the latter are shaped like a cuff or gauntlet, and are ornamented with a carved head or a monogram. Sleeve-buttons are as low as $2 a pair, but very handsome ones cost from $20 to $30. Plain Maltese crosses of shell cost $8 and upward. Shell fans with antique mountings of imitation jewels on the sides are $30.

Among late importations are novelties in coral jewelry. Two tints of the pink coral are shown in a cluster of shaded roses and buds, to be worn as a brooch; the ear-rings are a single rose with a slender spray of buds. Other long slender ear-rings are made of small blocks of coral loosely put together, so that they move easily instead of hanging in a stiff line. Turquoises are also arranged in square bits, instead of the pin-heads in which they usually appear. A very beautiful set is a pink-tinged sardonyx cut in cameo, and set in a border of pale blue turquoises. A pair of ear-rings that have been much admired are fern leaves with a row of emeralds down the centre, and tiny gold leaves studded with diamonds. Very clear large crystals are being introduced as marquise medallions for rings, and in pear-shaped pendants for ear-rings.

VARIETIES.

Black silk aprons, unmade, but wrought around the edge and on the pockets with white or colored silk embroidery, are exhibited in the shops: $5 is the average price. Lower-priced aprons are of black alpaca, braided with white soutache, or stitched by machine in colored silks.

A new fancy for warm days is black lace scarfs, made as those now worn about the neck, but lined throughout with white net, and finished with blonde lace under black thread edging.

Parisian ladies wear thrown over the shoulders in the house crape fichus, made of a square of China crape, edged with fringe. They are pretty in pale pink or blue with black silk dresses. The square is simply doubled over in a point, and tied negligently in front. Similar neckerchiefs of silk are worn in the street on bright, sunny days when furs are too warm.

Parting the hair at one side is the last arrangement adopted by what French correspondents call the *grandes élégantes*, but this fashion is by no means prevalent. The hair on the right is waved, to have the effect of a curl laid lengthwise on the head, and two or three light ringlets fall on the forehead. At the top of the head are more curls, and the chignon is entirely curls. A colored bow is worn at the side of the head.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; PAGE; and FERRERO; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and WILSON & GREIG.

PERSONAL.

IN SMILES'S work on "Character," just published by the HARPERS, is the following "personal" on the late Lord Palmerston, showing the value of work. A gentleman one day asked his lordship when he considered a man to be in the prime of life. His immediate reply was "Seventy-nine! but," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it." MACAULAY wrote his "Lays of Ancient Rome" in the War-office, while Secretary of War. JOHN STUART MILL'S principal works were written when in office in the East India House. GLADSTONE, BULWER, DISRAELI, and Lord JOHN RUSSELL were always at some literary work while in office.

—Before PATTI left Moscow for St. Petersburg she sang in behalf of poor students, and raised nearly nine thousand dollars by the warble.

—S. S. JEWETT, Esq., one of the merchant princes of Buffalo, and as good and generous as he is modest and unassuming, has given ten thousand dollars to the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts.

—The Prince ALAMAYA, son of the late Emperor THEODORE of Abyssinia, has returned to England, after having traveled in India and China. He has forgotten his native language—the Abyssinian—and dresses and deports himself like a young English gentleman.

—The late ALEXANDER LORMAN, of Baltimore, left an estate of a million and a quarter, out of which he bequeathed nearly $200,000 to charitable institutions in that city; among them $50,000 to the Blind Asylum, and $10,000 each to the principal benevolent societies; and then he remembered his old confidential clerk by giving him $12,000 and all his furniture, paintings, plate, wine, etc.

—Madame FUA has been appointed by the Italian government to the professorship of belles-lettres in the university at Rome, and chief inspector of schools for females, including convent schools.

—As an argument in favor of civil service reform, to which Mr. CURTIS is giving so much attention, it is mentioned that when Mr. CISCO was appointed Sub-Treasurer here he reorganized the office on a strict business basis. Politics were as strictly excluded as in the great mercantile houses, and fitness only required. At first Mr. CISCO encountered difficulty in finding just the right men. Indeed, he was obliged to recruit from the offices of bankers and merchants, instead of from among the politicians and office-seekers.

—Lord Derby recently mentioned an anecdote which seems to show, *prima facie*, that education in some respects is "valueless." At a gathering in Australia not long since four people met, three of whom were shepherds on a sheep-farm. One of these had taken a degree at Oxford, another at Cambridge, the third at a German university. The fourth was their employer, a squatter, rich in flocks and herds, but scarcely able to read and write, much less to keep his own accounts.

—M. RENAN, who has been restored to his chair at the College of France, has commenced his lectures. The correspondent of the *Daily News* writes as follows on the subject: "For some little time there had been rumors in Paris that a clerical demonstration would be made against him similar to that which in 1862 led to the suspension of his lectures, and afterward to his dismissal. No demonstration, however, occurred. M. RENAN met with a hearty welcome, and was greatly applauded when he advocated educational freedom and independence."

—At the sale of the library of the late Mr. BENTLEY, the publisher, Lord Lytton's original manuscript of "Harold," bound in three grand volumes of Russia leather, brought $125 only. One of the manuscripts of FENIMORE COOPER'S novels brought $6 50.

—Dr. STAINER, whom the English papers call "a genial little gentleman," has been appointed organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, at a salary of $1500, which is there regarded as a high figure. We have several organists in New York who would pooh-pooh at $1500. Dr. S. has fair position as an organist, but as a truly "long-range" player we have several who can outfinger him.

—TENNYSON'S poem, in the December number of the *Contemporary Review*, is said to have run the sale of that number up to 10,000 copies, which, on the other side, is considered something worth talking about. The same poem, published in *Harper's Weekly*, had a circulation nearly fifteen times as large, yet the circumstance was not deemed worth mentioning.

—Dr. H. M. DEXTER, editor of the Boston *Congregationalist*, is now in England collecting materials for an exhaustive history of the founding of the New England colonies, with special reference to the religious idea out of which the formation of the colonies grew.

—Mrs. THORNTON, wife of Sir EDWARD, the British minister, was declared to be "awfully plain" by the grandchildren of Washington, because she went to an executive reception in a dress that was neither silk, satin, nor velvet. But it was probably something very sensible and nice.

—Miss CLARA SWAIN enjoys the honor of being the first woman from America to enter the mission field as an authorized physician. She is a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia, and went to India three years ago, and is engaged at the Girl's Orphanage, in Bareilly, a city of Northern India containing 112,000 inhabitants. In India women only can minister at the bedside of women, and the native physician is almost as ignorant as the masses around her. Miss SWAIN is gradually working her way to the society and confidence of the higher class of Indian ladies.

—JENNY LIND adheres to her old habits. Recently, in Florence, she appeared robed in high-necked gray silk, trimmed with purple, an India muslin cape and fall of lace over the back hair, which is still worn in the same style as when she charmed her audiences some twenty years ago.

—A curious bit of history, showing what a narrow escape the ex-Empress EUGÉNIE had from becoming the wife of an American gentleman, has just come to light. The fact is thus recited by a relative of one of the parties: "In 1851 the uncle of the writer resided as American minister at Paris, with a large family around him. At this time appeared in society there EUGÉNIE MARIE DE GUZMAN, Countess de Montijo, a lovely person and an aristocratic name securing her brilliant conquests in that society, and constituting her one of the famous ladies in Paris. It was thought, and indeed freely remarked, that her mother was more ambitious than herself; that the mother designed her for some great alliance, while EUGÉNIE herself appeared a model of simple sincerity, a girl who would choose to consult her heart in any matrimonial affair. Her sister had just married the Duke of Alba and Berwick, a lineal descendant of JAMES II. of England; and the worthy Donna MARIA no doubt designed at least an equal matrimonial destiny for the more beautiful of her daughters. But the heart is not always to be controlled, even in the most aristocratic life, or to yield to its exactions or convenience. EUGÉNIE lost hers to a fine-looking blonde Virginian—young WILLIAM RIVES, son of the American minister. They were engaged to be married; but Aunt JUDY RIVES, a Virginia matron, very decided and angular in her scruples, interfered and broke off the match. The countess was too 'fast' for her old Virginia views of social sobriety. The woman for whom the future had reserved so much escaped the comparatively humble match that her heart had decided upon—the destiny of a quiet Virginia housewife—to ascend to the throne of France. Alas, what other contrasts may yet remain for her! If an event had been ordered different, if a prospective mother-in-law had proved complacent, the Empress, the woman who has adorned the throne of France and displayed to the world the charms of another CLEOPATRA, might at this time be a quiet country matron living in a farm-house near Cobham Dépôt, county of Albemarle, and State of Virginia."

—Of Mrs. MOULTON, who now may be said to have established herself among the first of American vocalists, the following incident, translated from a Parisian journal, is told: "On the 30th of May, 1868, in the afternoon, the well-known Mrs. MOULTON, who has so long been a reigning belle in select circles, was passing through an unfrequented street in the neighborhood of the Boulevard de l'Impératrice in her carriage, when some kind of disorder in the place attracted her attention. Two artisans, blinded with drink and hatred, were fighting under the walls of an adjoining building. One of them was armed with a sharp instrument, and the other was already wounded and bloody. Just as the lady's attention was called to the encounter, the wounded man fell to the pavement, and the other, with the fury of a demon, sprang upon him with his weapon. Quicker than thought the carriage door flew open, and the form of a woman lit upon the combatants as if it had fallen from the clouds. Snatching the bloody instrument from the assailant's hand, and astounding the crowd of villainous on-lookers, she turned as the victim regained his feet, and before astonishment had fairly given way to admiration, the beautiful American had occupied her carriage and was being driven rapidly away, shuddering, with her face in her hands, at her own intrepidity."

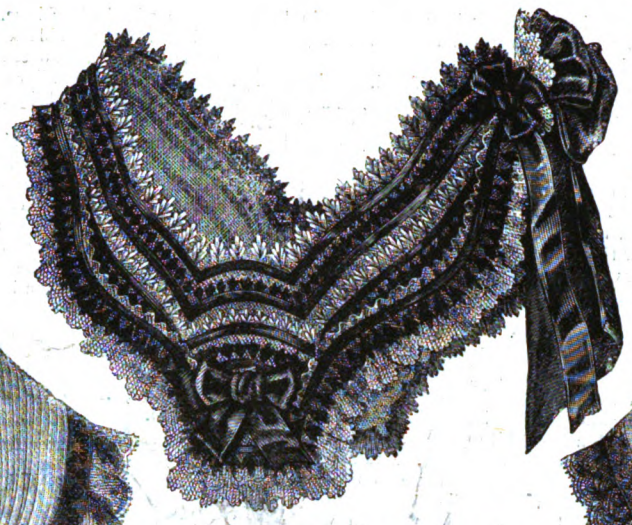
—The Russian czar and his eldest son are not on the best of terms. The former prefers to speak in the German language, the language of his mother and wife; while the son, who is the leader of the National or Old Russian party, converses only in Russian, and allows no one to address him in a foreign language unless it be a foreigner. He discards all those foreign customs which have heretofore been prevalent at court: hence the breach between father and son. It is said that the emperor strongly desires that his brother CONSTANTINE shall be emperor after him.

—HOW WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON came to find out, forty years ago, JOHN G. WHITTIER, and how WHITTIER'S poetical career was developed, is thus narrated by a gentleman who knows the facts. Mr. GARRISON was then editing a weekly paper in his native town of Newburyport, and the other was at work on his father's farm in East Haverhill, and was unknown beyond the limits of that obscure village. One morning Mr. GARRISON picked up from the floor of his office entry a poetical effusion, written on coarse paper, and with blue ink. Thinking, at first sight, that it was a common doggerel, he was about to consign it to his waste-basket, but on reading it, he found it to be poetry of more than ordinary merit. It was published in the *Free Press*, and was followed by other pieces of still greater merit. Anxious to know the author of these anonymous contributions, Mr. GARRISON made inquiries of the post-rider, who informed him that every week he left a parcel of papers with a boy at a farm-house in East Haverhill. Mr. GARRISON at once rode to this secluded locality, which has since become so well known to the readers of "Snow Bound," where he found the youthful poet, a bashful boy, at work with his father, who, though a man of excellent sense, and possessed of a degree of intelligence which made him a sort of oracle among his neighbors, was decidedly utilitarian in his views, and was any thing but pleased with the literary tastes of his son. Mr. GARRISON earnestly entreated him to place no restraints upon the poetical tendencies of the gifted boy who stood before him, little dreaming that he was destined to be an efficient co-laborer in the reform to which he was about consecrating the best years of his life, and that the poet would live to celebrate in immortal verse the downfall of American slavery.

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Lady's Knitted and Crochet Under-Vest.

THIS vest is knit plain with fine (twofold) white zephyr worsted and wooden needles in rounds going backward and forward, and is trimmed on the neck and edge of the sleeves with a round of crochet points. Make a foundation of 370 stitches (length of jacket measured on the side, the front and back in connection on the shoulder), and on this foundation knit ten rounds; in the 11th round cast off the middle 28 st. (stitch) in order to begin the slope for the neck. With the st. on both sides work the front and back separately, knitting 70 rounds for the front in connection with the 11th round. At the beginning of the second and fourth of these 70 rounds (upper edge of vest) narrow 4 st. each; at the beginning of the 6th, 8th, and 10th rounds narrow 2 st. each; at the end of the 61st, 63d, 65th, 67th, and 69th rounds, however, again cast on the requisite number of st. to correspond with the narrowing. Having worked 70 rounds in a similar manner for the back with the st. left unnoticed on the other side, knit with all the st., including those of the front, 11 rounds more, but in the first of these rounds, between the st. of the back and front, cast on 28 new st. for the shoulder. In the 11th round cast off the first and last 123 st. of the knitted part, and with the middle 124 st. knit the sleeve in 130 rounds. At the end of the 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, and so on to the 49th round, knit off the last 2 st. together in each relative round. From the 50th round to the end of the sleeve narrow in a similar manner at intervals of two rounds each. Cast off after working the 130th round. Knit the second sleeve on the lower veins of the middle 124 foundation st. to correspond with the first sleeve, then sew up the lengthwise sides of the sleeves and the side edges of the vest. On the neck and the bottom of the sleeves crochet with a threefold thread of the same worsted one picot round as follows: * 1 single crochet on 1 edge st., 4 chain st., 1 single crochet on the first of these 4 chain st.; with this picot pass over an interval of the requisite size and repeat from *. Run a piece of silk ribbon through the picot round on the neck.



LACE BERTHA WITH GROS GRAIN ROLLS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 59 and 60.



SWISS MUSLIN AND CRÊPE DE CHINE FICHU.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Fig. 61.



SWISS MUSLIN FICHU WITH SILK GAUZE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 62.



LADY'S KNITTED AND CROCHET UNDER-VEST.



WHITE BARATHEA TALMA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 38–40.

Gentleman's Knitted Jacket.

THE front and back of this jacket are worked with fine (threefold) red zephyr worsted in patent knitting; the collar and sleeves are made of red silk and muslin lining. Begin the jacket, which is worked all in one piece, on the under edge with a foundation of 464 st. (stitch), and on this knit with fine steel knitting-needles in the ordinary patent, going backward and forward, as follows: 1st round.—Sl. (slip) the first st., then alternately t. t. o. (throw the thread over), sl. 1 st. (slip the st. as in working purl), 1 st. k. (knit plain). 2d round.—Sl. the first st., then t. t. o. and sl. the st. knit off in the preceding round; the slipped st. in the preceding round, together with the t. t. o. belonging thereto, is knit off plain as a st. The last st. is k. Like the 2d round work 350 rounds more, but in the 153d round, in order to form the pocket slits, cast off 58 st. each after the first and before the last 54 st. of this round (st. and t. t. o. count as 1 st., of course); in the 154th round again cast on the requisite number of st. at the relative points. In the 350th round, in order to form the armholes, divide the st. for the back and fronts, taking up the first and last 126 st. of the knitted part for the fronts, and the middle 204 st. for the back, each on separate needles; cast off the remaining 4 st. each (two ribs) between the st. of the fronts and the back. With the st. of the right front knit 214 rounds. In the first round knit off the 2 st. before the last as 1 st. on that side which comes on the armhole; in the second round sl. the second and third st. together as 1 st., throwing the thread over previously; in the third round, however, knit them off, together with the t. t. o., as 1 st. In order to form the slope for the neck narrow on the front edge of the front. To do this, as the number of stitches is always diminished by 2 st. each (one rib), sl. the fifth st., together with the thread thrown over in the 184th round (in doing this insert the needle as in knitting plain), k. the following st., then draw over the sl. st. together with the thread thrown over. In the 185th, this and the preceding st. are slipped together as 1 st., throwing the thread over previously, but in the 186th they are again knit off together as in the 184th round. This narrowing is continued to the shoulder, first in the 188th–190th, 192d–194th, 196th–198th, 200th–202d, 204th–206th, 208th–210th, 212th–214th rounds. After knitting the left front and the back each 214 rounds high also, with the st. hitherto left unnoticed (knit the left front to correspond with the right, but in the opposite direction), knit 106 rounds more with all the st.; in the first of these 106 rounds widen 2 st. each between the stitches of the back and the fronts, in order to form a new rib. In the 22d of these 106 rounds narrow for the sloping shoulders each above the armholes on the front as well as on the back. These two narrowings must be separated by 3 st. of the patent knitting; the latter are continued in a straight line to the neck. This narrowing is done, as on the front edge of the fronts, always in three successive rounds, and always at intervals of one round. After finishing the 106th round, cast off the remaining stitches of the back and fronts. Face the upper and front edges of the knitted part with a strip 8 st. wide, which is knit crosswise, all plain, in rounds going backward and forward. Furnish that part of the strip which is intended for the left front edge with button-holes at regular intervals, as shown by the illustration. Then face the front edge of the jacket with a piece of red silk five inches wide interlined with muslin; work the button-holes, which are cut in the lining also, with red silk, and sew on the requisite buttons. Bind the front and under edges of the fronts and the lower edge of the pocket slit with black silk braid. Join the upper edge of the pocket slit with a silk pocket of the requisite size, which is sewed to the under side of the jacket. Cut the revers collar and sleeves from Figs. 10 and 11, Supplement, and furnish them with a binding, buttons, and button-holes, as shown by the illustration.



WHITE CASHMERE TALMA.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Fig. 41.



WHITE CRÊPE DE CHINE TALMA WITH EMBROIDERY.
For design and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Fig. 42.

Velvet Cuff.

See illustration on page 125.

THIS cuff is made of black velvet, and is furnished with an interlining of stiff lace and white lustring. The trimming consists of black velvet puffs, black lace an inch and a quarter wide, and a passementerie border ornamented with beads. Buttons and elastic cord loops serve for closing. Cut the cuff from Fig. 36, No. XVI., of the present Supplement.



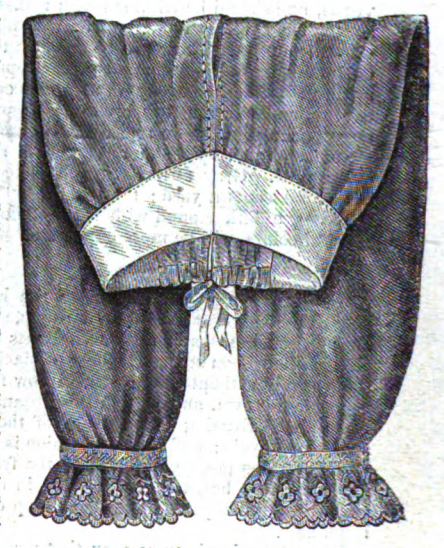
PETTICOAT WITH WAIST FOR CHILD FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For design and description see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 33.



GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED JACKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 10 and 11.

HAIR-POWDER AND WIGS.

NO doubt hair-powder and wigs were carried ultimately to great excesses, both as regards uncleanness and extravagance of arrangement. The hair, from being simply and tastefully arranged, rose into mountains of wool, pomades, and meal; and there is no question that through the extreme and increasing difficulty of erecting them, as well as the expense of hair-dressing, ladies frequently combed and brushed their hair but once in eight or even twelve weeks, sleeping in calashes, or caps large enough to contain the greasy piles, and on the eve of balls scarcely at all; for in the sea-



RED FLANNEL UNDER-DRAWERS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 8 and 9.

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son the manifold engagements of the hair-dresser made it necessary to employ him days before the event, if notice had not been sent him sufficiently early for him to appoint a later date. The horrible results of these habits may be better imagined than described.

For all that, let it be remembered, there is nothing in the world so becoming as gray hair-powder, both to old and young. It softens the whole face, gives a strange brilliancy to the eyes and complexion, and makes the eyebrows and eyelashes appear much darker than they really are. These considerations probably account for the length of time during which it continued in fashion.

There is another fashion which has generally gone hand in hand with hair-powder, and which came in vogue during the reign of Charles I., and continued up to the beginning of the last century. The *patch*, as it first came in, was one of the most harmless and effective aids to beauty ever invented. It was but a tiny mole-like spot of black velvet or silk, which was used to draw attention to some particular feature, as well as to enhance, by contrast, the fairness of the cheek. Thus, if a girl was conscious of a pretty dimple in her chin, or of long eyebrows—if her forehead formed the best part of her face, or her mouth—she cunningly placed the little patch near it, and consequently every time you looked at her your eye was insensibly drawn by the patch to the best feature, so that you partly forgot any less handsome detail. To an accustomed eye, the patch gives a singular finish to the toilette; it is like the seal on a letter or the frame to a picture. You see the gray-powdered curls, and the bright eyes, and the low, luxurious bodice, and the ribbon necklet around the throat—and, if the patch be absent, it is instantly missed, and the whole toilette seems incomplete. This crafty little piece of vanity was afterward vulgarized, of course, and the tiny round spot was transformed into a star or a crescent that increased in size and multiplied in number — blind vanity forgot that in trying to draw attention to all her features at once she drew attention to *none*; and, later on, it ran into such absurd extremes that ships, chariots and horses, and other devices in black paper began to disfigure the female visage, and at last the whole face was bespattered with vulgar shapes, having no meaning, except sometimes a political one, and being of no value to beauty whatever, and then the degraded fashion died a natural death. There is a picture by Coypel in the Louvre, at Paris, of a lady whose face is positively blurred, effaced, by large patches of various patterns, five in number, in which it is easy to see how *many* patches defeat the aim of *one*. It is, indeed, amazing how any fashion so foolish could have been ever followed even for a single season.

It was about 1780 that the heads of the ladies were at their biggest. They had been steadily growing for some years, and, according to the published directions for hair-dressing by the fashionable barbers of the period, they rose rapidly from "one foot" to "three feet high." Many of Reynolds's portraits show the hair rising two feet above the face, and these probably are moderated and idealized. Of course no human hair could cover a cushion as tall as this and proportionably wide; the monstrous curls and rolls were, therefore, chiefly false, and additionally trimmed with "ten yards of ribbon," ropes of beads, artificial flowers, immense plumes of ostrich feathers, and scarfs of gauze, as well as other ornaments, and—the acme of bad taste—models in glass of ships, horses and chariots, caterpillars, litters of pigs, and many more. In 1787 the unclean towers fell, and it became fashionable to arrange the hair in a looser and certainly more tasteful style—large curls to the waist, unpowdered, ornamented by a gauze kerchief and flowers, as Greuze painted them.

The full buffont, whose chief aim seems to have been to make a woman look like a pouter pigeon, then came in (1790), and was worn across the chest, and the rest of the dress—jacket, sleeves, and skirt—became as bare of trimming and of beauty as could be wished even by our modern taste. In 1795 hair-powder disappeared for good, in consequence of Mr. Pitt's tax upon it; waists three inches long were introduced, at first with long skirts and trains, then with short ones with no folds—perhaps quite the most hideous and pernicious fashion ever in vogue: cancer in the breast and all forms of influenza were the commonest result; and the French artist James Louis David, then a young man of twenty-five, whose talent in art and whose political enthusiasm, as well as his intense devotion to the antique, made him a celebrity in Paris, has to answer for many absurdities in the dress of the period throughout the miseries and storms of the Reign of Terror—absurdities which, we hope, may not be renewed in our day.



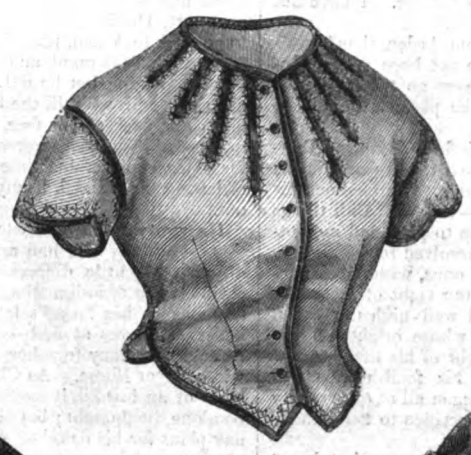
GROS GRAIN APRON WITH PLEATED RUFFLE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15-17.



RED CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.



GROS GRAIN APRON WITH VELVET RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 12-14.



LADY'S CHAMOIS UNDER-WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 55-58.



BLUE CRÊPE DE CHINE CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.



SILK APRON WITH TABS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 18 and 19.



SILK AND VELVET CUFF.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 36 and 37.



VELVET CUFF.



Fig. 1.—CLOTH PALETOT WITH FUR TRIMMING.—BACK.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 43-47.



Fig. 2.—CLOTH PALETOT WITH FUR TRIMMING.—FRONT.
For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 43-47.

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THE CROCUS.

I LOVE my love for her liquid eyes;
I love my love for her hair;
I love my love for her broad, broad brow,
With never a care-mark there.

I could tell of the length of each waving lock,
I could tell of her downy cheek,
I could tell of the curve of her dimpled chin,
And the love that her lips bespeak.

But a jealous carle am I of my love;
Not a whisper shall come from me,
Lest envy should rise in the listener's breast—
And Jenny belongs to me.

I keep my treasure in casket tight,
A prisoner strait apart,
A prisoner kept without lock or key,
For her dungeon close is my heart.

There are those who sing of their love as a rose;
Some call her a lily fair;
Sweet-scented May is a gentle blonde,
And violet rich and rare.

An ancient thought it was, and a sweet,
To see in the blooming face
Of girlhood, budding to woman's prime,
Some beauty of floral grace.

And I love my love for her liquid eyes;
I love my love for her mien;
The red that mantles her damask cheek
Might make her the roses' queen;

But roses bloom not in wintry winds,
When round us the snow-wreaths play,
So my darling plucks for her night-dark locks
The buds of the crocus gay.

THE LOVELS OF ARDEN.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(*Continued.*)

BEGINNING AGAIN.

IT was between seven and eight o'clock, on a bright June evening—a flush of rosy light behind the wooded hills—and Clarissa was sitting on some felled timber, with her boy asleep in her arms. He had dropped off to sleep in the midst of his play; and she had lingered, unwilling to disturb him. If he went on sleeping, she would be able to carry him home presently, and put him to bed without awaking him. The villa was not a quarter of a mile away.

She was quite alone with her darling, the nurse being engaged in the grand business of packing. They were all to start the next morning after a very early breakfast. She was looking down at the young sleeper, singing to him softly—a commonplace picture, perhaps, but a very fair one—a *Madonna aux champs*.

So thought Daniel Granger, who had arrived at Spa half an hour ago, made his inquiries at the villa, and wandered into the wood in quest of his only son. The mother's face, with its soft smile of ineffable love, lips half parted, breathing that fragment of a tender song, reminded him of a picture by Raffaelle. She was nothing to him now; but he could not the less appreciate her beauty, spiritualized by sorrow, and radiant with the glory of the evening sunlight.

He came toward the little group silently, his footfall making no sound upon the moss-grown earth. He did not approach quite near, however, in silence, afraid of startling her, but stopped a little way off, and said, gently,

"They told me I should most likely find you somewhere about here, with Lovel."

His wife gave a little cry, and looked up aghast.

"Have you come to take him away from me?" she asked, thinking that her dreams had been prophetic.

"No, no, I am not going to do that; though you told me he was to be at my disposal, remember, and I mean to claim him sometimes. I can't allow him to grow up a stranger to me.—God bless him, how well he is looking!—Pray don't look so frightened," he went on, in an assuring voice, alarmed by the dead whiteness of Clarissa's face; "I have only come to see my boy before— The fact is, I have some thoughts of traveling for a year or two. There is a rage for going to Africa nowadays, and I am not without interest in that sort of thing."

Clarissa looked at him wonderingly. This sudden passion for foreign wanderings seemed to her very strange in him. She had been accustomed to suppose his mind entirely absorbed by new systems of irrigation, and model-village building, and the extension of his estate. His very dreams, she had fancied, were of the hedgerows that bounded his lands—boundaries that vanished day by day, as the lands widened, with now a whole farm added, and now a single field. Could he leave Arden, and the kingdom that he had created for himself, to roam in sandy deserts, and hob-and-nob with Kaffir chiefs under the tropic stars?

Mr. Granger seated himself upon the timber by his wife's side, and bent down to look at his son, and to kiss him gently, without waking him. After that fond lingering kiss upon the little one's smooth cheek, he sat for some minutes in silence, looking at his wife.

It was only her profile he could see; but he saw that she was looking ill, worse than she had looked when they parted at Ventnor. The sight of the pale face, with a troubled look about the mouth, touched him keenly. Just in that moment he forgot that there was such a being as George Fairfax upon this earth; forgot the sin that his wife had sinned against him; longed to clasp her to his breast; was only deterred by a kind of awkward shyness—to which such strong men as he are sometimes liable—from so doing.

"I am sorry to see that you are not looking very well," he said at last, with supreme stiffness, and with that peculiarly unconciliating air which an Englishman is apt to put on when he is languishing to hold out the olive-branch.

"I have not been very well; but I dare say I shall soon be better, now we are going to travel."

"Going to travel!"

"Yes, papa has made up his mind to move at last. We go to Cologne to-morrow. I thought they would have told you that at the house."

"No; I only waited to ask where you—where the boy was to be found. I did not even stop to see your father."

After this there came a dead silence—a silence that lasted for about five minutes, during which they heard the faint rustle of the pine branches stirred ever so lightly by the evening wind. The boy slept on, unconscious and serene; the mother watching him, and Daniel Granger contemplating both from under the shadow of his eyebrows.

The silence grew almost oppressive at last, and Mr. Granger was the first to break it.

"You do not ask me for any news of Arden," he said.

Clarissa blushed, and glanced at him with a little wounded look. It was hard to be reminded of the paradise from which she had been exiled.

"I—I beg your pardon. I hope every thing is going on as you wish—the home farm, and all that kind of thing. Miss Granger—Sophia, is well, I hope?"

"Sophia is quite well, I believe. I have not seen her since I left Ventnor."

"She has been away from Arden, then?"

"No; it is I who have not been there. Indeed, I doubt if I shall ever go there again—without you, Clarissa. The place is hateful to me."

Again and again, with infinite iteration, Daniel Granger had told himself that reconciliation with his wife was impossible. Throughout his journey by road and rail—and above all things is a long journey conducive to profound meditation—he had been firmly resolved to see his boy, and then go on his way at once, with neither delay nor wavering. But the sight of that pale, pensive face to-night had well-nigh unmanned him. Was this the girl whose brightness and beauty had been the delight of his life? Alas! poor child, what sorrow his foolish love had brought upon her! He began all at once to pity her, to think of her as a sacrifice to her father's selfishness, his own obstinacy.

"I ought to have taken my answer that day at the Court, when I first told her my secret," he said to himself. "That look of pained surprise which came into her face when I spoke might surely have been enough for me. Yet I persisted, and was not man enough to face the question boldly—whether she had any heart to give me."

Clarissa rose, with the child still in her arms.

"I am afraid the dew is beginning to fall," she said; "I had better take Lovel home."

"Let me carry him," exclaimed Mr. Granger; and in the next moment the boy was in his father's strong arms, the flaxen head nestling in the paternal waistcoat.

"And so you are going to begin your travels to-morrow morning," he said, as they walked slowly homeward side by side.

"Yes, the train leaves at seven. But you would like to see more of Lovel, perhaps, having come so far to see him. We can defer our journey for a day or two."

"You are very good. Yes, I should like you to do that."

"And with regard to what you were saying just now," Clarissa said, in a low voice, that was not quite steady, "I trust you will not let the memory of any pain I may have given you influence your future life, or disgust you with a place to which you were so much attached as I know you were to Arden. Pray put me out of your thoughts. I am not worthy to be regretted by you. Our marriage was a sad mistake on your part—a sin upon mine. I know now that it was so."

"A mistake—a sin! Oh, Clary, Clary, I could have been so happy, if you had only loved me a little—if you had only been true to me!"

"I never was deliberately false to you. I was very wicked; yes, I acknowledge that. I did trifle with temptation. I ought to have avoided the remotest chance of any meeting with George Fairfax. I ought to have told you the truth, told you all my weakness; but—but I had not the courage to do that. I went to the Rue du Chevalier Bayard to see my brother."

"Was that honest, Clarissa, to allow me to be introduced to your brother as a stranger?"

"That was Austin's wish, not mine. He would not let me tell you who he was; and I was so glad for you to be kind to him, poor fellow! so glad to be able to see him almost daily; and when the picture was finished, and Austin had no excuse for coming to us any more, I went to see him very often, and sometimes met Mr. Fairfax in his painting-room; but I never went with any deliberate intention of meeting him."

"No," interjected Mr. Granger, bitterly; "you only went, knowing that he was likely to be there!"

"And on that unhappy day when you found me there," Clarissa went on, "I had gone to see my brother, having no idea that he had left Paris. I wanted to come away at once; but Mr. Fairfax detained me. I was very angry with him."

"Yes, it appeared so, when he was asking you to run away with him. It is a hard thing for a man to believe in his wife's honor, when things have come to such a pass as that, Clarissa."

"I have told you the truth," she answered, gravely; "I can not say any more."

"And the locket—the locket I gave you, which I found on that man's breast?"

"I gave that locket to my sister-in-law, Bessie Lovel. I wished to give her something, poor soul; and I had given Austin all my money. I had so many gifts of yours, Daniel"—that sudden sound of his Christian name sent a thrill through Mr. Granger's veins—"parting with one of them seemed not to matter very much."

There was a pause. They were very near the villa by this time. Mr. Granger felt as if he might never have an opportunity for speaking to his wife again, if he lost his chance now.

"Clarissa," he said, earnestly, "if I could forget all that happened in Paris, and put it out of my mind as if it had never been, could you forget it too?"

"With all my heart," she answered.

"Then, my darling, we will begin the world again—we will begin life over again, Clarissa!"

So they went home together reconciled. And Mr. Lovel, looking up from Aimé Martin's edition of Molière, saw that what he had anticipated had come to pass. His policy had proved as successful as it had been judicious. In less than three months Daniel Granger had surrendered. This was what came of Mr. Granger's flying visit to his boy.

CHAPTER XLIX.

HOW SUCH THINGS END.

AFTER that reconciliation, which brought a wonderful relief and comfort to Clarissa's mind—and who shall say how profoundly happy it made her husband?—Mr. and Mrs. Granger spent nearly a year in foreign travel. For his own part, Daniel Granger would have been glad to go back to Arden, now that the dreary burden was lifted off his mind, and his broken life pieced together again; but he did not want county society to see his wife till the bloom and brightness had come back to her face, nor to penetrate the mystery of their brief severance. To remain away for some considerable time was the surest way of letting the scandal, if any had ever arisen, die out.

He wrote to his daughter, telling her briefly that he and his wife had arranged all their little differences—little differences! Sophia gave a shrill scream of indignation as she went over this sentence in her father's letter, scarcely able to believe her eyes at first—and they were going through Germany together, with the intention of wintering at Rome. As Clarissa was still somewhat of an invalid, it would be best for them to be alone, he thought; but he was ready to further any plans for his daughter's happiness during his absence.

Miss Granger replied, curtly, that she was tolerably happy at Arden, with her "duties," and that she had no desire to go roaming about the world in quest of that contented mind which idle and frivolous persons rarely found, go where they might. She congratulated her father upon the termination of a quarrel which she had supposed too serious to be healed so easily, and trusted that he would never have occasion to regret his clemency. Mr. Granger crushed the letter in his hand, and threw it over the side of the Rhine steamer, on which he had opened his budget of English correspondence, on that particular morning.

They had a very pleasant time of it in Germany, moving in a leisurely way from town to town, seeing every thing thoroughly, without hurry or restlessness. Young Lovel throve apace; the new nurse adored him; and faithful Jane Target was as happy as the day was long, amidst all the foreign wonders that surrounded her pathway. Daniel Granger was contented and hopeful; happy in the contemplation of his wife's fair young face, which brightened daily; in the society of his boy, who, with increasing intelligence, developed an ever-increasing appreciation of his father—the strong arms, that tossed him aloft and caught him so skillfully; the sonorous voice, that rang so cheerily upon his ear; the capacious pockets, in which there was wont to lurk some toy for his delectation.

Toward the middle of November they took up their winter-quarters in Rome—not the November of fogs and drizzle, known to the denizens of London, but serene skies and balmy air, golden sunsets, and late-lingering flowers, that seemed loath to fade and vanish from a scene so beautiful. Clarissa loved this city of cities, and felt a thrill of delight at returning to it. She drove about with her two-year-old son, showing him the wonders and glories of the place as fondly as if its classic associations had been within the compass of his budding mind. She went on with her art-studies with renewed vigor, as if there had been a Raffaelle fever in the very air of the place, and made plans for copying half the pictures in the Vatican. There was plenty of agreeable society in the city, English and foreign; and Clarissa found herself almost as much in request as she had been in Paris. There were art-circles, in which she was happiest, and where Daniel Granger held his own very fairly as a critic and connoisseur. And thus the first two winter months slipped away very pleasantly, till they came to January, in which month they were to return to Arden.

They were to return there to assist at a great event—an event the contemplation whereof was a source of unmitigated satisfaction to Mr. Granger, and which was more than pleasing to Clarissa. Miss Granger was going to be married, blessed with her papa's consent and approval, of course, and in a manner becoming a damsel whose first consideration was duty. After refusing several very fair offers during the progress of her girlhood, she had at last suffered herself to be subjugated by the constancy and devotion of Mr. Tillott, the curate of New Arden.

It was not in any sense a good match. Mr. Tillott's professional income was seventy-five pounds a year; his sole private means an allowance of fifty from his brother, who, Mr. Tillott admitted, with a blush, was in trade. He was neither handsome nor accomplished. The most his best friends could say of him was, that he was "a very worthy young man." He was not an orator: he had an atrocious delivery, and rarely got through the briefest epistle, or collect even, without blundering over a preposition. His demeanor in pulpit and reading-desk was that of a prisoner at the bar, without hope of acquittal; and yet he had won Miss Granger—that prize in the matrimonial market which many a stout Yorkshireman had been eager to win.

He had flattered her; with a slavish idolatry he had followed her footsteps and ministered to her caprices, admiring, applauding, and imitating all her works and ways, holding her up forever as the pattern and perfection of womankind. Five times had Miss Granger rejected him; on some occasions with contumely even, letting him know that there was a very wide gulf between their social positions, and that although she might be spiritually his sister, she stood, in a worldly sense, on a very remote platform from that which it was his mission to occupy. Mr. Tillott swallowed every humiliation with a lowly spirit, that had in it some leaven of calculation, and bore up against every repulse; until at last the fair Sophia, angry with her father, persistently opposed to her stepmother, and out of sorts with the world in general, consented to accept the homage of this persevering suitor. He, at least, was true to her—he, at least, believed in her perfection. The stout country squires, who could have given her houses and lands, had never stooped to flatter her foibles; had shown themselves heartlessly indifferent to her dragooning of the model villagers; had even hinted their pity for the villagers under that martial rule. Tillott alone could sympathize with her, trudging patiently from cottage to cottage in bleak Christmas weather, carrying parcels of that uncomfortable clothing with which Miss Granger delighted to supply her pensioners.

Nor was the position which this marriage would give her, humble as it might appear, altogether without its charm. As Mr. Tillott's wife, she would be a very great lady among small people; and Mr. Tillott himself would be invested with a reflected glory from having married an heiress. The curate stage would, of course, soon be past. The living of Arden was in Mr. Granger's gift; and no doubt the present rector could be bought out somehow, after a year or so, and Mr. Tillott installed in his place. So, after due deliberation, and after the meek Tillott had been subjected to a trial of his faith which might have shaken the strongest, but which left him firm as a rock, Miss Granger surrendered, and acknowledged that she thought her sphere of usefulness would be enlarged by her union with Thomas Tillott.

"It is not my own feelings which I consider," remarked the maiden, in a tone which was scarcely flattering to her lover; "I have always held duty above those. I believe that New Arden is my proper field, and that it is a Providence that leads me to accept a tie which binds me more closely to the place. I could never have remained in *this* house after Mrs. Granger's return."

Upon this, the enraptured Tillott wrote a humble and explanatory letter to Mr. Granger, stating the blessing which had descended upon him in the shape of Sophia's esteem, and entreating that gentleman's approval of his suit.

It came by return of post, in a few hearty words:

"MY DEAR TILLOTT,—Yes; with all my heart! I have always thought you a good fellow; and I hope and believe you will make my daughter a good husband. Mrs. Granger and I will be home in three weeks, in time to make all arrangements for the wedding. Yours, etc.,

"DANIEL GRANGER."

"Ah," said Miss Granger, when this epistle was shown her by her triumphant swain, "I expected as much. I have never been any thing to papa since his marriage, and he is glad to get rid of me."

The Roman season was at its height, when there arose a good deal of talk about a lady who did not belong to that world in which Mrs. Granger lived, but who yet excited considerable curiosity and interest therein.

She was a Spanish dancer, known as Donna Rita, and had been creating a *furore* in St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna, all over the civilized world, in fact, except in London, where she was announced as likely to appear during the approaching season. She had taken the world by storm by her beauty, which was exceptional, and by her dancing, which made up in *chic* for any thing it may have lacked in genius. She was not a Taglioni; she was only a splendid dark-haired woman, with eyes that reminded one of Cleopatra, a figure that was simply perfection, the free grace of some wild creature of the forest, and the art of selecting rare and startling combinations of color and fabric for her dress.

She had hired a villa, and sent a small army of servants on before her to take possession of it—men and women of divers nations, who contrived to make their mistress notorious by their vagaries before she arrived to astonish the city by her own eccentricities. One day brought two pair of carriage horses, and a pair of Arabs for riding; the next, a train of carriages; a week after came the lady herself; and all Rome—English and American Rome most especially—was eager to see her. There was an Englishman in her train, people said. Of course, there was always some one—*elle mange cinq comme çà tous les ans*, remarked a Frenchman.

Clarissa had no curiosity about this person. The idle talk went by her like the wind, and made no impression; but one sunny afternoon, when she was driving with her boy, Daniel Granger having an engagement to look at a new picture which kept him away from her, she met the senora face to face—Donna Rita, wrapped in sables to the throat, with a coquettish little turban-shaped sable hat, a couple of Pomeranian dogs on her lap—half reclining in her barouche—a

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marvel of beauty and insolence. She was not alone. A gentleman—the Englishman, of course—sat opposite to her, and leaned across the white bear-skin carriage-rug to talk to her. They were both laughing at something he had just said, which the senora characterized as "*pas si bête.*"

He looked up as the two carriages passed each other; for just one brief moment looked Clarissa Granger in the face; then, pale as death, bent down to caress one of the dogs.

It was George Fairfax.

It was a bitter ending; but such stories are apt to end so; and a man with unlimited means, and nothing particular to do with himself, must find amusement somehow. Clarissa remained in Rome a fortnight after this, and encountered the senora several times—never unattended, but never again with George Fairfax.

She heard the story afterward from Lady Laura. He had been infatuated, and had spent thousands upon "that creature." His poor mother had been half broken-hearted about it.

"The Lyvedon estate spoiled him, my dear," Lady Laura said, conclusively. "He was a very good fellow till he came into his property."

Mr. Fairfax reformed, however, a couple of years later, and married a fashionable widow with a large fortune—who kept him in a whirl of society, and spent their combined incomes royally. He and Clarissa meet sometimes in society—meet, touch hands, even, and know that every link between them is broken.

And is Clarissa happy? Yes, if happiness can be found in children's voices and a good man's unchanging affection. She has Arden Court, and her children; her father's regard, growing warmer year by year, as with increasing age he feels increasing need of some one to love him; her brother's society now and then—for Mr. Granger has been lavish in his generosity, and all the peccadillos of Austin's youth have been extinguished from the memories of money-lenders and their like by means of Mr. Granger's check-book.

The painter can come to England now, and roam his native woods unburdened by care; but though this is very sweet to him once in a way, he prefers a Continental city, with its *café* life, and singing and dancing gardens, where he may smoke his cigar in the gloaming. He grows steadier as he grows older, paints better, and makes friends worth making; much to the joy of poor Bessie, who asks no greater privilege than to stand humbly by, gazing fondly while he puts on his white cravat, and sallies forth radiant, with a hot-house flower in his button-hole, to dine in the great world.

But this is only a glance into the future. The story ends in the orthodox manner, to the sound of wedding bells—Miss Granger's—who swears to love, honor, and obey Thomas Tillott, with a fixed intention to keep the upper hand over the said Thomas in all things. Yet these men who are so slavish as wooers are apt to prove of sterner mould as husbands; and life is all before Mrs. Tillott, as she journeys in chariot and posters to Scarborough for her unpretentious honey-moon, to return in a fortnight to a brand-new Gothic villa on the skirts of Arden, where one tall tree is struggling vainly to look at home in a barren waste of new-made garden. And in the servants' hall and housekeeper's room at Arden Court there is rejoicing, as when the elder Miss Pecksniff went away from the little village near Salisbury.

For some there are no marriage bells—for Lady Geraldine, for instance, who is content to devote herself unostentatiously to the care of her sister's neglected children—neglected in spite of French and German governesses, Italian singing-masters, Parisian waiting-maids, and half an acre or so of nursery and school-room—and to wider charities: not all unhappy, and thankful for having escaped that far deeper misery—the fate of an unloved wife.

THE END.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Prince of Wales.—A Gush of Loyalty.—Sir Charles Dilke's Onslaught.—The Prince and the Betting Groom.—The Tichborne Case.—Curious Statement about the Geneva Arbitrators, etc.

NOW that the fears respecting the issue of our heir-apparent's illness have passed away, the subject can be referred to with some reasonable moderation, and, at the same time, without offense. The Prince of Wales is popular in England. He is a full-blooded, wholesome young gentleman, disinclined to the pomps of life, though not to its vanities, and with a sense of humor sufficiently keen to perceive that Gold Sticks in waiting are absurd as well as out of date. Like all his race—with the exception of his immediate ancestors—his tastes are coarse; the drolleries of Mr. Toole and the buffoonery of the Music Hall are attractive to him; he loves "the tongs and the bones." His morals, too, unless scandal belies him, are what princes' morals usually have been, and it would be ridiculous flattery to assert that he has ever shown a due sense of the responsibilities of his high position. In England, however, this is scarcely expected. If princes, like other men, were duly apprenticed to their trade, monarchy would endure for long; and, even as it is, it will endure long here. Of course the republic grows nearer to us, but it is still far away; it was the consciousness of its approach that caused at least one-half of our anxiety for the Prince's recovery. It was felt that the long minority which would ensue upon his decease would offer opportunities to that spirit of revolution that was well known to be abroad, and of which Sir Charles Dilke has been merely the mouth-piece. Moreover, in the case of a regency, it might have been thought necessary to place the Duke of Edinburgh, who is far from being so popular as his elder brother, upon the committee of government. This apprehension, joined to the really kindly sentiments felt toward the Prince himself by the public at large, their respect for his royal mother, and especially their affectionate regard for the Princess of Wales, who has won all hearts, has caused the late outbreak of loyal attachment which has so surprised a world that had taken the principle of monarchy in England to be either dead or dying. The press fostered this feeling to a most outrageous degree, for reasons that are more obvious than creditable.

So many newspapers were probably not sold during the Franco-German war as were disposed of—taking day for day—during the Prince's illness. Four, five, and even six editions were called for. The misfortune of the heir-apparent was the peg upon which the conservative papers denounced the unhappy Sir Charles Dilke, who certainly made his onslaught on the crown at the most inopportune of seasons. But the papers "overdid the lamb." They laid on the flattery with the brush not of a painter, but of a painter and glazier.

Every body was sorry for this young man, for his mother, his wife, his family, and also for the disorders that might ensue from any break in the succession; but, as a matter of fact, there were not many millions of us in tears. The *Times*, which outdid the rest of its brethren in sycophancy—the same *Times* which, on the death of Charles Dickens, observed that "*the greatest possible earthly consolation*" had been granted to his sorrowing family in a telegram sent by General Grey from Balmoral to say that the Queen sympathized with them—the *Times* asserted that we could not go about our usual business on account of an anxiety for telegrams from Sandringham, and that all mere personal sorrows (such as the deaths of our own fathers, husbands, and children, I suppose) were merged and lost sight of in the impending national calamity. This was, of course, false. For days the leading journal published no articles except upon this subject; and it even expressed its hope that on Boxing-day (the British carnival) the public would not enjoy themselves as usual, but give up some portion of the day to solemn acknowledgment to Providence of the favor which had been recently vouchsafed to their prayers for the Prince's recovery. Such adulation as this can only be described as sickening, and has produced an effect the very contrary to that intended. It certainly was not true, as the *Gaulois* asserts, that the English, being a speculative and mercantile people, had all insured the Prince's life, and, therefore, had a material interest in his well-being; but the view which the English press affected to take of the matter was scarcely less preposterous. Even the loyalest of us felt a shudder at having such sycophancy thus imputed to us, and almost doubted whether our loyalty could stand another relapse, since it engendered such rubbish. What might naturally be expected as the consequence of such a *very* gushing state of things is that, now the Prince is convalescent, the press and even the pulpit are taking him to task for his previous short-comings. They hope that his late narrow escape will be a warning to him, and disclose pretty plainly that that "promise of his future," over which they had bewailed themselves so eloquently when it seemed about to abruptly close, was not altogether brilliant, after all. What is still more significant, as showing the ephemeral character of all this lip-service and flunkyism, is that in private society the question is being generally discussed as to how far the enthusiasm upon the matter was genuine, what it was worth, and whether it really affected the great bulk of the nation. With respect to this last, let me relate the following anecdote: Among the crowd reading the bulletin, issued three or four times a day, respecting the Prince's health, and stuck on the walls of Marlborough House (his London residence), I observed on one occasion a well-dressed groom. He read the telegram, which was favorable, in, it seemed to me, a somewhat dissatisfied tone, and ended with a grunt. "I hope, my good man," said I, "you are not sorry the poor Prince is better?" "No, Sir, no," said he, raising his hat to scratch his head; "I wish no harm to the young man; *but, you see, I had a little money on it.*" Then, before I could recover from my astonishment at this naïve confession, he added, in a complaining voice, "It seems hard, too, *for I pulled it off upon his father.*"

There is nothing, of course, of political significance in such an incident; but as a curious example of the typical English groom with sporting propensities, and for its intrinsic humor, it seems to me worth telling. Of one very singular proof of the general satisfaction at the Prince's recovery I was myself a witness. Very early on Christmas-day I happened to be passing through Hyde Park, when my attention was attracted to a group of shivering mortals on the bank of the Serpentine, drinking like horses out of a bucket. These turned out to be a society of all-the-year-round bathers, who had been keeping that festive morning by a swimming match for a silver cup, and were now pledging the heir-apparent in rum-and-milk out of a dairy pail. This was a manifestation in every way wholesome; but of the general exhibition of excessive distress, of which so much has been written, we can only say that if it was really genuine, we hope that so much excellent sympathy may not have entirely exhausted itself upon the royal patient, but may leave a residuum for the miseries of common life and of the poor. Long before you receive this letter the Tichborne case will have recommenced. In England, as you are aware, it is a grave delinquency for a journal to pass any comments upon a trial while it remains undecided; and it is, no doubt, owing to this absence of the sources from which nine-tenths of Englishmen get their views—namely, their newspapers—that so much difference of opinion prevails. Among really intelligent men it is, however, "Lombard Street to a china orange," as the phrase goes, on the defendant; and I may tell you in confidence that a certain eminent legal personage has observed that the Tichborne case is his foolometer, and whoever believes in the claimant is necessarily an ass; and, moreover, that if *he* (the great functionary) had had the trial of the case, he would have had it done with, and the claimant in the dock at the Old Bailey within three weeks. Of poor Judge Bovill it has been also observed by another great legal personage, famed for his sharp tongue, that with a *leetle* more experience Lord Chief Justice Bovill will be the very worst judge that ever sat upon the English bench. The same great cynic, remarking upon the Attorney-General's conduct of the case (which he is generally allowed to have badly handled), expressed himself likewise in these words (and, oh, that I could produce on paper the mincing tones in which they were uttered!), "The Tichborne case has revealed at least *one* impostor—*poor Coleridge!*"

Since I began this letter your "little bill" has come in in connection with the *Alabama* claims—almost as large it seems as the one that Bismarck sent in to France. We rather smile at the amount; "there is no harm in asking," is our good-natured comment; but we are quite prepared, I do assure you, to pay cheerfully whatever may be awarded by the arbitrators. I have just learned on no less an authority than that of the Lord Chief Justice of England himself (the English counsel in the *Alabama* case) that of the three arbitrators appointed by Italy, Brazil, and Switzerland, only one can even read English; the other two can neither read nor speak it! So that every document will have to be translated, and the whole proceedings carried on in a foreign tongue.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art have secured temporary premises at 681 Fifth Avenue, and many of the pictures belonging to the museum have already been removed thither. Before long it is hoped that an opportunity will be given for viewing them. When permanent and commodious quarters are provided, it is the intention to have the museum free to the public on certain days of the week. This would be impossible at present; and it has been proposed, until arrangements are completed, to admit by tickets, which are to be placed at the disposal of the subscribers for distribution. The trustees, however, intend to make the collections at once available for art education by admitting students of the Academy of Design, and others who are likely to derive special benefit from an examination of them.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art was incorporated in 1870; one year previous the American Museum of Natural History was incorporated. These institutions supplement each other, and are alike important for the highest culture of the people. Valuable additions are constantly being made to the American Museum, and it is already a prominent attraction of our beautiful Central Park.

The memoirs of Alice and Phœbe Cary are to be written by Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames, who was one of the most intimate friends of the poet-sisters, and to whom their papers have been intrusted for the purpose by their relatives.

There are now in New York a few apartment-houses, arranged somewhat after the French system. They do not, however, meet the necessities of respectable families who have but a small income. Most of these houses are located in fashionable quarters of the city, and the apartments rent from one thousand to five thousand dollars a year. Hence they will be occupied rather by those who desire to avoid the trouble of housekeeping than by those who need to practice economy. When cheap apartments can be furnished in a respectable part of the city, a large class of intelligent and cultivated people will be ready to occupy them.

What can equal Yankee ingenuity? It is said that patents have been issued for over eight hundred and fifty washing-machines: yet recently another one has been presented to the Patent-office which claims to avoid every point in all preceding ones, and to work on an entirely new principle.

Another warning to boys comes from Flushing. Three boys ventured the other day upon the insecure ice of Hamilton Pond. They had scarcely commenced skating when the ice broke, and one of them fell through, and was carried away by the under-current.

The new bridge across the Hudson River at Albany is 1525 feet long in the main structure, and the whole length, including the approaches, is 2250 feet.

A large number of Communist prisoners—estimated at about three thousand—have been recently set at liberty. Most of them were taken on the third day of last April. They have been confined in the dépôts at Brest, Belle Isle, and Cherbourg. Among the prisoners were twenty-four Poles.

The recent sad and terrible death of a lady in Hartford may serve to instruct others how to avoid so dreadful a fate. Mrs. Burke had been in poor health for some time, and was boarding. One morning a shriek was heard from her room, and directly afterward she came running down stairs all in flames. She ran through a short hall-way, across the dining-room, and into the kitchen, where she dropped dead. The horrified servants threw a blanket about the body, and extinguished the flames, but the fire had done its work, and a charred and scorched corpse was all that remained of the delicate, fair-faced woman. The precise cause of the accident can not be certainly known, but the discovery of a box of charred parlor-matches on the floor of the closet in Mrs. Burke's room led to the supposition that she stepped upon them, and, igniting, they set her clothing on fire. Her light morning wrapper must have been instantly in flames, and losing her presence of mind, she rushed down stairs, inhaling the flames as she went. If the clothing takes fire, it is safest to lie down, and try to smother the flame. Inhaling it is almost certain death. Matches of all kinds should be kept in the most secure places.

The mysterious cookery made necessary in Paris during the trying time of the bombardment has rendered gourmands suspicious of the pies and *pâtés* displayed in restaurants. It is certain that some dainty-looking dishes are "fearfully and wonderfully made."

The American Scientific Commission sent to Japan to investigate the commercial and agricultural resources of the country, and to give counsel as to the best means of developing such resources, were received with high honors by the Japanese government on their arrival at Yokohama and Yeddo. A grand salute was fired from the forts of Yokohama, and they were received by a delegation of officers of high rank. At Yeddo similar honors were accorded them, and a grand banquet was given by the Prime Minister, followed by others at the residences of members of the cabinet. The Commission also had an interview with his Imperial Majesty the Mikado—an honor rarely granted to foreigners.

Hydrochloric acid furnishes a simple agent for detecting adulterations in silk goods. Being an active solvent of silk, it removes it in a very short time, leaving wool or cotton unaffected for a much longer time.

Nothing—not even the most heart-rending accidents—will lessen the careless use of fire-arms. Every person handling gun, pistol, or any thing of the kind does so in belief that *he* is *careful*. The other day a young man only nineteen years of age, the favorite son of his mother, inflicted on her a fatal wound. It is the old story. The young man had been in the habit of keeping a revolver under his pillow at night. He took it from the drawer where he kept it by day, and while trying the trigger the pistol suddenly exploded, the ball taking effect in his mother's left eye. Terribly shocked, he immediately called the police. Physicians were summoned, and did all that was possible to relieve the sufferer, but the wound was fatal.

The marriage of a Russian girl is an affair of serious moment to the bride's family. The preparations for the event often commence from the girl's earliest childhood. It is never expected in Russia that a young couple will wait until after marriage to furnish their house. The bride must provide every thing she can, the husband elect contributing his share in the way of jewels and ornaments. But long before any special marriage is in view the parents of every girl lay aside house linen, kitchen utensils, and various articles considered indispensable, so that a good outfit may be ready when the daughter is called to a house of her own. Among the wealthy the wedding trousseau and the supply of household goods are more than sufficient to last a lifetime.

Cross, crying, or suffering children may be a heavy care to mothers, but the care may be quickly changed to remorseful grief if they administer "sleeping medicine" without proper medical advice. At Huddersfield, England, two infants six weeks old were recently killed by administering a mixture of opium and aniseed, which had been recommended to the mother by another woman. The children were fretful, and the mother prepared the decoction. It was not long before she was relieved of all care of the little twins, who died from the effects of the opium.

A traveler was once making a pedestrian tour of the Alps, when suddenly, in a narrow path, he came face to face with a large brown bear. He drew a revolver and was about to fire, when, to his amazement, the bear cried out, "Don't fire!" It turned out that the pretended bear was a man employed by some guides, who sent him out dressed in a bear-skin when they had a timid traveler to escort. At a preconcerted spot the bear would rush upon them; and when put to flight by the exertions of the guides, the traveler never failed to reward their courage and devotion by a handsome present, of which the bear received a liberal share.

The Japanese Mikado, in pursuance of his policy to popularize his government, lately appeared in the streets of Yeddo driven in an English carriage, four-in-hand, with only four running footmen. Subsequently he walked out unattended, and has issued an imperial order forbidding the performance of obeisances and ceremonies formerly prescribed by law on those who met the Mikado face to face, or were passed by his official emblems.

A Scriptural commentator once asserted his belief that it was a monkey, not a serpent, that tempted Eve, founding his belief on the original Hebrew of the text. Whether Darwin holds the same opinion we know not, but that the San Francisco *Bulletin* does is evident from the following incident, which it thus relates: "A venerable-looking organ-grinder, accompanied by an active little monkey dressed in red, was patiently turning out his dilapidated melodies for the benefit of a couple of servant-girls, when he was suddenly surrounded by a group of school-children, who at once became devoted to the monkey. The latter, seeing an apple in the hands of one of the boys, suddenly ceased his gambols, and snatching the fruit, ran nimbly up a tree. The boy cried, and his companions laughed, while the Italian alternately swore at and coaxed the chattering thief, but in vain, until at last the monkey, of its own accord, came swiftly down, and springing in front of a pretty little girl with long curls, deftly took off his jaunty cap, and, bowing politely, handed her the apple. Now that monkey knew very well that the pretty little descendant of Eve had no right to take the apple, and, of course, could only have been actuated by the 'apple' instinct he had derived from his great ancestor of the Garden of Eden fame."

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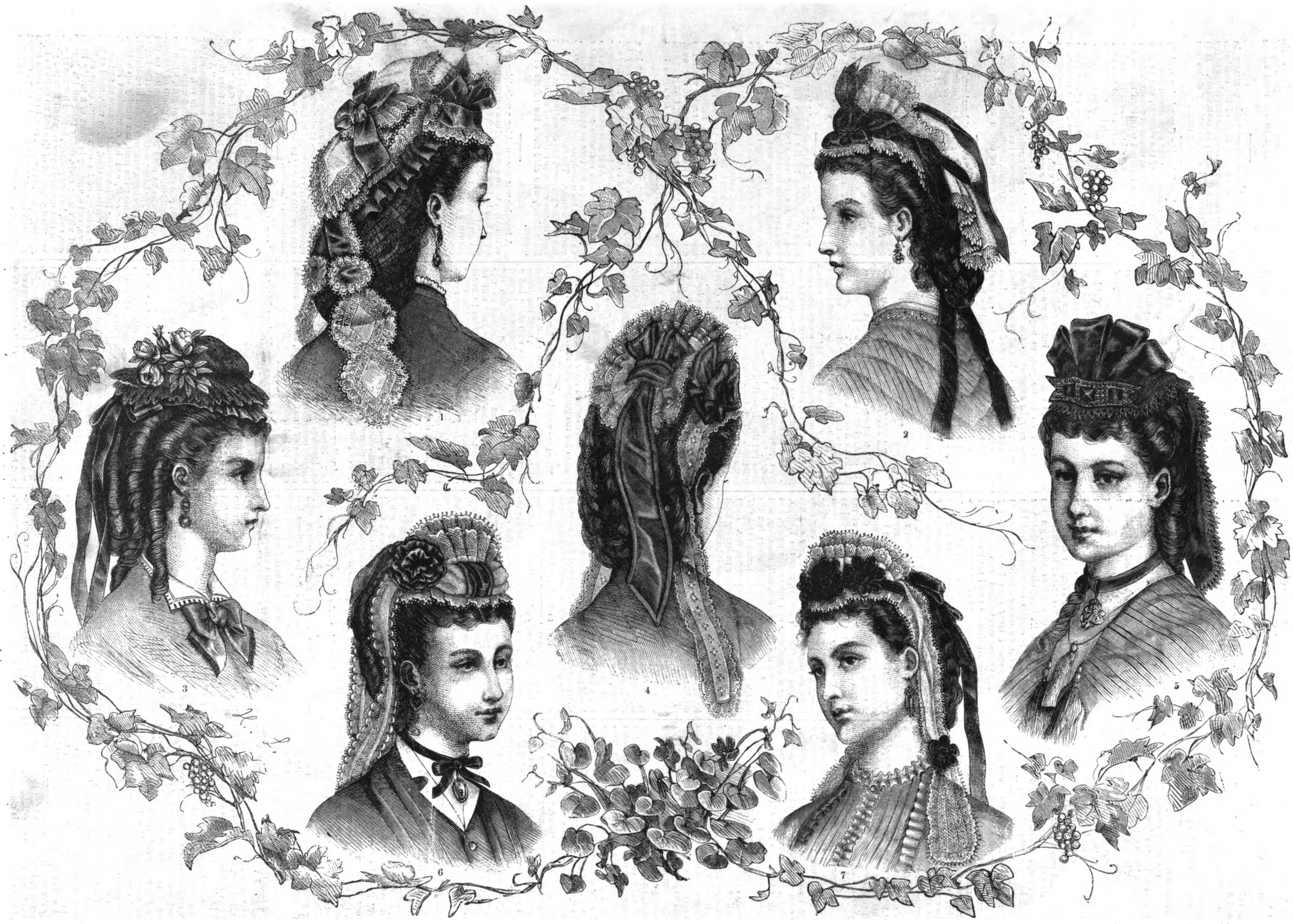


Fig. 1.—Swiss Muslin Breakfast Cap with Gros Grain Ribbon.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 27 and 28.

Fig. 2.—Swiss Muslin Breakfast Cap with Velvet Ribbon.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 29.

Fig. 3.—Dress Cap of Black Tulle and Lace.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—Swiss Muslin Breakfast Cap with Brown and Pink Gros Grain Trimming.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—Dress Cap of Ribbon and Lace.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 30.

Fig. 6.—Swiss Muslin Breakfast Cap with Pink Gros Grain Trimming.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Swiss Muslin Breakfast Cap with Velvet Ribbon.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 31.

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LOW DRESSES.

IT is a mystery how any fashion so hideous or so unmeaning as the modern low dress ever came in. There was nothing approaching it in bareness of design, in poverty of invention, or opportunities for indecency in the days of the finest costumes—I had almost said in *any* previous age. There have been many corrupt fashions, but they have been almost always picturesque ones.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the women were sufficiently *décolletée* for such a book to be published as "A Just and Seasonable Reprehension of Naked Breasts and Shoulders," with a preface by Richard Baxter, and they were as bad in the eighteenth century; but then if the dress was not high behind, the arms were covered to the elbow—the whole effect was not so scanty and fleshy as the modern low neck and back, and shoulder-straps.

This last fashion must have been introduced gradually. Some leader of fashion who had beautiful shoulders thought it a pity they should bloom unseen, and may have pushed down the high dress accordingly. Well, if you are not shy about exposing your neck, a dress pushed open loosely is not ugly—far from it. There would be folds naturally falling, in a pretty form, nearly horizontally. Probably at first the actual shoulder-joint was hidden, then, as the rage for self-display increased, and as the ladies emulated each other in it, the dress got to be entirely off the shoulder—and possibly the straight horizontal pleats round the shoulders of our mothers in their girlish days were the remnants, or an imitation, of the natural folds. Then the enterprising dress-maker soon yearned for a change of ornament, and the loose "berthe" gradually hardened into the plain, tight, low bodice, with a still harder and more unmeaning tucker sewn in (once the close chemise), run through with a black string, from which we so long have suffered. The sleeves shrunk shorter and shorter, from the elbow rich with ruffles to the round bell-sleeve, then to degenerate variations of it, till it narrowed into a finger-wide foundation for bows and laces, and became, finally, the detestable "strap."

Again, observe the unmeaningness of the low neck fashion. Our mothers wore low dresses and bare arms all day long; they knew if their shoulders and arms were beautiful, they would look as well by daylight as by candle-light; if, in their daily occupations, the northern climate would not temper its winds to the shorn lambs or limbs of fashion, they tucked in a kerchief or fastened on long sleeves in the morning. Why, the servant-maids wore low dresses too at that time. There was some sense *then* in throwing off the kerchief in the evening, when there was nothing harder to be done than chatting in a warm drawing-room, and exposing as much of the body as it was fashionable to display above the collar-bone. It was not unmeaning then. In those days people were only just recovering from the extraordinary classic mania of 1794, under the influence of David, the painter. There was not a vestige of crinoline, not too many petticoats, and no folds; and as the entire form and action of the body were distinguishable, a lady had to be very careful how she crossed her legs, lolled on sofas, or ran across a room. To do such things gracefully was the study of every girl; hence walking and entering a room, taking a seat, etc., were practiced under artists, as we have since practiced the rapid steps of modern round dances. We are at the present day adhering to a form whose motive and spirit departed seventy years ago; we have lost its careful grace, and retained its doubtful delicacy, and added an ugliness of our own, which our grandmothers were quite innocent of. The crinolines have superseded all our attention to posture; and the long trains, which can hardly look inelegant even on clumsy persons, make small ankles or thick ones a matter of little moment. We have become inexpressibly slovenly. Our fashionable women stride and loll in open defiance of elegance; we no longer study how to walk—perhaps the most difficult of all steps to do gracefully. If they patronize crinoline, they jump coquettishly in their "balloons," so that these leap up as though on springs; push by chairs, forgetful that crinolines bend up behind and reveal their uncared-for boots, not to say stockings. They know not, nor do they care, that men smile at such want of caution, and attribute it to other motives than that of slovenliness; and continue blind followers of senseless fashions.



PALETOT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



MANTELET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 48-51.



JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



SUIT FOR BOY FROM 5 TO 7 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 20 and 21.



SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For description see Supplement.



SUIT FOR BOY FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 22-26.



SUIT FOR BOY FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD
For description see Supplement.



JACKET FOR GIRL FROM 8 TO 10 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 52-54.

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MR. BRISTOL'S HEARING.

THERE was no mistake but that Mr. Bristol was as deaf as an adder, however deaf that may be. It was a great pity, to be sure; such a handsome, shapely fellow as he was, with large gray eyes, and the bearing of a Hercules tempered with the gentleness of a woman; so witty and electric when once he got the hinge of the conversation; so eloquently dumb when the clew was missing; so unsuspicious and patient. He had been educated for a lawyer, but how could he answer an argument without hearing it? How should he entangle a witness whose evidence was Greek to him? There seemed nothing open to him, then, but literature and farming, and for the first he had no inclination. So Mr. Bristol became a farmer, since it was not necessary to hear the corn grow and the wheat fill out its ears. His farm, however, came to be the best for miles around, the boast and pride of the county, for whatever Mr. Bristol did he put his heart into: no half work for him and no half wages: so it brought him a good interest on the money he had invested in it. Fortune, which had deprived him of a sense, had some compensation in store for him. In becoming a farmer he became a rich man. But I suspect that he would have joyfully surrendered half his fortune, if not the whole, for healthy hearing, when he went over to the widow Blaine's to take a hand at whist with her pretty daughter Prudence, who never drew back in embarrassment before his ear-trumpet, however. But, to tell the truth, the conversation that went on across the whist-table at the widow's was peculiar, and perhaps if Mr. Bristol could have heard it, he would have been more amused than flattered. Mrs. Blaine invariably played "dummy," and their visitor, giving more attention to Miss Prudence than to the game, would ask, "What are trumps?" in the low, appealing voice of the deaf, who seem to wish to apologize for the screaming others have to do in their behalf.

"Hearts are trumps, of course!" Mrs. Blaine would shriek, utterly ignoring the neighborhood of the trumpet.

"Just think of having to shout so about every-day trifles!" put in Miss Prue—"about the caper-sauce, the servants, the expenses! What a noisy household it must be! no privacy: one might as well live on the door-step."

"It strengthens the lungs, child. There, I've lost that trick through you. And there's the trumpet."

"The cure is worse than the disease.—Oh, I forgot that hearts were trumps."

"Well, yours is the odd trick, but 'dummy' has the honors.—He's reckoned as rich as Squire Profit, and that's not to be sneezed at, Prue."

"Has Miss Prue a cold?" asks Mr. Bristol, inconveniently raising his trumpet, and catching the hint of a sneeze.

"Oh, not at all," returns that young beauty. "Mother thinks that she and 'dummy' are not to be sneezed at, since they come off with the honors.—(Dear me, ma, did you ever think that we were playing with two 'dummies?'") And then Miss Prue laughed, and showed her fine teeth.

"What is the joke, Miss Prue?" says Mr. Bristol, meekly.

It appears to him that he is eternally asking questions. Why can't some one anticipate them? Why can't Miss Prue, if she cares for him?

"Prue laughs at her own shadow, she's so happy," answers the widow, coming to the rescue. "Girls will be girls, and have their fun."

And so the game goes on and finishes. Neighbors say that Mr. Bristol is a great deal at the widow's—a great deal too much for healthy action of the heart. He sends her the first and best fruits of his garden; she has spring chickens on her table before her betters; she is never out of the choicest vegetables, nor out of fresh eggs. Though there is no garden worth speaking of at the widow's, yet they have great blushing bouquets of flowers in their vases the year round. He lends Miss Prue his horses and carriages to go whither her sweet will leads her when he can not go with her himself. In fact, the Blaines might as well live at Strawberry Farm, though Prue seldom sets foot within its doors. Every Sunday you might see him walking to church beside the two, with his trumpet at his ear, and his head inclined to Prue's level, and you would never suspect, from that young damsel's air and readiness of speech, that the trumpet was a bit of a bugbear: surely it were worth something to put up with a little awkwardness for the sake of Strawberry Farm and nobody knew how many thousands: one might sacrifice something for such a consideration.

In the mean time Strawberry Farm is not left desolate until Miss Prue shall make up her mind to take lover and trumpet together. No, there is even now a presiding genius in the house in Lydia Thornton—a genius who would make a wife almost a superfluity in Mr. Bristol's ménage, had he not been already enslaved by Prue's coquettish beauty, and blinded to the perfect harmony existing between herself and her baptismal name. It is Lydia Thornton who makes the marvelous conserves and jellies for which Strawberry Farm is famous; who oversees the dairy, and turns its possibilities to profits; who bids the flower garden blossom like a rose, and the house-plants thrive beneath her genial influence, although the most sacred blooms are certain to find their way to the widow's vases, and Lydia knows it. It is she who takes care that Mr. Bristol shall find his table supplied with his favorite dishes, handsomely garnished and served; who keeps his house in perfect order, with a system to which the planetary is akin; and who gives it all a flavor of home and comfort, a foretaste of paradise, such as few bachelors experience or deserve. It is Lydia who hunts up the newest books, writes for him when he is tired, darns tender thoughts into the holes in his stockings, pays off the servants, bears the brunt, spares herself nothing in his interest, and forgets that he uses that detestable ear-trumpet. Perhaps you already suspect that she is in love with Mr. Bristol, and perhaps she might be if it had ever occurred to him to wish it. But what is the use of giving away your heart unasked? Does any one value such a gift? Light come, light go. Let them struggle and fight for what they would have, and it will seem all the more precious. Who cares for the fruit that falls at a breath, compared with that which hangs temptingly out of reach? Thus, though it was Lydia's supreme pleasure to make Theodore Bristol happy, yet in so doing she never betrayed herself to him; she left him to infer that happiness was a commonplace, every-day affair, independent of any management on her part—something spontaneous in the nature of things, but which he fancied would be increased tenfold when Prudence Blaine should assume the helm. When he said to Lydia at the breakfast-table, "I should like Drake to carry some of these new melons up to Mrs. Blaine's," or, "I promised Miss Prudence the passion-flower you have coaxed into blossom; will you see that she gets it?" though a strong spasm held Lydia's heart as in a vice for a breathing space, she made answer as composedly as if he had only requested her to pour him a cup of coffee, instead of requiring a sacrifice; not that she grudged Prudence the melons or the passion-flower, or any thing else but his heart's love. Still one must abide by Fate. If Prudence was to be his wife, it must be for the discipline of both, and she sometimes pitied him more than herself. She wondered greatly in those days if any woman ever married the man she loved best, or did not rather marry from pique or prudence, or because "he teased her so," since here was Prue, with eyes wide open, marrying for a situation, and because she could not resist the temptation of owning Strawberry Farm, while she (Lydia) forgot the fortune, and loved the man for naught.

When she heard their names coupled together, when neighbors hinted at the not distant day when the farm would have a new mistress, when an unruly servant flouted and hoped the master would marry the pretty, smooth-spoken young lady soon, then Lydia felt the difficulties of her situation; but in the interim she took a true enjoyment in keeping trouble out of the way of one whom she believed would too soon cultivate acquaintance with it; and perhaps there was some measure of compensation in the assurance that by-and-by he would come to see and acknowledge to himself where his true happiness lay hidden. We have such serious lessons. She must learn to forget and unlove him, while he must learn that he had been blind as well as deaf. And then, perhaps, Lydia had no right to expect so high a fortune as marriage with Mr. Bristol. The Bristols were a family old as the hills, while the Thorntons might belong to a much later formation. Lydia's parents had appeared among the inhabitants of Bracken, no one knew from whence, and had disappeared as mysteriously, no one knew whither, leaving Lydia, a child of ten years, to the tender mercies of Mr. Bristol's mother till she should be called for. As the years flew by and nobody called for her, it got to be something of a joke about Bracken: certain things were as likely to happen as Lydia Thornton to be called for; Christmas was coming, and so was Lydia's father. Every stranger labored under the suspicion, for a time, of being that hero in disguise. The children at school twitted her about it; when she was dismissed before them, they giggled significantly; they sometimes left her out of their games for fear that she would be summoned and spoil every thing. And it was here that Theodore Bristol stepped in and took her part, and silenced the gossipers and gigglers forever; and it was here that he won Lydia's lonely heart. And when his mother died, and left her a second time, till she should be called for, in his charge, he had almost forgotten but that she had as much right to his protection and to share in the little fortune as if to the manner born. When his deafness began to grow upon him, before he brought his vanity into subjection to his trumpet, Lydia, in her turn, became his support and shield; she stood between him and this same giggling, prying outside world for a time, till he should get his bearings and adjust his mind to the new condition. After that they came to Strawberry Farm, and Mr. Bristol met Miss Prudence, and fell in love with a shadow. The first time that Lydia came to suspect it was through a neighbor who dropped in for a quiet chat. "I was a-saying to Mr. Bristol up ter Widder Blaine's," said she, "that he oughter git married." Lydia looked up quickly from her mending, and met Theodore's conscious eye.

"Up at Widow Blaine's," said she, thinking aloud.

"Yes: Prue's a mighty pretty miss, and a housekeeper ter boot. It would be kinder nice now, wouldn't it, for you ter see another woman's face at the board? And, thinks I, young men don't hang round pretty gals for nothing, if they be deaf.—I joked her after you was gone, Mr. Bristol, but she said she couldn't think of a deaf man!" screamed the old busybody.

"Did she say *that?*" asked Mr. Bristol, coloring, with his head bent and his hand at his ear.

"Yes, but I reckon you could overcome them scruples; they'll never amount ter pennyweights. There was Deacon Hemp's son, as lost an arm in the wars and broke his nose, and the girl he courted vowed she would not look at him, and now she can't bear him out of her sight."

Lydia grew watchful after this; she was suspicious when he came and when he went, when he was silent or chatty. Writing letters for him one day, she came across a slip of paper on which, in some idle hour, filled with the vision of Prue, he had scrawled, "Prudence—Prue—Prudence Blaine. When Prudence, heavenly maid, was born, there bloomed a rose without a thorn!" Lydia felt quite guilty at having seen it; her heart sank within her at the revelation of his day-dreams; she crushed the paper in her hand, as if it had been a scorpion, and threw it into the grate. "A rose without a thorn! There's no such thing in nature. Ah, love makes a poet of every man once," she thought. "It is a beautiful dream, but one day the thorns will waken him, alas!" And a tear gathered and rolled unchecked down her cheek.

"What the deuce is the matter, Lydia?" asked Theodore, suddenly looking over the top of his book. "What are you crying about?"

"I'm not crying, Sir."

"I say you are crying; there's a tear on your cheek already."

"And haven't I a right to cry if I please?"

"Only you'd better laugh."

"Those who laugh now will cry by-and-by. I had rather do my crying up first, and have it over and done with."

He relapsed into his book again, only to startle her, half an hour later, by asking, "What was it, Lydia? Were you crying for the moon, child?"

"Yes, I was crying for the moon. Do be quiet! Here, I've gone and written, 'Dear Mr. Moon, please send me a specimen of your best tears,' when you wished me to ask Mr. Holiday for a specimen of his Rocky Mountain potatoes."

"No, we can raise our own tears, thank you. I wonder if this author, by-the-way, knows what he's talking about? He says that any man may marry any woman, if he doesn't give it up too soon. Encouraging, isn't it? But I suppose he means any man who has ears to hear."

"I don't suppose he means any thing of the kind. Some women might prefer a lover with—imperfect hearing. I think the author is right; only they usually *do* give up too soon."

"May I ask if Dr. Drew gave up too soon? Eh, Lydia? was that why you didn't marry him?"

"No, that was not the reason. *Will* you be quiet! How on earth can I write in such a Babel!"

But Lydia was no longer happy; she had thrown her peace of mind into the grate, crushed with the slip of paper. Yet, for the life of her, she could not resist torturing herself daily with needless jealousies—needless, since hope and uncertainty were over. One day he said, "I wish you would write a note and invite Mrs. Blaine and Prudence to tea, while the strawberries are fine."

Lydia's heart gave a great throb in her bosom. She had known it all along, but it was just as sudden, just as sharp. To have Prudence sitting by and considering how long before she should choose to take the housekeeping out of her hands; to have them exchanging glances and hand-clasps under her very eyes; to perceive love in the tone, the thought, the endeavor; and to sit aside and pour the tea smilingly, to pass the sugar, and keep the wormwood! Oh, she had loved him longest and best: why were true hearts pierced and burdened thus? But she wrote the note unmurmuringly.

"DEAR MRS. BLAINE,—Mr. Bristol sends his compliments, and we should be"—(happy? Nay, Mr. Bristol would be happy; his happiness should be hers; yes)—"happy if you and Miss Prudence would take tea with us to-morrow afternoon. Very truly,

"LYDIA THORNTON."

"*We* should be happy!" quoted Miss Prue. "Who cares whether she is or not? It's a fib, too. I should think *she* was Mr. Bristol's wife, or expected to be. I'll give her a lesson she'll never forget when I am Mrs. Bristol!" But they accepted the invitation, and took their work, as the way was in Greendale; and poor Lydia sat and kept the ball of conversation rolling and growing big enough to crush her, and knew that the neck-tie Miss Prue was embroidering with pansies was for Theodore, and praised the pattern, and was altogether like a saint at the stake singing hallelujahs. And when Theodore came in it was just as she had predicted; he had no eyes or ears or trumpet for any one else. Prue had to be shown the garden; the distant view of the sea from the upper windows, with the revolving light-house brooding over leagues of breakers; then the old porcelain service which his great-great-grandfather brought from China; the treasures of India muslins, which he had never dreamed of showing to Lydia, and which he told Miss Prue, significantly, could be drawn through a wedding-ring.

"And don't you think all this is worth being mistress of?" asked the widow, a servant having claimed Lydia's attention in another place.

"What did your mother say?" asked Theodore, inclining his head.

"She said that Strawberry Farm was a place worth visiting (or words to that effect)."

"And how would it wear for a lifetime, Miss Prue?"

"Admirably, no doubt"—in the trumpet—("if the master were not a haddock. Think, ma, of screaming one's life away!")

"It's better than such a fight as we have to keep up appearances."

"Yes, if only one could have the things one wants, without disagreeable conditions attached."

After tea they played croquet on the lawn—that is, Mr. Bristol and Prue did: Lydia and the widow sat and watched them. And when they had gone home, and the day's work was done, Lydia cried like a child from pure exhaustion. So time went on. Mr. Bristol urged his suit. Miss Prue had it in consideration, keeping him in a state of devoted uncertainty which was like a high fever—now encouraging, and now thwarting him. She supposed that eventually she should take up her local habitation and her name at Strawberry Farm; but there was a certain widower in her mental landscape whose fortune as well as hearing eclipsed Theodore's, and who, taken by her pretty face, had traveled out of his way to do her homage, had sent remembrances and precious gifts, and held out flattering hopes—whom she trusted, by patience and the display of other virtues, to bring to the proper pitch of infatuation; failing in which endeavor, here was Mr. Bristol waiting her pleasure. It was at this time that Theodore announced his intention of traveling abroad; he had staid too long in one corner of the world; he was growing rusty; perhaps he required more polish to render himself acceptable to Prue; perhaps absence would teach her to value his presence; perhaps—a thousand things! Prue's blood fairly curdled at this unexpected manœuvre. She had her own perhapses to contend with. Perhaps he might escape her, and Mr. Jewel not yet secure!

Lydia made him ready and packed his trunks with wet eyelids and aching heart. What might not happen while he was away? What should she do with the long days? What would the seasons be like without him? So we each have our own view-point, and no one borrows his neighbor's telescope, or trusts to its refracting power. If I could see the world through your eyes, it would be as good as translation to another planet, forsooth.

He was gone a year, but he wrote often to Prue, sometimes to Lydia. Lydia's were generally letters of business, occasionally diverging into descriptions of the miracles of the Old World. In one he wrote: "I went to the opera last night. You have never been at one? We will go some time together. Prue doesn't affect them. I used not to care a farthing for one. But I hear that the music is divine, and I *know* that the acting is human."

He returned one day as unexpectedly as he went, rode over from the station in a hired wagon, and kissed Lydia on both cheeks. He had a happy, debonair manner with him, like a child relieved of some burden, and he laughed softly to himself at times. "I am so glad to get home," he explained, "though, upon my word, Lydia, travel is good for the soul, as well as confession. How is Prue?" Then he took his hat and his trumpet and went to see for himself.

Prudence and her mother were shelling peas on the little veranda at the back of the house, the aforesaid Mr. Jewel having engaged to dine with them; and they were vocalizing their thoughts freely at the same time, which prevented their hearing Mr. Bristol touch the knocker and then walk into the hall—following the sound of their voices, you would have said, speaking of any one but Mr. Bristol.

"There, ma," Prue was saying; "here's a pod with nine peas in it, as I'm a sinner. I mean to put it up over the door."

"Law! you'd better put it into the pot."

"Oh, don't you know? The first unmarried man who comes in under a pod containing nine peas you're sure to marry; and isn't Mr. Jewel coming to dinner?"

"Then you're going to throw Mr. Bristol over?"

"If Mr. Jewel ever thinks it worth his while to propose. I shall say nothing decisive to Theodore till then; but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, anyway, especially a bird-of-paradise."

"And if Mr. Jewel doesn't propose?"

"Why, then, there'll be nothing to do but to fall back upon Mr. Bristol, trumpet and all. Nothing is more simple, nor more provoking. Oh dear! when Mr. Jewel lives in town, and drives a span, and gives spreads, and has ears to hear!"

"But I've heard you tell Theodore that you didn't care for gay life."

"Neither do I. How can you be gay and live with a 'dummy?'"

Just then some one tapped on the open door, and—there was Mr. Bristol. "(Goodness gracious! we weren't talking loud, were we? He's deaf, that's one comfort.)—Where *did* you come from, Mr. Bristol?" cried the beaming Prudence, jumping up and upsetting the pease, which went rolling down the steps like ten-pins of Lilliput. "I'm so delighted.—(I wish you or the pease were in Guinea!)—Did you come over in a balloon?"

"I came this morning to give you a surprise."

"(I *hate* surprises.)—How nice! Then you'll stay to dinner, won't you?—(Lucky I didn't put up my pod, ma!)—There's a Mr. Jewel coming to dine; it 'll be so nice having you; three's such an awkward number!—(Of course it spoils the whole business, but there's nothing else to be done)."

"Thanks," said Mr. Bristol. "I shall be glad to be of service to you, and please myself at the same time."

("Why couldn't he have had something better to do to-day!")

"(Never mind; I'll take care of him. So Mr. Jewel can have a chance to make as much love as he likes. You can show him the old eagle's nest in the pines out on the hill. Mr. Bristol's been there a thousand times—won't want to go again. And after twilight you can take a candle into the garden, and let him see the luminous crown of the fraxinella. Theodore's seen it, and there won't be the ghost of an excuse for his going too—don't you see? He'll stay with me.)—Ahem! I suppose there's no end to the good things you've seen abroad, Mr. Bristol? What a pity now that you couldn't have heard as well as seen! They *do* say that the music in Paris is splendid?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Bristol, slowly. "I'd got pretty well reconciled to my deafness; every thing has its advantages."

"Seems to me he's sort of depressed. Hasn't lost his property, think?"

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"Perhaps he's got another sweetheart."

"Ahem! I suppose you've seen lots of handsome girls out there?"

"Yes, a great many beauties."

"Did you lose your heart, Mr. Bristol?" laughed Prue.

"No; it was lost before I left, Miss Prue; how truly lost I did not know till my return."

Their other guest arrived in due season, and they had rather a stupid, stiff dinner-party, and at last Mr. Jewel turned to Prue, and asked,

"An old friend of yours?"

"Only a neighbor: one is obliged to be friendly, you know."

"Looks as if he contemplated suicide. How long has he been deaf?"

"I never knew him otherwise.—Mr. Bristol, shall I give you some grapes?"

"I beg pardon."

"Will you have some grapes?"

"Dates? No, thank you."

"There's a specimen.—Let me give you some g-r-a-pes."

"Grapes? Oh yes, thanks."

"What a man for a lover!" said Mr. Jewel, aside. "Imagine a young lady screaming, 'I will,' and promising to love and obey through a trumpet."

"It's very hard to find ears and talk too. I pity his wife."

"Oh! then he is married?"

"I suppose he will be some day. The world's before him where to choose."

In the mean time Mrs. Blaine shouted at Mr. Bristol from her end of the table, and made profound remarks about nothing, till Prue said, "I've been telling Mr. Jewel about the old eagle's nest. Would you like to go out with us to see it, Mr. Bristol?"

"Thank you; I shall like to go," rising with the others.

"Ma, are you not coming?" called Prue, looking back, and speaking loud enough for Theodore to hear.

"I guess not to-day, dear; my ankle's not strong, and that hill takes all the breath out of me."

"What did your mother say, Miss Prue?"

"She doesn't feel strong enough to go."

"Oh! are you not going, Mrs. Blaine? Let me stay with you, then."

"There, don't disappoint us," cried Prue.

"Will it *be* a disappointment?"

"How can you ask?"

"But three are poor company, you said."

"And two are sometimes no better." And then she joined Mr. Jewel.

When Theodore returned home that night, Lydia, who knew his moods as she knew her own heart, remarked that his vivacity had evaporated at the widow's. "It must be a dry atmosphere there," she thought; then: "Did you see Prue? Was she well?"

"Yes, yes; they had a Mr. Jewel to dine with them."

"(Oh, jealous! How do you like the sensation, my poor young man? *I* know it well enough to pity you.)—You didn't find her in any way changed?"

"No—I suppose not."

"You suppose not! Isn't she as pretty as ever?"

"Prettier. The fact is, Lydia, a deaf man has very little chance in this world."

"Oh! oh!" with a world of sympathy in her soft, patient eyes. "I wish, I wish I could change with you; I wish I might," she murmured to herself. He looked at her almost as if he understood.—"And so she slighted you for this Mr. Jewel?"

"She did nothing of the sort; she did not dare. Why? Because if Mr. Jewel does not propose, she means to marry me!" And he laughed a laugh that sounded more like a sob.

"How! What do you mean? How do you know?" aghast.

"I heard her say so with my own ears—with my own ears! I did not go abroad on a fool's errand, Lydia, though I returned on one! I can hear to-day as well as you can. I am no longer a deaf man! Much good it does me to find the woman I loved a cheat—a cheat!"

"The woman you loved!"

"Yes, the woman I loved—for, by my word, I love so mean a thing no longer. 'Oh, the sad imperfect tense!'"

"All tenses are sad to me," sighed Lydia.

"You? Why are they sad?"

"Oh, I forgot you could hear," crimsoning. "I can not believe it, but I am so glad—I can not tell you how glad!"

Mr. Bristol went to the widow's no more; he passed Miss Prue with the shadow of a frigid bow; she smiled back in saucy coquetry, and sent him her wedding-cards. He had been six months in full possession of his senses then. The day after the wedding he said to Lydia, "Do you know, if it weren't so cruel, I'd send Prudence Jewel a wedding-gift of my old ear-trumpet!"

"Why—for pity's sake, why?"

"Because I have just read in the evening paper that the concussion consequent upon the bursting of a cannon has paralyzed the nerve of Mr. Jewel's ear, and rendered him stone-deaf. As you once said of me, I know how to pity him."

"When did I say *that?*"

"When you thought I was jealous of Mr. Jewel. Come, Lydia, of whom have *you* been jealous?"

"Nay, but I shall not tell you."

"Then tell me why all tenses are sad alike to you. Tell me, love, if the present tense, in which I ask you to be my wife, is sad too? Speak, darling!"

"Your wife! You are laughing at me; I can not bear it! You do not love me: it is pity—"

"I do love you—I swear I do! But for being both blind and deaf I should have loved you best and first."

"But I am not pretty like Prue, and—and nobody ever called for me, and—

"You are so pretty to me, Lydia, so precious, that if you carry your face away from me to any happier fireside, you will be my death. And as for the rest, come to me; I have called for you, Lydia. Is not that enough?"

And so Lydia blesses the day in which she was left to be called for!

SOMETHING ABOUT FAIRS.

THE Sharptown people have just had a fair; and a grand time they had, too, besides making lots of money. I went over to assist in the preparations, as they sent me word that the fair would never begin or go on right unless Aunt Sally was there to give directions. Somehow or other they've got it into their heads that I know just how to manage these troublesome things, and so I'm sent for, far and wide, to superintend.

Well, we had a nice hall to begin with, and there were plenty of lads and lasses ready to carry out all sorts of suggestions as soon as they were made. What they wanted most were ideas. "Do let us have something original, Aunt Sally; something that they don't have at all the fairs in the country."

"You're like those Athenians mentioned in Scripture," I answered; "always in quest of some new thing. But people, I suppose, are of just the same sort nowadays as they were in the Apostles' time. We must see what there is to be invented."

Of course there was the usual stereotyped variety of pretty things upon the long tables on either side of the hall; but a show of some description would fit in quite nicely over in the corner, and draw in lots of money besides. What could be better than an antiquarian establishment, into which should be gathered whatever curiosities of dress we might be able to discover? The plan of proceeding was to be kept profoundly secret, but every body was sent in quest of the finery of past ages.

Some trunks in my possession that had been packed away for nearly half a century furnished a rare old wedding dress complete, with even the faded bouquet preserved that had flourished at my mother's wedding; also my father's coat and knee-breeches, with some other mementoes of the period. Then among some other collection was found a quaint old doll of the olden time. Others contributed dresses, hats, and bonnets of almost every date, some rather dilapidated, it is true, but still available toward the general display. Besides the wearing apparel there were old-time pieces of furniture arranged around the little apartment, improvised by hanging gay calico bed-spreads upon cheaply made wooden frames, and on to these were pinned whatever relics it were convenient to display.

When every thing was ready, the grand feature of the occasion was the evening reception, at which were present some of the illustrious personages of past times. Martha Washington and Dolly Madison were in all their glory, and certainly never looked better in their lives. Marie Antoinette and the little Dauphin seemed quite at home, and might have taken lessons from Ristori, so well did they play their parts. Other belles and beaux of the same period, as well as more modern ones, looking quaint and queer enough, as examples of changing fashion, were endeavoring to do the elegant proprieties of the hour. I had enough to do introducing them by their newly assumed titles; but their laughing faces were familiar in spite of the dignities they had assumed.

One very gay girl was dressed in an old-fashioned short gown and quilted petticoat, with her great-grandmother's cap upon her head, and out of a basket that she held sold little packages, said to contain the purest of cosmetics, all tied up with bright-colored ribbons. Some were labeled "rouge for ladies' cheeks;" others, "pearl-powder for the complexion," "a lotion to prevent wrinkles," "a polish for either ladies or gentlemen," "a wash to perfume the breath," etc.

They sold rapidly enough, and the basket was replenished from time to time with fresh packages from some reserve stock, for every one wanted the various recipes, and the fair saleswoman assured her customers that these were invaluable commodities, whether used as preventives or remedies, and warranted neither to injure the skin nor soil the fingers.

Here are a few specimens that will give an idea of the plan, and perhaps set some of our amateur poets and poetesses at work to prepare a few additional ones:

ROUGE—(*Modesty*).

Rouge that is brilliant, pure, may be relied on;
A color natural—a sure and tried one—
Which comes and goes as thy pure mind elects,
And spreads a healthy glow that one respects.
Use it with freedom, 'twill not harm thee;
Good in all weathers, don't alarm thee.
Though perspiration trickle on the cheek,
This brilliant color shows no tell-tale streak.

PEARL-POWDER—(*Cleanliness*).

Lo! here's a cosmetic to spread on thy face,
Thy beautiful neck and thy arms;
'Twill lend to thy being an infinite grace,
And enhance all thy manifold charms.
Thy face, fair and comely, still fairer will seem—
Not a freckle or pimple be there;
And cleanliness, over all virtues supreme,
Shall name thee the queen of the fair.

A VALUABLE POLISH FOR EITHER SEX—(*Politeness*).

The use of all other cosmetics were vain—
They'd produce no effect worth the naming—
Without true politeness; yet, with it, 'tis plain
That all will your friendship be claiming.

A LOTION TO PREVENT WRINKLES—(*Good Humor*).

Both pleasant and healthy is this recipe;
Not because it is new do I send it to thee.
But mark: without this the list were not complete
Of valued cosmetics I'd lay at thy feet.
Pray do not, my friend, decline this in disdain—
A thing which I know you've used time and again.

A PERFUME FOR THE BREATH—(*Truth*).

The best perfume to take upon thy tongue
Is truthfulness and candor; praised and sung
By poets and by sages, and to be
Thy passport into heaven and its society.

TO BEAUTIFY THE HANDS AND FEET.

Let them be ever found in ways of virtue,
Swift to befriend the needy if he ask;
Thus white and fair, free from the stains that hurt you,
Will be thy hands when done the pleasing task.

The list may be lengthened out at the pleasure of the poet, but these will serve as specimens of our undertakings at the Sharptown fair. I can not tell how many quires of pink and white and blue perfumed note-paper was used for the occasion, but I know that as every one of them produced ten cents, our profits were large, and the revenue therefrom very considerable, besides the fun it occasioned. Our little reception-room was thronged during the entire evening with visitors coming and going, and trays of delicious coffee were passed around by young misses dressed like children of a former period.

As neither the coffee nor the rhymes are copyrighted, they are at the service of the readers of the *Bazar*.

AUNT SALLY.

AN EPISODE OF DRESS.

I GO one evening to visit a family of sisters, well-born, well-educated, and sufficiently well off. The eldest is called Emily. She is not pretty, and never was, and has now reached eight-and-twenty, and become the chaperon of her younger sisters. She goes in for extreme usefulness, is an admirable daughter, despises amusements as "nice for the young ones, but rather frivolous," wears her soft brown hair scraped down on each side of her face "tidily," high, unfashionable dresses in the evening, thinks of every one's comfort and happiness but her own, and refuses to dance. I find Emily, on my arrival, in a dark silk dress, knitting a stocking, in the strongest light in the room. As the gas pours on her patient face, I notice instantly that she is somewhat *passée;* in any other place this might have been unobserved, for I know her to be only twenty-eight, though to-night I find it difficult to believe it; her features are well formed, but the style of dressing the hair absolutely forces on your attention the increasing hollowness of her cheek.

Emily shakes hands with fingers entangled in gray worsted, knits hard through my second sentence, and then, lest attention to me should cause her to drop a stitch, I go off to find Alice, who is the pretty one of the four. A prettier girl I have never seen than Alice—as she looks sometimes; but she makes terrible mistakes. She has what is called golden hair—that is, drab. She has heard that people with fair hair ought to wear blue. So she wears blue—a shade too dark, which does not impart a scrap of yellow to her hair. She has a velvet band fastened tightly across it: her head is not a pretty shape, though she has a sweet smile: she does not know that a broad band across the hair is the most trying thing in the world; not one head in twenty can bear it. I don't discover her for some minutes; the drawing-room is a very gay one, with sky blue doors, and white walls and ceiling. Presently I discern Alice sitting against the blue door, in the usual blue dress a shade too deep. She informs me that I have passed her twice—I do not think I am to blame! Her next sister, Dora, is standing by her in white; her dress is merino; and though evidently new, from the angular form of the pleats and the loud crackling of the lining, it naturally looks dirty against the snowy freshness of the paper on the wall. Having just come in from the dark street, the extreme whiteness of the room dazzles me; I can't see outlines. Dora is very sallow, and unhappily carries a blue fan, which makes her look as yellow as a guinea.

Clemence "came out" last week, and is nearly as pretty as Alice, in her way. She has a dark complexion which, when she has a color, is very clear and beautiful. She is a little coquette, and just now, when she does not know I am watching her, she looks charming. I can just see her profile against a pure yellow screen, which I have always hitherto hated for its raw color, because they generally have the gas-light sharp upon it. To-night the lamp happens to be on one side, and the hue which it borrows in the half-light enhances the slight flush on Clemence's cheek. I can not see her dress, for a large crimson chair stands between us. She knows I admire her. When she observes me she will blush, and perhaps banter me. Now she turns and comes forward. Alas! she wears a satin dress the exact color of her face, with flounces up to the waist. I had always fancied her tall; to-night she appears hardly four feet high: this is caused by the flounces. I am disappointed, and liked her better behind the chair. As we speak she turns her head over with what would be a pretty gesture if she had not a scar on her throat, and places against her cheek a scarlet fan—this is the finishing touch—which takes away absolutely every vestige of her color. She looks positively hideous as she stands. I [illegible] back to Alice.

Alice has the pretti[illegible] shoulders, and perhaps that may excuse her [illegible] adopting a fashion so ugly as a low dress. [illegible]ms are a little too fat, and rather red at the [illegible]elbow. The hard straight line around her neck, trimmed with hard X's in blue velvet, would ruin any neck but hers. She is occupied in [illegible]lcoming some guests.

Who is the old young lady who has just come into the room with a lady so fat and *décolletée* that her friends ought to shut her up? The old young lady is terribly thin, and also very *décolletée*. There is a frightful hollow in her back; the vertebræ of her spine are like a crocodile's; but she is a brave woman, and obeys the fashion. She has also lost a tooth. Probably she is one of Emily's sort—abhors what is false: her hair is very thin, so much so that it would be true to say she had none, but she would scorn a single band of false hair. I said the fat woman was also alarmingly *décolletée*—I don't know which of them is most offensive. Her gloves are cutting through her wrists, her voluminous white and pink train impedes her already difficult progress. My hostess's daughters are better than this! I perceive Emily's foot: it is large: she seems rather proud of its size, and protrudes it, incased in a conspicuous white kid sheath, as a mark of her superiority to these considerations of form. Alice, I know, has a tiny little foot; to-night it is entirely concealed by the most enormous rosettes I have ever seen, and might be as big as a Pict's.

The last straw has been laid on my back, and I take my leave.

To a man who has a quick eye for the picturesque, or, let us say, the appropriate, and there are such men, these sights in modern drawing-rooms are more than disagreeable—they are ghastly. I am saying *nothing* about indecency. That is hardly a portion of my present subject. But why, if a woman has a neck like a skeleton, must she tell the world so? Why, if fate has made her grow stouter than it is permitted to be, must she squeeze and fold her fat into a tight low dress because it is the fashion? Why must she draw a hard line around her shoulders, that seems to cut her in two, and wear sleeves which are mere straps to keep her gown on, without caring, without knowing, whether her arms are models? Why must she wear trimmings of great O's and X's and vandykes on her skirt, so that at a little distance the first thing about her that strikes the eye is the trimming? Why, if very tall, must she take the arm of a very little man, and make herself and him look absurd? Why will she draw attention to her want of color by wearing red or arsenic green? Why, with red hair, is her dress pink? Why, when in a very pale dress, does she lean against the wall which the barbarity of American ignorance has papered with white? Why, with black hair, does she carry a heavy burden of jet flowers, combs, and impossibly thick plaits that make her head look like an elephant's on an antelope's body? Why will she trust to the very moderate gifts nature has endowed her with to fight against the most abnormal disadvantages? Why—why—but enough: these are only some of the insane mistakes that nearly all girls commit, many of them girls with artistic tastes and capacities, in every direction except dress, whose eyes you may see shine with pleasure at a sunset or a beautiful flower—which, nevertheless, they steadily refuse to take a hint from.

Very few women know what style of dress suits them best, or what colors: even those who study the art study it wrongly. One may often see a woman who has the makings of a dignified goddess *se poser en coquette*, or a little creature attempt to be stately who can only be simple. The best grace is perfect naturalness. Our manners form themselves, but we must form our setting of them. Nature can do much, but not every thing. Art should do something.

You *must* choose suitable colors and suitable shapes for your dresses, you *must* study the room that you are to appear in, if you ever mean to look right; and if you know not what kind of room you are about to be seen in, or if you know that it is one of the modern white and glaring drawing-rooms, a plain black dress (but *never* with low neck and short sleeves) will always be safe.

The reason that an ordinary low neck with short sleeves looks worse in black than in any other color is because the hard line round the bust and arms is too great a contrast to the skin. A low neck always lessens the height, and a dark dress made thus lessens it still more, and it strikes the artistic eye as cutting the body in pieces, in this way: If you see a fair person dressed in a low dark dress, standing against a light background some way off, the effect will be that of an empty dress hung up, the face, neck, and arms being scarcely discernible. On the other hand, against a dark background the head and bust will be thrown up sharply, and the whole dress and body will disappear. This effect, often enough seen, is execrably bad. If you must wear a low black dress, let it be cut square, giving the height of the shoulders (or, better, the angles *rounded*, for corners are very trying), and have plenty of white or pale gauze or thin black net to soften the harsh line between the skin and the dress. White gauze or lace softens down the blackness of the dress at the edge of the bodice, and thin black stuff has an equally good effect, as it shades the whiteness of the skin into the dark color of the gown. *Only under these conditions* does the sudden contrast enhance, as some persons suppose, the fairness of the complexion.

Nature abhors sharp edges. We see contrasts in flowers and in marbles; but they are always softened, each color stealing a little of the other at the junction of the two. Even the sharp edges of a crag or house against the sky are seen by a practiced eye to gather some softening grayness either from the surrounding colors or by mere perspective. Trees grow thin at the edges and melt into the sky; in a prism, of course, we see the tender amalgamations of hues more distinctly, the secondaries lying clearly between the primaries. Ruskin had noticed this surely when he said, "All good color is graduated," each mixed into the next where there are contrasts.

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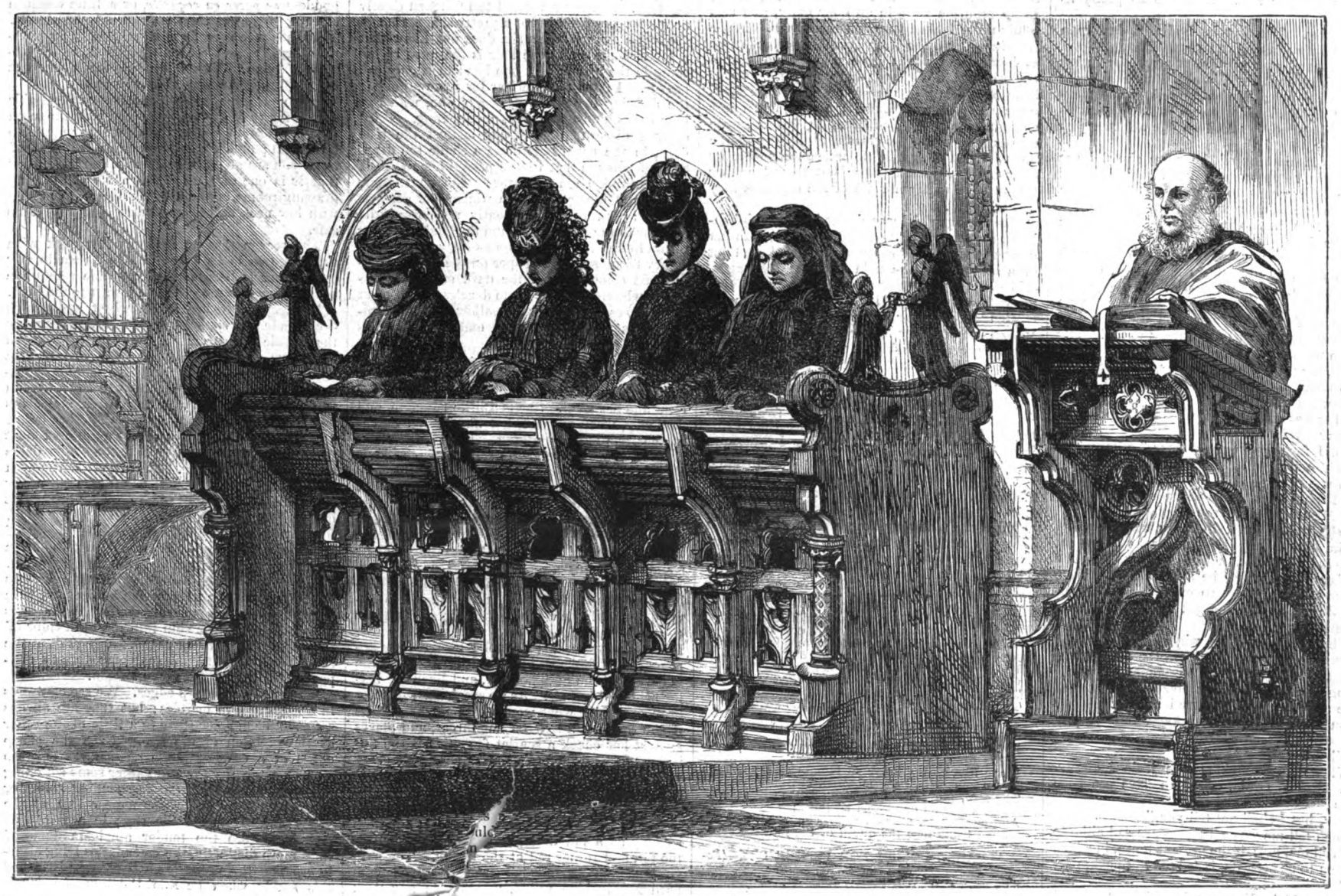


THE LICH-GATE IN THE CHURCH-YARD.

SKETCHES AT SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

THE late illness of the Prince of Wales has invested all his surroundings with so much interest that our readers will welcome the accompanying graphic sketches of the village church at Sandringham, to which the Princess Alexandra was accustomed to steal from her husband's bedside to offer up prayers for his recovery, and where the whole royal family of England were constant visitants during the Prince's protracted sickness.

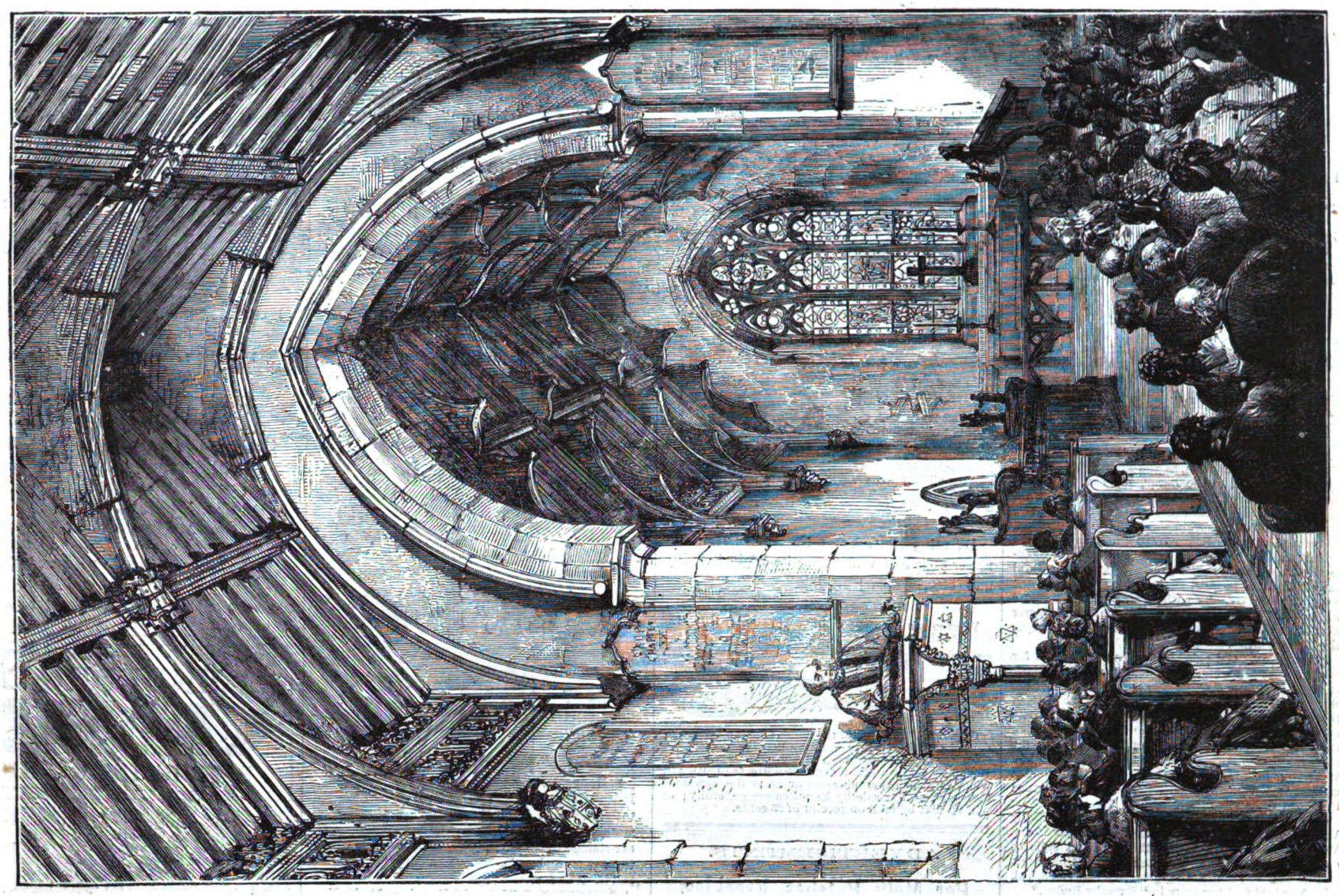
The scenery around Sandringham is somewhat tame; there is no bold horizon, but there are occasional pretty dells overhung with much wood, and carpeted with a turf which is green even at this season. The quaint little church, with its buttresses and rough gray walls covered with ivy, which was restored about fifteen years ago with great taste and judgment, consists of a chancel, nave, and tower, with a south porch. The chancel, which is in the Decorated style, dates probably from the time of Edward III., but the rest of the building is in the Perpendicular style of Henry VII. The church is well constructed of iron-stone in extremely small pieces, with dressings of freestone; and as the iron-stone is very dark, the effect is nearly similar to that of flint. Internally the church possesses one of those beautiful oak roofs for which Norfolk is celebrated. There is also an ancient font cover, richly carved, with pinnacles and niches; and all the windows are filled with stained glass, some of which is as old as the church, and highly interesting, especially the figures of St. Michael, St. Ignatius the bishop, St. Bridget, and St. Margaret. The rest of the glass, and likewise the fittings, are modern, and were executed at the cost of Lady Harriet Cowper, except the organ, which was given by the Prince of Wales. The church-yard is remarkably pretty, and possesses one of those lich-gates once so common in England, but which have now almost



THE ROYAL PEW.

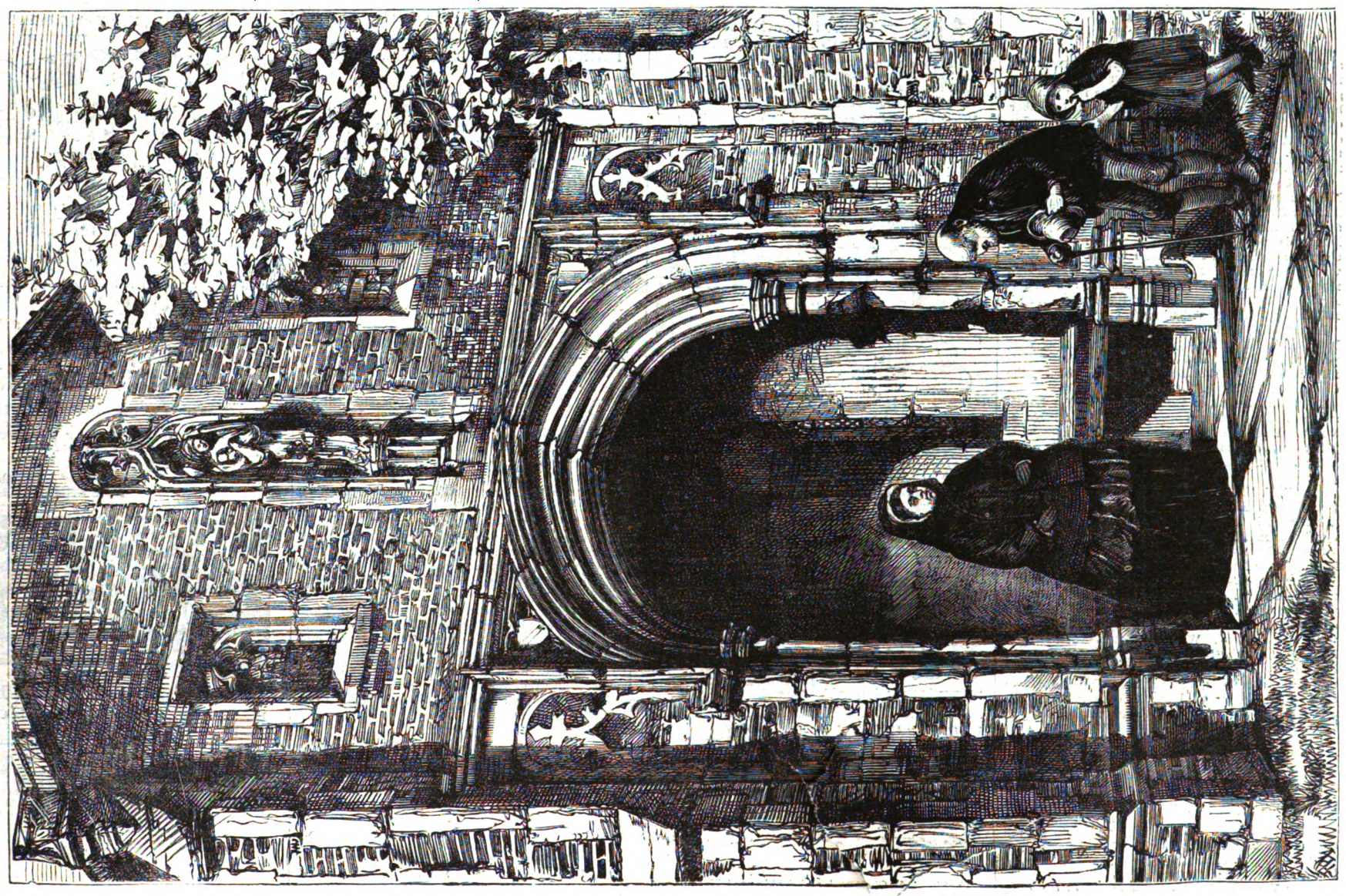
SKETCHES AT SANDRINGHAM CHURCH.

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INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.

disappeared. The royal pews are on the right and left of the chancel; like the decorated roof, they are in carved oak, opened in places, and with figures of angels at the extremities. On Sunday, December 17, when the worst symptoms of the Prince's illness had passed away, the little church was filled to overflowing with a congregation earnest in thanksgiving and joyful in prayer, and they were already in their places when the Queen, the Princess of Wales, Princess Alice of Hesse, Princess Louise, and Prince Louis of Hesse entered the church by a little door close to the royal pew. This pew is shown in one of the illustrations, occupied by the Queen and her three daughters. The other illustrations show the lich-gate, the interior of the church, and the porch. The lich or lych gate, we may say for the benefit of modern readers, is the covered gate-way leading to the church-yard. This was also known in olden times as the corpse-gate, the word *lich* signifying a dead body in the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Opposite the church tower, overshadowed by trees, stands the rectory, embowered in ivy, and just below this the school-house, built and supported by the Prince of Wales. These and two or three neat cottages comprise the whole village of Sandringham. Sandringham Hall, the residence of the Prince, is a handsome building of red brick and stone, in the style of James I. It was built by the Prince of Wales, as the house which originally stood on the site proved to be in a ruinous state, owing to the dry-rot. The Sandringham property was purchased by the Prince from Mr. Cowper Temple, M.P., in 1862. In the spring of 1863 he and his bride passed a part of their honey-moon there, and were so charmed with the beautiful country that, after the London season, they returned thither in the autumn, and the Prince ardently engaged in the field sports for which the region is noted. It has since been his favorite residence, and it was during his usual autumnal sojourn there that he was stricken down with the fever that so nearly cost him his life. Sandringham is situated in the northwest corner of the county of Norfolk, one of the most fertile districts of England, and particularly noted for its abundant supply of game. This was probably one reason why it was chosen as a residence by the Prince of Wales, who is passionately fond of hunting. This county gives the title of duke to the Howard family, the descendants of the ancient Mowbrays.



SKETCHES AT SANDRINGHAM CHURCH—THE PORCH.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. A. C. F.—Use fresh benzine for cleaning your silk. Chloroform is also good for taking out grease. Cut your velvet sacque a tight basque, and to raise the nap moisten it on the wrong side, and draw the moist side over a hot iron. Get black beaver mohair, or else buffalo alpaca, costing from 75 cents to $1 a yard. Make with a Marguerite polonaise, trimmed with a bias band and fringe. Put deep kilt pleating on the skirt.

BESSIE REDDE.—Hartshorn, alcohol, and borax dropped in water are all used for cleansing the hair of dandruff, and preventing it from falling out.—We know nothing more than the advertisement tells us.

NORA M'SHANE.—The Louis XIV. polonaise has a Watteau fold in the back. Any cut paper pattern of an entire suit is sold at this office for 25 cents.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Get brown silk of the same or a lighter shade than your dress, and make a deep flounce around it with a ruche heading, and let the ruche extend up the second side seam to the belt. Then make a short broad apron of the lighter silk to cover the upper part of the front breadths. You will find fuller directions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 6, Vol. V. A Swiss over-skirt and sleeveless Pompadour basque would also be pretty with it.

A. W. O.—We can not furnish you with stamps for braid and embroidery. Send to a fancy store for such things.

MRS. N.—We have already given the pronunciation of the names you mention, as you will find by consulting back numbers of the *Bazar*, and can not repeat them for the benefit of casual readers. The prefix *von* has the same significance as the French *de*, and denotes nobility of origin.—We have no personal knowledge of the article advertised.—The prejudice against dancing in itself is doubtless becoming weaker as people learn to discriminate between healthful and innocent amusement and unhealthy dissipation.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—The whole suit of violet satine will be most stylish, but a black sacque would answer with other costumes also. Wear pale pink, salmon, or sky blue neck-ties.

DIES ET NOX.—Get pale blue and pale pink silk for your over dresses. Make them Marguerite polonaises, or else a basque and apron-front over-skirt. Let the skirts just escape the floor. Put a black velvet Watteau bow on back of the shoulders, and small velvet bows on the sleeves and to drape the upper skirt. Pink coral and turquoise ornaments are suitable, but the absence of all ornaments is prettiest for young girls. Wear your hair crimped in front, the back in braids of three tresses passed from side to side and fastened by a bow, ribbon or velvet.

C. A. W., MONTREAL.—Read description of Dolly Vardens in the New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V. That will give you the prevalent style of such garments. For the accepted ideal of Dolly see a picture of her at her looking-glass in *Bazar* No. 5, Vol. IV. You will find her story in "Barnaby Rudge."

V. C.—Marabout is pronounced as if spelled mar-a-boo, and describes a very fine, delicate feather.—Turban hats are *not* generally worn to church by married ladies with grown daughters. They are more worn for convenience than for dress occasions by married ladies; but if the lady in question finds them becoming and convenient, they are not unsuitable.

A. D. B.—Twenty-five cents is the price of an entire set of patterns of infants' clothing, containing the six pieces you mention.

JANUARY 18TH.—We can not tell you how buckskin garments are cleaned.

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SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT..... " 17
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A TEASER FOR TEACHER.

TEACHER. "Q.—Yes! Well, what's the next Letter?"
WILLIE. "Ve nex' Letter!"
TEACHER. "Yes! Come—make haste and tell me!"
WILLIE. "*Oo* tell *me!* *Oo* tum here to Teach *me*, me not here to Teach *oo!*"



A STRAIGHTFORWARD VIEW.

HIGH-CHURCH CLERGYMAN. "And what do you think, Mr. Simpson, about a Clergyman's Turning to the East?"
LITERAL VESTRY-MAN. "Well, Sir, my Opinion is that if the Clergyman is Good-lookin', he don't want to Turn his Back to the Congregation!"

FACETIÆ.

It has been discovered by a distinguished and titled amateur that most hand-organ tunes are classic, as they are the productions of Handel.

A farmer has no right to pull the ears of his corn: it is unkind.

MASTER (*who finds his apprentice reading a dime novel*). "Your Sunday-school teacher said you were a steady, moral boy, and I find you, in work-time, reading that pernicious trash—eh, Sir?"
BOY. "Please, Sir, I was only a-readin' on in 'opes of the 'ero dyin' conwerted!"

A bachelor's face is often the worse for wear, a married man's for wear and tear.

A great authority on turtles writes: "Wyoming Territory probably swarmed with turtles in the early part of what is known in geology as the tertiary period. This we know from the large number of fossils which are from time to time discovered there. There were both fresh-water turtles and land turtles, and it also appears that crocodiles were quite numerous throughout the same region. Alas! there were no aldermen in those days, or the right man would soon have been in the right place."

"Get your sweetheart a new set of teeth as a Christmas present," is the invitation of an advertising dentist.

A Southern paper, having discussed the question propounded by a New York paper, "Shall the next President of the United States be a woman?" concludes as follows: "We nominate Powers's 'Greek Slave.' She has three of the qualifications, at least—a marble brow, a finely chiseled nose, and a silent tongue."

An ungrammatical judge is apt to pass an incorrect sentence.

A GREAT VIRTUE IN A SEAMAN—Wrecklessness.

A watch fitted with a second-hand need not necessarily be a second-hand watch.

Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. There's hope for some of you other ladies, after all.

Doctors generally agree about bleeding their patients.

Any fool can make a woman talk, but it's rather hard to make one listen.

A dreadful story-teller once asserted that his voice was still for truth—and so it was.

THE MOST TASTEFUL HARE-DRESSER IN THE WORLD—The cook.

Maori notions on the subject of matrimony are somewhat loose, "Rapai Horomona" (very good Solomon) being the usual expression of Maori approval on learning that the wise King of Israel had a thousand wives.

Steam is a servant that sometimes blows up its master.

THE OLDEST BORES ON RECORD—The Etruscan augurs.

Some authors die composing, some the other way.

Our house-maid says the street-door doesn't talk, but she is answering it all day long.

The printer who has the devil to pay, and doesn't pay him, ought to be ashamed of himself.

A Connecticut fisherman one day baited his hook with a live frog. After patiently waiting some time for a bite, as he chatted with a friend, he found that his lively bait had swum ashore, and was sitting quietly on the rock by his side. He wound up his line and went home.

SPASMODIC LOVE—A neuralgic affection.

Some sons are chips of the old blockhead.

There are two periods in the life of a man at which he is too wise to tell women the exact truth—when he's in love, and when he isn't.

Old Dickey S—— is a very wealthy but very illiterate East India merchant, and a member of the Oriental Club. One day Dickey took a pair of compasses, and set about examining a large map of India, the margin of which was illustrated with drawings of the wild and domestic animals of the country. Suddenly Dickey dropped the compasses in amazement. "It can't be!—it ain't in the horder of nature that it should be! Impossible! ridiculous!"
"Why, Dickey, what's the matter?"
"Wot's the matter? Vy, this Bengal tiger is ninety miles long!"
Dickey had measured the tiger by the scale of the map.

"Boys will be boys" is nonsense. Boys will be men—if they live long enough.

A minister at a colored wedding, wishing to make some humorous remarks, said, "On such occasions as this it is customary to kiss the bride, but in this case we will omit it." To this ungallant remark the indignant bridegroom very pertinently replied, "On such occasions as this it is customary to give the minister $10, but in this case we will omit it."

RELATIVE BEAUTY—A pretty cousin.

"So, Wilkins, you're married, eh? Well, how do you get along?"
"Not so well as I hoped. My wife gave me her hand previous to our marriage, and it gratified me exceedingly. She now gives it to me every day, and it doesn't gratify me at all."

The correspondent who wishes to know when Fast-day is, is notified that the day in which we live is about as fast a day as any the world has known.

"Indeed, you are very handsome," said a gentleman to his lady-love.
"Pooh! pooh!" said she; "so you would say if you did not think so."
"And so you'd think," he answered, "if I did not say so."

Why are handcuffs like guide-books?—Because they are made for two wrists.

A shrewish wife, quite sick, called her husband to come and sit by her bedside. "This is a sad world, my dear," said the wife, plaintively.
"Very," coincided the man.
"Were it not for leaving you, I should love to quit it."
"Oh, my dear," eagerly responded the fellow, "how can you think I would interfere with your happiness? Go, by all means!"

What kind of molasses is no molasses?—Why, N. O. molasses, of course.

A little girl remarked to her mamma on going to bed, "I am not afraid of the dark."
"No, of course you are not," replied her mamma, "for it can't hurt you."
"But, mamma, I was a little afraid once, when I went to the pantry in the dark to get a tart."
"What were you afraid of?" asked her mamma.
"I was afraid I could not find the tarts."

Next to busy bees, boot-blacks furnish the brightest example of improving the "shining hour."

"I'd have you know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a bannister of the law."
"A fig for your bannister!" retorted Mrs. Stoker, turning up her nose. "Haven't I got a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

"Tell the mistress that I have torn the curtain," said a gentleman lodger to a female domestic.
"Very well, Sir; mistress will put it down as rent."

PROPER PRECAUTIONS.—An old lady read an item in one of the papers the other day describing how a grindstone burst in a saw-factory, and killed four men. She just happened to remember that there was a small grindstone down in her cellar, leaning up against the wall. So she went out and got an accident-insurance policy, and then, summoning the hired girl, and holding the pie-board in front of her, so that if the thing exploded her face would not be injured, she had the stone taken out into the alley, where twenty-four buckets of water were thrown on it, and a stick was stuck in the hole bearing a placard marked "Dangerous." She says it's a mercy the whole house was not blown to pieces by the thing before this.



YOUNG LADY FROM THE COUNTRY. "Oh, Aunt ... u ever!"
EXPERIENCED RELATIVE. "La, my dear, that a... st, C.some on 'em!"



LEAP-YEAR, 1872.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 8.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS.—[SEE PAGE 138.]

Fig. 1.—PLAIN BASQUE, WITH APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT AND WALKING SKIRT.—BACK (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

Fig. 2.—PLAIN BASQUE, WITH APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT AND WALKING SKIRT.—FRONT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN).

[Cut Paper Patterns of entire suit of Plain Basque, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD.

Fig. 5.—LIGHT BROWN SILK DRESS.

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Ladies' and Children's Suits, Figs. 1–5.

See illustrations on first page.

Figs. 1 and 2.—PLAIN BASQUE WITH APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty suit, front and back views of which are shown in the illustrations, may be worn in the house, or in the street without a wrapping when the season is farther advanced. The duchesse sleeve of which the pattern is given is that shown in illustration Fig. 2. The original is made of bottle green faille, trimmed with the material and black velvet in the manner hereafter described. The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure. To ascertain the size pass a tape measure entirely around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the bust, drawing it rather tightly. No other measure is required. If the number of inches is uneven, for instance, 37, send for 38, and take the seams deeper than is allowed in the pattern. The quantity of material estimated is for an average-sized person of 36 inches bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS suit comprises three articles: plain basque, apron-front over-skirt, and walking skirt.

PLAIN BASQUE.—This pattern is in four pieces: front, back, side back, and duchesse sleeve. The front is high in the neck, and is fitted by curved cross seams, and by two darts on each side, while the back is adjusted to the figure by a seam in the middle and side backs. The extra fullness of the side backs and seam in the middle below the waist line is laid in three box-pleats on the outside, which are finished at the top by three rosettes, one on each pleat. The outside seam of the duchesse sleeve is open from the wrist up to the notch. This sleeve is shown plainly in Fig. 2. The perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts and cross seams, and to set on the trimming, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve. Put the pattern together by the notches. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Baste up the garment, and try it on wrong side out before sewing, and if alteration is needed, take up more or less in the seams. The skirt of the basque is trimmed with a box-pleated ruffle two and a half inches wide, divided in the centre with a narrow fold. This trimming extends along the seams under the arms to the waist line, up the front along the line of perforations to the shoulder, and across the back. Three folds half an inch wide trim the middle of the back from the waist line to the neck the width of a fold apart. The first illustration shows similar folds across the back instead of ruffling. The front is closed to the neck with buttons and button-holes. An outlet of an inch is allowed on the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and half an inch for all the other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8½ yards.

Extra for trimming, 1½ yards.

APRON-FRONT OVER-SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces: front, side gore for the front, side gore for the back, and one straight breadth for the back. Cut the front and back with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. The front edge of each side back gore is laid in a three-inch side pleat, turning upward about eight inches from the top before it is joined to the front gore. The skirt is closed in the middle of the back, and is set on a belt of the material with six side pleats in the back breadth on each side of the opening, and three side pleats in each of the side back gores, all of them turning backward. The skirt is draped at the back seams by two tapes nineteen inches long, one end of each being tacked at each seam two inches from the bottom of the skirt, and the other on the belt three inches from each side of the opening. The bottom of the over-skirt is trimmed with a box-pleating of the material five inches and a half wide, which is confined two inches from the top by a narrow fold of the same. Put the pattern together by the notches.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 4 yards.

Extra for trimming, 1¾ yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front gore, two side gores, and back breadth. Cut the front gore and back breadth with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Cut two pieces each like the patterns given of the two side gores. Put the pattern together by the notches. The front gore and first side gore are sewed to the belt plain; the remainder is gathered. The skirt is trimmed on the bottom with strips of velvet two inches wide, set on perpendicularly, with a space of six inches between the strips, and finished at the ends with black grelots. A side pleating of the material six inches deep, finished on one side with velvet an inch wide, is sewed in each space.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Velvet, two inches wide, 12 yards.

Velvet, one inch wide, 7 yards.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 4 TO 6 YEARS OLD. Blue cashmere frock with pleated skirt. Gray linen apron, scalloped and button-hole stitched on the edge. Blue ribbon in the hair, which is cut short in the neck and brushed back from the forehead.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 7 TO 9 YEARS OLD. Gray poplin dress, trimmed with ruffles of the material and bias folds of blue silk. Pleated organdy waist.

Fig. 5.—Light brown silk dress, with double skirt and long basque, trimmed with pleatings, ruffles, and loops of a darker shade of silk, and bows of darker velvet. The revers of the over-skirt are caught together with a velvet bow.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1872.

MR. FARJEON'S NEW STORY.

☞ THE announcement of another thrilling story from the pen of Mr. FARJEON, the celebrated English novelist, upon whom the mantle of CHARLES DICKENS is believed to have fallen, will be hailed with delight the world over. The production of two such wonderful tales of fiction as his "Joshua Marvel" and his "Blade-o'-Grass" stamps him as a writer of rare genius, who deserves to be ranked among the foremost of his contemporaries. There is a strange fascination about his pages that enchains the reader from first to last—the interest being fully sustained throughout; and when at length the end of the story is reached, the desire to read it again is irresistible. The new tale is entitled

"LONDON'S HEART,"

and, as its name would indicate, is drawn from life in the Great Metropolis. It is commenced in HARPER'S BAZAR of this week, and will be continued in serial form until the end. We have no hesitation in saying that it is destined to create a profound sensation in the literary world, unrivaled, perhaps, since the days of "David Copperfield's" first appearance.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the stylish Plain Basque, with Apron-front Over-Skirt and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid, by Mail, by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 151.*

☞ *Our next Number will contain a valuable Embroidery Supplement, with more than Sixty Exquisite Designs in Point Lace, Crochet, Netting, Tapestry, Point Russe, Satin, and Half-polka Stitch, White Embroidery, etc., for Curtains, Lambrequins, Rugs, Furniture, Cushions, Sofa-Pillows, Brioches, Footstools, Waste-Baskets, Work Bags and Baskets, Wall-Pockets, Hair-Brushes, Cravats, Chemisettes, Handkerchiefs, Lingerie, Children's Clothing, Edgings, Insertions, Tidies, etc., etc., together with two complete Alphabets of Capitals and Small Letters to be worked on Canvas, and several Names and Monograms; to which will be added literary and artistic attractions of a high order.*

FRIENDSHIP VERSUS *LOVE.*

SOMEBODY—a Frenchman, we think it is—asserts that love is for the million, but friendship for select souls. True it is that we play with love from the time of pinafores to gray hairs, and sometimes later; but it is only the mature and developed soul that is capable of the aristocracy of the heart called friendship. Perhaps we should say, rather, that love is the earliest manifestation, the crude state of the passion, before it has crystallized into friendship, which demands so little and gives so much, which in its true condition appears to enjoy a constant equipoise, so that whatever others may think of our friends may not disturb the balance. Misfortune and loss of nominal goods may not alienate us; through the mists and illusions of trouble we discern the silent heroisms that pass unapplauded, and when the world declares that our friend is "going down hill," we are aware that he is struggling surely upward. The poet sang that Friendship is Love without the wings; but we all know that Love labors at a disadvantage with his poor blind eyes. Wings without eyes, or eyes without wings? We fancy that few of us would hesitate in the choice. This very matter of wings, for all we know, may have to answer for many of the slips in love, which have reduced half the world to wretchedness; for half the divorce and breach of promise cases on record. Love comes and goes; is here to-day and to-morrow away; is enamored of a coral lip; blossoms in the morning, and drops its leaves before the dew is dry; but friendship is the century-plant, so to speak; it requires years for its growth, but then the flower is perfection. Friendship is not swayed by moods, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked: all that can be predicated of charity is hers by birthright. The peachy cheek and melting eyes of a stranger give no thrill comparable to the homely sweetness of one's friend, while all the prejudices of love are in favor of palpitating color and graceful contours. Friendship recruits its ranks as well from the lame and halt as from the fortunate and beautiful; has no respect of persons; regards neither rank nor age nor sex as a barrier; condescends to trifles. Love without it resembles the stalled ox and contention therewith, while friendship contains love as invariably as the greater contains the less. If this is not so, how are we to account for the love-matches, the elopements, that cool off into indifference, and sometimes aversion?—instances of which lie about us, suggestive and unsightly, like scoriæ at the foot of a crater: the blind passion had not worked itself clear; the parties possessed no firm basis of matured esteem upon which to build, when the fancy ceased to be tickled with curves and colors, with airs and graces.

Perhaps the best touch-stone is familiarity. For a quarter of a century you may live next door to your Dulcinea, and imagine you know her thoroughly; but let her come to share your roof, and you shall have reason to change many opinions which you thought as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Is this the person whose ins and outs you controlled? She has weaknesses of which you never dreamed—strengths, it may be, which you never suspected or fathomed. You believed her generous, and she is selfish and demanding. In short, you discover a thousand faults that were not mentioned in your estimate of her character: she is human, after all, when you fondly deemed her half divine! Yes, you were assured that she would anticipate your every wish; forget her complexion, if the concoction of your favorite dishes required it; eschew trains, chignons, and folderols at your dictation; find her happiness in perfect housekeeping, in studying the ancient and honorable art of economy; and, above all, believe implicitly in yourself and your judgments; and perhaps she does none of these things, or, at best, so lamely that they had as well been left undone, omitting the spirit while keeping to the letter of the law. In the mean time, she had an ideal of you too, it may be; of evenings spent in divine seclusion at your feet, needle in hand, while you read the poets and she gave ready sympathy; instead of which you go home late from the club or committee-room, and smoke morosely over the defeat of your candidate. Thus the stock of love with which you began housekeeping dwindles, has not vitality enough to stand the wear and tear of petty annoyances, grows attenuated with the constant attrition of daily life, unless friendship has been beforehand converting every shortcoming into a stepping-stone toward its own fulfillment; unless, in brief, our lovers are married friends, like Roderick, who married his faithful clerk, and whose friendship was tried after this manner by a countryman, who, coming into his store one morning, asked, "Where is that old woman I used to trade with here? Sick, eh?"

"She is married," said Roderick.

"Married!" cried the countryman, aghast. "Why, she had nary a tooth nor a hair to her head; she was as yellar and wrinkled as cream itself; why, the scarecrow in my corn field was a beauty to her! Heaven save us! who could have married her?"

"I did," said Roderick, stoutly.

"You!" as if Roderick had stabbed him. "But for all, she had a voice that went to the marrow, she did! I see: if they don't have one thing, they mostly has another;" with which tribute to feminine fascination he disappeared.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Porches.

MY DEAR MARK,—I was lately taking my daily walk in the afternoon, and was crossing a park, or common, as it would have been formerly called, when I observed a large, ugly, white building, which might have been a factory, or barracks for soldiers, or a store-house, but which was chiefly remarkable for its want of every thing that makes a building impressive. The walls were of a dingy white color, and the windows were apparently opened at random. I saw, however, that I had come upon the back of the building, although it could not be concealed, and I wished that the city were rich enough or sufficiently well disposed to remove so ugly a blot from a public ground. But as I passed it, and emerged upon the square in front, I turned, and behold! the building which had seemed, as I saw it from the rear, a mere formless pile of discolored plaster punctured with windows, fronted the square with all the air of a Grecian temple, with columns and pediments and wings; and I presently discovered that it was considered one of the most beautiful buildings in the city.

As I stood looking at it I laughed immoderately. Indeed, I was afraid that I should be thought maudlin or crazy by the passers-by, so unrestrained was my laughter. And as I wiped my eyes I was accosted by a friend, whose face seemed ready to smile or weep according as he should find me to be sane or mad, and who asked, with evident concern, "My dear Bachelor, what is the matter?" I looked at him and at the Grecian portico before me, and again I laughed without restraint. The truth is, that as I saw the fine front of the building, the squalor of which I had seen from behind, I recalled a certain gentleman of great dignity whom I knew in my youth, and for whom, in common with all the boys of my age and very many older people, I had acquired profound respect. Indeed, as I never hear the song o' General Boum without recalling him, I always think of him by that name. He had been to Congress, and, as a boy, I could never understand why he was not President. For he looked as I supposed Presidents to look.

His face was large and very solemn, and his hair was always brushed in what I may call an impressive manner over his forehead and about his ears. His mouth was drawn down at the ends, and his heavy brows hung over his eyes. But the most remarkable point in his appearance was his shirt frill. It was a huge ruffle that was always bulging and bursting out of his ample waistcoat, and which he was always gravely packing back with his hand, but with an air like that of admirals and other great sea-captains in their portraits, who hold truncheons or batons, and look at the spectator with lofty contempt for his impertinence in staring at them. Indeed, General Boum's shirt ruffle was one of the sights of the town. Children associated it with their native place as they did the meeting-house steeple, or the post-office. It imparted dignity to every assembly without any assistance from the general, who, indeed, had an air of discharging his duty to society, and of being a benefactor to the species, solely by presenting that imposing ruffle upon all occasions. It was, in truth, an epitome of his dignity. It was as impossible to conceive the general without his ruffle as Louis the Fourteenth without his wig.

But I do not remember that the general ever said or did any thing worth remembering. I never knew him to be charitable or generous, to befriend the forlorn, to cheer the timid, to reprove the rich and prosperous rascal. That shirt frill was a receipt in full of all human obligations. If we youngsters failed in our manners, we quailed under the reproof of the question, "What do you think General Boum would say of such behavior?" Heaven only knows what he would have said, inasmuch as he never said any thing. I mean nothing which was of significance; for he had vocal organs which he used in concert with the frill. His voice seemed to proceed from behind that prodigious ruffle, and to partake its grandeur and dignity. And when he entered a room, preceded by the frill, and, bowing solemnly to the hostess, said, in awful tones and with preternatural gravity, "Madam, I have the honor to hope that you are very well," it seemed as if Wisdom herself, ambushed behind the frill, had spoken, and the feeling was irresistible that this must be a very great and undoubtedly a very good man.

But really there was nothing behind the ruffle. General Boum had what is called deportment, and nothing more. He moved through a room bowing with prodigious gravity, packing away the ruffle with impressive deliberation—the cambric plumage of his vast pigeon breast—and saying, "How do you do this evening?" and "What a crowd!" and "Good-evening, Sir," and that was all. Indeed, he could not say more, for he had no more to say. He was ignorant and prejudiced and narrow. He had no thoughts and no opinions; and reasoning upon general principles, I have had my own views since those days of the actual state of things under that tremendous ruffle. So as I emerged upon the Grecian front of the building of which I had seen all the shabbiness and tastelessness behind, I could not but feel that it stood upon the public square saying to every body who passed, as General Boum with his frill said in the drawing-room, "I have the honor to hope that you are very well."

The building is no more Greek than your father's barn in the country. It is literally only an entrance, only a façade. It opens into nothing but a few public rooms, shapeless and ill ventilated. It is all pine and plaster and paint and sham and pretense. It is just as pitiful for a city to erect such a foolish falsehood as it would be for the citizens to wear glass for diamonds. Indeed, is not such a building a forgery—as General Boum was the forgery of dignity and real impressiveness? And as I resumed my walk I could not help asking myself how much in every department of life that seems to us fine and imposing is merely an entrance, a

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shirt frill, a façade, a portico, with nothing behind it but shabby plaster and dark corners.

There is Smilax, for instance, who has set his heart upon what is called success in public life. I went to see him the other morning to ask him to join in a little charity. He came into the room like a lover to meet his mistress. He greeted me with ardor, and held my hand caressingly with both his own, while his face beamed with eager interest as I told my story. He begged me to sit down, and interrupted my tale to declare how happy he was to see me. And when I had stated the case, he said, with the same air of ardor, as if he would treat of that as soon as he had disposed of subjects of more pressing and commanding interest, "Yes, but how young and fresh you look! You have found the fountain, dear Mr. Bachelor; and how are your dear nieces? What beautiful women they are, to be sure!" And so he bubbled and gurgled, and when I interposed to recall him to my object, he began again, "Yes, how very interesting! What a touching eloquence you have! Ah, my dear Sir, nature intended you for even more, or, I should more truly say, for even different triumphs from those you have won." I could come no nearer. He maintained the same air of eager interest. But there was nothing more. Smilax, too, is all shirt frill and Grecian colonnade and imposing entrance. There is nothing behind.

I go into a great library, and, looking around, I see many absurd buildings like that I saw in my walk. For on those shelves are books that are all shirt frill, which seem to announce something at every page, to be about to open into wisdom at every paragraph. But at the end there is nothing. You have only heard through the whole General Boum saying all the evening, in a deep voice, "I have the honor to hope that you are very well." And still sadder, and in no sense amusing, is the porch of so many lives—a youth which seems to open into a rich and beneficent manhood, but which ends in total tragedy.

You remember, my dear Mark, that it is the glory of the Parthenon, the greatest of Greek temples, not only that every part is marble, but that the details are as exquisitely wrought where they can not be seen as where they are most conspicuous. I observed the same fact—I think that I have told you or some one of my young friends—in the cathedral at Milan. The points which only the chance eye will see are as full of conscience in the detail as those which all eyes can not avoid seeing. Does it seem strange to you, strange and hard, for the artist to carve with laborious skill the delicate tracery which few human eyes shall ever see, and which may never be applauded? Yet every day the sun sees it, if we do not, and every night the stars behold that beauty. Men come and go, but over the great cathedral the heaven forever bends. Those artists wrought for God, who sees always—not for men, who see sometimes. Their art was their religion. Their genius was full of conscience. Their work was the child of their souls, and they could no more slight it, and sacrifice one part to another—making an entrance only, or a colonnade, or a porch, leaving the rest crude and shabby and unwrought—than they could have been willing that their children in the flesh should have been born with a face only and no limbs. When a babe is born, and the physician says, "It is a whole child," have you never felt the profound significance of the phrase?

Our lives, my dear boy, must, then, be whole temples, or none—that is to say, they must be uniform and in the same key. We are not to be satisfied with a fine shirt frill if our linen is soiled or torn, nor with an ardent and gushing manner if there is no responsive heart behind, nor with solemn deportment if there be nothing else. If, instead of spending their money to build a counterfeit Greek façade to a shapeless pile of rubble, the town had spared the columns and the pediments and the pretense, and had erected a plain, comely house, graceful from every point, and neat in all its neighborhood, it would have produced a wholesome and satisfactory effect. But if the town can not do it, we can, dear Mark; and if the corporation can not tear down the false portico, we can refuse to build one before our houses, or before our hearts. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PLAIN-BASQUE SUIT.

THE suit illustrated on our first page, and of which a cut paper pattern will be furnished, is a model for street costumes for early spring wear, when mantles are dispensed with, and is also appropriate for the house. The basque is extremely graceful, yet very simple. The lower part of the front curves upward toward the sides, and the back has some postilion pleats to give it sufficient fullness over the tournure. The front buttons close to the throat, the shoulder seams are short, the darts are taken deep and low, and the back has gracefully curved side forms. The trimming may be arranged to outline a vest, or else in either of the ways shown in the illustrations. The sleeve is the stylish duchesse shape, a simple coat sleeve with the outer seam rounded open above the wrist. Square linen cuffs may be worn inside this sleeve, but it is handsomer with pleated white muslin or lace, or a doubled tulle ruffle basted inside around the wrist and up both sides of the opening.

The over-skirt is plain, long, and simple. It is always of the material and color of the basque, while the lower skirt may be of another fabric, usually silk, and is sometimes a darker shade of color. When the entire suit is of one material the over-skirt is often simply hemmed without other trimming. This looks very well on rich woolen goods, and on handsome black silks.

There is a fancy for trimming the back and front of dress skirts differently. For instance, the three front breadths have deep kilt pleating, the top of which is hidden by the apron front of the over-skirt, while the back breadths have from four to six narrow, bias, overlapping ruffles, with the lower edge bound and the upper very fully gathered. Clusters of kilt pleating with lengthwise straps of velvet between are also very stylish trimmings.

The plain-basque suit is a good model for spring cashmeres, either black, pale gray, or cuir-color, over silk skirts of corresponding color. The entire costume would be handsome in black silk, or silk with hair-line stripes, for the present and the approaching season. It is also simple enough for the serviceable black alpacas, that require to be plainly made to be in good taste. These look best trimmed with pleated ruffles and bands of the same, with fringe on the over-skirt and basque.

SPRING SUITS.

Street suits made in Berlin are the first importations for spring. The fabrics are pongees of *printemps* (spring) gray, and lavender shades, soft flexible woolen stuffs in narrow stripes of fawn-color or gray with white, and a new wiry pongee mixture of linen and wool in pale nankeen and darker buff tints. The suit consists of skirt, over-skirt, waist, and double cape, or else a skirt and polonaise with talma cape.

CAPES.

Capes will be the fashionable wrap. The prettiest is the double cape, or sleeveless sacque with a round cape. This is similar to the garment worn at present, but is shorter, and is improved by slashing the back and side seams of the sacque to make room for a full tournure. The cape falls half-way between the elbow and wrist, and is a round talma with short darts on the shoulders and a seam down the middle of the back, which is left open below about one-third its length. Watteau folds are also on many capes, especially those with polonaises, while others have the nun's collar, broad, square, and deep.

These capes and mantles are not only made of the material of suits, but also of pale gray and cuir-colored cloth of light and fine quality, embroidered in peculiar new designs resembling braiding, and edged with narrow cord fringe instead of the thick bullion fringe used this winter. Bias bands of silk with a passementerie cord on each edge are stitched on by five or six rows of machine-work. These light colored mantles will be handsome with black silk or alpaca suits. A few paletots are also imported.

CORSAGES.

The corsage is made in such a way that it will fit, or can easily be made to fit, almost any lady. It is lined with soft white muslin, has two darts (without whalebones) that shape the front snugly, while the broad back has no side body or seam down the middle. This waist is long enough to extend over the hips beneath the belt and dress skirt. The shoulder seams are high and short, the front buttons closely to the throat, and the neck is finished by a bias standing band. Vests of cross-barred and striped stuffs are in waists of solid color, and basques with vests are made precisely like our vest-basque suit. Sleeves are easy coat shape, with broad, square cuffs.

THE WATTEAU POSTILION.

A belt of four overlapping folds, or else a single bias band, accompanies the waist, and there are various attachments at the back of belts, not imitating sashes, but simulating postilion basques. The newest of these is the Watteau postilion—a square of the dress goods trimmed on three sides, while the upper side is attached to the belt in a broad double box-pleat or Watteau fold. A tape beneath in the middle of the pleat catches it up slightly toward the belt. This looks especially pretty below a cape with Watteau fold. Other postilions are fan-shaped; some are in kilt-pleated squares; and another design is two long ends, rounded and puffed below a bow.

UPPER SKIRTS.

Upper skirts do not yet show much change in shape. They are still long, with apron fronts, are draped high on the sides, and hang straight behind. They are fuller than formerly, having two straight back breadths, two broad side gores, and a wide apron front slightly sloped on the sides. The first side gore is made very long, and is sewed with many gathers to the second side seam, which is shorter. Other over-skirts are round, without any drapery, and are trimmed up the side gores with buttons and bias bands; and still others have buttons on the side fastening in loops above to shorten the skirt on the hips. Some house dresses have the front widths trimmed *en tablier*, and an over-skirt only on the back breadths.

POLONAISES WITH CAPES.

The polonaises are of medium length and simple shape. There are darts in front, the fullness of the skirt behind is held to the waist in great box-pleats, and the belt has a postilion attached. A single talma cape belongs to these, or else a mantle that has a double cape behind and resembles a vest in front.

LOWER SKIRTS AND KILTING.

Lower skirts are not changed. They are no longer bound with braid, but most fabrics are faced to the knee with a coarse, strong, but thin, white muslin, and a three-inch bias facing of the dress material is placed around the edge of the skirt. A single wide flounce, gathered, headed by narrow standing ruffles or bias bands, is the trimming most often seen, but the most stylish skirts have kilt pleating three-fourths of a yard deep around them. The goods for this kilting is cut crosswise, with selvedges sewed together; the pleats are rather scant, but are pressed flatly. The top of the pleating is stitched on the skirt high enough to be concealed by the over-skirt, and thence the kilt hangs separate from the skirt, as other flounces do. A half-inch hem finishes the bottom, and about two fingers above the lower edge a tape is tacked beneath the pleats to hold them in position.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; and VIRFOLET; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.

PERSONAL.

THE late General HALLECK, whose remains have found their final resting-place in Greenwood Cemetery, was probably the wealthiest man in the army, his income having been about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum.

—M. KOSSUTH, having had gout, went into a cave in Tuscany for cure. It did the business. He believes that there is some electro-magnetic influence in the hole, or words to that effect.

—The Rev. ROBERT COLLYER, of Chicago, has declined an offer of $10,000 a year to become pastor of the society which Mr. HEPWORTH has just left. Nothing can induce him to leave Chicago and the warm-hearted friends there to whom he is so deeply attached.

—He was a very old man, was HARVEY THACKER, who died recently in California, at the ripe age of one hundred and twenty-eight years. He was a son-in-law of DANIEL BOONE, and the books tell us that good old DANIEL died just fifty years ago at the creditable figure of eighty-five. Mr. THACKER is supposed to have been the oldest man in America, if not in the world. Whether he fought in the Revolutionary war or not is not stated, but he was thirty-three years old when the war broke out.

—Dr. HOLMES and the rest of the boys who graduated from Harvard forty-two years ago have just had their annual dinner. The class is one of the most brilliant in the college history, including, among other good boys, Judge BENJAMIN RAND CURTIS, Professor BENJAMIN PIERCE, Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE, Rev. W. H. CHANNING, and Hon. WILLIAM GRAY.

—THACKERAY'S daughter, though she still preserves her maiden name in literature, is the wife of LESLIE STEPHENS, editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—When a great man gets a great and good wife, it is a great thing. It was an event of large dimensions when Mr. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, President of the British Board of Trade, and prospective Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, married FRANCES, Countess WALDEGRAVE; and he may justly attribute his eminence in English politics and society to the social powers of that lady, who is one of the most brilliant, hospitable, and indefatigable leaders of the aristocratic circles of London. Of humble origin, Lady WALDEGRAVE has reached a pinnacle craved by the most nobly born and anciently descended dames of England, by qualities admirably adapted to please fashionable society, and by arts subtile in their influence over the coterie of nobles and statesmen who cluster about the throne. Her second husband, Earl WALDEGRAVE, left her in the possession of a high-sounding title and an ample fortune, and these she has ably used to acquire the great social and even political power which all acknowledge she possesses. But it is by her own social graces, by a remarkable talent of conversation, by the possession of what may be called the fringery of learning, and by a lavish and courtly hospitality, that she has chiefly won a social prominence such as few descendants even of the PLANTAGENETS acquire. She is a modern type of those women who, like the Princess LIEVEN during the regency of "Gentleman GEORGE," Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU under GEORGE II., and Madame DE STAËL in the days of the French Directory, used to reach the springs of European politics by social channels; and although her influence can not be compared with theirs—for these are days of popular authority, and courts and the courtly have been shorn of much of their former power—she is endowed with an indirect influence by no means despicable even in politics. She is essentially a public personage, and her comings and goings, her *fêtes champêtres* and hunting parties, are as accurately chronicled in the *Court Circular* as are the movements of the Queen herself.

—Dr. CHRISTOPHER GRAHAM, one of the oldest and most esteemed citizens of Kentucky, has just given to the public library of that State his collection of minerals, fossils, and geological specimens, valued at $30,000, the work of fifty years. Dr. GRAHAM is a living history of Kentucky, and carries in one of the most remarkable of memories all the important events that have occurred in the State for three-quarters of a century. He knows all the Indian legends, and all the stories of early sufferings among the first settlers, as well as all that has transpired among the generations which have followed and come down to our own times. He is one of the few links now left in the long chain that binds the present generation to the first settlers of Kentucky, and we hope that many years may yet be spared him to enjoy the high esteem in which he is held by the citizens. Few men in Kentucky have struggled with greater difficulties and yet accomplished more than Dr. GRAHAM. He made with his own hands the money which kept him up while studying medicine with Dr. DUDLEY, and which paid his way through college, where he graduated with high honors. He is probably better known to Kentuckians as the proprietor of the old Harrodsburg Springs than in any other character. He may be said to have created those springs, and certainly he gave them their world-wide reputation. It was when he was keeper of these springs that he became known as the finest rifle-shot in the world. He yet has the old Kentucky rifle with which his wonderful shooting was done. He calls it Blücher, and there is no money that could buy it. In his young days no game in the forest that met his eagle eye could escape his rifle, and as for target-shooting, he was never known to fail in telling beforehand where his ball would hit. He is now in his eighty-fifth year, but stands as straight as a Mohawk chief, and walks like a man of thirty.

—Mr. JOHN G. SAXE has so far forgotten all the goodly teachings of his youth as to permit himself to be talked about as being liable for the following paraphrase from MARTIAL:

"Your nose and your eyes your father gave, you say;
Your mouth your grandsire; and your mother meek
Your fine expression: tell me now, I pray,
Where, in the name of Heaven, you got your *cheek*?"

—FRANCIS P. BLAIR, Sen., and his wife occasionally walk out together in Washington, and always attract attention. He is eighty-one, she a few years younger. They walk with the aid of tall canes about five feet in height, surmounted with brass knobs, going very slowly. Mr. B. is rather feeble, Mrs. B. quite well.

—The London papers are enthusiastic over ARABELLA GODDARD'S style of managing the piano-forte. The musical critic of the *Times* thus describes her performance of SCHUBERT'S sonata-fantasia in G, at the Monday Popular Concert:

"Madame GODDARD'S playing of SCHUBERT'S beautiful sonata was anticipated by all competent to judge of so good a thing as a great treat. Our countrywoman has a sort of prescriptive right in the work, owing to the fact that it is one of the host of great compositions she has introduced to the English public, and still more to the fact that no pianist can rival her interpretation of it. Madame GODDARD knows the sonata to its minutest thought, and her manner of playing—always so unaffected and so rigidly truthful—serves to bring out every shade of meaning. Thus it was on Monday night, even with the final movement, in which even a great pianist might be excused for looking more to his fingers than to the composer's ideas. But difficulties with Madame GODDARD never lead to distortion. A streamlet reflects the tangled thicket on its banks as faithfully as it does the solitary bulrush which rises from its waters. The fair artist was recalled by acclamation at the close of her task; as she was with Madame NERUDA, after MOZART'S duet sonata had charmed the entire audience. No success could be more complete than that obtained in either case."

And the *Orchestra* says, in reference to the same performance:

"SCHUBERT'S bright and fanciful sonata came out all the brighter for Madame GODDARD'S inimitable execution. Herein, as in the sonata-duo which followed, her playing passed beyond the verge of praise, and left only a theme for wonder. Madame NERUDA also was on her usual mettle, and assisted in the triumph of MOZART'S sonata."

—Sir CHARLES DILKE, who has recently undertaken the contract to extinguish the British monarchy, and do away entirely with the St. George and Dragon business, has just been getting married, and wants, therefore, to be happy all alone by himself. Sir CHARLES, who is a good sort of young man, keeps a paper—the *Athenæum*—and has a good thing of that as a certainty. But he doesn't bother about its details, leaving that sort of bore to his hired men.

—Mr. A. L. HALIBURTON, a son of "Sam Slick," has been appointed to an important office in the English War-office—that of Assistant Director of Supplies and Transports.

—CELIA LOGAN KELLOGG, one of the LOGAN sisters, does much work on Mr. PIATT'S Washington paper. She was a clerk in the Treasury, and Mr. P., seeing what a treasure she was, induced her to become an editress.

—George Sand is again ill. She is now sixty-eight. She gets up at sundown, and goes to bed at sunrise. Her principal nourishment is coffee, which kept VOLTAIRE alive till eighty-four.

—Among the cleverest of those who lend interest and talent to the publications of HARPER & BROTHERS is Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY; and this is what he writes to our bright contemporary, the *Evening Mail*, of three notable men in English public affairs: "First is a man of some fifty-seven or fifty-eight, of bulky figure, bare head, broad massive forehead, and firm mouth, with somewhat thick lips, around which is an expression oddly blended of humor, decision, and sweetness; a quick, restless eye, glancing hither and thither; a round chin, and white hair. This personage is dressed very plainly in a rather shabby overcoat, a neck-tie of careless antiquity, and perhaps a pair of cotton gloves. Listen to the burst of cheering which will break out from every part of the House when this figure is seen to cross the threshold! Not least cordial will be the applause and the welcome from those Tory leaders who so often yelled in anger at him—and yelled then again at the tremendous vigor of his calm, conquering retorts. For this man, of course, is JOHN BRIGHT, rescued from the jaws of death to take his old place among his old friends and foes, now alike eager to welcome him. The second individual, who will be looked at with interest and curiosity, is a yet bigger, burlier, and more ungainly person—a man of rolling gait and loose figure, careless of dress and appearance; a man with a face like that of a negro suddenly blanched, with a mass of snowy hair, and beaming eyes that look like those of ROBERT BURNS. This is ISAAC BUTT, the whilom Tory, now champion of Home Rule in Ireland, and advocate-general of all Fenian prisoners. The third is a much younger man, probably the youngest member of the House of Commons. He is tall and somewhat stiff, with square forehead and well-set jaw, suggestive of strong and obstinate resolve. He is rather handsome, but a good deal stolid—in expression, I mean—and with a certain formal and heavy way about him which tells of dogmatism and dissent. He is well dressed, and is conscious of being an object of curiosity. I suppose I need hardly add his name. You know already that this is the republican baronet, Sir CHARLES DILKE. Very little of welcoming applause from the House will greet *him*, you may be sure."

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Fig. 2.—GILT WOOD FAN WITH BLACK SATIN COVER.

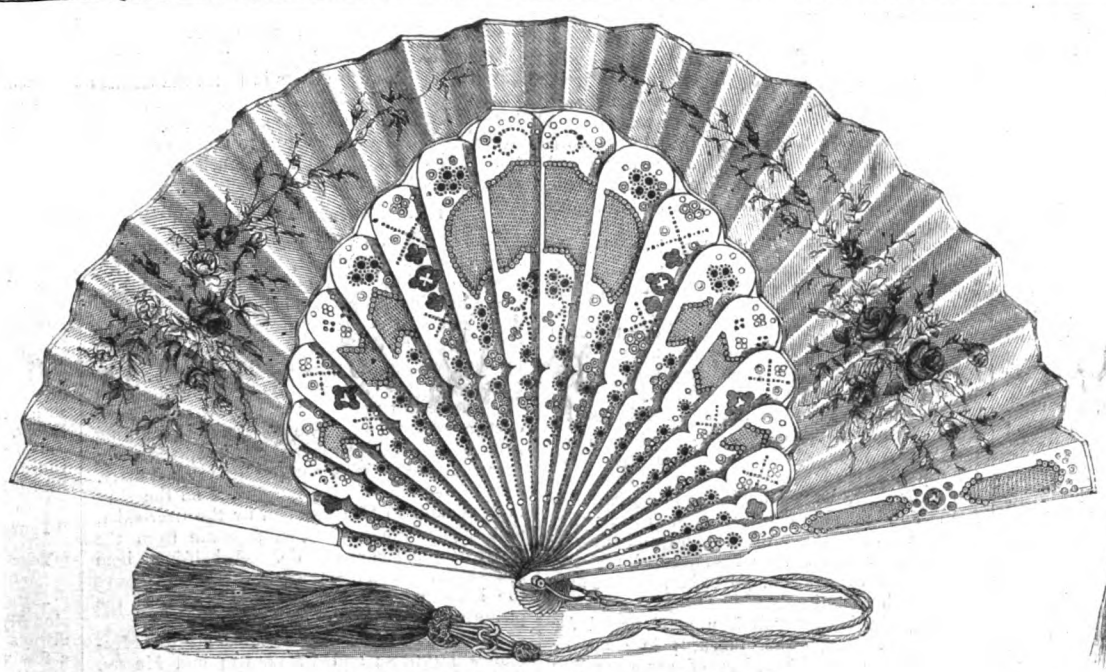


Fig. 1.—IVORY FAN WITH EMBROIDERED COVER.

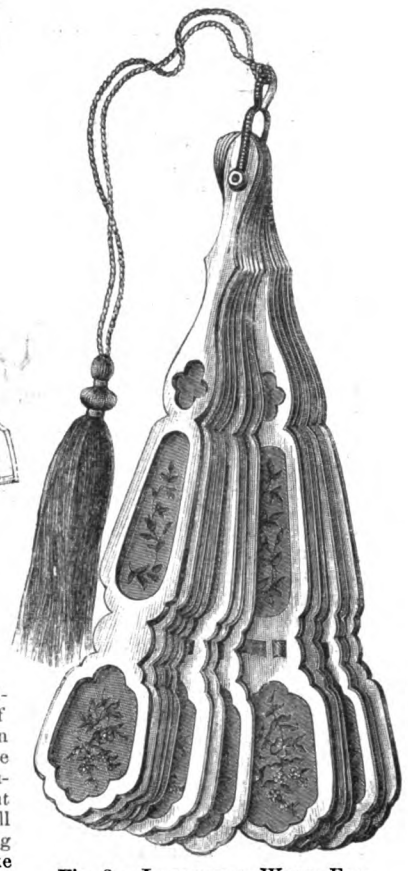


Fig. 3.—LACQUERED WOOD FAN WITH EMBROIDERED MEDALLIONS.

Fans and Jet Jewelry, Figs. 1-13.

THESE illustrations show several fans, a fan-holder, and different kinds of jet jewelry.

Fig. 1.—IVORY FAN WITH EMBROIDERED COVER. The sticks of this fan are of open-work carved ivory; the cover consists of double white gros grain, one layer of which is ornamented in satin stitch embroidery with white saddler's silk. The upper edge of the cover is bound with gros grain. White silk cord and tassel.

Fig. 2.—GILT WOOD FAN WITH BLACK SATIN COVER. Gold spangles are sewed on the cover of the fan. Cord and tassel of black silk and gold thread.

Fig. 3.—LACQUERED WOOD FAN WITH EMBROIDERED MEDALLIONS. This fan has double sticks of lacquered wood carved as shown by the illustration; between the sticks is set a double piece of brown silk, the upper layer of which is ornamented in satin stitch embroidery with brown silk and gold thread. Brown silk and gold cord and tassel.

Fig. 4.—FAN-HOLDER OF THREE MEDALLIONS, made of open-work pieces of gilt bronze; the separate pieces are joined by hinges of the same metal, and are ornamented with black and white enamel.

Figs. 5 and 6.—FRENCH AND WHITBY JET EAR-RINGS. (The brooches to match the ear-rings are of the same materials, and are similar to the ear-rings in shape and design.)

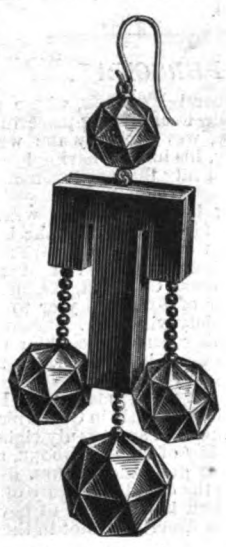


Fig. 5.—FRENCH AND WHITBY JET EAR-RING.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 6.—FRENCH AND WHITBY JET EAR-RING.—FULL SIZE.



Fig. 4.—GILT BRONZE AND ENAMELED FAN-HOLDER. ⅔ OF FULL SIZE.



Fig. 8.—JET BEAD HAIR ORNAMENT.—[See Figs. 9 and 12 on Page 141.]

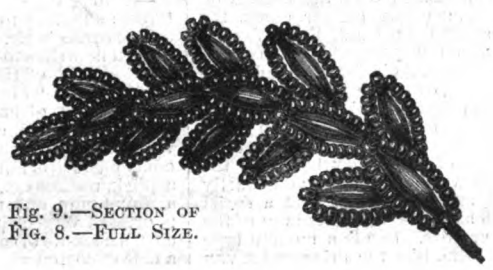


Fig. 9.—SECTION OF FIG. 8.—FULL SIZE.

Fig. 7.—FRENCH AND WHITBY JET NECKLACE.

Fig. 7. —JET NECKLACE. The cut plates of French jet are joined by fine oval rings of Whitby jet. The star-shaped figure on the centre piece and the ornaments on the pear-shaped grelots are of Whitby jet on a French jet foundation.

Figs. 8-13.—JET BEAD HAIR ORNAMENTS. These ornaments can be made with little trouble. To make the ornament shown by Fig. 8, a full-sized section of which is given in Fig. 9, use fine wire, black bugles of different sizes, and small black string beads. First take up one string bead on a piece of wire two inches and a half long, push the bead to the middle of the wire, double the latter in the middle, take up one bugle on the double wire, and wind the ends of the wire about each other below the bugle. Then take a second piece of wire two inches and a half long, slip it through the string bead at the point of the bugle, so that both ends project evenly, take up on each end of the wire as many string beads as are required to suit the size of the bugle, and fasten the ends of the wire on the first piece of wire. Sew the separate leaflets thus formed on a piece of wire covered with silk, as shown by Fig. 8. A round cut jet plate and a half rosette form the middle of the ornament. Instead of this, the rosette shown by Fig. 12, page 141, may be used; this rosette is worked on a foundation of black stiff lace. The ornament shown by Fig. 10 is made of jet plates of different sizes, which are sewed on a stiff lace handle covered with silk. In the middle of the ornament are sprays and a rosette of black bugles and string beads. Fig. 11 shows such a spray, and Fig. 13 the rosette in full size.

Border for trimming Ball Dresses, Talmas, etc.

THIS border is especially adapted for trimming ball and evening dresses, opera cloaks, jackets, mantelets, etc. Work the embroidery with floss silk of different colors in satin, half-polka, and knotted stitch on double stiff lace, coat it on the under side with liquid gum, and, as soon as the latter is dry, cut out the embroidery along the edges, and sew it on the garment. If the material to be trimmed is of a light color, the stiff lace should be white; if the material be dark, the stiff lace must be black.

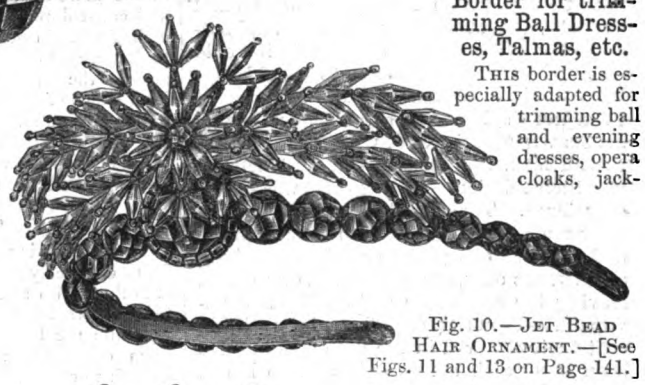


Fig. 10.—JET BEAD HAIR ORNAMENT.—[See Figs. 11 and 13 on Page 141.]



Fig. 11.—SPRAY OF FIG. 10. FULL SIZE.



BORDER FOR BALL DRESSES, TALMAS, PALETOTS, ETC.—SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

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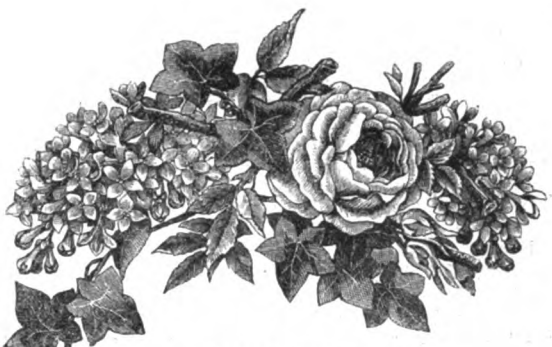


Fig. 1.—BALL COIFFURE OF ROSES AND LILACS.



EMBROIDERED CRÊPE DE CHINE SCARF.



Fig. 2.—BALL COIFFURE OF ROSES AND IVY.

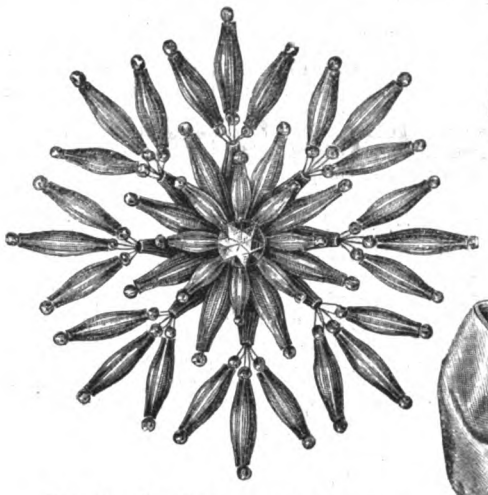


Fig. 13.—JET ROSETTE FOR HAIR ORNAMENT.—[See Fig. 10, Page 140.]



Fig. 3.—ALSATIAN COIFFURE OF RIBBON AND FLOWERS.

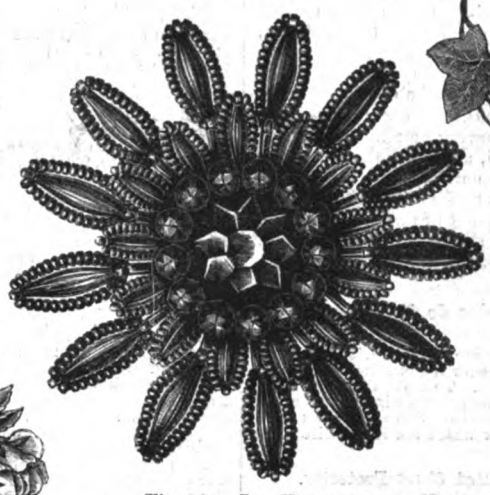


Fig. 12.—JET ROSETTE FOR HAIR ORNAMENT.—[See Fig. 8, Page 140.]



LADY'S KNITTED GIRDLE.

Ball and Evening Coiffures, Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1.—BALL COIFFURE OF ROSES AND LILACS. This coiffure consists of a cluster formed of a light pink rose with buds, a bunch of lilac blossoms, and rose and ivy leaves in two shades of green, to which is attached a trailing spray of similar leaves, rose-buds, and a small cluster of lilacs.

Fig. 2.—BALL COIFFURE OF ROSES AND IVY. This coiffure is formed of a wreath of large and small ivy leaves, elder berries, and rose-buds, on which is set a full-blown crimson moss rose with buds, several tufts of berries, and a trailing spray of ivy leaves.

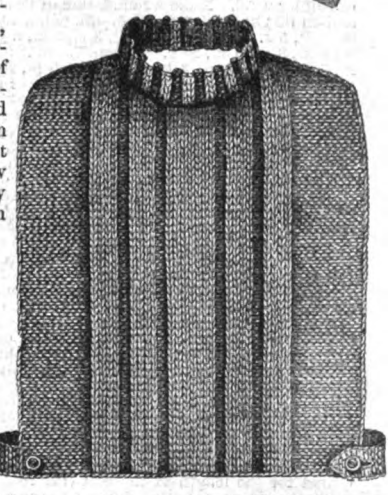
Fig. 3.—ALSATIAN COIFFURE OF RIBBON AND FLOWERS. This coiffure, which resembles that of the Alsatian peasants, consists of a piece of light blue gros grain ribbon thirty-eight inches long and seven inches and a quarter wide, which is arranged in the middle in two loops each five inches and a half long, and held together by a pleated knot. The fringed ends of the ribbon are slightly twisted, and tied in a knot at a distance of twelve inches from the bow. A spray of tea-roses, arranged as shown by the illustration, completes this pretty head-dress.



LADY'S KNITTED AND CROCHET HOUSE SHOE.



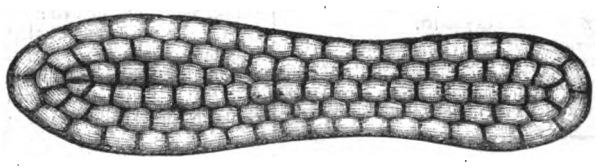
LADY'S KNITTED AND CROCHET OVERSHOE.



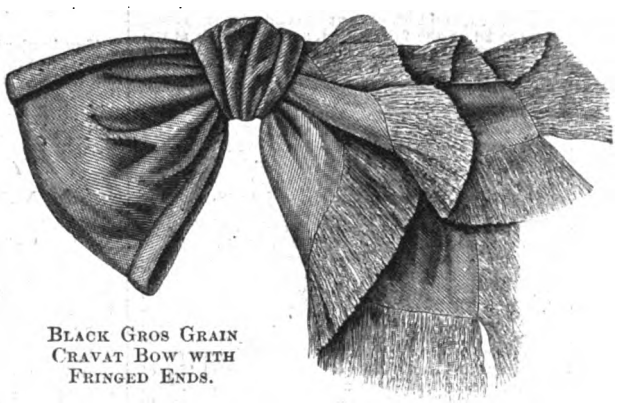
GENTLEMAN'S KNITTED CHEST PROTECTOR.



LILAC VELVET AND SATIN CRAVAT BOW.



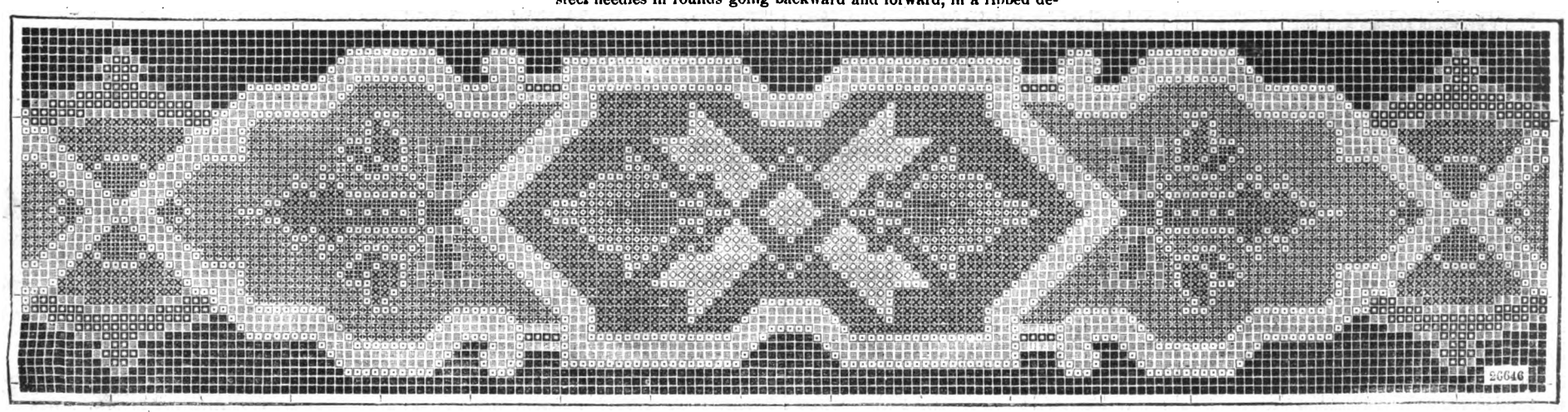
FLANNEL SOLE FOR HOUSE SHOE.



BLACK GROS GRAIN CRAVAT BOW WITH FRINGED ENDS.

Lady's Knitted Girdle.

THIS girdle is knit with red zephyr worsted and medium-sized steel needles in rounds going backward and forward, in a ribbed design of always alternately 2 k. (stitch knit plain), 2 p. (stitch purled). Begin on the upper edge of the girdle with a foundation of 26 st. (stitch), and on this knit in the design referred to. In the first 25 rounds cast on 4 new st. at the end of every round, so that on each side of the knitted part 25 new ribs are formed (each rib counts 2 st.). At the end of the 26th and 27th rounds cast on 30 new st. each; after this the knitted part must count 93 ribs altogether. In the middle of the 36th round narrow 2 st., knitting off together as 1 st. the 2 st. of each of the two middle ribs knit plain; in the 42d round narrow 2 st., knitting off together



TAPESTRY BORDER FOR RUGS, CHAIRS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Reddish-Brown; ✕ Red; ■ Black; ⊡ Blue; ⊞ Dark Green; ⊡ Light Green; ⊡ 1st (darkest), ⊡ 2d, ⊡ 3d, Fawn (the last silk).

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1 st. each of the middle rib which appears purled with the next st. that appears knit plain. In the 48th and 55th rounds, however, widen 2 st. in the same direction in which the narrowing has been done; to do this work in the 48th round 2 p. on the vein of the stitch between the 2 p. of the middle rib; in the 55th round work 2 st. each on the 2 p. of the middle rib, 1 p., 1 k. on the first st., and 1 k., 1 p. on the next st. Besides this, widen 2 st. in the middle of every 23d rib (counting from the middle) in the 45th round; in this manner two gores are commenced, which are continued to the under edge of the girdle. In the course of the work widen 2 st. each in every sixth round on both sides of the knitted part, thus for every gore 1 st. each on both sides of the 2 st. last widened. In doing this, continue the ribbed design evenly. Widen and narrow several st. on both side edges of the knitted part; at the end of the 27th, 28th, 37th, 38th, 47th, 48th, 57th, and 58th rounds narrow 1 st. each, and widen 1 st. each at the end of the 114th, 115th, 119th, 120th, 124th, 125th, 129th, and 130th rounds. After finishing the 134th round, knit 42 rounds more, in doing which cast off 32 st. each at the beginning of the 135th and 136th rounds, and 4 st. each at the beginning of every following round. In the middle of the 148th round, and from there in every sixth following round, narrow 2 st. each in such a manner that the five middle ribs of the knitted part are worked to a point of one rib. Finally, cast off the remaining stitches of the last round, and sew the side edges of the knitted part together.

Embroidered Crêpe de Chine Scarf.

See illustration on page 141.

THE ends of this scarf are trimmed with black lace two inches wide; into which red silk fringe two inches and a half wide is knotted. To make the scarf, a bias strip thirty-eight inches long and six inches and a half wide is required; the ends of this strip are cut in points and braided, after which the lengthwise sides are sewed together.

Gentleman's Knitted Chest Protector.

See illustration on page 141.

THIS chest protector is knit of white knitting wool, on coarse steel knitting-needles, in rounds, going backward and forward, and is furnished with a lining knit of similar wool. Make a foundation of 82 st. (stitch), and on this knit the 1st round.—Sl. (slip), 19 p. (stitch purled), 5 k. (stitch knit plain), 3 p., 5 k., 3 p., 10 k., 3 p., 5 k., 3 p., 5 k., 20 p. 2d round.—Sl., 19 k., 5 p., 3 k., 5 p., 3 k., 10 p., 3 k., 5 p., 3 k., 5 p., 20 k. Like these two rounds work 128 rounds more. In the 126th round cast off the middle 10 st. for the neck, and then knit 32 rounds more with the st. on both sides. On the side where the slope for the neck is formed narrow in the 2d and 4th of these rounds 2 st. each, and in the 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, and 22d rounds 1 st. each. On the other (the outer) side of the shoulder narrow in the 19th, 21st, and 23d rounds 3 st. each, in the 25th round 4 st., and in the 27th and 29th rounds 5 st. each, then cast off. Knit the lining all plain to suit the shape of the completed part. Overhand these two knitted parts together on the outer edge, excepting the neck. On the latter take the st. of both parts on separate needles, first cast on 16 st., and in connection with these knit off the st. taken up on the needles, always alternately 2 k., 2 p.; it must be observed, however, that 1 st. of the outer part and 1 st. of the lining are always knit off together. In connection with the st. last knit off again cast on 16 st., and now knit 14 rounds, going backward and forward, in ribbed design as before. Then cast off, and on the ends of the binding for the neck set a button and button-loop for closing. For the belt make a foundation of 12 st., and with these knit, going backward and forward, as many rounds as are required for the length of the belt (162 rounds in the original). Form a button-hole on the end, and work the belt in a point. Finally, sew the belt on the right under corner of the chest protector, and set on buttons as shown by the illustration.

Lady's Knitted and Crochet House Shoe.

See illustration on page 141.

THIS shoe is knitted with gray zephyr worsted, and with medium-sized steel needles, in the ordinary ribbed design (2 stitches knit plain, 2 stitches purled); the toe and the trimming on the upper edge are knitted and crocheted with black and white worsted. Begin the shoe on the front edge with a foundation of 34 st. (stitch), and on this knit, going backward and forward, 47 rounds in the manner above referred to. In doing this cast on 2 st. each at the end of every round from the 2d to the 27th round, and 1 st. each at the end of the 28th to the 47th round. Knit off these st. so that the ribbed design is continued without interruption. In the middle of the knitting, however (middle of front), *narrow*, knitting off in the 3d, 7th, 11th, 15th, 19th, 23d, 27th, 31st, 35th, 39th, 43d, and 47th rounds each of the two middle stitches knit plain (middle rib) together with the next side stitch; the first st. of the middle rib is knit off plain together with the preceding st., while the second st. of the middle rib is slipped, the following st. knit plain, and the slipped st. then drawn over. The middle rib is thus continued to the upper edge. In the 48th round cast on 78 new st. in connection with the last st., close the knitted part in a ring, and knit 74 rounds more as before (thus 122 rounds altogether). The narrowing in the middle is repeated in the 51st, 54th, 57th, 60th, 63d, 66th, 69th, 72d, 75th, 78th, 80th, 82d, 84th, 86th, 88th, 90th, 92d, 94th, 96th, 98th, 100th, 102d, 104th, and 106th rounds. In order to form the gore at each side knit off together in the 57th round (counting from the beginning) the 11th and 12th and the 67th and 68th of the newly cast on st. (each a rib knit plain) each with the next side stitch. This narrowing is repeated in the 63d, 68th, 74th, 80th, 86th, 92d, and 98th rounds; in doing this care should be taken that the middle rib of each gore, which appears knit plain, is continued to the upper edge. Narrow besides, in the middle of the back of the shoe, in the 72d, 78th, 84th, and 90th rounds twice each. Cast off after the 122d round. For the trimming on the upper edge make a foundation of 16 st. with white zephyr worsted, and on this work, going backward and forward, 1 round k. (knit plain), 1 round p. (purled), 1 round k., 1 round p., * then with black worsted 1 round p., 1 round k., 1 round p., 1 round k., with white worsted 2 rounds p., 1 round k., 1 round p. Repeat from *. After knitting 34 stripes altogether, cast off, join the ends of the knitted part, and crochet on the edge stitches on one side of the trimming strip first with black worsted one round of small scallops: always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the next st., 6 dc. (double crochet) on the second following st., after the 6th dc. pass over 1 st. Then crochet with white worsted a second row of scallops: 1st round.—Alternately 1 dc., 3 ch. (chain stitch); in working the dc. pass the needle through the *back* veins of the same st. in which the sc. and dc. of the preceding round have been crocheted, so that the black scallops lie on the dc. 2d round.—* On the next dc. work one scallop of 7 dc., on the following dc. work 1 sc. Repeat from *. Join the trimming piece on the free outer edge with the shoe, and fold it in a revers. For the toe piece on the point of the shoe make a foundation of 5 st. with black worsted, and on this knit 15 stripes in the manner of the trimming piece, cast on 1 st. each at the end of the 3d round of each of the first 13 stripes, leave 2 st. each unnoticed at the end of the 2d and 4th rounds of the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th stripes, and at the end of the 2d round of the 15th stripe; in the 4th round of the 15th stripe, and in the 2d and 4th rounds of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th stripes, knit off always two of the st. that have been left unnoticed, so that a gore is formed as shown by the illustration, and narrow besides in the 3d round of the 16th to 29th stripes to correspond with the widening. Border the knitted part on the upper edge with two rows of scallops, baste this part on the front edge of the shoe, and join both parts with a red flannel sole, the edges of which are folded on the under side three-tenths of an inch wide. Sew a sole of thick felt to the flannel sole (see illustration).

Knitted and Crochet Overshoe.

See illustration on page 141.

THIS shoe, which is designed to be drawn on over a ball or evening shoe, is knitted with coarse white worsted, and is ornamented with crochet fringe and chain stitch scallops, and with a cross stitch foundation of red Saxony wool. Work the shoe, always going forward, in one piece, with the sole like a stocking; the sole is worked so that it appears purled on the right side of the knitting. On a foundation of 88 st. (stitch) knit first 40 rounds, always alternately 2 k. (knit plain), 2 p. (purled), then 6 rounds all purled, and 14 rounds all knit plain. For the heel gather 43 st. on a needle, and with these knit 40 rounds, going backward and forward; then separate the middle 11 of the 43 st., and with them knit the cap of the heel, which appears purled on the right side, in a similar manner as for a stocking. Then take the edge stitches of the heel on the needle, and again knit, going forward as before; in doing which narrow seven times on both sides of the front 1 st. each after every two rounds. The st. of the sole are all purled from now on; on both sides of the sole narrow several times after finishing the cap, knitting off together the last two and the first two purled st. in the 2d, 5th, 9th, 14th, 19th, 27th, and 35th rounds. After the 43d round, however, begin to widen on both sides of the sole; to do this take up 1 st. from the next horizontal thread before the last, and after the first purled st. in the 43d, 48th, 53d, 58th, and 63d rounds. At the same time narrow several times on both sides of the sole in the front of the shoe, which is knit plain; to do this knit off together the first two st. after and the last two st. before the sole in the 45th, 56th, 67th, 78th, and 89th rounds. Finally, narrow on both sides of the sole in the 91st, 97th, 103d, 109th, 115th, and 120th rounds 1 st. each. Begin the point in the front, which is knit plain, in the 91st round, narrowing once after every 8 st. For the remainder work the point as in an ordinary stocking. Finally, knit off together every 2 st. of the front, and cast off the remaining st. together with the st. of the sole. Trim the shoe on the front and on the upper part of the heel, as shown by the illustration, with a cross stitch foundation of red worsted, and set on two rows of fringe of similar worsted. For the wider fringe crochet on a chain stitch foundation of the requisite length 1 round of dc. (double crochet), after each dc. 1 ch. (chain stitch), stretch the loop to a length of three-fifths of an inch, drop it from the needle, insert the latter in the front horizontal and the next vertical vein of the dc., throw the thread over once, and draw it through as a st. For the narrower fringe crochet 1 round of single crochet and loops like those of the wider fringe. The loops of the latter are cut open. Border the shoe on the upper edge with 2 rounds of crochet ch. scallops of red worsted; each scallop consists of 7 ch. and 1 single crochet.

Flannel Sole for House Shoes.

See illustration on page 141.

THIS sole is designed to be worn in shoes or boots to protect the feet from cold. It consists of a piece of flannel, which is bound all around with red worsted braid, and furnished on the upper surface with rolls of wadding as shown by the illustration; these rolls are button-hole stitched on the flannel with red split zephyr worsted. A thick strand of worsted threads may also be substituted for the soles, for which remnants of different worsteds can be used.

Lilac Velvet and Satin Cravat Bow.

See illustration on page 141.

THIS bow is made of bias strips of velvet an inch and three-quarters wide, lined with satin, which are pleated on one side, and sewed on a stiff lace foundation as shown by the illustration. The knots and ends are made of double satin; the ends, which are two inches and a half wide, are fringed out on the bottom to a depth of three inches and a quarter. Knot the fringe thus formed as shown by the illustration.

Black Gros Grain Cravat Bow with Fringed Ends.

See illustration on page 141.

FOR this bow cut a piece of gros grain eight inches and three-quarters square, fringe it out all around an inch and a quarter wide, fold it three-cornered, and cut it through along the fold. Fold both side corners of each part on the outside in such a manner that the fringed edges overlap each other. Lay each piece in close pleats on the upper edge, sew both pieces on a stiff lace foundation, and fasten on a loop and knot as shown by the illustration. The outer edges of the loop and knot are hemmed.

Tapestry Border for Rugs, Chairs, etc.

See illustration on page 141.

THIS border is worked in cross stitch on canvas, with zephyr or tapestry worsted, and is designed for trimming rugs, chairs, and for the edge trimming of curtains, portières, etc. When joined with plush strips it is suitable for back cushions, footstools, furniture covers, etc.

CROSS PURPOSES.

A VALENTINE STORY.

IT was certainly queer! Not that shy, pretty Mary should fancy her valentine from the doctor. With all her shyness, she had peeped at times from under the long lashes which veiled those sweet blue eyes of hers, and had made up her mind that he was "nice," which word means a great deal to a girl. She could think of no one from whom she should so *like* to have it come; so the wish was parent of the belief, as many of our wishes are, and *that* wasn't queer. But that Frank Aubrey, with his thirty years' experience of men and medicine, should fancy for one moment that Mary wrote his, was queer, decidedly. Though perhaps wishing had something to do with *that* too.

Truth is, that experience is thrown away on many people. The doctor was a learned man, after his fashion. He knew all sorts of hard names of diseases and bones and plants. He spoke German like a native, and read Greek plays for amusement. He even understood human nature pretty well—elderly human nature, that is, which wears false teeth and ruffled nightcaps, and "enjoys" poor health. He fathomed without difficulty Goody Coleman's wiles to introduce brandy as a primary element in her cure, and was clear-sighted enough as to want of occupation and *megrim* being Mrs. Pemberton's ailment, though she chose to style it disordered nerves. But when it came to young ladies, all this proficiency was at fault. Our doctor, so cool in the operating-room, so self-possessed in critical cases, so patient and playful with pauper patients and little children, was as ill at ease as a school-boy. He saw without seeing, heard without hearing; he could not pass a chair without knocking it down, or a train without stepping on it. All the girls agreed that it was a dreadful shame such a good-looking fellow, and not "*very* old either," should be so dull and awkward, and such a blunderer as to be worse than useless in society. All but Mary Bliss, that is. She, as I have before remarked, thought him "nice."

But why, on receiving this extraordinary valentine, did Dr. Aubrey's thoughts jump at once to this same Mary? Now don't expect me to answer the question. How is any finite mind to grasp the thousand little insidious tangled threads which cause men's thoughts—young men's especially—to jump this way and that at young ladies'? No. I just throw out the question for what it is worth, and any of you who choose, or can, may answer it.

But, for one thing, Mary was extremely pretty—pretty in that soft, moss-rose-bud style which is so lovely in early youth. The doctor had felt the charm of that sweet face. And more than once of late, with what the poor fellow considered infinite tact, had managed to wedge himself into the corner where she happened to be sitting, and, soothed by the sweet tones of her voice and by her shyness, even more excessive than his own, had found his evening considerably less wretched than evenings spent in company were apt to be. But to go back to my former wonderment. Why *did* he suppose she wrote the valentine? As well fancy a violet brandishing the carving-knife with suicidal intentions!

For this was the valentine, concocted by that naughty Julia Laurence and Emily Wells in the sanctuary of the latter's bedroom, and carefully copied in niminy-piminy running-hand, as little like the ordinary writing of every day as could well be:

"Half without seeing, half with sight,
I saw you coming by;
Blushing I looked, and looking I blushed,
For I am young and shy.

"Kindly the eyes you bent on me,
Kindly the hand ungloved,
Kindly the voice which spoke, and I
Listened and liked—and—loved!

"Is it a wrong to tell the tale?
Will you forbid and frown?
And must I choke my timid heart,
And fight my secret down?

"Do you not see my pallid cheek,
Where roses bloom no more?
Ah, diagnose the case, and speak,
Those roses to restore!

"To kind St. Valentine I'll fly;
He will the tangle sever,
And speed my love, or bid it die,
And hide my name forever."

Now those mischiefs, Julia and Emily, never for one moment thought of Mary Bliss when they scribbled these absurd verses. The person in their eye—if, indeed, any thing could be said to be there except pure love of fun—was a tall, angular maiden lady of some forty summers, who was currently reported to have laid fierce siege to the heart of Dr. Aubrey under the transparent disguise of liver-complaint! The doctor had gone blindly into the net prepared for him; had felt the pulse, examined the tongue, advised fresh air, and written a prescription for a heroic dose of "potifiline" (which prescription, of course, went into the fire as soon as he left), and then—had discontinued his visits, to the infinite disgust of the would-be charmer. Naughty Julia Laurence got hold of the story; and hence the valentine, which, with many chuckles and fits of laughter, was duly posted in an envelope marked "B," Brown being the name of the lady of the liver.

Nobody but a very vain man or an absolute goose would so have blundered. Our doctor was not vain, but he was a goose, as many estimable people are. He had never received a valentine before in his life, and now began to think, *had* Mary looked a little pale lately? Of course she never meant that about loving—that was only put in to support the valentine character, or to make out a rhyme. But suppose there was just a little substratum of meaning in it; suppose she really did like him a little, and, guessing his secret predilection, had chosen this way of letting him know it? Oh dear, oh dear! what a thought was there!

Meantime, pretty Mary was reading and re-reading *her* valentine, which was beginning to get quite worn about the edges from much carrying about in pockets. For this, too, Julia and Emily were responsible. But, bless you, they never alluded to Dr. Aubrey at all. A certain tall, black-bearded Dr. Webber was the person they meant—a widower, who, having successfully disposed of a brace of wives, was now said to be looking about for a third, and to have drawn up his siege-train in front of the Bliss residence. He and Mary had appeared together not long since at a concert, which putting the notion in the heads of our naughty pair, the following was the result:

"With sadness which is not gloom,
With a wish not yet a hope,
In every house and in every room
I patiently, wishfully grope.

"Grope for a friendly hand,
For a sympathetic eye,
For space to sow one little seed,
Which may be a flower by-and-by.

"Sown in a human heart,
This seed ('Love' is its name)
Grows to a blossom worthy of
The heaven from which it came.

"If it might bud and bloom,
O gentle one and fair!
In the sweet garden of your heart,
Wrapped in such balmy air,

"Petal and leaf and stem,
Unfolding day by day,
Would burgeon to a glorious tree,
And bless my life alway.

"May it not be so, then?
Will you not plant the seed,
And be my Love, and be my Wife,
And make me blessed indeed?

"YOUR VALENTINE."

Dr. Webber's Christian name happened to be Valentine, and the authors of this precious production never doubted that Mary, connecting this fact with the signature, would form her own conclusions. But this little shaft missed its mark, for Mary had no idea what the "V." in Dr. Webber's initials stood for, and had never taken the trouble to inquire. So she "formed her own conclusions" quite otherwise than her friends had hoped, and while poor Frank Aubrey puzzled over his poem, Mary was absorbing hers with many becoming blushes and dewy dimples, and each grew daily more *certain* of their correspondent, and more and more conscious of each other, which is an important first step in matters of this kind. And so the time sped on until the 22d, when, in honor of the Father of his Country, Julia Laurence was to give a large party.

In that quiet place, half town, half village, it was still the custom for young men to "ask the privilege" of escorting young ladies to and from social entertainments. The girls said "yes" or "no," as it happened, kilted up their company gowns, and, taking the arm of the favored cavalier, trotted blithely off to their parties, after the unmatronized fashion of American girls; and though the practice may sound a little odd to ears conventional, I must add that every body concerned had a good time, and no harm whatever came of it. So, the day before Julia's party, Mary Bliss, sitting up stairs hard at work on the new dress which *must* be finished in time, was transfixed by the arrival of a bouquet of the choicest tea-roses, myrtle, and mignonette, tied together by a tasteful hand, and a note containing these words:

"Will Miss Bliss allow Dr. Aubrey the pleasure of being her escort to-morrow evening?"

Would she, indeed! Was ever any thing so charming? But then, after *that* valentine—of course! So the little word of acceptance was written, and at the appointed hour, white-gloved and well wrapped up, with her flowers in her hand, "Miss Bliss" tripped down her father's steps and took the doctor's arm.

The doctor never forgot that walk, or the feeling of the little gloved fingers on his arm. The night was brilliant with full moon and hoar-frost, and what with the enchanting lights and shadows, the exhilaration of the air, and the fact that the pretty creature at his side had half confessed a preference for him, he found himself warming into unusual eloquence. And Mary, too: ever since the arrival of the famous valentine a little sense of *possession* had taken hold of her with regard to the doctor—a sense inexpressibly dear to a young girl. She felt free by his side, her tongue was unloosed, words came as easily and gleefully as if she had been alone with her mother. It was a delicious walk to both, each hugging secretly their delightful mistake, which, mistake as it was, led them on as skillfully as ascertained fact could have done. We are often indebted for much pleasure to that ignorance which is bliss.

"What on earth is the matter with Mary to-night?" whispered Emily to Julia, later on in the evening. "She has been sitting behind the door half the time with Frank Aubrey, and when Dr. Webber asked her to dance, she said she was 'too tired.' Then he asked if he might take her in to supper, but she was engaged, and she has scarcely spoken three words to him. Do you suppose she is mad about the valentine?"

"I don't know," replied Julia, musingly; "but I'm going to find out." So, while the company gathered in the supper-room were deep in the discussion of the excellent oysters, coffee, and home-made ice-cream which made up the staple of the village entertainments, she asked aloud, in a sudden and general manner: "By-the-way, girls, who had any valentines this year? Did you, Alice? Hatty, did you? Did you, Mary?—oh my, how she blushes! I know *she* had one!"

Mary, indeed, did blush like any rose, and when, looking up, she caught the doctor's eye fixed upon her, she blushed again harder than ever. Meantime Julia rattled on:

"Do tell us all about it. I move that all present read their valentines aloud. I'll begin. I had three. No, Dr. Aubrey, *you* shall begin. Surely you had at least one."

And now it was Frank's turn to color and be confused. "Indeed, Miss Laurence, I—you—you must excuse me," he stammered. He could get no farther; and Mary, forgetting her own embarrassment in his, was conscious of a sudden vague pang of jealousy. *Had* somebody sent Dr. Aubrey a valentine about which he felt it necessary to blush like that?

So she was a little silent going home, which silence Frank set down to the reaction of shyness at hearing her secret so carelessly handled; and this idea warmed his manner with a tender respectfulness which it had never exhibited before, and which, comforting Mary's jealous qualms, sent her to bed very happy. And so, in mutual mistake, time sped on, and the intimacy ripened, until, two months later, Dr. Aubrey, with white lips and a pale face, contrived during a long call to stammer forth certain words which had for many days burned within his heart unuttered, and was answered by happy, tearful silence, and the pressure of a fair little hand within his own, more eloquent than speech.

"And you really will! You really can make up your mind to endure a clumsy, awkward fellow like me?" cried the enraptured doctor.

"Oh yes; I always liked you, and then—since Valentine's Day, you know—" But here Mary stopped, for Frank's eyes were fixed on hers with an expression she could not define.

"Since Valentine's Day?" he repeated.

"Since then, of course, I have liked you better and better; for you are so true, I knew you

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would never have written those verses unless you really meant them, and so—" The little fingers slipped again into his, and closed the sentence.

"Mary," asked the doctor, suddenly, "did you ever send me a valentine?"

"No, never. I can't write verses, and I never should have dared send you one even if I could. But why do you ask? Did you think I did?"

A sudden flash of illumination crossed Frank's mind, but a flash of tact equally sudden kept him silent. So for answer he clasped more closely the dear little hand he held, looked straight into the blue eyes, and said—something else! What it was matters not: Mary found it quite to the purpose.

Some years have passed since then. Whether the doctor's reticence has yet yielded to the confidential intercourse of a happy married life we are unable to say. Certain it is that he still carries in his pocket, carefully stowed away at the back of a prescription-book, the scrap of doggerel which, for all its absurdity, was one of the slight, irresistible links which drew and bound him to the haven where, longing to be, he dared not enter—the haven of love, matrimony, and—Mary.

A VALENTINE.

Love, is it winter?—
How can I tell,
While thou art near me,
Weaving thy spell?
Never was May-time so flowery and sweet,
Never was June so with music complete,
Never did summer so linger and stay,
As now on this blessed Saint Valentine's Day.

Once—was it summer?—
How could I tell,
While thou wert absent,
Sweet Claribel?
Never was autumn so withered and sere,
Never was winter so cruel and drear,
Never was night-time so gloomy and gray,
As that morning in June when my hope died away.

Winters and summers
May come and may go;
Snow-drifts may deepen
And roses may glow;
Rivers may sob in their prison of ice;
Brooklets with sparkle and song may entice;
Daisies may spangle the field as they will,
Or the heart of the year may be silent and chill—
My winter forever is driven away,
And summer it is on this Valentine's Day!

PARIS FASHIONS.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

THE situation of Paris may be summed up in one word—waiting. For what, no one knows; whether for better or worse, all are ignorant. The fact is, that in politics, society, and even in fashion, every thing is waiting.

In spite of the prognostications of sundry optimists, the winter has been wholly devoid of social pleasures. All parties are dissatisfied. Every one is out of humor: while the republicans think and say that the republic is not republican enough, the monarchists are vexed because it does not drift fast enough toward a monarchy. Every man passes his time in watching his neighbor, and no one has leisure to think of amusing himself. In the mean time M. Vautrain has been elected deputy of Paris over ninety-three thousand votes cast for the candidate of the Commune, Victor Hugo—a number that gives one reason to think that M. Vautrain's election will not suffice of itself to calm the apprehensions of the conservatives, and to bring the Assembly back to Paris.

Nevertheless it would be folly to imagine that a city like Paris, the capital of a wealthy nation like France, would eschew luxury and sit down in sackcloth and ashes because of political uncertainties. M. Thiers has officially declared that the sceptre of fashion *must* remain in the hands of France, under penalty of the decline not only of our nation, but of the whole world. We are not guilty, therefore, of frivolity, but are doing a patriotic work, in chronicling the industries which make the fortunes of our country, and are indispensable to its prosperity. In this spirit, therefore, we will describe a number of spring toilettes which we have seen in advance, and which are especially worthy of consideration.

A very pretty dinner dress has a blue and white striped satin skirt without trimming. Over-skirt of plain blue faye, looped very high under each arm, quite short in front, and longer behind than the satin skirt. This over-skirt forms a sort of demi-train, and is trimmed entirely around the bottom with a gathered flounce of blue faye surmounted by a bias fold of white faye, above which is set a narrow ruche of blue faye. Under the blue flounce is a pleated flounce of white faye, which extends an inch and a half below the former. The waist of blue faye is square-necked, the opening being edged by a blue ruche with a beading on each side; under each beading is set a narrow white ruche, and a fichu of white muslin, trimmed with blue crêpe de Chine folds, is worn inside the waist. The sleeves reach to the elbow, and are trimmed with a wide ruffle of faye, under which is set a frill of very wide white lace. White gloves with fifteen buttons. A white and a pink rose in the hair.

Another beautiful spring toilette has an under-skirt of lilac taffeta, over which is worn a skirt of violet silk gauze, trimmed with a wide puffing, surmounted by five rolls of lilac satin. Princesse over dress of the same violet gauze, cut in deep points on the bottom, which is trimmed with a roll of lilac satin. From the hollow of each point a similar roll extends in a perpendicular line to the top of the over dress, which is half low, with a bertha composed of similar points edged with a satin roll. Short puffed sleeves. A spray of lilac wistaria in the hair.

Another effective costume was of bottle green poplin, trimmed with six bias folds of the same material an inch and an eighth wide, and each edged with a satin roll of the same shade. Half-long over-skirt of the same material, not draped, but shortened behind and turned back on itself. A large pleat is fastened at the top to these revers, and forms a sort of tournure. The over-skirt is edged with soutache embroidery, color on color, and with woolen fringe arranged irregularly in zigzag fashion. Plain waist, with basques square in front and very long and square in the back, where they are turned back to form revers like those of the over-skirt. The soutache embroidery on the bottom of the over-skirt extends half-way up the back of the waist between two irregular rows of narrow fringe set on flat. Half-flowing sleeves, trimmed like the waist.

The most popular suits for the summer will consist of a skirt, with trimming to simulate an over-skirt, and a polonaise loose in front and fitted in the back with three large pleats. Half-flowing sleeves. These polonaises are designed for the hot weather, which renders tight waists insupportable, and will be worn over pleated muslin waists. These suits are made of plain linen, flowered chintz, or cotton satin, mohair, foulard, or Tussore linen, and will be universally worn in hot weather and for railroad traveling.

A great many weddings have been celebrated during the last four weeks, which have given an impetus to Paris trade. Artistic jewelry, the worth of which does not consist in its intrinsic value, but its novel and graceful designs, is daily assuming more importance, especially as it is the only kind of jewelry that can be worn in the street. It has figured largely in the bridal orders to which we have just alluded. A belt with aumônière of the sixteenth century, Florentine style, lately presented by the young Baroness de P—— to her mother as a souvenir of her marriage, deserves especial mention. It was composed of chased plates of gold, adorned with rubies, emeralds, and turquoises, mounted on black velvet, with the date of the marriage and the initials and armorial bearings of the donor and recipient engraved thereon, in the same style as the rest of the work, in dead gold and filigree, forming of themselves exquisite ornaments. The aumônière, a sort of large pocket, wrought in the same style, was lined with black velvet, and was suspended by two chains of the same kind of workmanship. This beautiful ornament cost 3500 francs.

The dress walking suits most in vogue just now, and which are seen every where and are worn by every one, are made of de laine—an inexpensive material, gracefully draped and trimmed, and even embroidered with soutache, color on color. These suits are always composed of a skirt more or less trimmed, an over-skirt of the same material, or one harmonizing therewith, much longer behind than in front, almost as long, in fact, as the skirt, and looped very high on the hips, a vest-basque, and a small double talma, or mantle with cape, either of de laine or of black, bluish-gray, or bottle green cloth.

Lingerie may be divided into two distinct classes: that for morning, and that for evening. The first is of plain linen; the second is of muslin embroidered and trimmed with lace, bias folds of crêpe de Chine, and moss fringe either of the same or a contrasting color. For evening lingerie there are flowing sleeves, and chemisettes with plastrons; or, instead of chemisettes, crêpe de Chine fichus trimmed with white lace are worn. Handkerchiefs are very small, and rounded for the most part at the corners; those for evening are trimmed with open-work embroidery and wide lace. Notwithstanding this elegance, the handkerchief is no longer an object of display; it is not carried in the hand, but is left in the pocket.

Emmeline Raymond.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

AT this season, when in this latitude Nature is making ice abundantly, and busy hands are storing immense quantities for summer use, it is curious to read of the methods adopted by natives of tropical regions to produce a little supply of this luxury. In Bengal, for example, a large piece of ground, 120 feet long by twenty broad, is excavated to the depth of two feet. After the soil is thoroughly dried by the sun, it is covered with straw. Toward evening, during what is called the cold season, shallow earthen dishes are arranged in rows upon the straw, and partially filled with water. The quantity of water varies according to the expectation of ice; if the weather is favorable, about eight ounces are put into each dish. When the sky is quite clear, and the wind from the northwest, the freezing commences about midnight, but often not until two, three, or even four o'clock in the morning. Persons are stationed to observe when a small film appears upon the water in the dishes, and the contents of several are then mixed together and thrown over the other dishes. This operation hastens the congealing process. Occasionally the whole of the water is frozen, and at other times there is only a thin slice, called paper or flower ice. In a favorable night sometimes ten hundred pounds of ice are obtained from such a bed as has been described, which is large enough to contain four or five thousand of the earthen dishes. The influence of the wind upon the formation of ice is very great: the north-northwest is the most favorable direction of wind; the sudden change of the wind will often dissolve what has been formed, and when it approaches a breeze no ice at all can be formed.

Forty-four miles by forty miles is the size of the prospective National Park, comprising the magnificent and wonderful valley at the head of the Yellow Stone River, in the Territory of Wyoming. The bill setting apart this valley for a park was recently introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Pomeroy, of Kansas, and passed without discussion. This wild, romantic, and picturesque section of country abounds in marvelous attractions. Nature, with profuse hand, has scattered mountains, rivers, lakes, cañons, water-falls, geysers, hot springs, forests of pine, and every thing else that the most exacting sight-seer could demand, in this highly favored spot; every thing—except *hotels*. These in due time will appear, and when railroads place it within easy reach, a trip to the Yellow Stone Valley will rival, in the minds of many, a voyage to Europe.

From Rio Janeiro comes the announcement that the Empress Dowager of Brazil has freed all her personal slaves.

The Beauport Lunatic Asylum at Quebec was recently totally destroyed by fire. The conflagration caused great excitement in the city, as there were 750 patients confined in the building at the time of the fire, most of whom had friends or relatives in the city. The most energetic measures were employed, and, so far as is known, no lives were lost.

A fire at sea is one of the most dreadful of disasters, and yet how often it occurs! The steamer *America*, plying between Rio Janeiro and Monte-Video, took fire on the night of December 22, and eighty-seven of her passengers lost their lives, either from being burned to death or drowned.

All of the principal works of Jean Léon Gérome have been exhibited here, and received the warmest praise. He entered the studio of De la Roche in 1841, at the age of seventeen, and three years later accompanied his master to Italy. Afterward he traveled extensively in the East; and it was while there, in 1868, that he conceived the theme of his most noted work, "The Crucifixion." This picture, which has been purchased for a private gallery in New York, has been on exhibition for a few weeks at Goupil's, where it has been studied by thousands. One of Gérome's earliest pictures that attracted general attention was the "Duel after the Masquerade." His "Death of Cæsar" was exhibited in this city not long ago; and among others well remembered are "The Greek Children at Prayer," "The Damascus Sword-seller," "L'Almée," "The Prayer in the Desert," and "The Cock-fight."

Restorative power of small-pox! A resident of Troy who had been insane two years caught the dreaded contagion, and after the disease had run its usual course, he recovered not his health alone, but also his senses. He rejoices in mental and physical soundness.

Among the victims of the last outbreak of cholera in Constantinople were the chief cook and thirteen servers and *marmitons* of the imperial kitchens. In these kitchens several hundred servants are huddled together, where they live, sleep, cook, and overeat themselves. The accumulation of filth was inconceivable. The Sultan's physician, Marco Pasha, remained night and day at the palace for more than a week, to get the place cleansed, sweetened, and disinfected.

A pretty incident is mentioned in the *Swiss Times* of a little kitten, which, unwarily playing on the edge of the bear-pit at Berne, fell between the bars into the area beneath. The spectators held their breath; but the kitten, by no means overcome by its foe's appearance, bristled up its back in courageous wrath, and with such effect that Bruin, when quite within reach of the tempting morsel, was sufficiently discouraged to turn tail and walk quietly away, leaving the little kitten master of the field.

Rothermel's great national picture of the "Battle of Gettysburg," with the accompanying smaller ones painted by him for the State of Pennsylvania, will be ready for delivery on or before Washington's birthday. Rothermel is recognized as one of the best historical painters in the country, and this picture has been favorably criticised and greatly admired. But the problem is, what will the Legislature of Pennsylvania do with it when they get it? We do not now recall the precise dimensions, but it is a huge canvas, and Harrisburg has no place for it, nor do we hear that any steps have been taken to provide for its proper reception in that city. It has been suggested that Philadelphia is the most appropriate place for the painting, that being the metropolis of Pennsylvania; and doubtless in Philadelphia a commodious place would be provided where it could be advantageously exhibited.

It is certainly most reasonable that the public should demand an investigation into the condition of our savings-banks. The hard earnings of the poor should be protected by the most stringent legislation. The recent failure of some of these banks has brought sorrow and distress to many an honest, industrious person, who had felt secure in placing the small savings of a lifetime in the care of a public and well-known institution. One instance is a sample of thousands. A poor widow, who had been in comfortable circumstances before the death of her husband, had by hard labor and rigorous economy saved a little sum with which she hoped to educate her two children as well as she herself had been educated. This money was deposited in one of the savings-banks which recently failed; and with what grief the poor mother found her little all swept from her only those can realize who have experienced a like misfortune.

In the United States Mint, at Philadelphia, the greatest care is taken to recover even the most minute particles of gold which become lost in the process of coinage. The clothes of the workmen are cleansed, and the flooring taken up at intervals, and the dust which has sifted through the iron bars which compose it is carefully searched. In England attention has been lately called to this subject, and the need of similar precautions shown. It is stated as a fact that one London bank lost $35,000 in one year from the abrasion of coins. It gives one some idea of the wealth of the Bank of England to hear—what a visitor there has stated—that the counter was covered with myriads of particles of gold, which had evidently been struck off by the steel shovels used to remove heaps of sovereigns; but if the bank don't take care of these particles, there will be fewer sovereigns to be taken care of. The old adage, "Take care of the pence," etc., slightly changed, would be applicable.

The old Saxon statute concerning leap-year was as follows: "Albeit, as often as leape-yearre occurre, the women holdeth prerogative over the menne in matters of courtshippe, love, and matrimonie; so that when the ladye proposeth it shall not be lawful for the manne to say her nae, but shall entertain her propossall in all gude courtesie."

"It's no place for a woman," said a young husband in Lawrence, Kansas, to his wife, when she, tired of staying alone, took her three little children to the billiard-room, and seated herself by his side. "It's disgraceful," said he, looking daggers at her. "I know it," replied the wife; "and you have borne the disgrace so long, my dear, that I am determined henceforth to share it with you," and she took out her knitting-work and settled down for the evening. Her husband persisted in urging her to go home. "I will go," said she, "when you go." He was evidently disconcerted in his playing, and went home earlier than usual. The next evening the programme was all acted over again. This time the husband went home a little earlier than before, and carried the baby himself. This was the last time he was ever seen in the billiard-room.

Camels are used in Virginia City, Nevada, as beasts of burden. They were brought from the valley of Carson River.

It is a fact worthy of note that at the "Home for Incurables," at West Farms, there are three times as many cases of hemiplegia, or paralysis of half the body, as of any other one disease. This affection generally arises from some form of inflammation of the brain or derangement of the nervous system. The methods of business and the habits of life are such at the present day that the bodies and brains of men are overtaxed, and nature suddenly avenges herself. Temperate living, regular exercise, abundant sleep, a calm and quiet pursuit of business, and no excesses, are the best means of preventing paralysis.

Before Mrs. Stowe went to Florida for the winter she gave a pleasant reading of selections from "Oldtown Folks" to an audience of about one hundred and fifty in Hartford. She realized about one hundred dollars, which she will apply toward rebuilding the little church at Mandolin, Florida. This is the only church in a section of five hundred miles; and Mrs. Stowe has made the location in sight of the ocean, in hope that the very sight of the cross upon its spire might help some "toiler of the sea."

USEFUL RECIPES.

Bread.—Bread again? Yes, bread again—for can a subject of such vital interest be discussed too often? No mistress of a house, nay, no woman in whatever sphere, ought to feel herself thoroughly educated for the conduct of life who can not at least superintend the process of bread-making in such style as to produce the resultant of a fair and flaky loaf with which to grace the family board. With the following recipes, previously tried by her own hands, a housekeeper has, in the course of one year, successfully taught five raw, untutored servants how to make beautiful bread. One of the cooks thus taught is at present the pride and treasure of a large boarding establishment.

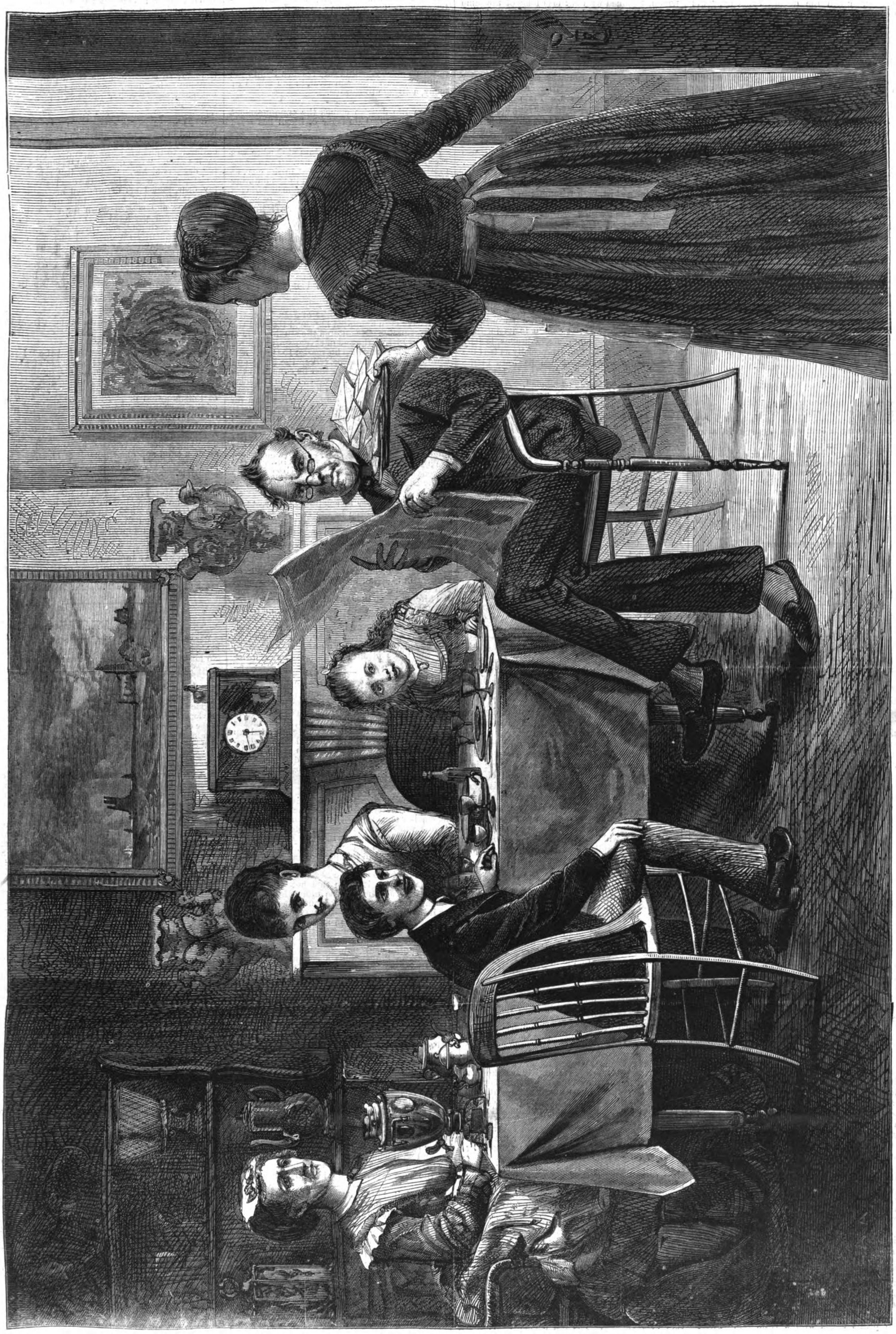
Yeast.—Take a large handful of home-gathered hops, or a two-inch square of the pressed article of commerce, and boil it to a strong tea. At the same time put into another kettle eight large peeled Irish potatoes, or enough small ones to make one quart when done; boil these rapidly, and when sufficiently tender, mash up fine, of course taking them out of the water in which they were boiled; to the potatoes add half a pint of sifted meal, half a pint of flour, one gill of sugar, and one gill of salt. Over these ingredients pour the hop tea, return the whole mixture to the kettle, and let it come to a good boil. Pour the yeast now into a large tin bucket or earthenware jar, provided with a close-fitting cover. If wanted quickly, pour in a cupful of old yeast, and set it in a warm place to ferment. If no such haste is needful, fermentation will follow of itself in a longer or shorter time, as the state of the temperature must decide. When well risen, pour the yeast into carefully cleansed bottles, which only half fill, and cork tightly. This yeast will keep sweet and good two weeks in summer, and as long as it lasts in winter.

Light Bread, or Risen Biscuit.—For an eight-o'clock breakfast make a sponge thus: The day before, at eleven o'clock A.M. in winter, or at three P.M. in summer: two large Irish potatoes, boiled and mashed fine, two table-spoonfuls of flour, and two table-spoonfuls of fine brown or coarse white sugar; mix smoothly with one pint of boiling water. When cold, add five table-spoonfuls, or one gill, of good yeast. Make up your bread with this sponge, in winter, at four o'clock in the afternoon, with two and a half quarts of flour, two eggs, well beaten, and one spoonful of lard and butter mixed. If simple bread is preferred, the eggs, butter, and lard may be omitted. Put the bread to rise in a moderately warm place, in a vessel covered, but large enough to admit of swelling. In the morning work well at half past five o'clock, set it to rise for one hour, and then bake one hour in a regularly heated oven.

Muffins.—The nicest muffins are made in this simple fashion: Early in the morning take off a piece of light bread dough, say what has been made from one quart of flour, for a family of eight persons. Thin this to the consistency of batter by the addition of sweet milk. After beating it till smooth, let it rise all together for an hour; then on a delicately greased griddle drop the batter from a spoon, and so soon as lightly browned on one side, turn on the other. To be served up hot, and torn open instead of cut with a knife.

Chaney's Thin Biscuits, or Notions.—Take one pint of flour and make into dough, as soft as can be rolled, with sweet milk, a salt-spoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, and two ounces of lard. Roll out with the bread-pin into round cakes nine inches in diameter, and of wafer-like thinness. Stick well with a fork. In baking, do not allow them to brown, but remove from the oven while they retain their whiteness, yet are crisp, and will melt in the mouth.

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THE FIRST INSTALLMENT—HALF PAST EIGHT ON VALENTINE MORNING.—[DRAWN BY EDWIN A. ABBEY.]

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CUPID'S ADVENTURES.—[DRAWN BY FRANK BELLEW.]

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LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIP," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

PROLOGUE.

HOW it beats and sobs, this Heart of London! Every vein and artery in the Great City's body joins issue there, and the blood that flows from it and returns to it is fevered or healthful, according to the circumstances of the time. It is never at rest: its throbs vibrate through the world. A fitting simile comes to me as I write. The solemn peals of a great cathedral bell strike warningly on the night. In the interval between each knell an ominous, wailing sound creeps away, slowly and mournfully, till it is lost to the ear. Imagination can picture these knells marching from their birth-place in the tower; dusky, solemn forms, huge, shapeless, indistinct, with muffled faces, stretching out their arms to the Silence that lurks in the black space beyond. But say that the awful sound never ceases, never sleeps, that there is no peace for it, and it is like the sobbing of London's Heart.

Many things that we see around us every day will be found in this story of London life, which contains much that is sweet and bitter, and nothing that is new. The age of miracles has not passed: it never existed. Therefore it is not given to writers to invent new emotions and new mainsprings for motives. Human nature is the same now as it has ever been, and as it would always have been if the world had never known the race of monkeys. So, with this brief prologue, the curtain is drawn aside for the drama.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH MR. PODMORE DECLARES THAT HE IS NOT ACCOUNTABLE FOR HIMSELF.

THE scene opens in the locality of Soho—that labyrinth of narrow paths which always wears a depressed and melancholy air, as if it had just gone into mourning. If Soho ever had bright days in the shape of a sunny youth, it must have been very long ago. No trace of them remains; a settled sadness lies upon its queer narrow thoroughfares now and for evermore. The very voices of its residents are more subdued and resigned than other voices are in other places.

No locality in London contains so strange a variety of life's phases as may be found in Soho. And yet it is full of mystery, and its ways are dark and secret. Men and women may live there for years, and their antecedents and present modes of life shall be as little known as if they lived in the most remote corner of the earth. Soho is the mole-hill of the Great City, and the persons who reside there affect in some measure the attributes of the mole, inasmuch as they are content to be blind to each other's doings; a peculiarity which perhaps arises from the fact that the cares and pursuits of each are so engrossing that he can not afford to take the slightest interest in another person's affairs. You may have £1000 a year, and spend it in Soho, and your neighbors not only shall not notice it, but shall be as utterly indifferent to you as if you lived on tenpence a day—as hundreds of poor fellows are doing at this present moment. Hard-working mechanics live there; weary-eyed needle-women; libertines; ballet-girls, whose salary is twenty shillings a week, and who wear furs and false hair and diamond rings; and man-owls, who sleep by day and prey by night. On the door-step of some of the houses in which these persons dwell children in the afternoon play with marbles and broken pieces of crockery. Here is a group composed of half a dozen dirty-stockinged little girls, who look at you shyly as you pause before them, and put their fingers in their mouths and giggle surreptitiously. Speak to this one—a clear gray-eyed girl of some eight summers, with intelligent well-formed face and beautiful light hair. Question her, and bribe her with pence, and you may obtain from her the information that she lives in the next street at the baker's, on the first floor back; that mother and father live there, of course; that seven brothers and sisters live there, making a family party of ten in all; that they have only one room, that mother cooks the meals there, that they all sleep in that room; and that sometimes Uncle Bob pays them a visit, and eats and sleeps with them for a few days. Wondrous is the inner life of Soho. It is the abode of much seediness and much suffering. Many a poor gentleman eats his bread-and-dripping there, and, if he can afford it, cooks his herring there, and thinks sadly of times gone by, when his life had its days of sunshine. He looks forward yearningly to the time to come; but rich as is the harvest that grows in the fields of Hope, the chance of its ever being gathered is a dismal one indeed. The poor gentleman, ill fed, ill dressed, reads faded letters in his garret, kisses pictures there, and dreams hopefully of the future, which contains for him nothing but a grave.

In one of Soho's quiet streets—belonging to that peculiar family of streets which are invariably round the corner—is a tallow-chandler's shop, ambitiously designated by its proprietor, J. Gribble senior, as an oil and color warehouse. This designation glares at you from over the blue shop-front in yellow letters—glares at you defiantly, as if it is aware beforehand that doubt of its assertion must necessarily rise in your mind. The window of the shop, in which the stock is displayed, is dusty and dirty, and every thing behind it has a faded and second-hand appearance. In a corner of the window is a sheet of note-paper, on which is written—in feeble and uncertain letters—"Down with Co-operation!" There is an exception, however, to the generally dusty aspect of the window. In a centre pane, which appears to be kept clean, is a square of blue cardboard, on which the following announcement is neatly written, in yellow round-hand:

J. GRIBBLE JUNIOR,
PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY.

Broken Ribs or Bones
Carefully Re-set or Neatly Mended;
In fact
The Whole Frame speedily Recovered on Moderate Terms.

J. G. junior informs the neighboring Gentry that he has had a most Extensive Practice, and that, although he has had

THOUSANDS OF PATIENTS

under his Treatment, he has never turned out one Incurable.

J. G. junior has had Numerous Patients brought to him Partly Deformed or Weakened through Improper Treatment, and has in a very few Hours invariably restored to them their Original Strength.

Consultations, Examinations, and Operations performed Daily from 8 a.m. till 10 p.m.

Patients admitted on Application, and without the vexatious delay which is occasioned by references being required.

NO CURE, NO PAY. ADVICE TO ALL, GRATIS.

J. G. junior's Royal Umbrella and Parasol Hospital, Second-floor Front.

The stock for the most part comprises candles, mouse-traps, balls of twine, bars of yellow soap—so arranged as to be suggestive of prison windows—and limbs and wings and dead bodies of flies. These latter are the peculiar attribute of shop and parlor windows in Soho. It almost seems as if all the discontented flies in London have made it a practice to go to Soho and die.

The shop has its public entrance for customers, and its private entrance for the residents of the house—so private indeed, so circumscribed and squeezed up, that scarcely one out of fifty passers-by would know that it was there; and that one, seeing it by merest chance, might well be lost in wonder at the perplexing idea of a fat man struggling through the narrow passage into which the mockery of a door must necessarily open. Three bell-handles display themselves on each side of the door to snare and entrap the uninitiated; a goggle-eyed knocker (with a face so hideous that babies have gone into convulsions at the sight of it) also adds to the entanglement of ideas. For knowing that the house contains many inhabitants who have no connection with each other, and some of whom may, indeed, be at variance, the uninitiated brings confusion upon himself by ringing the wrong bell or knocking the wrong knock. A woman, who lodged somewhere in the vicinity of the coal-cellar, was often the occasion of much distress to the knockers and ringers. This woman, who always made her appearance fresh from the washing-tub, and who came up stairs invariably wiping her wet arms upon her apron, was afflicted with the perpetual conviction that a ring or a knock, whether single, or double, or treble, was certainly intended for her; and as really no one was ever known to call upon her, and as her temper was none of the sweetest, unpleasant scenes occurred. Many a box on the ears did youthful knockers and ringers receive from the damp hands of the disappointed woman, and many an angry mother would make her appearance in the passage a few minutes afterward and exchange shrill civilities with the bad-tempered castigator. Sometimes these angry mothers would go almost into hysterics because the woman below declined to comply with such invitations as, "Come up, and I'll show yer!" or, "Come up, and I'll scratch yer eyes out for yer!" or, "What d'yer mean by slappin' my boy Billy about on the 'ead, which was weak from a babby? What d'yer mean by it, yer minx?—What d'yer mean?" (This last *fortissimo*.) "Come up, and I'll tear the 'air out of yer 'ead!" After which challenges and defiances the angry mothers would issue into the street with very white faces, and form the centres of little knots of female neighbors only too willing to discuss the matter and express their opinions. A facetious person, who had called several times at the house, and who was never able to solve the mystery of the bells, once hit upon what he conceived to be a happy idea. He gave a postman's knock; but the rush of eager feet from all parts of the house, and the glare of angry faces that met his smiling one when the door was opened, were sufficient warnings to him never to try it again; and he never did.

In the front-room of the first floor of this house sits an old man, working in somewhat idle fashion on a few wooden casters or wheels. He can not be working from necessity; for there is no anxiety in his manner as he works. It is Saturday, on a summer evening in June. The window is open; on the sill are two flower-pots. The room, which is a humble one, is very clean and tidy, and there are evidences of comfort, even of refinement about it, humble as it is. Some cheap, graceful ornaments are on the mantel-shelf: a pair of shells; a shepherd and a shepherdess, condemned by the exigences of art to live apart from each other, notwithstanding their languishing looks; and, in the centre of the mantel-shelf, a vase with two of yesterday's roses in it. These roses, as they are placed in the vase, touch the photograph of a young girl, which hangs in a frame above them. She is pretty and fresh-looking, and there is a smile upon her face which induces gladness in the beholder: as spring flowers and bright skies do. On either side of the portrait, hung on a higher level, is a picture of the same young girl, disguised. On the right-hand side of the mantel-shelf she is dressed in a Spanish costume; on her shoulders is a black lace shawl arranged with the most charming negligence; and as she looks at you from behind a fan, you catch just a glimpse of laughing, mischievous eyes. But the glimpse is enough to bewitch you. On the left-hand side of the mantel-shelf she is dressed in the costume of a century ago, in brocaded silk dress, and with black beauty-spots on her cheeks; she wears a white wig, and, in the act of courtesying, looks at you saucily and demurely, coquetting the while with a white handkerchief which she holds in her fingers. The stove is hidden by an ornament of paper flowers, the colors and arrangement of which are more artistic than the majority of those sold in the streets. There is a very singular peculiarity about the furniture in the room: every thing movable is on wheels. The chairs, the table, a footstool, the very ornaments on the mantel-shelf—all on wheels made expressly for them. There is no carpet on the floor; but the chairs make no noise as they are moved, for the wheels (made of box or deal, according to requirement) are covered with leather. Even the flower-pots on the window-sill have wheels, and the old man is at present occupied in making wheels for a work-box, which it is not difficult to guess belongs to the young girl whose portrait hangs above the roses. He works noiselessly and slowly, and with great care. It is evident that he is engaged on a labor of love: he handles the wood as if it were sensitive. He looks at his handiwork fondly, and holds it up to the light and examines it with loving interest. Once he rises and stands before the mantel-shelf, and gazes with a tender light in his eyes at the picture of the young girl. Then he returns to his tools, and resumes his work. A slight sound disturbs him, and he pauses in his work to listen. As he listens he raises his hand to his ear, and directs his eyes toward a screen, which makes, as it were, a second apartment of the coziest corner of the room. Something that the old man loves lies behind this screen, which is so arranged that the pictures on the mantel-shelf and the roses and the ornaments of paper flowers can be seen by the person lying there. A pale, thin, bent old man is he: not bent by age, but by constant stooping; with long hair—a fringe of it only round his head—nearly white, and with a thoughtful expression on his face that would well become a student; which this old man is not, in the ordinary acceptation of the term. Among the decorations on the mantel-shelf is the smallest of clocks, in a case of wood, carved most likely by Swiss hands. As the old man sits and works, a click from the Swiss clock warns him that another hour is nearly gone. "Five minutes to nine," he whispers, and he steps softly toward the screen, and moves it so that, when he returns to his seat, he can see what it has before hidden from his sight. With the exception of the click, and presently of the striking of the hour in thin bell-notes, not a sound is heard in the room; for the old man has list slippers on his feet. The shifting of the screen has disclosed a single iron bedstead, on which lies a woman asleep. She is care-worn and middle-aged; and when her features are composed, a likeness may be discerned in them to the picture of the girl on the mantel-shelf. But at the present moment her lips wreathe distressfully, and an expression of pain rests upon her face.

So, in this quiet room, the sick woman sleeping and the old man working, the minutes pass swiftly, and the click of the little Swiss clock is heard again. Five minutes to ten. The old man, who has been growing restless, and who has several times gone to the bed to see if the woman is awake, grows more restless still as he hears the last click. "Alf promised to be here by this time," he says, with an anxious look at the door as he lays his work aside. On a little table near the bed are two medicine bottles, one large and one small, which, with their labels tied nattily round their necks, look ridiculously like clergymen with their bands on. The old man takes one of these medicine bottles and reads the directions: "Two table-spoonfuls to be given immediately she awakes, and after that the same quantity every four hours."

"And she won't take it from any other hand than mine or Lily's," he muses. "If Alf doesn't come home, and if she doesn't wake, I must get somebody to go for Lily."

As he stands debating with himself what is best to be done, he hears a tap at the door. It heralds the appearance of a young woman, one of the lodgers in the upper part of the house. She has her hat and shawl on, and a basket is on her arm.

"Ah, Mrs. Podmore," he says, abstractedly; "will you step inside?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Wheels," she answers; "I'm in a hurry. How's your daughter to-night?"

"Not so well, not so well," he says. "She's wandering a little, I think. The doctor was here in the afternoon, and I could tell by his face that he thought she was worse. And I have to give her her medicine directly she wakes."

"I'm sorry she's not well. My sister's little boy's down with the fever too. I'm going to take a run round to see how he is."

"Not serious, I hope?"

"I don't know," replies Mrs. Podmore, gravely; "he seems to me to be sinking—but we're all in God Almighty's hands. One thinks of one's own, Mr. Wheels, at such times. Thank God, *our* little one's up stairs, asleep, safe and well. But we feared we was going to lose her in the spring, and I never see a child struck down but I think of *her*."

"I often think of little Polly, too," says the old man, sympathizingly, "and of how near she was to death. Do you remember how Lily grieved?"

"Remember it!" exclaims Mrs. Podmore, with grateful enthusiasm. "I shall remember it to my dying day. What I should have done without her I don't know. When Polly was a-lying there so quiet and solemn and white, and my heart was fit to break, Lily used to come and cheer me up. She was the only comfort I had, bless her kind heart and pretty face!"

"Yes, yes," cries the old man, eagerly; "and how Polly took to her after that! and how fond she was of my girl! But who could help being that—who could help being that?"

"I had enough to do, what with looking after Jim and Polly," continues the homely woman. "What with keeping the place clean and sweet, and making the things the doctor ordered, and mending Jim's clothes, and getting his dinner and tea ready for him every morning before he went out; and what with him coming home dead-beat and worried with anxiety about Polly, I wonder how I ever got through with it. As for doctors, my blood curdles again when I see them looking so steady and cold at somebody that's a-dying before their very eyes. Our Polly had been abed nigh upon three weeks when the doctor comes and looks at her and feels her pulse, and shakes his head. My eyes was never off his face for a second; and when I saw him shake his head, I turned so faint that I thought I should have dropped. He was going away without a word, when I stopped him in the passage. I tried to speak, but I couldn't, and I thought it was cruel of him to be so particular about buttoning his gloves, while I was in that state of agitation that I could hardly stand. 'Don't take on so, Mrs. Podmore,' he said; 'you've done your best, and that ought to be a consolation to you.' As if any thing could have been a consolation to me! I asked him if he couldn't give me a bit of hope; but he shook his head again, and said, 'While there's life there's hope.' I knew what that meant, and I had to catch hold of the banisters to steady myself. Then I went and sat by Polly's bed, and began to cry. It seemed to me that she was gone from us already, and that home wasn't home any more. And I was frightened when I thought of Jim. His heart was bound up in Polly, you see, Mr. Wheels; she'd creep to him of a morning in bed, and put her arms round his neck, and they'd lay a-cuddling one another for half an hour before he had to get up. When he had his breakfast and had kissed her a dozen times, and was out in the passage going to work, she'd call him back and make fun of him, and they'd langh together that cheery like that it did my heart good to hear 'em. Sometimes she wouldn't call him, and he'd wait in the passage. She knew he was waiting, and she'd set up in bed, with her head bent forward and her little hands raised, listening. He knew what was going on inside that little head of hers, and he'd stamp his feet and pretend to go down stairs. Then she'd call out to him, 'Father, father!' and he'd say, 'Here I am, Pollypod!' and they'd have another romp together, until he said, 'Now I *must* be off, Pollypod;' and away he'd run, waking half the people in the house with his clatter. I was always easy in my mind about Jim when he went away like that. I thought of all this after the doctor gave Polly up, and I was frightened. Jim was very late that night, and Lily was with me when he came home. 'How's my little Pollypod?' he said; but he didn't wait for an answer—he saw it in my face. I thought he'd have gone mad; but we got him quieted after a bit, and Lily sat up with me all that night watching. You came and gave us a cup of tea—I don't forget that, Mr. Wheels!—and Lily made Jim lay down and sleep for a couple of hours. Well, it was a little past four o'clock in the morning, and Jim was asleep, and Lily and me was watching and fearing. We could have heard a pin drop, every thing was so quiet. Polly was so still that I put my face close to hers on the pillow to catch her breathing, and I was laying like that when she opened her eyes quite wide. It gave me a dreadful turn, for I didn't know what was going to happen. But she opened her eyes for good, thank God! 'Where's father?' she asked. I couldn't have heard her, she said it so soft, if my face hadn't been close to hers, and if my heart hadn't been in my ears. 'Where's father?' she asked. I motioned to Lily, and she woke Jim, who came to us; and Polly moved her thin little hand toward him and smiled. She wanted to put her hand on his neck, but she was that weak she couldn't. So Jim puts his face quite close to hers, and kissed her, and from that moment Polly mended; and father and her they romp together in the morning as they used to do, and pretend more than ever, I think."

Here Mrs. Podmore wipes her eyes, and asks the old man to forgive her for being such a gossip. "I'm going to see my sister's child," she says, "and to do a bit of marketing at the same time; and I've come to ask you, as you're going to stay in, to tell Jim, if he comes home before I'm back, that I won't be gone long."

"I'll tell him," says the old man, who has listened very patiently to Mrs. Podmore's recital; "and perhaps, Mrs. Podmore, you wouldn't mind my asking your husband if he would go and bring Lily home. I can't leave my daughter, you see, and Alf's not here, and I don't like the idea of Lily walking through the streets by herself."

"Ask him and welcome," says Mrs. Po-d-

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more; "but, love your heart! Mr. Wheels, Jim 'll be that sleepy when he comes up stairs that I don't think he's to be trusted. He can hardly see hisself home, Saturday nights especially. He always waits in the passage for me to come and help him up, and when he *is* up, he tumbles down dead-beat. That's why I asked you to tell him about my being out, you being nearest the street-door. To be sure Jim *is* a little brighter sometimes than others, and he may be so to-night."

The old man clings to this hope, and nods to Mrs. Podmore, who hurries out of the house. Then the old man falls to counting the seconds until Mr. Podmore makes his appearance. He has not long to wait. In a very short time he hears the street-door opened and slammed to. "That's Mr. Podmore," says the old man. "I hope he's not too tired to go."

Mr. Podmore seems to be not only too tired to go, but too tired to come. When he has slammed the street-door, he leans against it, and dozes. He has no need to close his eyes, for they were closed when he opened the door. He remains in this position for a few moments, then shuffles along the passage. Coming to the stairs, he sits upon the lowest step, and yields to the soft sleep-murmurs which are overpowering him. Rousing himself, he sets himself in motion again, and begins to ascend the stairs, dragging his feet wearily, and falls asleep again before he arrives at the landing. In this way he reaches the old man, who is waiting at the door to speak to him, and who is already tormented by the fear that this is not one of Mr. Podmore's bright nights.

Mr. Podmore is followed by a dog—a rough, yellow Scotch terrier—every hair in whose body bristles with watchfulness. It is a small dog, viciously faithful, and as it waits patiently and intelligently upon its master's movements, observing every motion with its watchful gray eyes, it declares clearly, "Here am I, wide awake, and armed at all points. Touch him if you dare with any but a friendly hand! Address him at your peril in any but a friendly voice! I'm on guard, faithful and true, and I can distinguish friends from foes. I can smell them." No signs of petulance are visible in the dog's demeanor at Mr. Podmore's slow progress up stairs. It follows its master's footsteps patiently, watches while he dozes, pricks up its ears as he sets himself in motion again, and now stands on the landing before the old man with its nose close to its master's legs.

"Good-evening, Mr. Podmore," says the old man.

"Good-evening."

He blinks at the light which the old man holds in his hands, closes his eyes, and shows so decided a disposition to lean against nothing, that the old man has to save him from falling. This arouses him for a moment, and seeing the door open, he staggers into the room, and sinks into a chair. He is a well-made man, thirty years of age perhaps, and belongs unmistakably to the working classes—to one of the most perilously worked of the working classes. He carries a blue cotton pocket-handkerchief containing an empty basin and plate which has held his dinner, and his hands and face are black with dirt. As he sits in the chair, having fallen rather heavily into it, the dog stretches itself under the seat, with its nose between its master's legs. You can see nothing of it but the tip of its nose and its two watchful gray eyes, steady and clear and humid, on the look-out for squalls.

"Where's my wife?" murmurs Mr. Podmore, drowsily.

"She asked me to tell you that she's gone to see your sister's child, who is ill, and to do a bit of marketing. She'll be back soon."

"All right," says Mr. Podmore, upon whose ears the old man's gentle voice falls soothingly; he could not have repeated the words, but he understands their meaning. So soothing an effect has the old man's voice upon him, that the soft sleep-murmurs take more complete possession of him; he sways forward in his chair, and is on the point of falling to the ground on his face, when he recovers himself by a sudden convulsive movement.

"Hush!" says the old man, casting an apprehensive look toward the bed. "Don't make a noise."

"Never fear," murmurs Mr. Podmore. "I have enough—noise—every day—to last me—my lifetime."

He does not say this all at once, but breaks off two or three times to doze. Seeing him in this condition, the old man relinquishes his intention of asking him to go for Lily: his great anxiety now is to get rid of the tired-out man. But Mr. Podmore, overpowered by exhaustion, and wooed by the quiet that prevails, is so desperately bent upon falling into a deep sleep, that the old man has much difficulty in arousing him.

"Come, come," he urges, "don't you think you would be more comfortable in bed?"

"I'm comfortable—enough," says Mr. Podmore, leaning his head on the old man's breast; "if you'll—let me be. I'm dead—beat. Where's my—precious—little Pollypod?"

"Up stairs. Waiting for you. I want to take you to her."

Mr. Podmore rises unresistingly, and they stagger up stairs to his apartment on the third floor. The dog follows them. A candle is alight in the wash-bowl, and Pollypod is in bed, asleep. The dog, satisfied that a safe haven is reached, leaps upon the bed, and after licking Pollypod's face, curls itself at the foot of the bed, following its master's movements now with lazily watchful eyes. Mr. Podmore clings to the old man, who assists him on to the bed, and determines to wait until the tired-out man is asleep. Mr. Podmore, nestling close to Pollypod, thinks it necessary to enter into an explanation before his senses entirely desert him, and he mingles his apologies with expressions of endearment toward his child.

"You see, Mr. Wheels," he murmurs, at intervals, "when a man's—a pointsman—(my little darling!)—and has to be at it—fourteen and sixteen and eighteen—hours a day—he ain't accountable—for hisself. The company says—he is—and the public says—he is; but I'm—a pointsman—and I know—better. (Good-night, Pollypod!) I've been on duty—now—since five o'clock—this morning—and I'm dead—beat. (Dead—beat, Pollypod!) What 'd the public—say to that—if they knew it? I'm dead—beat—and I ain't accountable—for myself. (Am I, my pretty?) I wish the public—and the company—'d try it theirselves—for a month. (To-morrow's Sunday, Pollypod, thanks be!) Last week—there was a—a accident—on our 'ine—you saw it—in the papers. One woman—was killed—and others was—shook. The papers had articles on it—and the pointsman—who was dead—beat—was took in custody—and the coroner—said—said—"

But what the coroner said is not repeated on the present occasion, for Mr. Podmore falls into utter unconsciousness, and being undoubtedly as dead-beat as it is in the power of mortal to be, sleeps the deepest of deep sleeps; while the faithful dog, cozily coiled up on the bed, blinks and blinks at the candle in a state of uncertainty as to whether a lurid star which gleams in the long, dull wick is friend or foe.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH GRIBBLE JUNIOR DISCOURSES ON CO-OPERATION.

THE old man, leaving Mr. Podmore in paradise, walked slowly down stairs, and paused before a door on the second landing, on which was inscribed—again in yellow round-hand on a blue ground: "Umbrella and Parasol Hospital. Knock and enter." After a slight hesitation, he knocked and entered.

J. Gribble junior was hard at work mending ribs and bones, and speedily recovering frames on moderate terms. Mrs. J. Gribble junior was also hard at work on silk and gingham. The heir of the house of Gribble junior was asleep in a corner under an umbrella tent.

There could not have been fewer than a hundred umbrellas and parasols in the room, and there was not one of them which did not show unmistakable signs of having seen a great deal of life, evidently much more than was good for it. Here was one reclining against the wall, surmounted by a great knob set upon one side of its head. It had a rakish and dissipated air, and seemed to declare that it had been out late at nights, in all sorts of company and all sorts of weather, and liked it; and that when the slits in its silk coat were mended, it intended to resume its dissolute life. Here was one, a sad-looking gingham, very faded and worn, telling by the plainest of signs the story of its past life and that of its owner. In your fancy you could see the faded gingham, on its rickety frame being borne along through wind and sleet; and if you peeped beneath the awning you would see a patient-looking woman, meanly dressed, and you would know, without being told in so many words, that the burden of life had withered all the roses that once bloomed on her cheek; for a dozen years since she could have been but a girl, and could not have been otherwise than pretty. Here was one, thin and sleek, with ivory handle, which said, "I am faded gentility." It needed no great stretch of the imagination to see the hand in its well-worn and much-mended glove that had clasped that handle in the streets for many months. Here was one which proclaimed, "I have been dropsical from early youth, and there is no cure for me;" and indeed all Gribble junior's skill would not avail him if he endeavored to get the bulge out of it. In addition to these and other types—almost as various as the types to be found in human beings—were naked umbrellas and parasols which had been stripped of their clothing. Here was one battered and bruised with half a dozen ribs broken. Here was one which asserted proudly, "I am Paragon, and I glory to show myself!" Here was the dainty frame of a parasol standing like a shame-faced girl by the side of the frame of an old-man umbrella that had led a bad life.

"Ah, Mr. Wheels," said Gribble junior, as the old man entered the room. "I thought it was too late for a patient.—Mrs. J. G., a chair."

"Thank you, thank you, Mr. Gribble," replied the old man; "I'll not sit down, please. The little one well, Mrs. Gribble?"

Mrs. Gribble junior went to the umbrella tent, and softly raised it. But the face of the heir of the house of Gribble junior was hidden by a parasol, of which the child had made an inner tent, like the box-within-a-box Chinese puzzle, and which it held tightly in its hand.

"Quite well, thank you, Mr. Wheels," said the mother. "How is your daughter to-night?"

"I don't think she's improving. She wanders a good deal."

Gribble junior, who had been gazing with a satisfied air at the umbrella tent, nodded gently two or three times to express sympathy with the old man, who remarked, speaking of the child, "He takes to the business early, Mr. Gribble."

"Took to it from a baby," said Gribble junior, complacently. "He sucked in the umbrella and parasol business with his mother's milk, as a body might say. For the top of his cradle was made of two umbrellas, and when he opened his little eyes and looked up, the only roof he saw, until he could crawl, was a roof of silk and whalebone. Nothing like commencing young! That there young un's going to be a useful member of society. I made up my mind to that before Mrs. J. G. made up her mind to present him to me, as a body might say. He can use his left hand as well as his right. No rights and lefts for me. They shall both be rights. It's robbing a young un of half his chance in the world to train him up to a useless hand. You might almost make up your mind to train his left leg to limp. That's not the way to keep moving. I shouldn't wonder if, when the young un's a man, he invents a new umbrella to astonish the world and make our fortunes."

The old man smiled, and remarked that Gribble junior was at work late.

"Obliged to be. My motto, you know—keep moving. I always think," and Gribble junior sent a pleasant, merry look in the direction of the old man, "that it's going to rain to-morrow, and that people 'll want umbrellas."

"Very good of you, very considerate," murmured the old man, his thoughts beginning to wander to the sick woman below.

"It wouldn't be so bad," continued Gribble junior, "if other people, whether they're professors of anatomy or not, would think the same way; if *they'd* think it was going to rain to-morrow, and if *they'd* prepare their umbrellas to-day—as a body might say."

"Surely, surely," said the old man, contriving by an effort to arrest his wandering thoughts. "And how's business, Mr. Gribble?"

"Never was so bad," replied Gribble junior, cheerfully. "Father's experience 'll carry him a good deal farther back than mine will, as you may guess, Mr. Wheels, and he says times never was so bad as they are now."

(It is remarkable, be where you will and at any period, here or in any other part of the world, now or twenty years since or twenty years to come, that "times never were so bad" as they are certain to be at the moment of inquiry.)

"What's the cause of the bad times?" asked the old man, who had not yet found the opportunity of introducing the object of his visit, and who knew that Gribble junior must always "have his say."

"Well, Mr. Wheels," said Gribble junior, hammering softly on a dislocated rib, "some *will* have it it's because the Queen don't come out more; but that's an old cry, and I don't believe in it. It's queer how people *will* stick to old cries. It's like boots. You wear a tight boot long enough, and it 'll become easy and comfortable, and you don't like to throw it off. Father says it's the co-operative stores, and he's bitter on 'em accordingly. If father's got a sore place, it's co-operation. You should start him on the subject one night; he'd open your eyes for you. There isn't an article you can mention that co-operation hasn't laid hands on—except cats'-meat, perhaps. The co-operative men don't draw the line nowhere, except at cats'-meat. There isn't a thing that father sells that they haven't gone into; not that father's business is the only business that's put upon. They even go into coffins, and that's going far enough, I'm sure—as a body might say. They take a penny off every thing; tallow-dips, yellow soap and mottled. As for scented and brown windsor, father hasn't sold a cake for a month. And if things don't sell, they spoil. Dust won't be denied. Then soap withers. It's like us, Mr. Wheels; the bloom goes off, and we ain't worth as much a pound as we were once on a time. We don't weigh so much, neither: the sap goes out. Flies make inroads. They're like co-operation; they touch every thing. The very mouse-traps get blown. As for what ought to be inside of 'em—mice—I needn't tell you what a hole *they* make in profits. I pity the small grocers now that co-operation's got hold of things."

During the brief pause that followed, the old man listened for a sound from the sick-room. Mrs. Gribble observed his anxiety, and knowing her husband's weakness when he was on a favorite theme, rose and said,

"Do take a chair, Mr. Wheels. I'll go and sit in your room for a few minutes."

The old man gave her a grateful look as she went out, and sat down patiently. He had not long to wait before Gribble junior resumed.

"When trade began to fall off I painted that sign outside for father, and I think it did a little good, but not much. Trade soon fell back again, and co-operation kept moving. Then he wrote, 'Down with Co-operation!' on a bit of writing-paper, and put it in the window, as if that 'd stop it. I told father not to do it, but he wouldn't take my advice. What's the consequence? The paper's fly-blown, and co-operation keeps moving. Father says he doesn't know where it's going to stop, and what's going to be the end of it, and says that people ought to set their faces against it. But catch 'em doing it when they think they can get a penny off every thing, and catch 'em doing it as long as the women's got the buying of things. When they get the chance of making the market penny, they're sure to try and make it into the market shilling. That's the way of women, bless 'em!"

The old man nodded in satisfaction, for although Gribble junior's words might have sounded very like grumbling from another man's lips, they bore the most refreshing construction as they fell from his. He had one of the pleasantest faces that eyes ever looked upon, and his voice was as pleasant as his face. He was a small, plump man, and every thing about him was round and agreeable. He was one of that kind of men who go out walking with their wives on the day of rest, and who carry their babies in the streets, and enjoy it. Gribble junior was often seen in this position, and, as he walked along by the side of his wife, would occasionally hold up his son and heir to the gaze of the public, as much as to say, "Here he is; he can use his left hand as well as his right, and is going to keep moving. Here is the cleverest baby in the world: what do you think of him?" There is a great deal of character to be learned by observing the manner in which fathers carry their babies in the streets, and notwithstanding that the custom is considered by the majority of people to be namby-pamby, it is often not an unpleasant sight to witness. One father carries his treasure carefully and proudly, and proclaims, "This is Ours, and we think all the world of it!" While another holds his burden loosely, and proclaims, "This is Ours, and I wish it was Yours!" See this last specimen of the British father slouching along, and his wife walking discontentedly a few steps behind him. He carries the baby in the most uncomfortable of positions, with its head hanging down. He is a miserable, dissatisfied man. He never casts a look at his wife, who hangs behind. He does not look this way or that, but straight before him, surlily and wearily. He seems to say, "A nice kind of thing this is, after my hard week's work! I can't go out for my Sunday walk without dragging the brat along with me. What a fool I was to get married!" And though really the burden is as a feather's weight in the strong man's arms, his discontent makes it as weighty as so much lead. There isn't a bright bit of ribbon in the child's dress, and if you could see into the man's heart, you would learn that it would not be a very great grief to him if the child were to die quietly in his arms. You may depend upon it that the home of this man and woman is not a happy one, and that life is truly a burden to them. See this other and better specimen. Working-man father and working-woman mother, in precisely the same position of life as the discontented man. He carries the baby carefully and tenderly, and the mother walks briskly by his side. There are refreshing bits of color about the woman's dress, and the baby's dress is pretty and bright. Sometimes the man pauses, and his wife uncovers the baby's face, and they both look at it lovingly while she makes a fuss and pretense about setting something right with the baby's hood. He gazes about him cheerfully, and seems to say, "What a pleasure this is to me after my hard week's work! It is one of my brightest bits of sunshine. I shouldn't enjoy my Sunday's walk without it. What a happy day for me was the day I got married!" And he thinks that soon—in twelve months, perhaps—his little treasure will be able to toddle along by his side, and throw bread to the ducks in the Park. And though the child is plump and heavy, love makes it light. Happy father! Happy home!

No such reflections as these passed through the mind of Gribble junior as he continued the enunciation of his sensible philosophy.

"My way is, to take things as they come, and to keep moving. You knock your head against things, and you're sure to rasp your skin. What's the use of fretting? You only chafe yourself, and nobody takes any notice. Make the best of things. That's what I tell father; but he doesn't agree with me. The consequence is, that he shows his weak hand, as a body might say. And that's not wise. If you have a weakness, keep it to yourself. Don't let the world see it. Father said to me one night last week when he was shutting up—(he'd only taken three-and-fourpence the whole day, and that's enough, I own, to drive a shop-keeper wild)—that if he could catch hold of a co-operation manager, he'd pitch into him. I told him that if he did he'd very likely get locked up for it; and he said, 'Never mind; I shouldn't be the only martyr that's suffered in a good cause.' The fact is, Mr. Wheels, father belongs to the old school—he won't keep moving; and as all the world's on the move, he's left behind. I belong to the new school; and I run along with the tide as fast as I can. Mrs. J. G. belongs to the new school; so does her brother. His name is Thompson. He's got a shop about half a mile from here. He advertises himself every where as Thompson the Great. He has thousands of bills circulated: 'The great Thompson! The unrivaled Thompson! Thompson the First! Come and see him to-night. No charge for admission. Who's Thompson?' That's his style. He has an illumination over his shop every night, with his portrait in the middle—although he's not a handsome man by any means. And what do you think his business is? He keeps a little paper-hanging shop. By-and-by he'll have a big paper-hanging shop. He keeps moving."

Here Gribble junior gave a finishing tap to the patient in hand, and whipped off his apron.

"I've done work for the night," he said.

At the same moment Mrs. Gribble entered, and whispered to the old man that the woman down stairs was sleeping soundly.

"That's where it is," said the old man, with a disturbed look; "that's what I've come in for. She's got to have her medicine given to her directly she wakes, and she won't take it from any other hand than mine or Lily's; and it's now half past ten o'clock, and I ought to be at the Hall to bring Lily home, although it 'll be an hour yet before she's ready. Lily can't walk home by herself, especially on Saturday night, when there are so many roughs about and so much money spent in drink."

"Where's Alf?" asked Gribble junior.

"I don't know; he promised to be here at ten o'clock; but he hasn't come."

"Do you want Mrs. J. G. to sit with your girl down stairs while you go and fetch Lily?"

"Didn't I tell you," said the old man, fretfully, "that my daughter's got to have her medicine given her directly she wakes, and that she won't take it from any body but me or Lily?"

"Well, then," asked Gribble junior, with great good humor, "do you want me to go and fetch Lily?"

"Yes—yes—yes," with a jealous little sigh between each yes, as if the speaker were unwilling to give to another a task that he would fain perform himself. "I came in to ask you. I thought of Mr. Podmore at first; but he's dead-beat."

Gribble junior's coat was off before the old

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man had finished, and he was plunging his face in water.

"What makes Lily late to-night?" he called out in the midst of his plashing.

"They've changed the programme, and she's got a new song to sing; and her turn won't come on until past eleven o'clock. The manager's an artful man, and knows what an attraction Lily is; the people 'll stop to the last to see her pretty face and hear her pretty voice. My Lily!" He uttered the last words softly to himself, in a tone of infinite tenderness. "Here are the tickets. This admits to the Hall; show it to the man at the door, and he'll let you in. Wait until Lily comes on; and when she has finished—which 'll not be until they call her back two or three times—go out at once, and ask your way to the stage-door. This ticket 'll admit you to the side of the stage. Tell Lily I couldn't come because mother's not awake, and that I've sent you to take care of her, and to bring her home."

"All right," said Gribble junior, twisting himself into his coat, delighted at the opportunity of getting free admission to a music-hall. "Get supper ready, Liz, by the time I come back. I'll bring Lily safe home, Mr. Wheels."

With a parting nod, the cheerful little man skipped down the stairs and into the street, and the old man went back to his room. The woman was still sleeping. He took up the work-box on which he had been working, and looked at it affectionately. "My Lily!" he murmured again, in the same tone of tenderness he had used before; and so sat musing, with that yearning of deep love which is almost painful in its intensity. Soon the Swiss clock struck eleven, and the old man laid the cloth for supper. There was the little cruet on wheels, and the bread-basket, and the salt-cellar; and each plate and dish had a wooden rim on the bottom, in which very small wheels were inserted. He took these and the remains of a small joint of roast beef from a cupboard on the landing; placed the vase with the roses in it in the centre of the table; went out for beer; and when he returned, arranged the supper things again and again until he was satisfied that every thing was in the exact place to please his darling.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN BAZAR FOR MARCH 9.]

GOING TO THE MATINÉE.

WE must decidedly commend the practice of giving a special performance of public amusements for children at one or two o'clock, instead of tempting their parents and friends to take them to the theatre at seven in the evening. If there is any danger to the health and life of childhood that especially besets the modern system of domestic and social entertainments, it is the risk of prematurely destroying nerves and brain through indulgence in noctural habits. No boy or girl under ten years of age should ever be out of bed after ten o'clock at night; and it is cruelty, though often meant for kindness, to offer the young people a momentary pleasurable ex-



GOING TO THE MATINÉE.

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citement at the cost of their future soundness and vigor, both in mind and body. The family whose carriage is shown in our illustration conveying a happy little party to the theatre or circus, immediately after luncheon, will be spared the remorseful remembrance of such fatal errors in the treatment of infancy, should it ever chance to lose any of the darlings now so full of gleeful anticipation. This is a more serious view of the matter than is usually expressed, but we believe that the experiences of the medical profession will bear it out; and the frequency of brain diseases in the early period of youth should be regarded as a warning against customs too prevalent in our time. We are greatly pleased to know that the children going to the matinée, who appear in our engraving bent on enjoying themselves to the utmost, will be carried safely back to their home before six o'clock, and that their sleep will not be made unwholesome by the stimulating effect of glaring lights, of incessant noises, and of bewildering surprises protracted to within an hour of midnight. The morning performance is a real blessing to mothers, if they are wise enough to use it; and we are glad to see it given once or twice a week at most places of amusement, and liberally patronized.

SAINT VALENTINE'S EVE.

Now Winter is gone,
And the Spring coming on,
The sap begins stirring beneath the bark,
And a tender green
O'er the landscape is seen—
It was only this morning I heard the lark.
And thou art mine,
And I am thine;
For this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

See the snow-drop drift,
Where the hedge-rows lift,
Like lingering flakes of the last month's snow;
The wind breathes soft,
And it's blue aloft,
And the cuckoo-buds will be soon ablow;
And thou art mine,
And I am thine;
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

It is Spring: but hush!
Overhead is a thrush,
Rehearsing a song for his love in his dreams;
For to-morrow, we know,
He a-courting will go,
As soon as the tender daybreak gleams.
But thou art mine,
And I am thine;
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

Thine eyes are as blue
As violets two,
And thy mouth is as pink as a hawthorn bud;
Thy presence, like Spring,
New life can bring
To Winter's dull pulse, in a sun-warm flood.
And thou art mine,
And I am thine;
For this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

The stars above,
Like cressets of Love,
Are silvery bright in the wine-dark deeps;
Save the night-wind's breath,
All is still as death;
For the Earth is silent, and Nature sleeps.
But thou art mine,
And I am thine;
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

Then kiss me, dear;
There is no one near,
And only the moon can behold my bliss;
For each to each,
In unspoken speech,
Can the lips best utter their love in a kiss.
Now thou art mine,
And I am thine;
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

And the Night, Love's friend,
Shall her veil extend
O'er the maiden blush in thy cheek aglow;
And never a word
Of thine may be heard,
And what thou whisperest none shall know.
For thou art mine,
And I am thine;
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

Nay, start not in dread:
The thrush overhead
Is awake, and learning fresh music from thee,
Which to-morrow, perchance,
Shall his song enhance,
And none know the reason, save thee and me.
And thou art mine,
And I am thine;
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.

Oh, Saint Valentine's Eve
Shall my thanks receive
In many a sonnet and grateful lay;
For under its cloak
My darling spoke
The love that she would not have whisper'd by day.
And she is mine,
Oh, bliss divine!
And this is the Eve of Saint Valentine.



SAINT VALENTINE'S EVE.



LADY'S STREET SUIT.

LADY'S STREET SUIT.

THIS pretty costume has a skirt of myrtle green silk, trimmed with a deep flounce and pipings of the material, arranged as shown in the illustration. Over-skirt and sacque of plum-colored ladies' cloth, trimmed with wide galloon of the same color and strips of black marten. Muff of plum-colored velvet, banded with black marten. Plum-colored velvet hat, trimmed with loops of myrtle green ribbon and a feather of the same shade.

SOME OLD DRESSES.

THERE have been many exquisite costumes in vogue in olden times that we might imitate, if we can not invent better ones. Perhaps one of the most elegantly shaped dresses ever seen was that worn in Edward III.'s reign—a plain gown fitting the figure, cut in one almost from the low throat to the end of the train. The sleeves were a variation of that sensible old Spanish hanging sleeve, which was originally meant as an upper sleeve, to be slipped upon the arm for out-door wear, and slipped off for lightness' sake within-doors, when it hung as a simple ornament from the shoulder; open from the top, with loops and buttons along the edge for closing it upon the arm, partly or entirely, as the wearer chose; for sometimes it was closed downward to the elbow, sometimes at the lower part only, leaving the middle part open, to show the under-sleeve, which was a close one, reaching the hand, and decorated with cuffs or curious needle-work. A few years ago there was an attempt to introduce a dress similarly cut all in one, without a seam at the waist or fullness of any kind; but it soon disappeared, because there were so few figures perfect enough to set it off. At the period of which I speak (fourteenth century) rich belts were worn; but so desirous were the ladies of preserving the unbroken outline of the whole figure that the belt was never placed around the waist, but always somewhat below, about the hips. This was far more pretty and picturesque than the pinched waist now in vogue, with the sudden breadth at the hips of innumerable pleats and gathers.

This graceful dress saw the birth and death of many enormities in the way of head-gear and foot-gear, and survived the great period of horns, borrowed from the East and exaggerated, and of long-pointed shoes, which at last dragged their slow length up to the garter. It gave place after a time to the hideous but convenient farthingale, which, while courts are immoral, always *will* come in again and again for the same reasons, and which grew more and more monstrous until, about 1615, it went out for a time, and was gradually replaced by the picturesque and graceful negligence which characterized the court of Charles II., and which Lely has immortalized.

The Puritan rigidity of taste and hatred of frivolity, whose stiff and formal costume we see preserved in the uniforms of some charity schools in our own day, had doubtless a powerful influence upon the dress of the period, though throughout the troubles of the Protectorate there were many who adhered, in spite of every thing, to the old fashions of long hair and laced collars, and were ever ready to exclaim, with Sir Toby Belch, "What, dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" Exclusive of the Puritan costume pure and simple, this general feeling was probably instrumental in exterminating the great wheel farthingale and stiff colored ruff still worn during Charles I.'s reign, and traces of Puritanism may be seen even in the loose and voluminous dresses of 1660.

In William III.'s reign the costumes were still picturesque, though they had run to the opposite extreme of starch and buckram, and though, as women will be women, they from time to time burst into abnormal and uncomfortable extravagances—such as imitations of male attire, shooting crests, and unearthly wigs; and though hoops had time to appear again (1746) in a huger and more ridiculous shape than ever the old farthingale had assumed (being, in addition to their enormous width, often of eight yards, caught up on each side, and drawn in behind and before, so as richly to merit the witty nickname of the time, *l'âne avec deux paniers*, from

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the similar appearance of a lady to that oppressed animal), yet the buckram was the parent of the most beautiful (in its perfect state) costume that ever set off a beautiful woman—the dress immortalized by Watteau—sacques, trains, and powder.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOPHIE.—We have no space for repetitions. Have given some such recipe in the "Ugly Girl" articles. You will find it among back numbers.

MRS. J. H. G., L. E. H., AND OTHERS.—We have stated repeatedly that we do not make purchases for subscribers. Our business is confined to books and periodicals, and patterns.

BUREAUGHS.—The ordinary book-rests and music-stands will answer for supporting a volume of the *Bazar* while it is being read.—"Debenham's Vow" was completed months ago, and published in book form.

BETTIE.—Make a black alpaca dress by pattern of Plain-waist House Dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 48, Vol. IV. Trim according to illustration.

FRANK.—Back numbers of the *Bazar* showing you point Russe embroidery will be furnished you at ten cents a number.

ALLISON.—Black vests of the material of the full dress coat are worn at balls. White lawn neck-ties, or else very narrow ones of black silk, accompany the full dress suit. Gloves are of white kid, or else the faintest tinge of pearl or flesh color.

DAISY.—The present you mention will be very suitable. You need not hesitate to go into the shops and ask the price of it. Send a note with the gift, wishing your friend many happy returns of the day, and asking him to accept your little gift. Do it in a natural, hearty way, without pedantry or ceremony.

F. E.—Address a note to the Central Park Commissioners, offering them your monkey, which they will doubtless be glad to receive.—If your questions have not been answered, it must have been because they were irrelevant, or had been answered before. We make no charge for answering questions, but reserve the right of declining to reply when it seems to us best. Our space is valuable, and, in justice to our regular readers, we can not repeat replies.

MRS. E. F. B.—Our only premiums with the *Bazar* are the extra copies furnished to the getters-up of clubs.

J. U. V.—Pillows are large and square, or nearly so. For instance, they are thirty-six inches broad by thirty-three inches, but, of course, this depends on the size of the bed. Bolsters are not out of use, but are more especially for use than for show. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 6, Vol. IV.

E. P. L.—We advise you to use the pattern of the Sacque-Wrapper illustrated in *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V. It is especially suitable for a flannel wrapper, because it is not as heavy as some other patterns. You can omit the flounce if you choose, or you can annex a Spanish flounce.

HOUSEWIFE.—Girls employed in city homes as waitresses wear tidy dresses of light colored prints all winter, those with white grounds striped with black being most used. Nursery-maids wear muslin caps. Parlors are not kept dark as they formerly were. There is a reaction in favor of sunlight. Jardinières with growing flowers ornament the handsomest windows on Fifth Avenue; the blinds are open all day, and the lace curtains are drawn back to admit the sunlight.

MRS. L. M. P.—Make your black silk house dress with basque and simulated court train like the spring silk dress described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 6, Vol. IV. Trim with wide straight flounces of the silk edged with narrow bias flounces. This dress is as effective as if made with an over-skirt; it requires less material, and is a newer style. It is too soon to speak positively of spring styles. The earliest hints of what they are will be found in the New York Fashions.

JANE R.—Lyons tulle, or else wash net, double and pleated in side pleats or in box-pleats, will look pretty around the neck of your black cashmere polonaise. A colored silk neck-tie is then passed around the neck, or else a lace jabot or oval bow is worn in front.

WEST GREEN STREET.—Wash black and other dark calicoes in sweet milk. Do this rapidly, and dry them at once. They will not be greasy, but soft and sufficiently stiff.

HORTENSE.—Your sample is blue-black. Wear bombazine and tamise cloth for mourning.

MRS. S. F. M.—Braid your child's rose-colored dress with white.

B. A. R.—Back numbers of the *Bazar* will furnish you braiding patterns.

OMAHA.—Poplin like the sample you send will make a beautiful traveling dress made by the Marguerite polonaise pattern, trimmed with bias silk bands and fringe of the same shade. Be married in a pearl gray silk, trimmed with white lace instead of the Japanese silk. Make your black silk by Plain-basque Suit pattern given in this number. Trim with ruffles and pleatings of the same. Get a round hat of puffed gros grain the shade of your traveling dress.

LIZZIE.—The *Bazar* does not hold itself responsible for the advertisements that appear in its columns, and knows nothing of the article you mention.—Make a Dolly Varden polonaise of your brocade by directions in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 3, Vol. V.

BLACK.—It *is* customary to send party invitations to friends who are in mourning.

A SUBSCRIBER.—In writing to accept an invitation say: "Mrs. Smith accepts with pleasure Miss Brown's kind invitation for Thursday evening." When intending to decline say: "Mrs. Smith regrets the necessity of declining Miss Brown's kind invitation."

M. E. S.—Make an over-skirt and basque of your lavender silk, and get a purple silk lower skirt to go with it. A Marguerite polonaise of the brown poplin would look well with a silk or poplin skirt of a darker shade, or else make a flounced skirt of the poplin, and get a lighter brown cashmere polonaise.

CASTILE.—Use the pattern of Plain-basque Suit illustrated in this number for a poplin dress to be worn in the spring. You can omit the over-skirt in this case.

H. E. B.—Read answer below to "Mrs. J. C. T." Iron grenadine, trimmed with ruffles of the same or with lace, will answer for a polonaise over your pink silk, but one of black dotted net would be handsomer.

MRS. J. C. T.—Indications are that hair stripes will be worn again, but as you have one striped suit, we do not advise another unless it is of the inexpensive silks for $1 a yard. Solid colors are the safest purchase. Use the Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in this number.

MRS. O. L. W.—The entire set of patterns for lingerie costs 25 cents. Short braided sacques and mantles will be worn in the spring. The braid will be the color of the garment. Plain narrow silk braid, called soutache, will be used.

M. E. L.—The Marguerite polonaise has darts in front. If your boy of four years is tall, put him in pantaloons. Use the cut paper pattern of Knee-Breeches, Vest, and Jacket illustrated in *Bazar* No. 29, Vol. IV. Dark blue ladies' cloth is the fabric.

RUDOLIA.—To prevent your hair falling out bathe the scalp in diluted alcohol. Brushing does not make it fall out—quite the contrary.

JENNIE B.—Guests at weddings usually wear white or faintly tinted kid gloves. Demi-trains are most fashionable for full dress occasions, but skirts of walking dress length are sometimes seen at receptions.

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY.

A CLEAR skin and bright complexion has a charm for all. How to obtain it and how to keep it is a secret worth knowing, and one long wished for by the fair sex. A delightful toilet preparation, known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," will most effectually produce the above result. Warranted to be entirely free from any material detrimental or injurious to health. Sold at all druggists. Depot, 5 Gold St., N.Y.—[*Com.*]

THIN hair thickened, baldness cured, and gray hair made to return to its youthful color by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. —[*Com.*]

LUXURY, health, and economy insured by using *Dooley's Yeast Powder*. Elegant light Rolls, Biscuits, etc., prepared in 10 minutes. Depot, 69 New St., N.Y.—[*Com.*]

"I FEEL that my comfort depends upon *Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy*."—J. SHAW, *Saugus, Mass.*



COPYING WHEEL.—By the means of the newly-invented Copying Wheel patterns may be transferred from the Supplement with the greatest ease. This Wheel is equally useful for cutting patterns of all sorts, whether from other patterns or from the garments themselves. For sale by Newsdealers generally; or will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

For Moth Patches, Freckles,

AND TAN, use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. The only reliable and harmless remedy for removing Brown Discolorations from the skin.

Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., New York. Sold by Druggists every where.

MOTHERS,

SAVE NESTLÉ'S LACTEOUS FARINA, THE MOTHER'S MILK SUBSTITUTE. YOUR INFANTS.

Extensively used and recommended by the most eminent physicians. Sold by Druggists and Grocers.

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SAVE YOUR LIFE

BY PROMPTLY USING

WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES,

A Chemically pure preparation of

PHOSPHORUS,

Which is a most important constituent of the human body, existing largely in the Brain, Nervous System, Blood, and Bones. IT IS THE UNDUE WASTE OR DEFICIENCY OF THIS LIFE-GIVING AND LIFE-SUSTAINING ELEMENT WHICH IS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE of

CONSUMPTION, NERVOUS DEBILITY, PARALYSIS, DYSPEPSIA, SCROFULA, &c.

The proper Remedy for the effectual treatment and cure of the above Diseases consists in restoring to the Brain, Nervous System, Lungs, and Blood their due proportion of PHOSPHORUS.

WINCHESTER'S **HYPOPHOSPHITES**

is the only preparation which accomplishes this result; and it is an absolute cure for the Diseases above named.

Circulars, Information, and Advice Free.

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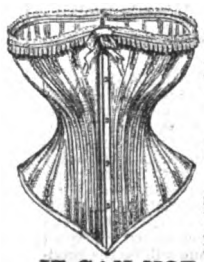
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FACETIÆ.

An artist painted a cannon so naturally that, when he was finishing the touch-hole, it went off at a very good price.

How to make a Pair of Boots last for Five Years.—Melt and mix three ounces of bees-wax with two ounces of sweet-oil. Rub the mixture well into the boots while hot, then lock them up in a cupboard, and do all the walking you've got to do in a pair of shoes.

There was once an old lady who kissed a cow, though lots of young ladies kiss calves.

Why is dressing a fatiguing process?—Because it's a-tiring (attiring) yourself. Strange that this thought so seldom occurs to the ladies!

What rock is most unsuitable for a foundation?—The shamrock. Arrah, bad luck to ye!

The sailor who wanted to know what time it was has since gone to sea.

Some Consolation.—The plainest woman alive, if she reaches the age of eighty, will be a pretty old one.

The Press what Printers like—A press of business.

The young widow who was buried in grief is now alive and doing well. It was only another instance of premature interment.

Can you spell consent in three letters?—Y-e-s.

Who was the first chiropodist mentioned in English history?—William the *Corn-curer*.

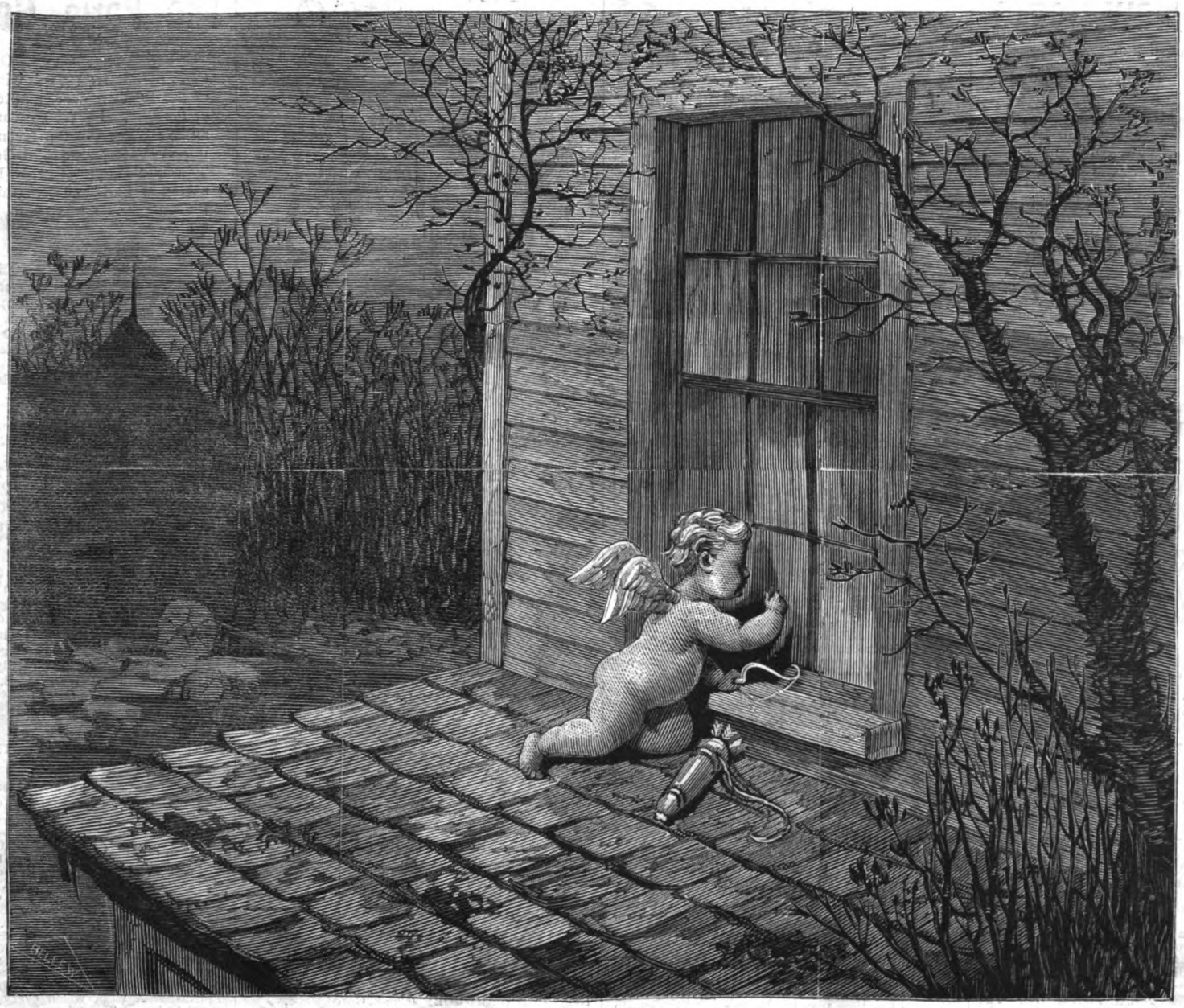
Verbum Sap.—Writing to a contemporary, "a middle-sized man" protests against the growing tendency of modern ladies to wear high-heeled boots, "because they give an undue elevation to the female over the male sex." When a man takes to writing on such a subject as high heels *versus* high souls, he ought to take care his statements are made *on good grounds*.

Shakspearean Mem.—Though Titania bade Bottom listen to her, she never asked him to lend her his ears.

Shame.—Among the latest items of fashionable intelligence is the following: "Ladies who wear muffs for skating arways suspend them on a cord, and the *toque is de rigueur*." Muffs (who, of course, can't skate) have no business on the ice (when there is any). And as for "toke being *de rigueur*," every one knows that the cold air gives a lady a good appetite; but *what* a way to express it!

"Molly, my darlin', what o'clock is it?—and where's the pudding?"
"It's eight" (ate), said Molly.

The First Tubular Bridge—The bridge of the nose.



LOVE AT THE WINDOW.

"CHEEK!"

Commercial Traveler (*to Swell who was smoking a fragrant Havana*). "Would you oblige me, Sir, by changing into another carriage, or putting your cigar out *pro tem.*?"

Swell (*nonchalantly*). "Oh, certainly." (*Throws his cigar out of the window.*)

Commercial Traveler (*complacently producing and filling his meerschaum*). "Sorry to trouble you, but I never can enjoy my pipe when there's a bad weed a-goin'!"

When is a pear not a couple?—When it's pared but not matched.

SUNDAY OUT.

Betsy. "Shall you be a-goin' out this a'ternoon, mem?"

Mistress. "I think not, Betsy."

Betsy. "Cos yer can if yer like: *I* don't want to go out."

"Which is the queerest of us two?"
"Why, you are the querist?"

A HINT TO GRUMBLERS.

"What a noisy world this is!" croaked an old frog, as he squatted on the margin of the pool. "Do you hear those geese, how they scream and hiss? What do they do it for?"

"Oh, just to amuse themselves," answered a little field-mouse.

"Presently we shall have the owls hooting. What is that for?"

"It's the music they like the best," said the mouse.

"And those grasshoppers—they can't go home without grinding and chirping. Why do they do that?"

"Oh, they're so happy, they can't help it," said the mouse.

"You'll find excuses for all: I believe you don't understand music, so you like the hideous noises."

"Well, friend, to be honest with you," said the mouse, "I don't greatly admire any of them; but they are all sweet in my ears compared with the constant croaking of a frog."

The Made of Awl-Work—Boots.

Brothers-in-Law—The judges.

STARTING A HENNERY.

A story is told about a Yankee who lately settled down in the West. He went to a neighbor, and thus accosted him, "Wa'al, I reckon you hain't got no old hen or nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you, neighbor?"

"I will lend you one with pleasure," replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest one in the coop.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched a dozen chickens. The Yankee was again puzzled: he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another bright idea. He would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen eggs. This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to the gentlemen who owned them, remarking as he did so, "Wa'al, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen chickens as you ever laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent, nuther."

The drunkard's week is made up of Thirst-days.

What has the largest circulation in the world? The *Bazar*? No. Bank-notes? No. What then? The blood.

Curls of Smoke—False ringlets.

What is the difference between a Christian and a cannibal?—The one enjoys himself, and the other enjoys other people.

Stocking-Mending.—A paper tells how a servant-girl mends her stockings: "When a hole appeared in the toe, Bridget tied a string around the stocking above the aperture, and cut off the projecting portion. This operation was repeated as often as necessary, each time pulling the stocking down a little, until at last it was nearly all cut away, when Bridget sewed on new legs, and thus kept her stockings always in repair."

Straining a point does not necessarily make it clearer.

A CANNIBAL.

The following advertisement appeared in a daily paper a few days ago:

Partial Board.—A lady, having a larger house than she requires, would be happy to meet with a gentleman for breakfast and tea, etc.

Oh, good gracious! Does she intend *to make only two meals of the poor man*?

A Ball-Room—The nursery.

A Cincinnati paper says that in the present condition of the Ohio a small and very fine strainer, worn inside the mouth, may serve to prevent death by strangulation.



Fond Parent. "I hope you will be very Careful, Mr. Stimpson. I have always been accustomed to Cut their Hair Myself."

Mr. Stimpson. "So I should have thought, Madam."



SAT UPON.

Hospitable Host. "Does any Gentleman say Pudden?"
Precise Guest. "No, Sir. No *Gentleman* says *Pudden*."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 9.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' Evening Dresses.

Fig. 1.—White tulle dress, trimmed with puffs of the material, white lace, and a pinked ruche of pink silk. Pink silk Pompadour over dress, trimmed with lace and ruches. Pleated tulle chemisette and sleeves. Diadem and white feathers in the hair, which falls over the forehead, and is brushed back at the sides, and curled in the back.

Fig. 2.—White tarlatan dress, trimmed with bias strips and points of blue gros grain. Waist of blue gros grain, trimmed with bows of blue ribbon.

Fig. 3.—Pink satin trained dress with wide pleated flounce. Over dress of white Algérienne, draped with wild roses. Bertha and sash of pink satin, the former trimmed with lace and roses. Roses in the hair.

Fig. 4.—Green silk dress with basque-waist.



LADIES' EVENING DRESSES.

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The trimming consists of ruches of the material and bows of green gros grain ribbon.

Fig. 5.—Trained dress with over dress of lilac silk gauze, trimmed with ruffles of the material and folds of violet gros grain. Bows of violet gros grain ribbon. Long sash ends of silk gauze, which are fastened with a bow in the back at the bottom of the waist. Pearls and flowers in the hair.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1872.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.

☞ WE are glad to announce that a new Novel by the brilliant Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc., entitled

"TO THE BITTER END,"

is commenced in the present Number of the BAZAR, and will alternate henceforth with FARJEON'S thrilling story, "LONDON'S HEART," which was commenced in the last Number. One or the other of these stories will be continued in every Number.

"TO THE BITTER END" gives promise of the intense interest which characterizes all the writings of Miss BRADDON, whose novels present a unique combination of powerful dramatic force and picturesque descriptions of social life which fascinate the reader's attention to the end.

☞ *Subscribers will please excuse the inevitable delay in supplying them with the Back Numbers of the present Volumes of the* WEEKLY *and* BAZAR, *which have been exhausted, but which will be forwarded as soon as reprinted.*

☞ *The Embroidery Supplement furnished gratuitously with this Number of the* BAZAR *contains more than Sixty Exquisite Designs in Point Lace, Crochet, Netting, Worsted-Work, Point Russe, Satin, and Half-polka Stitch, White Embroidery, etc., for Curtains, Lambrequins, Rugs, Furniture, Cushions, Sofa-Pillows, Brioches, Footstools, Waste-Baskets, Work Bags and Baskets, Wall-Pockets, Hair-Brushes, Cravats, Chemisettes, Handkerchiefs, Lingerie, Children's Clothing, Edgings, Insertions, Tidies, etc., etc., together with several Names and Monograms, and two complete Alphabets of Capitals and Small Letters to be worked on Canvas.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Spring Walking, House, Evening, and Bridal Dresses; High, Low, Square, and Heart-shaped Waists; several new and stylish Sleeves; Kitchen Aprons; Hoods, Slippers, Work-Bags, Lamp Shades, Embroidery Designs, etc., etc., to which will be added literary and artistic attractions of a high order.*

NEIGHBORS.

IF you wish to know any thing about yourself of which you are not quite certain, the infallible way is to inquire of your neighbors. They can tell you who are your callers; how long they stand at the door before the bell is answered; whether you were engaged or "at home;" and whether they belong to the "best families" or to shoddy aristocracy. They know how late Bridget burns the gas; what wages she exacts; how often your carpets come up; whether they are Brussels or tapestry; if you put them down yourself, or hire; when the parlor-chamber falls heir to the drawing-room carpet, and the drawing-room has a fresh one. They know, when your new piano comes home, how much you paid down, how much you were allowed for the old one; whether you indulge in unbleached cotton, and red flannel for rheumatism; when your grocer sends in his bill; how often you have a joint to vary the monotony of stews and cutlets. They know to a certainty how frequently "that young man with the mustache" comes to tea; and the precise date when he left off ringing and walked in like one of the family. They know when you changed the trimming on your old silk, and thought to cheat the world into believing it a recent purchase; and how far your best cashmere is pieced down with cambric under the over-skirt—which so often covers a multitude of faults. They are the first to discover the rents in your lace shawl; and can count the winters you have worn your broadcloth cloak, and the various manipulations it has suffered in order to keep step with the style.

They know whether Mr. Smith spends his evenings at home; whether he gained his lawsuit; and what terms he is on with his great-uncle Crœsus, the banker. They know by instinct how far you went on your wedding journey. If you put up at second-class hotels, they ferret it out. If your honey-moon goes into eclipse, don't think to dissemble: they can detect it without the aid of smoked glass or the Cambridge Observatory. They have a positive genius for discovering whether your pearl-colored dinner dress is a post-nuptial addition to your wardrobe, or came in with your trousseau. They know that you expected Aunt Midas to come down handsomely among the wedding presents, and she sent a plated water-jug. They know about your quarrel with your relations, and how Mr. Smith's friends thought he might have married more to the purpose. They understand how discomfited you are when Cousin Nancy comes to visit in homespun, and tells how much better off you are than your grandmother, "who began with rush-bottomed chairs in her best room, knowed nothing about sofys, and sweetened her tea with molasses!" They know how many conditions Ned had when he entered college; why he was suspended; whether Bridget or you are mistress; if you deducted the price of the baby's christening cake, which she made away with, from her wages; whether Mr. Smith storms when bills fall due and roasts are burned; and whether you cry and threaten to go home to your father's. Doesn't your neighbor know whether you send the plum-cake and preserves into the kitchen; whether you use whiting or silver-soap for the spoons; if you make your old duds over for the children, or sell them to the second-hand dealers, or clothe the poor; if you keep the arm-chair over the darn in the carpet; and buy your fuel by wholesale or piecemeal? Why, the very winds are in league with him, and waft the odor of your dinners abroad.

To a certain extent one's neighbors are one's fate; they compel respectability; they dictate ways and means without being sensible of it; they influence each other more or less in matters of dress and household management, in social behavior and personal accomplishments. One puts his best foot forward in the presence of his neighbors; is always on the strain to deserve their esteem; and it is only when he is beyond this censorship that he is audacious, like the good deacon who, being on a visit to the metropolis, thought it no harm to drop into the theatre, where nobody would know him, and learn how Satan entertained his own. What must have been his confusion when in the next slip he beheld a worthy brother deacon!

Neighbors are, in fact, a great stimulant to each other. Will Neighbor White succumb to misfortune, and Neighbors Black and Blue looking on? Shall Mrs. Green be called a slattern, and her next neighbor the pink of propriety? Shall she be a heretic, and allow the saints across the street to turn up their eyes at her? Shall she be ignorant, and they talk French and transcendentalism? Shall Neighbor Pinch put his name down for a trifle on the subscription list for Neighbor Plenty to see and crack his joke over?

Blessed be neighbors, since they encourage emulation in better things than etiquette and toilette—since they afford an unfailing fund of entertainment to each other! But, after all, neighbors are only Mrs. Grundy in miniature, and there is no denying that they add a relish to every-day life.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of a Fellow-Traveler.

MY DEAR EUSTACE,—There is a quiet family hotel near my lodgings, and a friend who is passing the winter there invited me a few days since to dine with him and his family with a few other guests. I am still of the opinion that there are no pleasanter parties than little dinners, and I very gladly went at the hour appointed. There were not many persons, and the rooms were not fine, and the dinner was very plain, but it was one of the pleasantest feasts at which I ever sat. For do you suppose that the last pearl that he finds is not the most beautiful pearl he ever saw to the diver? Or that the delight of finding the trailing arbutus under the dead leaves in the spring is not greater every year to the lover of woods and fields?

I was sitting quietly talking with the wife of my friend just before dinner, when she said that she wished me to hand in a young friend of hers who was a stranger. I answered that her wishes were commands; but I suggested that a young stranger in the city should have another cavalier than an old Bachelor, and that I feared to injure her impressions of the gay world. But my hostess would not listen, and leading the way, she presented me to the young woman. Now if some traveler in the old story had said, carelessly and by chance, "Open sesame," and straightway sparkling grottoes of gems and flowers had opened before him, he could not have been more surprised and charmed than I at the consequences of those few words of introduction to Hester. There was great gentleness in her address, and she was so free from all kinds of affectation, looking me straight in the eyes when she spoke, and yet with such maidenly modesty and reserve, that I thought of a fawn peering at me in a summer thicket with all the obscure wood behind for a rebound.

Hester was not beautiful—at least I suppose that she would not be called so. I am very sure that she was like none of the famous statues. She had not Greek features, which are esteemed classical. But although she did not resemble any Venus that I ever saw, she reminded me of Murillo's Madonnas. Nor was she superbly dressed, as some of the other ladies were. Indeed, she seemed to me one of the women whom I remember to have seen who apparently do not think of dress; who never wear precious stones in their ears or around their necks and arms; who are, indeed, as unconscious in their apparel as in their manner, neither careless nor careful, but leaving upon your mind a sense of exquisite propriety. It is with dress, my dear Eustace, as with eloquence. When the young man told Mr. Fox that the night before he had heard Mr. Burke make the most eloquent speech in the world, and that he could repeat every word of it, Mr. Fox replied, "It was not very eloquent, if you can remember the words." So I have found that if I bear away with me the inventory of a lady's dress, it is because the lady herself made less impression than her jewels and lace. I really did not remember the next morning how Hester was dressed. I only recalled a very lovely girl.

And, if you insist upon it, I do not very fully remember what was said by either of us. I handed her out to dinner, and I know that I told her she would enjoy her next feast all the more, for my age would serve as an appetizer for the society of youth. Well, if she replied courteously, it was only because of the high-bred kindness of the young woman—that is to say, a kindness bred of the charity which is of heaven. High breeding is heavenly breeding, is it not? For surely there is none worth the name which has not heavenly kindness in it. Indeed, I confess it, Hester seemed to me full of sweet attraction, and I awoke the next morning repeating the old lines:

"A sweet, attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face
The lineaments of gospel books."

No; I can not say that she was a very intellectual woman. She had no especial talent. I found that she was fond of music, but not a performer. She knew some good books, as I thought, and when I quoted a few verses from some poet, she bent forward to hear, and said that they were very beautiful. As she said so I forgot my years, and, looking at her, I replied, with entire sincerity, "Very beautiful." I saw a faint color in her cheeks. Did she think that I spoke of the verses? It was preposterous for the oldest representative of the Bachelor family to be saying such things. Yet why so, if it were not preposterous to feel them? and even you would not say that. The dinner was very short, and yet I saw that we had sat at table for three hours. When we went into the drawing-room, I looked about for some young fellow to take my place, but I did not see that Hester seemed to be anxious that I should go. Had it been intentional, her manner would have been the most exquisite flattery. But as it was plainly unconscious, it could not be flattery.

It is such feasts and fortunes that perpetually renew the freshness of life. The day after that little dinner I received a letter from Cynicus, in which he told me that the world was a nest of scoundrels, and that the difference between the State-prison and a private house is that those who are found out live in the former, and those who are not found out in the latter. Yet all that morning I had been walking about in the sunshine, rejoicing in my new acquaintance, and thinking how rich and beautiful a world it is in which, even at my age, the vision of every Hester who has been unknown before is a suggestion of the multitude of lovely and beautiful persons who are all around us, and whom some day, please Heaven, we shall know. When I make the acquaintance of a new Hester the world begins again, as you young lovers say. I can not, indeed, be a lover. That is not the emotion, and no Hester, however considerate and charitable, ever views your old friend in that light. Could I have taken off twoscore years in the hall with my hat and coat before going into the drawing-room, I do not know that Hester would have seemed so fair. I, an old man, saw her in the unreserve of perfect confidence. Perhaps against youth she must have defended herself.

But to see a noble man or a lovely woman whom we had not known before seems to me like greeting a bright June day, or a soft moonlight night, most familiar but forever new. When I sat in my friend's room at the hotel with Hester I was an enchanted discoverer. I was the German naturalist who came suddenly upon the Victoria Regia in the valley of the Amazon. I was happier than Ponce de Leon, for I had found the fountain of youth. I was another Ancient Mariner—

"the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."

I was Vasco da Gama rounding the Cape of Good Hope. I was Columbus, and there in the corner of the sofa was beautiful San Salvador. When the mariner saw it he thought of the costly Indies that lay behind. And in every Hester that I see I behold those that are yet to be revealed. In the old pictures of saints you have often seen, I suppose, the background of seraphic faces vaguely outlined. To the extatic gaze of faith, I suppose, they become distinct and full. Am I wrong in seeing behind every Hester a thousand shadowy forms as fair as she, which, to those who do not believe with Cynicus, will become more and more real?

These, indeed, are the fellow-travelers upon the great road who make the journey a long delight; and it is the thought of these that truly moulds our manners. The lovely Hester whom I met by chance has gone to her home again, somewhere in the country, and I shall see her no more. Yet when I think of that purity and sweetness and courtesy, of that gentle deference and alert attention, I am rebuked as by a flower. I do not wonder at all the mad extravagance of the poets in praising women; for if they describe them as angels, it is because they compare them with themselves; and to compare them with most of us is to contrast a nymph with a Satyr. That gentle deference of which I just spoke is always very touching, for I ask myself if Hester would not have shown the same toward Lovelace had he, too, been a guest at the dinner. Is it ignorance or is it fate that often gives Hester to Lothario?

Now that she is gone, and the days begin to lengthen toward the spring, I find myself thinking of her as I take my walks, and musing upon her destiny. Yet such natures forecast their own lives, at least to the imagination. I think of some noble young Hal or Eustace one day, like me, asked to dinner, and unknowing to what feast he is bidden. I see him introduced to the quiet Hester upon the sofa; and when he hands her out to dinner, they feel that each has found the other. To the guests at their right and left the feast is a pleasant dinner-party; to Hester and to Eustace it is Arcadia—it is paradise. Each has enchanted the world for the other; and henceforth for many months the routine of life, the street, the car, the brick house, are as poetic as the constellations in the heavens.

My fancy presses on, and I see a wedding at Saint Rainbow's in the brightest of spring mornings—a wedding which has not been trumpeted, and which nobody suspects. The days and the years pass, and golden-haired children play in a sunny house. There is a younger Hester— Stop, fancy, stop! It is an endless chain of shining links. The race of Hesters—"a sweet, attractive kind of grace"—will never end. The dreamer saw a ladder let down from heaven to earth, and angels continually ascending and descending. But remember, dear Eustace, what fellow-travelers we have. If so many seem to us commonplace and dull and wearisome, or merely vulgar and loud and shallow, yet how many a hero sits near us, wrapped in a coarse coat and silent; how many a Joan of Arc! how many a patient Penelope! I saw our fellow-traveler Hester, and that quiet family hotel near by, that respectable brick house, is an estray of fairy to my fancy forever. I think of that fair and modest lady and am a better man. My boy, think of the Hesters you know, live worthily of them in private and in public, and your manners upon the road will need no hints from

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING COSTUMES.

SPRING costumes are imported in solid colors of pale tints, especially gray and écru buff, and in narrow stripes, small checks, and cross-bars of color on white. Few suits are made entirely of cross-barred or striped goods; but these are employed as parts of many costumes, usually as kilt skirts, vests, and sometimes as sleeveless sacques. The corsage, sleeves, belt, over-skirt, and round mantle are of solid color.

THE FRENCH BLOUSE, SLEEVES, ETC.

The simple waist described last week, with darts in front, plain back, and sufficient spring on the hips to pass under a belt, is called the French blouse. It is easily fitted, comfortable to wear, and is prettily trimmed to outline a vest, or with a real vest set in, or else with folds and a pleated frill in the shape of a Marie Antoinette collar.

The duchesse sleeve, coat shape, ruffled around the wrist and up the outer seam, is on many of these blouses for the demi-season. There are

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also various kinds of cuffs—square, round, and box-pleated; double ruffles also fall on the wrist, trimming the sleeve from the elbow down; the lower ruffle is gathered, the upper is side-pleated. White muslin pleated frills and black velvet bows ornament pale écru buff and gray dresses. Embroidered ruffles and flounces of the dress material are on the handsomest suits. Mikado-color is the name given to the peculiar brown-buff shade of linen pongee and cloth to be worn in the spring.

MODEL SUITS.

A neat, fresh-looking suit of *printemps* gray pongee has the simple waist, postilion belt, and coat sleeves already described. A bias band and ruffle trim the square cuffs. Apron-front over-skirt gathered full and high on the sides, with a band and three-inch ruffle for trimming. The lower skirt has a deep gathered flounce and two standing frills. The jaunty wrap is a round cape over a short, sleeveless sacque slashed below the waist. The front buttons from the throat down. The trimming is a bias band piped on each edge. A second suit has a lower skirt of poplin in narrow stripes of fawn-color and white, with kilting three-quarters of a yard deep. The over-skirt and waist are of solid fawn-color, trimmed with striped bias bands like the lower skirt, edged with solid-colored pleating. Gray belt with a Watteau postilion. The cape is a talma with a Watteau fold behind.

A very handsome suit of the new buff linen pongee has a vest, cuffs, and under-skirt of white and black barred poplin. The waist is plain, and three narrow folds of buff pongee, edged with white linen guipure, border the vest and extend around the neck. The belt is four folds of buff pongee with a Watteau postilion. Over-skirt bunched high on the sides and edged with guipure. Under-skirt of cross-barred poplin in kilt pleating as far as is visible below the over-skirt.

A beautiful suit for a young girl is a duplicate of the last, with blue and white cross-bars instead of black. Another buff suit has several flounces, on which vines of leaves are wrought in white floss in old-fashioned chain stitch. The mantle is a simple round talma, open half-way up the middle of the back, and trimmed all around with an embroidered ruffle.

A traveling suit of gray poplin has a belted polonaise, with box-pleats behind, and a lovely talma, with a nun's square collar of striped poplin. A suit of gray serge was made by our vest-basque suit pattern, and trimmed with wide black braid.

A suit of absinthe (greenish-gray) poplin has a striped kilt skirt, solid-colored over-skirt, waist, and sleeves, to be worn with a skeleton or sleeveless sacque of striped stuff like the kilt. This is very stylish. A kind of sailor suit for young girls is of blue or black checks on white. It is made with two skirts and a belted basque, with square collar and cuffs. The price is $25.

BATISTE SUITS FOR SUMMER.

Batiste is a fine lawn that looks like thin, wiry, buff linen, and is said to be made of pure flax in its natural écru or unbleached color. Though almost as thin as organdy, it is very strong, and will make serviceable, cool, and beautiful dresses for midsummer. It is trimmed with ruffles of itself, exquisitely needle-worked with white, black, and brown. An imported batiste suit, probably worth $75, has the French blouse-waist without lining, coat sleeves ruffled, a belt of four folds, with ruffled postilion. The skirt is edged with side pleating a finger deep, over which falls a wide gathered flounce exquisitely embroidered, and headed by two standing frills. The apron-front over-skirt has also a wide flounce like that on the lower skirt. The wrap is a talma ruffled all around.

JAPANESE PIQUÉS.

A new wash goods for summer, called Japanese piqué, is soft twilled cotton like satin jean, but without gloss. It comes in white and buff, and is quite inexpensive, as suit lengths with pleated trimming ready to sew on are imported in boxes for $5 or $7. A picture showing the design accompanies each box.

WHITE MUSLIN SUITS.

The prettiest suits of white mull are trimmed with bands of embroidery, inserted, not sewed on, and ruffles of the material. Very fine machine embroidery is used on many such dresses. A tasteful French costume of white mull for the house or street has a scant flounce headed at the knee by an embroidered band, and edged with flat side pleating. The apron-front over-skirt is similarly trimmed. The body is a slashed basque, unlined, with a band of embroidery simulating a vest, and shaping the side forms behind. The neck is heart-shaped, and a side pleating surrounds the entire basque. Duchesse sleeves, with insertion and pleating extending to the elbow.

SPRING CAMBRICS.

Soft-finished cambrics in gray mottled patterns, or twilled to imitate cashmere, or in black and white blocks, are shown for spring. They are as soft as foulards, and are in double folds like fine goods. The box-pleated blouse, or shirt-waist, will again be in favor for these fabrics. Some new white linen blouses are in narrow box-pleats about an inch wide. These pleats are merely tucks pressed open in the middle, and are not stitched down at the edges. Sometimes ten pleats are in the front and ten in the back of a blouse.

Dolly Varden calicoes are also largely imported for 45 or 50 cents a yard. Black or buff grounds with gay flowers will probably find most favor. These are invariably made with a polonaise, and the skirt is a solid color, either black alpaca or silk. The plain Marguerite and the Marguerite vest-polonaise are the models for this over dress.

HOUSE DRESSES.

New dresses for the house have demi-trained skirts very much trimmed below and in front, with an over-skirt only on the back breadths. The front of the under-skirt is trimmed to outline an upper skirt, and the over-skirt unites with this trimming in a very graceful way. This gives perfectly flat front widths, with very full tournure. It is the first successful attempt at simulating even part of an upper skirt, and will be especially becoming to stout figures. A good model was a lavender poplin, with a demi-train trimmed with kilt pleating that reached very high on the sides, and curved low in front and behind. Two ruffles headed the kilting. A row of bows was down the middle of the front breadth. The over-skirt covered only the back breadths. Plain waist with a postilion basque.

CASHMERE SHAWLS.

Black cashmere shawls, two yards square, with fine embroidery in two corners, and a vine along the sides, are sold for $20. These are handsome for light mourning, and for old ladies.

VARIETIES.

The taste for embroidered trimmings increases. At the fancy stores wide black velvet ribbons are embroidered in floral designs for trimming light silk dresses. One especially handsome pattern has large pansies wrought on black velvet in silk floss of the beautiful shades of the flower. This is to trim a white silk dress. The charge for embroidering a yard of this pansy pattern is $3 75. Daisies, white Marguerites with golden centres, and sprays of lilies of the valley are also embroidered on black.

Point appliqué lace is more fashionable this season than it has been for years. It had fallen into disfavor because it was too poorly made to wear well, besides having a coarse look. Now its texture is improved, and it is prettily combined with round point medallions and scroll-work, making it very effective trimming for silks of pale tints. $100 buy quite a handsome appliqué flounce of ten yards.

Ruffles worn standing around the neck instead of collars are much fuller than when first introduced, and are usually made double. Ladies now make them at home, using fine sheer linen cambric, finished with the narrowest thread edging. The inner ruffle is highest, of cambric an inch wide, while the outer is only half an inch of cambric. They should be made with exquisite neatness, the upper edges having rolled hems, and the lower rolled gathers, overseamed to a tape that is to be basted inside the neck of the dress. These stand the test of washing, while the pleated Swiss muslin frills, bought by the yard, are useless when once soiled. Tulle, or else wash net, doubled and box-pleated in a ruffle an inch wide, is also becoming, and many wear it down the front of the corsage as well as around the neck. Standing frills of Valenciennes and Malines lace are chosen for more dressy occasions. White muslin and white lace bows are the favorite at present, but many ladies require some color about the throat to light up dark dresses, and for these there are bows of colored China crape mixed with Valenciennes lace in the pretty fashions lately illustrated in the *Bazar*. Among these are butterfly bows of pale salmon crape, with Valenciennes lace an inch wide around the loops. They cost $5. Another has two pointed pieces of rose-colored crape laid in folds like a fan, and edged with Malines. Dark brown crape in inch-wide strips, alternating with Valenciennes insertion of the same width, forms a pretty bow to wear with a paler brown dress. Nile green, rose, and Sèvres blue crape scarfs are folded narrow and bias to pass around the neck below a standing lace frill; the ends are pointed with insertion set in the points, and the edge has a ruffle of lace.

CURIOSITIES IN CONFECTIONERY.

The French cooks gave their annual ball lately, under the auspices of the *Société Culinaire Philanthropique*. The remarkable feature of this ball is the supper, sent from the hotels and restaurants by the chief cooks and caterers, each of whom is on his mettle to eclipse the efforts of his rivals in the culinary art. Among the curious dishes was a boar's head, the shape preserved perfectly, and trimmed in most grotesque fashion, and stuffed with boned meats; a bear's ham of gigantic size was dressed with amber jellies; A huge salmon, perfect in shape from head to tail, was prettily decorated, and mounted on a miniature kitchen (of sugared chalk), in which were cooks, kettles, and pans; above dishes of game were most natural-looking groups of fowls in their feathers as if alive; hams were baked and ornamented with crystal jellies, and salads of every color of the prism were arranged in quaint and appetizing devices. But artistic pieces of confectionery are the French cook's pride, and most ingenious among these was a locomotive and train of cars moulded of nougat. They were represented under full headway, puffing forth a volume of smoke made of white spun sugar. Another ornamental piece was a basket of candied fruits, of natural color, capping the white columns of a temple that looked like marble, but was stearine! Inside the temple was a fountain with real gold-fish swimming in the basin. Last of all were bouquets of ice-cream, each flower moulded in natural tint and shape, and fruit-baskets of colored water-ices, holding what seemed to be Malaga grapes, oranges, berries, but were really pistache cream, vanilla, and strawberry.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; and A. SELIG & Co.

PERSONAL.

APROPOS of the "PERKINS claim," which was so much talked and written about by M. CATACAZY, Miss ALLA BLANCHE PERKINS, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has been elected Professor of Ancient and Modern Languages in the college for ladies at Jacksonville, Illinois. She is the only child of the late Major PERKINS, whose fortune was lost through the failure of the Russian government to keep its contracts made for arms during the Crimean war, which were not needed, as the war closed while the arms were on shipboard.

—Mrs. BEECHER STOWE proposes to rebuild the little church at Mandolin, Florida, that was burned last year, the STOWES having originally built it. It is the only church in a section of five hundred miles.

—The Rev. R. M. S. PORTER, of Whitehall, New York, has the honor of being the poorest-paid minister in the United States. His only salary is such donations as the people are pleased to make him. Last year the net cash receipts were forty-six dollars. Whitehall is a most excellent place for ministers to go—from.

—Sir WILLIAM JENNER, who was over here as pulse-feeler to the Prince of Wales, is to be made a Civil Knight Commander of the Bath. No doctor has ever yet been made a peer, though lawyers and business men often work their way into the peerage. When GEORGE IV. proposed to make Sir HENRY HALFORD a peer, the aristocracy turned up their noses, and TOM MOORE protested thus against it in rhyme:

"Forbid it! forbid it! ye viscounts, ye earls!
O Rank! how thy glories would fall disenchanted,
If coronets glistened with pills 'stead of pearls,
And the strawberry leaves were by rhubarb supplanted!"

—Mrs. MEHITABLE PIPER, aged 101, held her annual levee in Gloucester, Massachusetts, last week. Her forefathers and foremothers were of the good old Revolutionary stock.

—This, now, is something like! Mrs. JOHN FLINT had the Woman Suffrage Society of Webster, Massachusetts, at her house last week, and after discussing the W. S. business, she treated them to a pie which was *six feet and nine inches* in circumference. Those Massachusetts women are *so* enthusiastic!

—The A. O. M. (all old maids) Society of Cheshire recently gave a ball that was a success. The gentlemen were received by the ladies, shown to seats, and there compelled to sit and smile until partners were provided for them, or else leave. They didn't leave. The floor and supper managers were young maidens, and they saw that none of the young men went home hungry. ☞ The A. O. M. paid all the bills, and the young men thought it was a good and "big thing."

—HENRY MEIGS, who may be called the T. A. SCOTT and C. VANDERBILT of South America, has contributed $1000 toward building a new church at Catskill. HENRY MEIGS was born on that kill.

—Father DOHERTY and Mr. DESMOND, of Kenosha, came to Milwaukee a few days ago; stopped at Newhall House; asked for FANNY CARY, waitress, whom the father had long known, and whom he told that his young friend DESMOND was about to settle down for life, had made his fortune, and having determined to take a partner for better or for worse, had consulted him as to an eligible person; that he had immediately suggested that FANNY CARY was just the person for the place, and that DESMOND, on the strength of his recommendation, had decided to offer himself to her, and bring about, if possible, an immediate consummation of the matter. After stating these facts the reverend father made a formal proposal to the young girl in behalf of DESMOND. The proposal was accepted, DESMOND summoned, the couple, who had never seen each other before, introduced, and it was decided that as soon as possible they should be made "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one." Accordingly by four o'clock the ceremonies were performed by the Rev. Mr. DOHERTY, and without waiting for conflagrations, the newly married couple set out for FOX Lake, the residence of DESMOND. DESMOND is said to be a man of considerable means, owning property about Fox Lake to the amount of $40,000.

—The reception given by ALVIN J. JOHNSON, on the evening of February 8, to celebrate HORACE GREELEY'S coming of age—the age of sixty-one—was a unique affair, and was pronounced by good judges one of the most brilliant gatherings ever seen in New York. Seven hundred and fifty invitations were issued, bearing a finely engraved portrait and the characteristic autograph of the hero of the occasion; and from the appearance of the rooms one would have judged that, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, all the guests came who were bidden to the feast. It would be easier to catalogue the notabilities within reach who were not than those who were there. A small dinner-party of twenty-four preceded the evening entertainment. Dr. O. W. HOLMES, GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Secretary FISH, MARK HOPKINS, JOHN G. WHITTIER, and many others sent regrets. The floral decorations were beautiful; an oil portrait of Mr. GREELEY was wreathed with flowers, and the lovely face of ALICE CARY looked down from CARPENTER'S portrait, garlanded with laurels, on a company to which she so fitly belonged. Mr. GREELEY looked hale and hearty, and evidently enjoyed the congratulations of the distinguished circle, representing all shades of opinions, that united in paying honor to a veteran journalist and upright man.

—Mr. SPURGEON and Bishop LITTLEJOHN think alike about the extravagant sums paid by Protestant churches for music. The bishop stated recently that one church in his diocese paid more money for music last year than all the churches combined paid for missions. And SPURGEON, in the course of a recent sermon, "came down" on those fashionable congregations who leave the praise of God to four or five high-priced professional vocalists.

—What drolls the English judges are! A Mrs. MILL recently obtained a divorce, but the judge ordered her to pay her husband $1500 a year. In the words of A. Ward, "What could he mean by such conducts as those?"

—A gentleman, writing of the late JOHN JACOB ASTOR and his wife, says: "Mr. ASTOR'S early habits of life were peculiar. He always played checkers after his three-o'clock dinner, never exceeding three games, and while playing drank a glass of ale. He never used spirits. Telling anecdotes of his early career he was never weary of. His brother, HENRY ASTOR, was a butcher. JOHN JACOB, in his financial struggles, frequently went to him for a loan. This was a source of annoyance to HENRY, who said one day, in answer to his brother's request for a loan of two hundred dollars, 'JOHN, I will give you a hundred dollars if you will never again ask a loan, or an indorsement, or a bond of me.' Mr. ASTOR said he hesitated for a moment, passed the proposition through his mind, saw its advantages—for a hundred dollars *was* a hundred dollars in those days—and accepted the offer. 'I never did ask HENRY for another dollar,' he added. HENRY died in 1831, leaving all his fortune, which was large, to WILLIAM B. ASTOR. Old Mrs. ASTOR was a sturdy, energetic, common-sense woman, who did her full part toward the accumulation of the colossal fortune. She possessed that wonderful equipoise of mind which decides positively and correctly. Besides this, she had great practical knowledge, not only being an excellent housewife, but an accountant and saleswoman. About furs she knew more than her husband, and more often selected a cargo for export than he. In sandal-wood, too, the monopoly of importation of which Mr. ASTOR enjoyed for nearly twenty years, she was the foremost expert in the trade. Though the lady, when considerably advanced in years, cared nothing for society, and made no pretension to fashion, yet at her evening fireside—the logs heaped on the andirons, the wax-candles lighted, apples, nuts, and a pitcher of cider on the table, and her knitting-work before her—she was the best of story-tellers, and made an hour or two infinitely attractive even to young people. She was fond of gossip. Her memory retained every body's history. The ages of people, ancient love-affairs, early difficulties, failures, reasons why certain folk should not hold their heads so high, family feuds, and one knows not what else, were at her tongue's end. She told her stories graphically, and at times with a good deal of pathos."

—HENRY KIDDLE, the present Superintendent of Schools in this city, was the first teacher licensed under the present system. He received his appointment from the Board of Education in January, 1842, and after teaching in the public schools fourteen years became Assistant Superintendent. Three or four years ago he became Superintendent.

—Dr. TYNDALL is somewhat indifferent to the conventionalities that are supposed to be essential among the professorial dignitaries in the English universities. Once, while making one of his experiments at Cambridge, he lit a cigar and smoked for a little, saying afterward, "I don't suppose any one had ventured to light a cigar in the Cambridge Senate-house before, and the great people assembled in it looked as if they thought I oughtn't to have taken the liberty." He said this to the students, and *they* liked it, whatever the dons thought.

—The dinner given in Rome by Mr. C. W. FIELD to the Telegraphic Congress was not more notable for the delicacy of the viands, etc., than for the variety of talk. There were present representatives of twenty-one countries, in which are spoken twenty-six different tongues. The Japanese minister gave them a dinner the day before, and presided in the most Jap-and-easy manner, speaking perfectly good English, which he had declined to do at his hotel, because it bored him, you perceive, and saved him no end of trouble with interviewers and the like.

—Mr. O. H. P. ARCHER, the new vice-president of the Erie Railway, quite unlike the person he succeeds, is a member of the Methodist Church, and worth half a million, which he has made by having had the carting monopoly of that road. He is a quiet, round-headed man of forty-eight, of brotherly address, with great talent for silence and thrift.

—Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, who has achieved some prominence in authorship and as an advocate for greater political rights for women, once said to a gentleman who mildly admonished her to devote less time to "woman's rights" and more to the training of her children, that she was "the mother of thirty-six feet of boys, all of whom voted the Republican ticket, and not one of them ever smoked or chewed tobacco, or tasted of liquor, or used a profane word."

—Chicago, at least, has some positive women, for we learn from the *Post* of that city that MARGARET F. BUCHANAN is on the staff of that paper, and, what is more, the editor says of her: "I have never known a man who could write with equal ease upon so singular a range of topics, with information so exact in detail. The extent and variety of her knowledge are as striking as her views upon all public questions are clear and forcible; and by no other faculty is surpassed her extraordinary facility of expression, which seems to be a natural gift."

—ROBERT COLLYER has word from certain English liberals that $15,000 has been raised for the benefit of the three Unitarian churches in Chicago, and that the English Sunday-school children had raised $800 for their little friends in those churches.

—Mrs. H. M. CRONLY, founder of the society called "Sisters of the Stranger"—in company with the Rev. Dr. DEEMS and Miss C. STURTEVANT—died recently at her residence in this city. The society was organized three years ago, Mrs. C. supporting it for ten weeks. She was a modest, estimable lady, averse to having her name in the papers, but a large contributor to charity.

—Mr. E. P. WHIPPLE, one of the cleverest of American essayists, is to be one of the literary editors of the new Boston paper, the *Globe*.

—It is to be regretted that any of our journals should treat the efforts of Mr. BERGH with levity. It is the sheerest justice to say that the persistent efforts of that gentleman, as president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, have produced an effect upon the public mind that is perceptible not only in results in this city, but throughout the country. He has sent a wholesome horror to the hearts of those who have shown themselves brutes by the way they treat their poor dumb animals, and for this he deserves the cordial thanks and hearty co-operation of every humane person in the land.

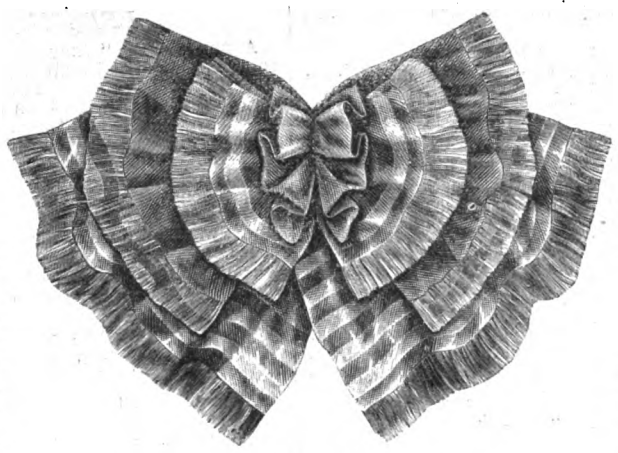
—Mr. JOSEPH GILLOTT was not only a great maker of pens, and personally one of the finest mechanics in England, but he possessed one of the finest private art galleries in Europe. It was valued at about half a million of dollars.

—Sir EDWARD THORNTON asks for a copy of every journal published in the United States on the 10th of February, to be sent to the International Exhibition in London.

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Satin and Silk Gauze Bow.

THIS bow is made of overlapping ends of pink and white striped satin mixed with pink silk gauze. The under and upper ends are striped, and those in the middle are plain. The knot is formed by a box-pleated strip of pink silk gauze.



SATIN AND SILK GAUZE BOW.

Leather Work-Bag, Figs. 1–5.

THIS bag is made of leather, and is furnished with an inner bag of blue silk, which is closed with cords and tassels of the same color. To make the bag cut a piece of fine leather ten inches long and six inches and three-quarters wide, and round off the corners. From this piece of leather cut strips half an inch wide, in a slanting direction, after an interval of half an inch each, in such a manner, however, that a leather edge three-quarters of an inch wide is left all around, and then braid the leather strips together in trellis fashion, as shown by the illustration, the ends being fastened on the leather edge. Sew strong wire on the under side of the outer edge, and bind this part of the bag with a leather strip cut in small scallops on one side, which is fastened with gum-arabic. Fasten a piece of wire covered with leather crosswise on the middle of the bag, and sew the ends to the edge of the bag. Then bend this part in half, and furnish it with lining and an inner bag. The handle is braided of four leather strips, which are folded over on both sides, so that they are only one-third of an inch wide. After fastening the handle on the bag, set on the leather flowers. To do this, cut the leaves and blossom parts from illustrations Figs. 2–5, dampen them with water, lay them on the palm of the hand, and press in the veins by means of a knitting-needle. Lay the stems together to half their width. Fig. 3 forms the inner part of the fuchsia, and is pasted together in a curve; the petals are slightly bent toward the inside. Fig. 2 gives the outer part of the fuchsia; the petals are bent outward. The leaves and flowers are arranged on the bag as shown by the illustration. This makes an extremely pretty work-bag, and the ornamentation may be varied to suit the taste.

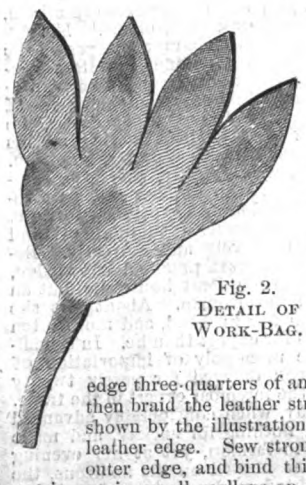


Fig. 2. DETAIL OF WORK-BAG.

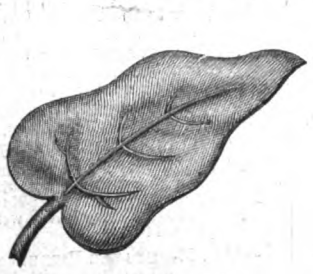


Fig. 4.—DETAIL OF WORK-BAG.



Fig. 5.—DETAIL OF WORK-BAG.

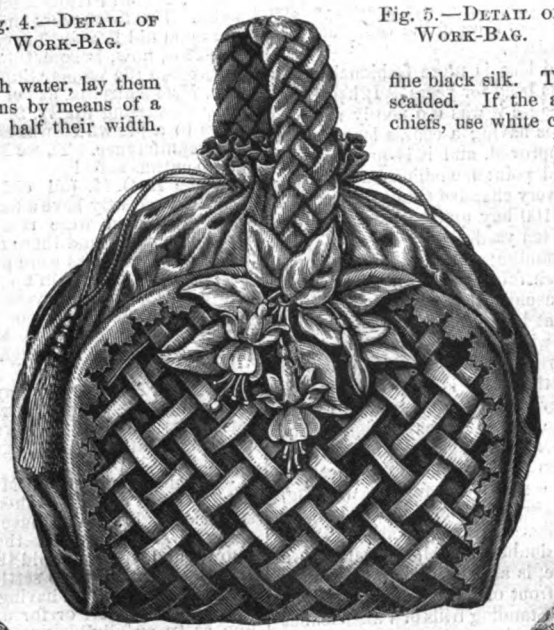
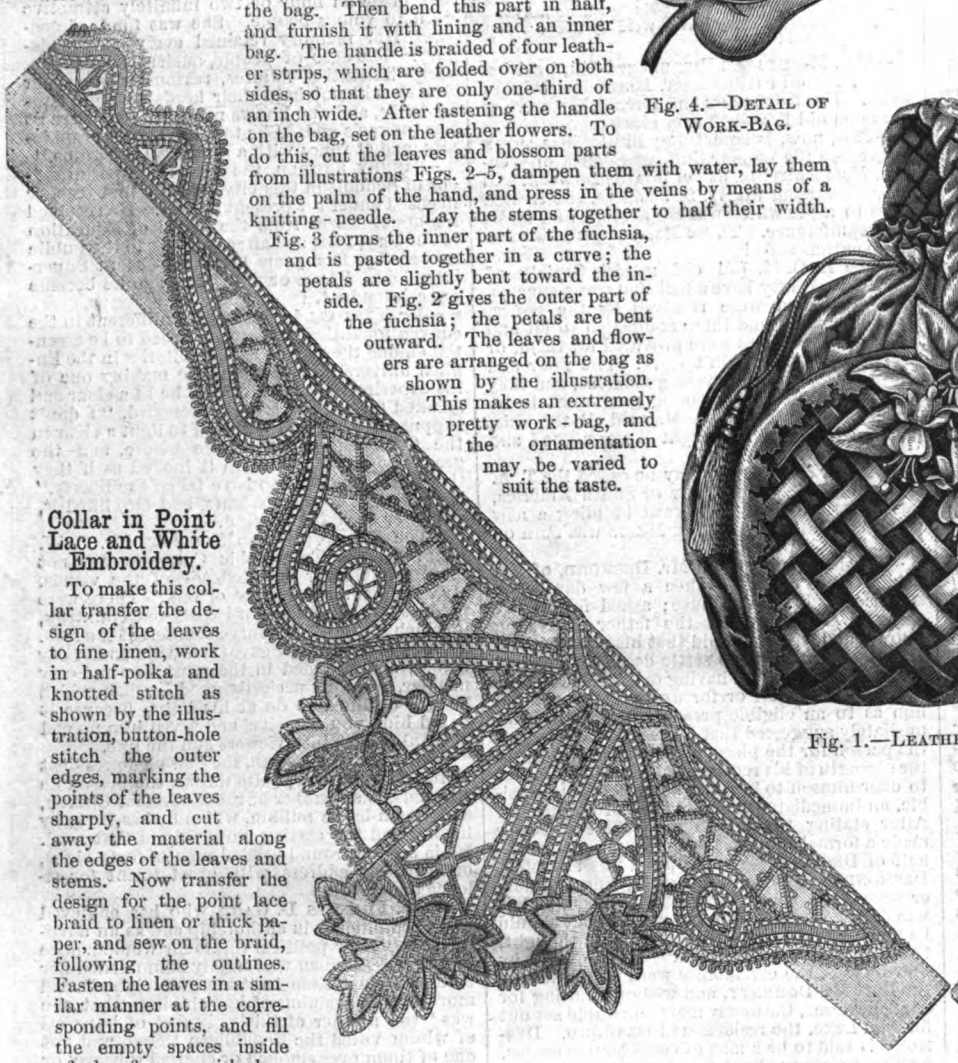


Fig. 1.—LEATHER WORK-BAG.

Collar in Point Lace and White Embroidery.

To make this collar transfer the design of the leaves to fine linen, work in half-polka and knotted stitch as shown by the illustration, button-hole stitch the outer edges, marking the points of the leaves sharply, and cut away the material along the edges of the leaves and stems. Now transfer the design for the point lace braid to linen or thick paper, and sew on the braid, following the outlines. Fasten the leaves in a similar manner at the corresponding points, and fill the empty spaces inside of the figures with lace stitches of fine thread.



SECTION OF COLLAR.—POINT LACE AND WHITE EMBROIDERY.

Surround the outer edge, after separating the embroidery from the foundation, with woven picots, which are passed along underneath the leaflets. For the middle part of the collar work on the same piece of point lace braid that forms the upper end of the corner a row of scallops of the requisite length, which are filled with lace stitches as shown by the illustration. Begin the second corner at the relative place, transferring the design in the opposite direction. The rest of the collar is worked in the same manner.

Collar in Venetian Embroidery.

To make this collar transfer the design of the corners and of the narrow border for the middle (standing part of the collar) to fine linen, which is basted, together with a cambric lining, on a foundation of enameled cloth. Then run the outlines carefully, always passing the needle through both layers of material; work the button-hole stitch bars as shown by the illustration, and button-hole stitch the outer edge of the figures. Separate the embroidery from the foundation, cut out the material along the outer edge and underneath the button-hole stitch bars, and set the collar on a binding of Swiss muslin or cambric.

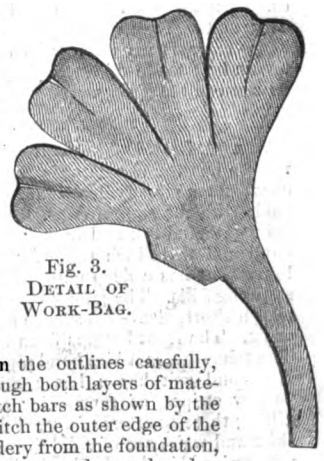


Fig. 3. DETAIL OF WORK-BAG.

Alphabet for marking Handkerchiefs, Table-Linen, etc.

THIS alphabet, which is easily worked, is especially suited for marking handkerchiefs, but may also be used for table or bed linen. It is worked in button-hole stitch and in point Russe with fine red cotton or with fine black silk. The latter must previously have been scalded. If the alphabet is designed for handkerchiefs, use white cotton or colored silk. If used as initials for ornamenting album-covers, port-folios, etc., it is worked with fine gold thread.

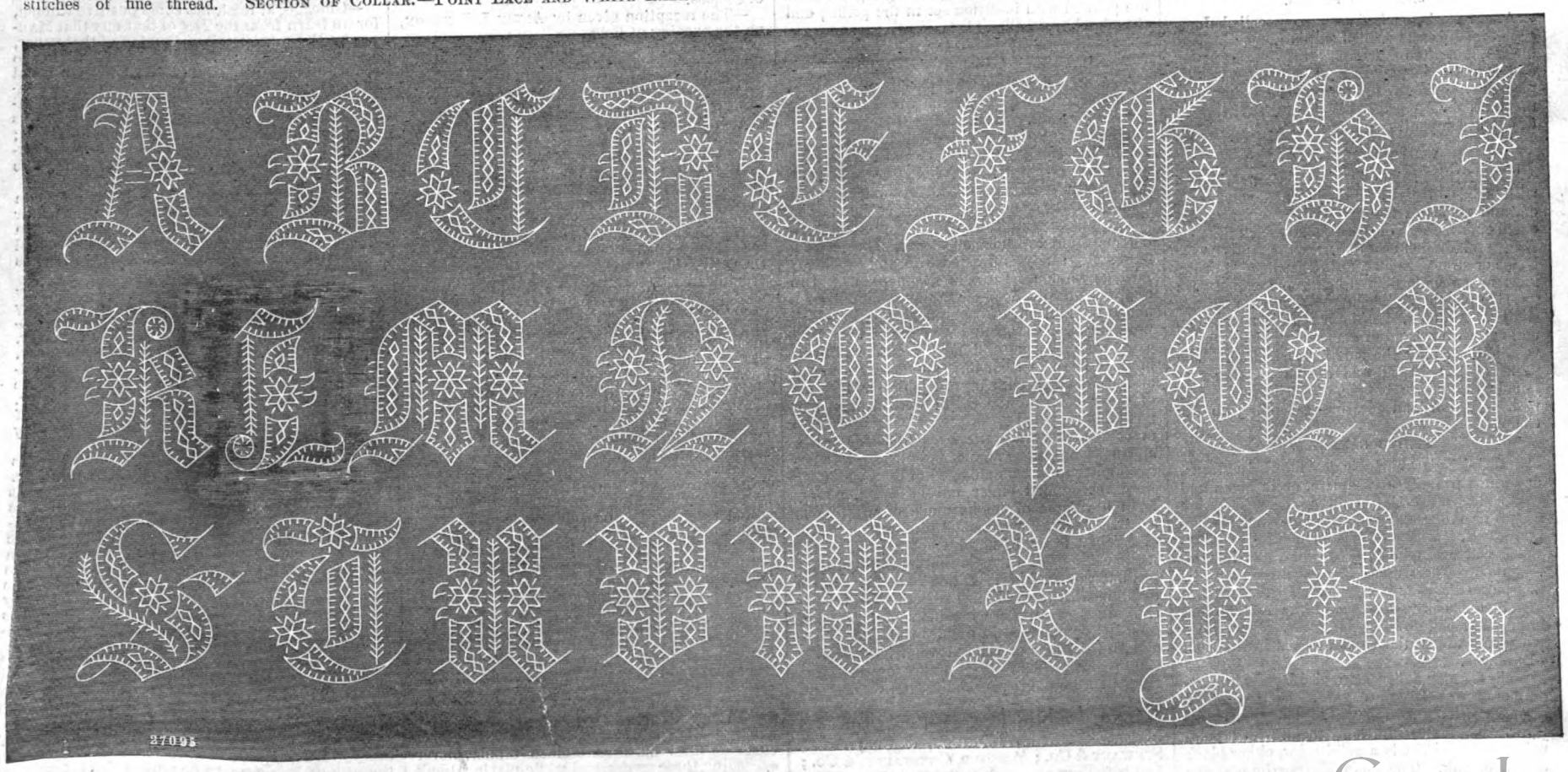
Smoking Stand, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 157.

THE stand, as well as the smoking utensils fastened on it, are of carved wood stained brown. Metal cups are set in the different pieces of the smoking set. On the outer edge of the top of the stand (the latter is forty-two inches in circumference) is a lambrequin of light brown cloth, which is ornamented with dark brown cloth, dark brown silk braid, and application and satin stitch embroidery of light brown saddler's silk. The dark brown cloth is sewed to the under side of the foundation at the corresponding place; after which the foundation is cut away, so that the darker cloth is visible on the outside. Fig. 2 shows a full-sized section of the lambrequin. The embroidered lambrequin is lined with brown muslin, edged with brown silk cord, and trimmed with brown silk tassels, and is fastened on the outer edge of the top of the stand as shown by the illustration. Porcelain or other smoking utensils may be substituted for wood.



SECTION OF COLLAR.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.



ALPHABET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, NAPKINS, ETC.

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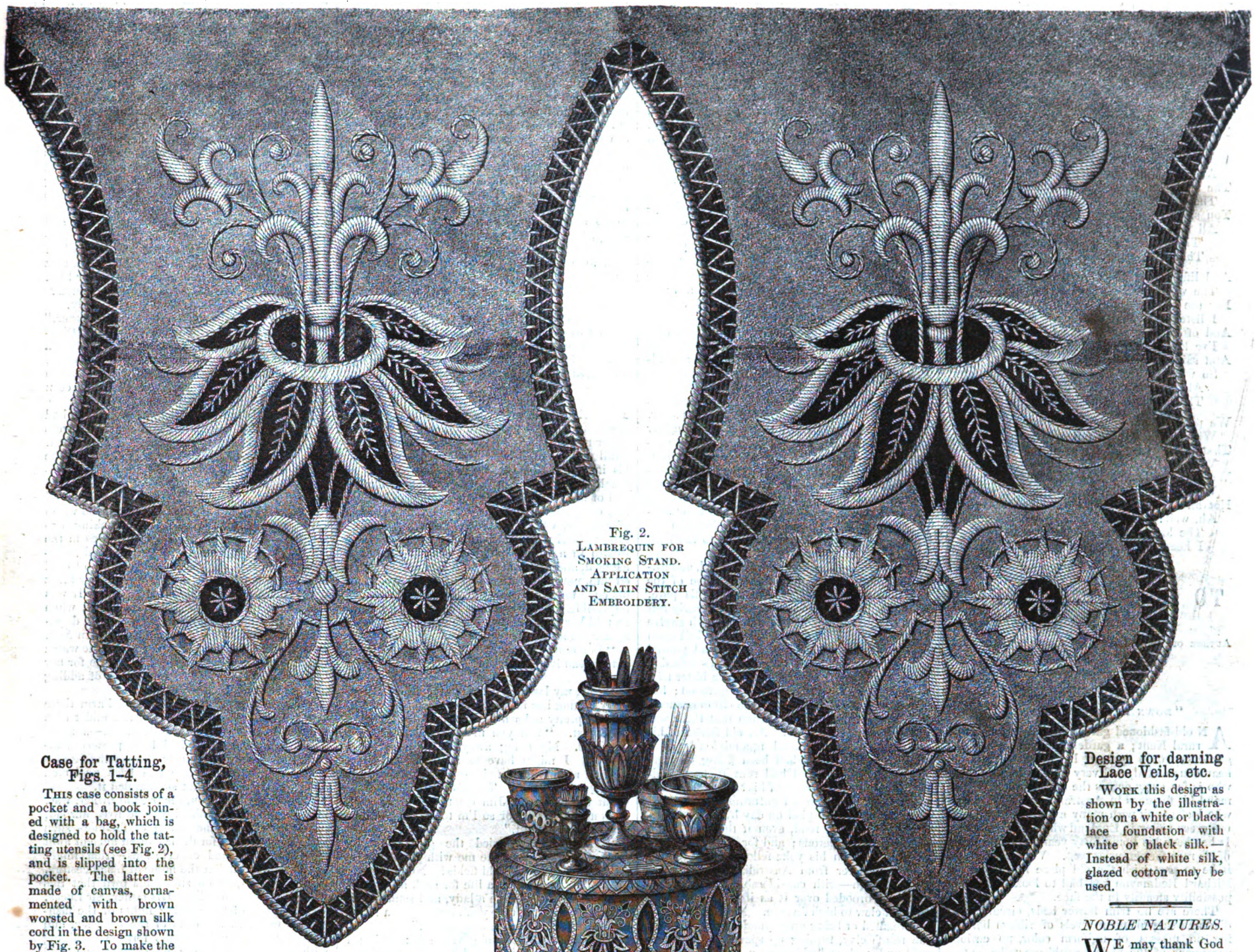


Fig. 2. LAMBREQUIN FOR SMOKING STAND. APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH EMBROIDERY.

Case for Tatting, Figs. 1–4.

THIS case consists of a pocket and a book joined with a bag, which is designed to hold the tatting utensils (see Fig. 2), and is slipped into the pocket. The latter is made of canvas, ornamented with brown worsted and brown silk cord in the design shown by Fig. 3. To make the pocket take two pieces of canvas four inches and three-quarters long and two inches and three-quarters wide. Round off the under corners of these pieces slightly, and work the embroidery as shown by the illustration. The embroidery consists of oblong alternate cross stitches, which are worked on two crosswise threads of the canvas and on six threads in height. Run fine brown silk cord through underneath the cross stitches. The foundation in Smyrna stitch, shown by Fig. 4, may be used instead of the foundation shown by Fig. 3. Join the outer edge of the canvas pieces, which are furnished with a cardboard interlining and silk lining, and sew on silk cord along the seams and on the upper edge. For the part simulating a book cut of pasteboard one piece five inches and a quarter long and three inches and three-quarters wide, cut it through half its thickness on the outer side at a distance of two inches and a half from each end, and furnish it on the inner side with a cover and bands of silk, as shown by the illustration; then cover the outside also with silk, laying the pasteboard in a fold along each slit, so that the middle part forms the back of the book. Join the book with the bag along these two folds. The bag consists of a piece of silk four inches wide (height of bag) and eight inches and a half long, which is joined on the ends, and hemmed three-quarters of an inch wide on the upper edge for a shirr. Through the latter run two pieces of silk cord crosswise, by means of which the bag is closed. Fig. 1 shows the book joined with the bag and slipped into the pocket. The handles of the pocket, which are eight inches long and are set on as shown by the illustration, consist of three-strand braids of brown silk cord. Fig. 2 shows the book out of the case, open, and displaying the tatting utensils — the shuttle, stiletto, hook, etc.



Fig. 1.—TATTING CASE.—CLOSED.

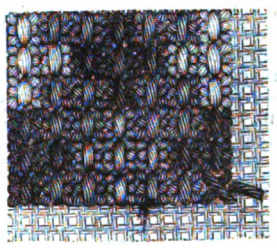


Fig. 4. SMYRNA STITCH FOUNDATION FOR TATTING CASE.

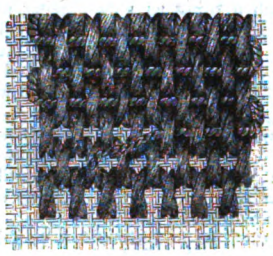


Fig. 3. EMBROIDERY FOR TATTING CASE.



Fig. 2.—INSIDE OF TATTING CASE.—OPEN.

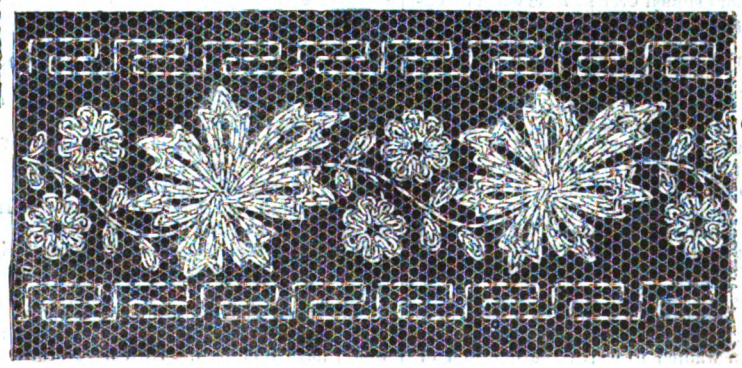


Fig. 1.—SMOKING STAND.

DESIGN FOR DARNING LACE VEILS, ETC.

Design for darning Lace Veils, etc.

WORK this design as shown by the illustration on a white or black lace foundation with white or black silk.—Instead of white silk, glazed cotton may be used.

NOBLE NATURES.

WE may thank God that natural nobleness is not a matter of social arrangement, but that in the cottage of the peasant as well as on the throne of an emperor, and every where and on all that lies between, we may find the traditional Nature's nobleman and woman—that is, the pure heart, the cleanly life, the fine perceptions, the breadth of mind, and the absence of selfishness, by which true nobility of nature is built up and sustained.

Chief of all these good graces is unselfishness. Unselfishness was the very essence of chivalry, and chivalry was the most perfect form of nobleness ever presented to the world, the tap-root of the loveliest flower human society has yet grown and fostered. No selfish person can be noble. This may be taken as an axiom as sure as that two and two make four. The nature that craves to grasp all for itself without regard to other persons' rights, not to speak of their desires, knows as little of the stately joy of noble living as a blind man knows of the exquisite harmonies of the rainbow. Speak to such a person of the right of private opinion, say, where the line differs from his own, and you will find that he has no kind of toleration for the divergence, which, if right, puts him in the wrong. It is not in him to concede to others what he demands for himself. Diametrically opposed to him as a thinker is he of the noble nature—the man who, holding fast by the truth as it is to him, and desirous that those he loves should think with him because he believes that he has the truth, is yet willing to concede every right he claims, and, while steadfast on his own side, is liberal with others. It is doubtful if any really noble man was ever a passionate partisan, save in the service of liberty or as the defender of an oppressed cause. A fanatic trampling human rights under foot for the sake of a dogma he surely could not be! For though a fanatic may well be earnest and sincere, devoted, self-sacrificing so far as he personally goes, noble

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—that is, grand, comprehensive, magnanimous—he can not be. It is a mere paradox to claim for him these qualities. Persecution and exclusion are essentially ignoble, how much soever we may disguise the causes, and dignify mean things by grand names.

THE FADED VIOLET.

You gave it me long years ago
  In the shadowy evening time,
While the clouds stole round the mountain-side
  And the bells rang out a chime.
The blossoms listened at our feet,
  The trees stooped from above;
You said, "This flower will say for me
  All that my heart says—'Love.'"
    'Tis long ago; but I have yet
    That little faded violet.

And life was at its blithest then;
  The world ne'er seemed so bright;
For the sweetest story ever told
  I listened to that night;
And often, often, when alone,
  I've kissed my violet blue,
And said, "E'en as I keep my flower
  So will my love be true."
    Ah me! I have it hidden yet,
    That little faded violet.

We parted long, long months ago,
  With not a sign to tell
That once, in far-off happy days,
  We two had loved so well.
We parted with a few cold words—
  We two who oft had said
Not all the world should come between—
  Ah, well: the love was dead—
    The love was dead; but yet, but yet,
    I keep my faded violet.

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER I.

"DOWN IN A FLOW'RY VALE."

An old-fashioned garden deep in the heart of rural Kent; a garden such as no modern gardener would approve, but sweet-scented and beauteous withal, and very dear to its possessor, who is far away across the barren sea, trying to mend his fortunes in Australian gold fields, and who looks back with many a secret sigh to that one green valley in England which he calls home. It has been his home forty years, and the home of his race for centuries past. Very hard would *it* be to part with the old place now; and yet Richard Redmayne has had to look that bitter possibility steadily in the face.

There are no trim flower beds, circular and diamond-shaped, no marvels of ribbon bordering, no masses of uniform color, no curious specimens of the pickling-cabbage tribe, or varieties of the endive family; but two long, wide borders filled with a medley of old-fashioned flowers, a great wealth of roses, a broad expanse of grass, with trees here and there: ancient apple and pear trees, a couple of walnuts, a Spanish chestnut—low and wide-spreading, making a tent of shade—and one great gloomy cedar. The garden is shut in from the outer world, from the quiet country road which skirts it, by high red brick walls lined with fruit trees, and crowned with dragon's-mouth and stone-crop—walls which are in themselves a study for the pencil of a Pre-Raphaelite. And beyond the garden—parted from it only by a sweet-brier hedge—there is a wide Kentish orchard, where the deep soft grass is flecked with the tremulous shadows of waving leaves—the sweetest resting-place—a very haven of peace on sultry summer afternoons. And at the end of the orchard there is a pond, where a brood of ducks plash in and out among the water-lilies; and on the other side of the pond the pastures and corn fields of Brierwood Farm.

Garden and orchard, homestead and farmyard, belong to Richard Redmayne, who has been bitten with the gold-hunting mania, and is away in Australia, trying to retrieve fortunes that have suffered severely of late years by a succession of unlucky accidents, bad harvests, disastrous speculations in live stock, cattle disease, potato blight—all the shocks to which agricultural flesh is heir.

He leaves his younger brother behind him—an easy-going, rather weak-minded man, who has never done much for himself in life, but has been for the most part a hanger-on and dependent upon the master of Brierwood—and his brother's wife, by no means easy-going or weak-minded, but a trifle shrewish and sharp-spoken, yet not a bad kind of person at heart. These two, James Redmayne and his wife Hannah, are left in charge of the farm.

And of something infinitely more precious than Brierwood Farm. Dear as every acre of the old home is to the heart of the wanderer, he leaves behind him something ten thousand times dearer—his daughter Grace, an only child, a tall, slim, auburn-haired girl of eighteen.

She was by no means a striking beauty, this farmer's daughter, who had been educated beyond her station, the little world of Kingsbury in general, and Mrs. James Redmayne in particular, protested. She was not a woman to take mankind by storm under any circumstances, but fair and lovable notwithstanding; a figure very pleasant to watch flitting about house or garden, tall and slender like the lilies in the long borders, and with a flower-like grace that made her seem akin to them—a sweet, fair young face, framed in reddish-brown hair, with touches of red gold here and there among the waving tresses; a face whose chiefest charm was its complexion—a milk-white skin, with only the faintest blush-rose bloom to warm it into life.

Grace Redmayne had been over-educated—so said Mrs. James, who would have liked to see her niece a proficient in the dairy, and great in the management of poultry. In sober truth, the girl's life was somewhat useless, and Mrs. James had common-sense on her side. About the real business of the farm Grace knew nothing. She loved the old home fondly, delighted in wandering among the flowers, and idling away long mornings in the orchard; loved all the live creatures around her, from old Molly the dairymaid, whom she had known from her earliest childhood, to the yellow ducklings hatched yesterday—"and there an end." She had spent three years in a boarding-school at Tunbridge Wells, and had returned to Brierwood with the usual smattering: playing the piano a little, speaking French a little, knowing a few stray phrases of Italian, sketching a little, painting impossible flowers upon Bristol-board, and with an insatiable passion for novel-reading.

Her father picked up a piano for her, second-hand, at a broker's shop in Tunbridge—a piano chosen for its external graces rather than its internal merits, but which looked very grand in a recess in the old-fashioned wainscoted parlor. The farmer dearly loved to have his daughter sing to him in the summer twilight before supper, and loved the soft low voice no less if it sometimes lulled him into unpremeditated slumber, from which a sharp clatter in the adjacent kitchen, and the voice of Mrs. James, asking shrilly if they meant ever to come to their suppers, were wont to rouse him, recalling him too suddenly from pleasant dream-land to the hard world of fact.

She was his only child, this fair-faced, auburn-haired Grace; a beautified resemblance of the one only woman he had ever loved, his pure, simple-hearted, country-bred wife, untimely reft from him by an appallingly sudden death twelve years ago. She was the only thing he had upon earth to love and cherish, and he had poured out all the treasures of a strong man's affection upon that fair young head. It was a bitter trial to leave her in the bloom of her girlhood; but after a long struggle with adverse circumstances, he had arrived at the conviction that there was nothing else to be done. An old friend of his—a man who had failed ignominiously as a small tenant-farmer—had been doing wonders in the gold fields, and had sent Richard Redmayne a glowing account of his successes. Redmayne was by nature adventurous and speculative; not a man to plod on day by day contentedly upon a level road, even if that road were moderately prosperous; and for a long time adversity had been his yoke-fellow. He brooded over that letter from Australia, written carelessly enough—with considerable exaggeration, perhaps—brooded over it as if it had been the magical clew to high fortune. Night after night he dreamed of being away yonder, knee-deep in the rough clay, turning up spadefuls of yellow gold under a broad white moon. Morning after morning he stared at the painted walls of his bed-chamber, bright in the glory of the summer sunshine, with a pang of disappointment to think his life was shut in by their narrow bounds. True, there was his daughter, whom he loved better than any thing else in the world; but the thought of her only made him more eager to seek his fortune far afield. Unless he did something—something as desperate as this—and succeeded, Brierwood must needs be sold to strangers. He was up to his eyes in debt, and could hardly hope to hold out much longer.

Perhaps none but a desperate man, and a man inexperienced in the ways of the world beyond his own homestead, would ever have thought of such a thing as gold-digging as a means of redemption. But this happened in the first days of the gold fever, when men's hopes and dreams of fortunes to be picked up on that unexplored Tom Tiddler's ground were wilder and larger than they are now. From the daily worries and ever-increasing perplexities of his life Richard Redmayne set his face toward that unknown world across the sea, until it seemed to him as if a star was shining over there which he had but to follow.

Even if he failed, he told himself, it would be some kind of satisfaction to have done something. Any failure that could befall him would be better than to stay at home staring misfortune in the face. He called his creditors together, and told them the plain facts of the case. They had not yet grown desperate, and had a great faith in his honesty. Indeed, the sums he owed were not large—scarcely amounting altogether to fifteen hundred pounds, whereas the farm was good value for four thousand—but seemed large to him in his utter inability to pay them without selling his land.

His creditors smiled ever so little when he explained his gold-digging views, did their best to dissuade him from so mad an adventure, but readily granted him time, which was all he wanted.

"I'm not afraid," he said, when one of them, a friend of many years' standing, tried to put his scheme in the gloomiest light. "There's something tells me I must succeed if I only hold on. It may be one year, or two, or three, before I do what I want to do. It sha'n't be more than three. But I ask for three years' grace from all of you, in case of the worst. I don't expect to get so much indulgence for nothing. I'll give you all an annual five per cent. upon your bills."

That was liberal-minded and fair on Mr. Redmayne's part, the creditors said. One weak-minded man wanted to waive the question of interest, but was put down by his brother traders. Mr. Redmayne had taken a very just view of the case, and they wished him all possible success in his new career. After all, people were finding gold in large amounts; and there was no reason he should not have his share of the luck that seemed so common. Perhaps there was nothing heard of the unlucky diggers—they perished, mute and inglorious; so that it seemed as if a man needed only a pickaxe and spade to turn up wealth unlimited.

By much brooding and dreaming, and by reason of an ever-growing weariness, which made him turn with loathing from the farm, where every thing seemed to go badly, Rick Redmayne, as his friends called him, had brought himself to this state of mind. Out yonder was the certainty of fortune, had he but the courage to go and seize upon it. He was active and hardy, had never known a day's illness, was as strong as Hercules, a good marksman—the very man to rough it in a new country. From the petty difficulties and annoyances of his existence here he turned with a yearning to the unknown life over there. So one fine March morning, after that friendly interview with his creditors, he went up to London, bought his outfit—a very economic and simple one—took his passage in a vessel then loading in the Docks, and to sail in a week, saw his sea-chest safely shipped, and went back to Brierwood to tell his daughter Grace.

The scene between these two was a bitter one. The girl loved her father passionately. What else had she ever had to love with all the strength of her nature, which was a warm and loving one? Until this moment he had given her no hint of his intention. She had heard him talk with a touch of envy of the fine doings in Australia, and of his friend Joe Morgan's luck; had heard him compare the slow, plodding toil and trouble of a farmer's life with the sudden turns of Fortune's wheel which raised a man from penury to wealth in a week; but that was all. She had listened, and sympathized with him and comforted him, never dreaming that it could enter into his head to leave Brierwood. The thing seemed impossible. She stood stricken speechless when he told her his intention, looking at him with an agonized face that smote him to the heart.

"You don't mean it, father," she cried; "you don't mean it! You're only saying it to frighten me."

"Nay, my lassie, I do mean it," he said, tenderly, taking her in his arms and gently smoothing the pretty auburn hair as her head lay upon his breast. "But you mustn't grieve about it like this. My going away is for your good, Gracey. I might have to sell Brierwood if I stopped at home and twiddled my thumbs while things went to ruin. There's nothing I can do about the farm that Jim can't do just as well. It's only for a year or so I'm to be away—three years at the longest."

"Three years!" cried the girl, piteously. "Oh, father, father, take me with you!"

"Take you to the gold fields! No, my pretty bird; that's too rough a life for such as you. I didn't bring you up like a lady, and send you to boarding-school, to take you among such a rough lot as I must work with out yonder."

"I don't care how rough the life may be; I don't care what hardships I may have to bear. I shall be safe any where with you."

"Safe any where with you." The words came back to his memory years afterward, and smote him like a perpetual reproach.

He tried to comfort her; tried to put his exile in a cheerful light; but the girl would think of nothing but the unknown sea he had to cross, the unknown land in which he had to toil.

"My heart will break if you go, father," she said, and steadfastly refused to be comforted. Yet he went, and her heart was not quite broken. It was a great sorrow. Night after night she cried herself to sleep in her pretty room under the old red-tiled roof; morning after morning she woke to a sense of desolation and misery. But she was hardly eighteen years of age. Little by little hope revived. A cheery letter, telling of the wanderer's safe arrival, was the first comfort that brought a smile to the fair young face; and from that grew the habit of looking forward to other letters. Her heart was not broken—that was to come afterward.

CHAPTER II.

BRIERWOOD IS DEGRADED.

Mr. and Mrs. James Redmayne had two sons; great hulking unkempt youths of nineteen and twenty, illiterate to a degree that inspired their cousin Grace with a profound contempt for them, but hard-working lads, and excellent farmers. These young men, with their father, had now the entire management of the land, and handled it after their own pleasure. Things about the farm seemed to mend somehow after the master's departure. Richard Redmayne had been impatient, speculative, fickle-minded; had been always trying new experiments of late; had squandered money upon agricultural machinery, a great deal of which he had been obliged to cast aside as worthless after a few months' trial. James was of a more plodding and cautious character, had an eye forever open to the saving of sixpences; and in less than twelve months from the date of Richard Redmayne's leave-taking the farm had in a manner righted itself, and was beginning to pay. There were no profits to boast of; but the family lived, paid ready money for every thing, and there were no losses. It was altogether an improved state of things.

"If father had only staid at home!" sighed Grace, when her uncle talked of these improving prospects.

"If father had only staid at home," echoed Mrs. James, in her shrill voice, "things never would have improved. He'd have always contrived to be in a muddle with his new-fangled notions, never having patience to wait for matters to mend slowly; working one day as if the devil was driving him, and sitting with his arms folded the next, growling over his troubles. He's a deal better where he is than here. There may be something to be gained out yonder by working in spurts; but it isn't the way to get on here."

At which Grace flared up, and defended her father hotly. She loved him, and he was perfect. In turning his back upon Brierwood, and going away to seek a fortune, he had made a sacrifice worthy the heroes of Roman history, she thought, with a very distinct memory of Marcus Curtius, who stood out from the dim background of classic story as a particularly interesting young person, whose autograph she would like to have added to her modest collection of such treasures. Her thoughts followed him fondly by day and night at this period of her life: the time came—ah, too soon!—when they went with another. Her dreams showed him to her toiling under that distant sky; her prayers were breathed for him. Could she stand by and hear him undervalued?

Mrs. James took her rebuke very meekly.

"The girl's right to stand up for her father," she said, "and I mean no harm against Richard. I only mean that he's got too strong a will and too fiery a temper for this sort of work. He's better suited to knocking about in foreign parts than to waiting patiently while his corn grows and his store-cattle fatten."

It was early in June; Richard Redmayne had been away fifteen months, and the roses were beginning to bloom in the garden at Brierwood. The exile thought of them sometimes in the midst of his noisy camp life, and fancied himself sitting under the great cedar where he had smoked many a pipe, and drank many a cup of tea, served by his daughter's hand, in the warm summer afternoons of old. Hay-making was at hand, and Mrs. James up to her eyes in the weary task of preparing huge meat pies and gooseberry turn-overs for the hay-makers, who would devour the contents of her larder—let her fill it never so full—like a swarm of locusts. It was the sweet early summer-time, in short, when spring, like an overgrown girl, has just developed into summer's fair womanhood, when Mrs. James, like a faithful steward, ever on the watch to increase the store she held in charge for her brother-in-law, descried a new manner of adding to her income.

Within three miles of Brierwood Farm there was a fine old house, buried in the midst of a vast neglected park, called Clevedon—a noble Tudor mansion, which had been preserved almost in its integrity from the days of the famous Harry, but which of late had been neglected sorely, like the park that surrounded it.

Sir Francis Clevedon, the present owner, was, in fact, too poor to inhabit it, and lived abroad, calmly awaiting some stroke of fortune—such as the long-looked-for demise of an ancient aunt from whom he had expectations—that might enable him to inhabit the home of his ancestors. It was, indeed, by no sin of his own that this young man was an exile. His father, Sir Lucas, had been one of the shining lights of the fashionable world in the days of the Regency, and had squandered a handsome fortune gambling with Fox and drinking with Sheridan; had lived hard, and married late in life, carrying his young wife into exile with him, and allowing his children to grow up aliens from their father-land.

He had spent all his money, and mortgaged Clevedon, but had happily been so fettered by the entail as to be compelled to leave it intact. So, when gout in the stomach carried off Sir Lucas, his son Francis, then a lad of fifteen, inherited a barren title and a heavily encumbered estate, and was content to live in tolerably comfortable lodgings in the outskirts of Paris with his mother and sister, while a hard-headed steward administered the estate, and did his best to reduce the mortgages by means of the incoming rents.

So long as Sir Lucas lived, there was little hope of clearing the estate. To the last he retained the extravagant habits which had made him seem reckless even among the wild set he had consorted with: drinking Château Margaux, and eating strawberries in February and peaches in April; tossing a handful of silver to a cabman; and insisting on a stall at a couple of opera-houses and the Vaudeville as simple necessities of existence; betting a little every spring at Longchamps, and speculating on the red and black a little every autumn at Baden or Hombourg; while his anxious wife strove to save sixpences and shillings by giving her children cotton gloves instead of kid, or deleting a pudding from their frugal dinner.

When Sir Lucas died, things brightened, in the estimation of Mr. Wort, the steward, who now began to cherish hopes that Clevedon might clear itself in due time. The young baronet and his mother and sister were so easily satisfied—declared themselves willing to live upon any thing that could be spared out of the annual income; and a year after Sir Lucas's death migrated from Paris to Bruges, where the necessities of life were cheaper.

For five-and-twenty years Clevedon had been in the custody of servants. The entire staff consisted of a superannuated butler and his wife, two active young women—one for the house, and one for the dairy—and a broken-down gardener, who kept one particular flower garden which had belonged to his mistress, Sir Lucas Clevedon's mother, when he was a boy, in perfect order, and allowed the rest of the gardens to become a howling wilderness. The dairy produce was sold, and the profits arising from the home-farm alone, carefully administered, amounted to a yearly income which Lady Clevedon informed Mr. Wort was ample for herself and her two children.

About a year after the baronet's death, Mr. Wort advised a great clearing of timber—(so long as Sir Lucas lived he had declared there was not a stick worth cutting)—and by this

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means raised between five and six thousand pounds, which helped to lighten the load wherewith the estate was encumbered. Altogether the prospect was hopeful, and the mother and son, pacing the quiet boulevards of Bruges, talked cheerfully of the time when they should be at home at Clevedon. They always called it home, though neither of them had ever slept under the old Gothic roof. The mother was never destined to behold the realization of those pleasant fancies; she died a few years after Sir Lucas; and Sir Francis wandered farther afield, leaving his sister at school at a convent in Bruges.

Of course the house might have been let during all these years, and another source of income created. But here pride had intervened. Sir Lucas could stand any thing but that, he said—any thing but strangers established in the house in which he had been born, and in which he had entertained the Prince Regent during one brilliant fortnight of ruinous hospitality. To traffic in the home of his ancestors—to barter the domestic hearth of all the Clevedons for the ill-gotten money of some City magnate! The letter in which Mr. Wort proposed such an arrangement almost caused Sir Lucas a fit of apoplexy. He foamed and raged for a week at what he called "that fellow's insolence." After his death his widow and his son respected this prejudice, and never dreamed of seeking a tenant for their ancestral halls; so Clevedon remained in the care of the servants, and went slowly to decay, the damp coming in here, and the rats devouring the wainscot there, and gradual ruin creeping stealthily from cellar to garret, and from garret to cellar.

John Wort, the steward, had a friendly acquaintance with the Redmaynes. He lived in a neat little red brick house of his own, square and ugly, but comfortable withal, on the village green—Kingsbury Village—a mile and a half from Brierwood, and was always glad to drop in at the farm for an evening pipe and a comfortable supper, or a cup of tea under the spreading cedar branches, where it pleased Grace's fancy to set her tea-table sometimes on balmy midsummer afternoons or in sultry harvest-time. They all liked him, although to strangers he would scarcely have seemed a fascinating person. He was something over sixty years of age; a tall man, with an honest, rugged face, tanned and reddened by exposure to all kinds of weather, gray hair, which was stiff and short like stubble, and bushy gray whiskers. He had neither wife nor children of his own, and was very fond of Grace, who treated him in a dangerously bewitching manner—half impertinent, half affectionate.

It was through Mr. Wort's agency that Aunt Hannah hit upon a new means of increasing her income. The steward dropped in one June afternoon as they were taking tea under the cedar, Grace with a novel in her lap, the two hulking cousins devouring cold boiled bacon and broad beans with the air of not having eaten for a week or so, much to the disgust of Miss Redmayne, who would have liked the tea-table to look pretty, with nothing more substantial upon it than a dish of strawberries and a bowl of flowers, and a china plate of thin bread-and-butter, like the "parlor" bread-and-butter at Miss Toulmin's. Miss Toulmin was the mistress of the Tunbridge Wells seminary in which Grace Redmayne had acquired her only notions of polite life. The girl had learned that knowledge of good and evil which is so freely communicated in such establishments, and thought it rather a hard thing to be a farmer's daughter—still harder to be Aunt Hannah's niece—Aunt Hannah, who was so painfully industrious, and had a disposition to tuck up her sleeves on the smallest provocation, displaying sharp red elbows, and who took an active part in the great monthly wash, nor scrupled to admit and even boast of the fact. Altogether Grace Redmayne was a little at war with her surroundings, especially now that the one figure she loved was removed from the narrow home circle. Roughing it in Australia would have seemed to her a very pleasant thing, compared with the small mortifications and aggravations of her daily life—to hear the click-clack of her aunt's shrill tongue all day long, to be obliged to wear cotton gowns in the afternoon, and to be nagged at because she was not fond of house-work. There had been lawyers' daughters and doctors' daughters at Miss Toulmin's—damsels for whom life was to be a very genteel business—who came back from their holidays with glowing accounts of parties and picnics, croquet and dancing. Poor Grace had never been to a party in her life, and could not play croquet all by herself, though the wide level grass would have made a splendid croquet ground. There were her cousins, it is true—good-natured lads, who would willingly have given her any spare hour they could snatch from their industrious lives—but the cousinly hands and boots were of the clumsiest, and jarred upon Grace's notion of the fitness of things. It seemed to her that a croquet mallet should never be handled by any one less refined than the curate of Kingsbury—a slim, pale-faced young man with a weak voice, who was in great request among the small gentry of the neighborhood, and who made a ceremonious call about twice a year at Brierwood, bringing the odor of gentility with him.

Grace put down her novel, and poured out a great breakfast-cupful of tea for the steward. She was always glad to see him. He brought them news of the outer world, and that interesting exile, Sir Francis Clevedon, of whom she delighted to hear. She had a girlish notion that he must be like Edgar Ravenswood—superb and gloomy and uncivil.

"Any news from Australia?" asked Mr. Wort. "There was a mail in the day before yesterday, I see."

Grace shook her head mournfully; no—there was no letter this time.

"The last was a long one," she said, "and father told us not to expect a letter every mail. We should be sure to hear if any thing went wrong with him, he said. His friend Mr. Morgan would write."

"Ay, to be sure; that's a comfort for you—he's not all alone out yonder."

After which the steward sipped his tea meditatively, while Grace watched him, wondering whether he would tell them any thing about that interesting exile, Sir Francis Clevedon.

"We shall have a rare hay harvest this year, Jim," he said presently; at which James Redmayne lighted up a little in his feeble way, and said, Yes; barring any heavy rain for the next two days and nights, they were certain of a good crop.

"There's not much chance of rain; my barometer hasn't been below thirty this fortnight. We haven't had as good a crop at Clevedon for the last ten years as we've got now."

"And that 'll help Sir Francis, I suppose," said Grace, eagerly.

"Of course it will, Gracey," returned Mr. Wort, cheerily. "There'll be a good seven hundred pounds to pay the mortgagees out of hay this year. It's a pleasure working for Sir Francis. He hasn't taken more than two hundred and fifty a year out of the estate since his father died. Another cup of tea, if you please, and not quite so much sugar."

"Any chance of Sir Francis coming home soon, Mr. Wort?" the girl asked, as she poured out the tea.

"Not much; unless his aunt, Mrs. Calvert, were to go off the hooks suddenly, and leave him her money. He's pretty sure to get it when she does go, I believe; but she seems inclined to stick to it as long as she can."

"She's very rich, isn't she?" Grace asked, not so much for information as with the desire to keep up the conversation. She had heard all about Mrs. Calvert a great many times, but she was never tired of hearing any thing that concerned the Clevedon family. They were the only great people she knew of, and in her mind represented all the chivalry and splendor of the earth.

"Rich? well, yes; she's worth six to seven thousand a year, I fancy; just about enough to keep Clevedon up in a quiet way. Sir Lucas spent forty thousand a year; but times are changed since then, and a country gentleman can live simply. Mrs. Calvert was Sir Lucas's sister, you know, and a great beauty in her day. She used to ride to hounds, canvass for Sir Lucas at elections, and set the whole country talking about her one way and another. She had some first-rate offers, I've heard, but gave herself no end of airs, and didn't marry until she was five-and-thirty; and then took up with a yellow-faced old chap, who had made all his money in the East Indies. They never had any children, and Mrs. Calvert's bound to leave every thing to her nephew. She was ten years older than Sir Lucas, and must be going on for eighty by this time."

"I do hope she'll die soon," cried Grace; "at least, I didn't mean to say any thing so wicked as that. But I shall be *so* pleased when Sir Francis and his sister come to their own home. It does seem such a pity to see the dear old place going to rack and ruin."

"The land's not going to rack and ruin, anyhow," said the steward.

"No, of course not, you dear, clever Mr. Wort. You take care of that, and I think you count every blade of grass and every ear of corn. But it's the house I mean. The tapestry and the paneling, and the cabinets and beautiful things that you showed me one day, all smelling so damp and mouldy. What a splendid place it must have been when George IV. staid there!"

"Yes, it was fine enough then," said the steward, with a sigh. "There was over a hundred pounds spent on wax-candles alone in that fortnight—I've seen the tallow-chandler's bill—and a hundred and fifty more for lighting the conservatories and gardens with Chinese lanterns the night Sir Lucas gave a feat shampeter. The Prince and Sir Lucas, and two or three more, used to sit up playing cards and drinking Curaçoa till four or five in the morning—hours after the county visitors had gone home. It was a fine time."

"That was before Sir Francis was born, wasn't it?" inquired Grace.

"Before Sir Lucas married," replied Mr. Wort. "He didn't marry till he'd spent all his money, and then fell in love with the vicar's daughter, Miss Agnes Wilder, a girl of eighteen. I dare say some people thought it was a fine match for her, and perhaps even Mr. Wilder himself was taken in. Anyhow, there was no one to oppose the marriage; and I suppose Miss Wilder was fond of him. He was a fine-looking, handsome man even then, though he was getting on for fifty. So they were married one morning in Kingsbury church, and went off to Paris for their honey-moon, and never came back again. Sir Lucas couldn't show his face in England."

"Poor lady, she has had a hard time of it!" said Grace, sentimentally disposed toward every member of the Clevedon family.

"She has indeed, Gracey, and has been a good wife to a rare bad husband. She was a proud young lady too, I've heard. Mr. Wilder came of a good old family, and brought his children up with very high notions."

The two young men, Jack and Charley Redmayne, had been plowing through their beans and bacon all this time, indifferent to a conversation the gist of which was very familiar to them. The steward was fond of talking about his employers, and people were apt to listen to him, merely out of civility. It was not every one who was always interested in the old story, like Grace. Uncle James had closed his eyes in placid slumber, fanned by soft summer winds that came creeping under the cedar branches. Aunt Hannah had drawn a gray woolen stocking from her pocket, by way of a light piece of fancy-work which might be taken up before a visitor, and was darning industriously.

"You don't happen to know of any one hereabouts who lets lodgings—comfortable lodgings, that would suit a gentleman—do you, Mrs. James?" Mr. Wort asked presently.

Mrs. James pondered, and then shook her head.

"There's none that I know of, except in Kingsbury," she said; "Mrs. Freeman's in the street, and Mrs. Peter's on the green near you."

"Neither of 'em would do," replied the steward; "much too small; I've looked at them both. I want a place that would do for a gentleman who's coming down for a month or two's fishing. I want a decent-sized sitting-room and a large, airy bedroom, well-cooked meals, and a good garden. If you knew any farm-house within half a dozen miles or so where they'd be inclined to take him—"

"I don't," said Mrs. James; and then, after a pause and a dubious glance at her slumbering husband, she added, "I don't see why we shouldn't take him ourselves, if it comes to that. There's Richard's room empty, and the best parlor not used once in a month. He'd pay pretty well, I suppose?"

"He'd pay a fair price—a liberal price even—for such accommodation as you could give him, I'm sure."

"Take a lodger!" exclaimed Grace, aghast. "Aunt Hannah!"

"Take a lodger!" echoed the matron; "and why not, pray, child? Why shouldn't we turn empty rooms to account? There's need enough for us to earn all the money we can, while your father's away toiling and moiling to pay his debts. I should have thought you'd be glad to help him in any small way you could."

"Of course I should, aunt; but I don't think father would like us to let lodgings."

The poor little two-penny-half-penny boarding-school pride was aroused. What would Miss Toulmin and all Miss Toulmin's young ladies say if they discovered this stigma on their sometime companion? Grace had been invited to a little breaking-up party six months before, and went over to the Wells sometimes to call upon her late mistress, and still measured existence by the Toulmin standard.

"He's a gentleman," said Mr. Wort, "or ought to be, for he's got good blood in his veins."

Grace looked a little less disgusted at this. She had a great notion of the superiority of people of noble or ancient race—an idea that they were another order of beings than the common flesh-and-blood creatures with whom her daily life was spent.

"I don't think father would like it," she said, and made no further protest.

"When your father went away, he gave me the full management of every thing in the house and dairy," replied her aunt. "'I leave every thing to you, Mrs. Jim,' he said; 'let Gracey read her books, and play her piano, and enjoy her life. I'm sure she won't want to interfere with you in the housekeeping.' Those were his words the last morning, and you heard them, Grace."

"I know," answered Grace; "but I'm positive father never thought we should turn Brierwood into a lodging-house."

Mr. Wort was sorry to have displeased his favorite. She was sitting with her face half turned away from him, the red lips pouting with a discontented expression.

"If Grace doesn't like it," he said, "let the matter drop."

"I'm ashamed of your pride and nonsense, Grace," cried Mrs. James. The girl's opposition made her more intent upon carrying out her notion. "I should have thought you'd have jumped at the chance of saving a few pounds for your father. Whatever the gentleman paid for the lodgings would be clear profit; and of course there'd be some profit on his board, and obliging your friend Mr. Wort into the bargain."

"Very well, let him come," said Grace; "there's nothing I wouldn't do to help father."

"*You* needn't go a-nigh him," said Mrs. James, whose lord and master had now awakened, and was regarding her with a stare of perplexity. "Sarah will wait upon him, and I shall cook for him: gentlemen are particular about their table. Perhaps you'd like to have a look at Richard's room, Mr. Wort?"

James Redmayne was fairly aroused by this time, and the matter was explained to him in a glib, eager way by his wife, in a manner that told him it would be well for his domestic peace not to attempt any opposition to her scheme.

After this they went off to survey Richard Redmayne's room, Grace even deigning to accompany them. Once having resigned herself to the fact of the lodger, she could not help being just a little interested in the business. In such an eventless life as hers the advent of a stranger made an epoch. The time came only too soon when she learned to date every thing from Mr. Walgrave's coming.

Hubert Walgrave—that was the name of the stranger—a barrister, Mr. Wort told them, hard-working, and with a tolerably good practice already. He had some means of his own, and was well-born, yet stood almost alone in the world, having no near relations. He had overworked himself, and been seriously ill, and now was ordered off to some quiet country place, where he might have pure air and seclusion, for an enforced rest of two or three months.

"It goes against the grain with him to be idle," said Mr. Wort; "but the doctors tell him if he doesn't strike work he's likely to go into a decline; so he submits, and writes to ask me to find him a place hereabouts."

"Does he know this part of the country?"

"Well, yes and no. He's been down here for a day, at odd times, to look about him, that's all."

"You've known him a long time, I suppose?" asked Mrs. James.

Of course it was necessary to be very sure about the respectability of their lodger.

"Only since he was two years old," replied Mr. Wort, with a thoughtful smile.

"That's enough. I know you wouldn't recommend any one that wasn't steady."

"Oh, he's steady enough!" answered the steward—"almost too steady for a young man, I sometimes fancy. You won't catch *him* tripping. He's an out-and-out contrast to—to—the young men of my time."

Richard Redmayne's bed-chamber was a great airy room, with three windows on one side looking over the garden, and an extra window at the end commanding a turn of the high-road: a very pleasant room, furnished with old mahogany chests of drawers and bureaus, and a quaintly carved four-post bedstead one is apt to find in such houses; dimity curtains to bedstead and windows, narrow strips of faded Brussels carpet here and there, a big clumsy painted washstand with plain white crockery, a couple of samplers framed and glazed, a worsted-work representation of Jacob's dream, four gayly colored prints of stage-coaches and hunting scenes for the ornamentation of the walls, an old Indian tea-pot, and half a dozen cracked cups and saucers on the high chimney-piece, and an all-pervading perfume of dried lavender: a room in which a man might live or die peacefully.

Mr. Wort glanced round the chamber, and pronounced that it would do.

"I'll tell him to bring his shower-bath," he said. "You can give him plenty of cold water, I suppose?"

"Oh yes!" Mrs. James answered, rather snappishly. "He can have water enough, if he's one of your slopping and sluicing gentlemen."

Mrs. James regarded all unnecessary use of water, except in scrubbing deal boards, with distaste, as involving waste of labor in carryings to and fro, and perpetual slopping of stairs and passages.

"You know the best parlor," she said.

Mr. Wort was perfectly familiar with that state apartment, which was only occupied on rare occasions, and kept religiously under lock and key, as a temple sacred from the tread of common feet. A long low room with a great bow-window; massive oaken beams across the ceiling; faded chintz coverings to chairs and sofa—such a sofa! a small detachment of infantry might have reposed upon it, if repose could be found on any thing so hard; a ponderous square mahogany table; an old sideboard, embellished with brass lions' heads, with rings through the noses thereof; three cracked china jars of pot-pourri; the family Bible and Izaak Walton in whole calf; a carpet from which every vestige of bright color had faded half a century or so, but which was still piously protected by a drab linen cover of spotless purity: a cool, darksome chamber, the bow-window half shrouded by roses and honeysuckle—a room in which a man might dream away the summer hours, or muse beside the winter fire, oblivious that life was moving on.

"The best parlor will do admirably," said Mr. Wort. "And now how about terms? Should you consider, say, three guineas a week a fair remuneration for board and lodging?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Hannah, who was thinking that two guineas out of the three might be clear profit. "That will satisfy me, if it will satisfy James."

This allusion to James was a mere polite fiction—a wifely compliment. All the world of Kingsbury knew how very small a voice James Redmayne had in the management of affairs at Brierwood.

"Then it's all settled, I conclude," said Mr. Wort; "and Mr. Walgrave may come as soon as he pleases?"

"Yes," replied Aunt Hannah; "the rooms are ready. I'm not one to let dirt settle in corners all the year round, and then make a great to-do over a spring cleaning, and call that good housekeeping, as some folks do. Every Friday scour, and every Tuesday sweep: that's my maxim. It leaves Monday for washing, and Wednesday for ironing, Thursday for baking, and Saturday for clearing up."

"Lor, Aunt Hannah," cried Grace, with a little impatient shrug, "as if Mr. Wort cared about all that!"

"There's some people might care about it to their own profit, if Mr. Wort doesn't," replied the matron, sharply. "Farmers' daughters are as idle as duchesses nowadays, or worse; for duchesses ain't brought up at two-penny-half-penny boarding-schools."

"It's the best school at the Wells," Grace flashed out, indignantly. "Father wouldn't have sent me to a bad one."

It was the outrage against her father she felt most keenly.

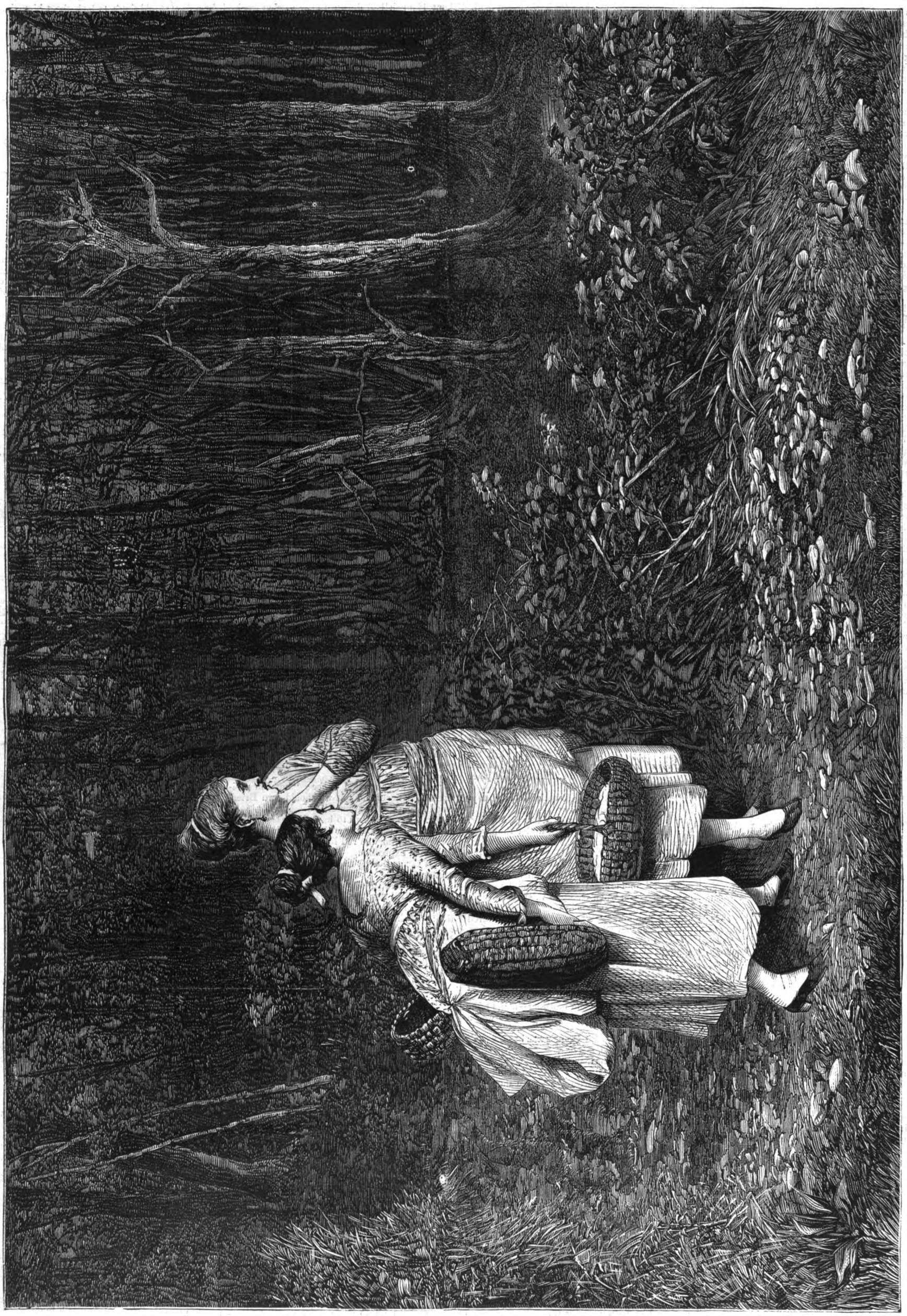
Mr. Wort flung himself into the breach gallantly.

"I shall write to Mr. Walgrave to-night," he said; "and I dare say you'll have him down on Saturday."

"Saturday or Monday's all alike to me," replied Mrs. James. They strolled back to the garden, where the tea-tray had given place to a square black bottle of hollands, a brown jug of cold spring water, and a couple of tumblers. Grace was thoughtful. It was a humiliation to receive a lodger; but she could not help wondering and speculating a little about the stranger. Strangers were so rare at Kingsbury; and to receive one in her own house was like the beginning of a new life. They would date after-events from this epoch, no doubt, and divide life at Brierwood into two periods—before Mr. Walgrave came; after Mr. Walgrave came.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN BAZAR FOR MARCH 16.]

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THE HAUNTED WOOD.

THE HAUNTED WOOD.

THERE is a border-land between the grave and gay, the tragic and the comic, as between the sublime and the ridiculous; and the accompanying engraving is a happy and amusing example of this debatable ground. How naturally the artist has expressed the superstitious fright of these rustic girls as they approach that part of a wood which, from the gossip of the village, has acquired ill repute, probably from its queer-looking aspect simply, but which the local imagination has doubtless selected as the scene of some dark deed, real or imaginary! How the girls cling to each other, to reciprocally sustain their failing courage, though all the while finding new phantom forms to feed their superstitious dread! Very cleverly, too, is the strange, weird aspect suggested of some such spot as one occasionally comes across in wooded districts; while the waning light and the darkling path they have to traverse help to complete the idea of something illusively unearthly—terrible to the ignorant, delightful to the poetic imagination, which can people the blighted spot beneath the solemn cedars, where no blade of grass grows, and sunlight never penetrates, or the knotted trunks and gnarled branches of the aged oaks, or the fantastic tangle of undergrowth and creepers, with mythologic fable or the creations of a Dante, an Ariosto, a Shakspeare, Shelly, or Wordsworth.

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PAST AND PRESENT.—[SEE PAGE 163.]



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THE LACE HANDKERCHIEF AND THE SANDAL-WOOD FAN.

"I WAS no mean-conditioned thing, I assure you," said the lace handkerchief, "though you might not believe it to look at me now. I was of real linen lawn, as fine as cobwebs, and the most delicate of point lace—a very little lawn, and a great deal of lace, where the most exquisite ferns and heather and bursting buds found themselves at home; indeed, I was something to make your heart grow cold with envy. I was a perfect miracle. But I have had my day. Alas! one can't be always dressed in the best the world affords, and moving in the finest society!"

"Tell me about it," sighed the sandal-wood fan, dreamily; "I like to hear about the gay and happy: it's long since I breathed the air of luxury."

"Why, you see, to tell the truth, I was not exactly born among the aristocracy, though of aristocratic lineage," continued the handkerchief. "My first impressions of life were received from a little dark girl, who held me up in her thin, worn fingers, and said, 'Isn't it a beauty? Dear me, mamma, I wish I were a lace handkerchief myself, with no thought for the morrow, that I might go out to ball and party, and see the world at its best, and hear sweet things said over me when I dropped from pretty fingers. I am so cold and hungry, mamma! Is there no bread in the cupboard? Then I will buy a loaf on my way home.'"

"How very pitiful!" murmured the fan, under its fragrant breath. "She should have taken care to have been born in the countries where the bread-tree grows."

"Well," pursued the handkerchief, "the next hand I fell into was as white as milk. It had a ring on its first finger, too, with a great pearl, like a star, fixed there. I came very near being jealous of that ring, especially as she wore it constantly. I have even seen her kiss it, the silly child! It seemed so foolish to kiss a ring, when there were so many fine young men hungering for that kiss. But one night a certain young man bent down as far as her lips, after assisting her from her coach: I saw the whole thing as plain as day, and I was so shocked that I fell to the pavement, and they were both too much occupied with their own affairs to notice what I was doing. So there I staid on the damp pavement till late at night, when the wind came up and whisked me off for a mile or more, when, by chance, I fell upon the thorns of a climbing rose-bush, and hung there till morning, just within reach of an upper window. But when the bird that kept house beside me in the rose-tree began to twitter like an opera-singer, and to shake the dew-drops off her wings; when the great golden bees began to buzz to and fro, like speculators on Wall Street, and the flower beds below me sent up a delicious confusion of odors, as if all the beautiful dreams of the night were exhaling into the air—then some one opened the window above me, and a face—the very impersonation of spring-time and morning—looked out upon the world, rosy and blue-eyed.

"'A real lace handkerchief, if I am a sinner, Belle!' said a voice like a musical glass, as she put out a dimpled hand and drew me in. The idea of her being a sinner was so preposterous that I had a mind to tell her so, but couldn't command my voice.

"'Where did it come from, Lily?' asked Belle, holding me up to the light. 'What lovely ferns and buds!'

"'Oh, I know,' answered Lily, laughing; 'it grew on the rose-tree; don't you see?'

"'I wish such rose-trees were more plenty, then,' said Belle. 'The wind has brought it here by chance—'

"'Nothing is done by chance, you know, Belle,' interrupted Lily; 'the idlest wind that blows has method in its madness!'

"'It's too early for philosophy,' returned her sister; 'I need to be fortified with breakfast first. See how wet it is!' shaking me out; 'some fair dame flirted it at some revel last night, no doubt, and dropped it.'

"'Ah,' said Lily, looking at me as if she would fain penetrate my experience, 'if one could only see all *it* has seen. If by touching it one could be translated into the sphere in which it has moved!'

"'I doubt if you would be a bit happier.'

"'No; but think of the lovely toilettes, of the beautiful women, of the handsome, witty men! Belle, do you suppose there was one there so handsome, so witty, so good as Louis?' turning her violet eyes upon the reflection of herself in the mirror, as if to look at herself were almost to see Louis.

"'Or so pretty as yourself,' laughed her sister. 'There is the breakfast-bell. Come!'

"'But what shall we do with the handkerchief?' asked Lily; 'can we ever find the owner? How happy she must be to possess such a thing!'

"'I don't believe she is very happy,' answered Belle, 'having lost it. We shall advertise it, of course.'

"'But it must be a pleasure, Belle, to have ever owned any thing so beautiful,' persisted Lily.

"'Those who have once possessed luxury find it all the harder to do without it. For instance, love is a beautiful luxury—'

"'Some say a necessity,' interrupted Lily; 'but it is far pleasanter to keep it than to remember it; and those who never had it regret it less than those who have lost it.' And then they locked me up in a drawer with a gilt vial of attar of roses and a sachet of violet-powder, and left me to my own reflections. However, Miss Lily came rushing up for me after breakfast, and I was exhibited to her mamma, and, in short, if my mind had been as feeble as my body, I should have been as vain as a peacock by this time. So Miss Belle wrote the advertisement, and read it aloud: it was so amusing, you know, when I could have saved them the trouble if I had only spoken out. After that I spent the most of my time in Miss Lily's work-basket, in company with several spools and a real gold thimble, marked, 'To Lily, from L. V.'

"I thought I had seen those initials before, but I didn't mention it. So there I staid for a week or more, overhearing all the household chat: what they would have for dinner to-day; how the cold meat would hash over for to-morrow; all about the price of flour and the butcher's account; about Miss Lily's new gown that would have a panier, and a bunched-up bow and revers, and what not; if Miss Belle's last year's poplin would turn, or had better make a visit at the dye-house, for Miss Lily must needs have all the new braveries, that her lover might not blush for her shabbiness. So she sat there beside me stitching for dear life, and sometimes she sang, and sometimes she sighed, for sheer happiness. And when it grew dusky in the room, and you couldn't tell where the wall left off and the ceiling began, then she would fold her work away, and opening the old piano, she would play the plaintive air of 'Robin Adair' till the tears ran down her cheeks. By-and-by a neighbor would drop in, and Bridget would light the astral-lamp, and Lily would begin to build castles in the arm-chair while the others gossiped, and before you could count ten she would be off to the land of Nod. On one such evening there came a great thump at the door, and Lily was on her feet so quickly that I fancied she must be walking in her sleep.

"'It's the boy with the paper,' said Bridget, and Lily sat down again without a word. I knew she had been dreaming of L. V., and thought it was his knock, and I was sorry for her.

"But the next day L. V. really came. *I* was present. He came in without knocking, too. And I've always observed that people come when you're not looking for them; that things turn out the reverse of what you expect; that Fate resists your importunities, but overtakes you as soon as you turn your head. Just so L. V. came softly into the room where Lily sat at work, and leaning over the back of her chair, he kissed her white forehead.

"'Oh, Louis, is it you?'

"'Who else would dare to kiss you, Lily?' he asked, repeating himself.

"The moment he spoke I began to tremble like an aspen, for I could have sworn that I had heard that voice before. But I held my peace. It would have done no good to tell. So there they sat together, cooing and love-making, till there came a rap at the door.

"'The postman, I think,' said Lily. 'Belle will go. She is always looking for a letter.'

"Just then he drew her pretty head down upon his shoulder, and there came a rustle of silk along the passage-way, and a faint odor of violets, and some one pushed open the door, and, as true as I live, my own sweet mistress, Miss Earnestine, came stepping into the room.

"'I am here,' she was saying to Belle, who followed close behind—'I am here in answer to an advertisement;' and then she paused, aghast, and held up the hand with the pearl ring before her eyes.

"'Mr. Louis Vaughn, I believe,' she said, scornfully; 'don't let me interrupt the tableau. Perhaps you are practicing for to-morrow night?'

"Mr. Vaughn turned as white as a ghost, but answered not a word; while Lily arose, and taking me from the basket, said, 'You are the fortunate owner of this bit of woven air, I suppose? And Mr. Vaughn is an old friend, perhaps?'

"'Mr. Vaughn is my lover!' my mistress returned; and then I was certain he was the young man who kissed her the night I was lost. Strange fatality! Wonderful retribution! If it had not been for that kiss, I should not have been lost; if I had not been lost, Mr. Vaughn would not have been found out.

"Miss Earnestine carried me home with her in the carriage, and drenched me with her bitter tears. I never heard of poor Lily again. For all I know, she may be playing 'Robin Adair' to-night, and the tears may be wet on her cheek; but then she must be an old woman, very gray and wrinkled, by this. And I never saw Mr. Vaughn again. The ring disappeared from Miss Earnestine's finger. She never married. For my part, I was shut fast in a drawer, with nothing but the memory of past pleasures and a sprig of lavender to bear me company, and there I abode while the world swept by just outside. Sometimes I would hear the chamber-maids telling their love-affairs, or quarreling, as they swept and dusted; sometimes, when the windows were open, I would hear a street singer, and children laughing, and the voices of young men and maidens in cheerful greetings or tender good-by's. But these voices were all strangers to me, so I took little interest in them, especially as I knew all the time, while they were enjoying the sunlight and the sweet airs of summer, I was growing wrinkled and yellow. It seemed a sort of cruelty that *I* should suffer for Mr. Vaughn's misdeeds; but so it is in this world—one sows, and another reaps the harvest, be it grain or tares.

"One day, when I had suffered solitary confinement for years, a very slow hand unlocked the drawer and took me out with a lingering touch, while one or two tears dropped upon me from faded eyes. The white hands were all of youth that was left to Miss Earnestine, for her hair was white as wool, and her peachy face, that had used to blush like sunrise, was wrinkled and pale. I could have wept myself, for you must acknowledge that I had inherited tears enough; but while I was thinking about it, she put me back into prison, turned the key hurriedly, and went away. I never saw her again."

"How very sad!" breathed the sandal-wood fan. "I, myself, have experienced much suffering. I was carved by a youth in an attic. I have been in ball-room and opera, at symphony concerts, and at musical festivals. I've listened to the music of Hummel and Beethoven, of Mozart and Mendelssohn, but never have I heard any thing like the airs that young man used to sing while he bent over me at work; whether it is that I was young then, and every thing is sweetest in youth, or whether they were the expressions of his own lofty hopes, the inspirations of his infinite spirit, I do not know. However that may be, he made of me the most beautiful fan that ever brought relief to a blushing cheek; love-birds nestled among ivy leaves; a lovely girl's face leaned out at a latticed window, smiling on a lover who touched his guitar below; a child on tip-toe for roses out of reach; little Cupids entangled among the wandering vines; and every where, in a crown above the young girl's head, in groups at the singer's feet, in festoons and garlands—every where the pretty jasmine flower. I found him out, however, when he carved these words under all: 'To Jasmin, the sweetest flower that lives.' But ah, my friend, Jasmin never saw me! When I was quite ready to go to her, when he had dressed himself in his best, and was standing at the window waiting for the dusk to drop down, a strain like a wedding march rose on the air from a neighboring cathedral—one often heard such strains in that locality; but somehow, while he bent out and listened, I felt his great heart throbbing wildly as I was lying in his pocket.

"'What are they playing the wedding march for yonder?' he questioned of a passer below.

"'For the marriage of the mayor's daughter to the great London banker, to be sure—the beautiful Miss Jasmin,' answered the garrulous stranger. 'They say, too, that her heart was not much set upon it, since she had smiled upon a poor young carver in wood. But what's a heart!'

"'True, what's a heart!' the other repeated; 'only a muscle that has a troublesome trick of aching;' and then he closed the window, and, sitting down, leaned his head in his two hands and sighed as I hope never to hear one sigh again; for he neither sighed nor smiled more—his soul had exhaled on that deep breath. Of course I was sold among his other effects. I went for a song. Some time later I came across the seas. I never could tell how it happened; but one day when I had begun to think that my usefulness was ended, I heard the softest voice in the world saying,

"'See, mamma, here is a sandal-wood fan that Aunt Marcia has sent me. Isn't it delicious? Do you know, mamma, when I catch the odor of sandal-wood, I feel as if I were an enchanted princess, living in the Arabian Nights, and that presently some one will shake a wand over me, and I shall forthwith step into my kingdom. Like the perfume of hyacinths, it makes me almost believe in the possibility of being in love.'

"After that I expected to see a face of ravishing beauty; judge of my surprise, then, when I beheld a countenance without the least claim to prettiness; without melting eyes, or shapely features, or rosy cheeks. However, I found that one can grow very fond of a plain face; fonder, perhaps, than of a pretty one, which becomes insipid and tame in comparison. In this there is nothing new. One knows to a shade how the color comes and goes, how perfect are the outlines, how sweet the eyes, how finely arched the brow; while with the other one is in the way of perpetual surprises; one thought the eyes hard yesterday, but they are tender to-day; it is a face that sets one thinking and imagining—a face that is a constant enigma, since, if it pleases so well, why should it not be beautiful? Only because we have decided to call certain things lovely and others unlovely, without much regard to the expression, which is like the wind, not to be predicted, but which overflows and overrules every thing.

"However, I fear it was the general opinion that Miss Lizzie was plain. I remember once going to a dance with her. I never saw her looking better—never but once, a little later. She wore a pale pink gauze, and white roses in her hair. But, dear me, she might as well have been a wall-flower! 'I believe,' she said, taking off her finery that night, 'I will never go to another dance.' I was sorry for that, you know, for in such a case I must abide at home too; and when one feels a capacity for shining in public, it isn't pleasant to hide in the dark.

"However, I always went to church with her on sultry Sabbaths; and one day the finest gentleman I ever met came out from the crowd and shook her hand and walked by her side, as if the possibility of her being a wall-flower had never occurred to him; as if the fact of her being plain was of no kind of significance. Perhaps, like me, the face was so familiar to him that it had a loveliness of its own, for he held her hand at the gate with the air of a lover, his glance resting satisfied upon her face.

"'You haven't changed in the least,' he said, after a pause.

"'No, *not in the least*,' she answered, humbly and sadly.

"'I am glad of that,' he spoke again. 'Do you remember the little picture of yourself which you gave me once?'

"'I was a fool,' she said, thinking out loud, and blushing scarlet as she stooped to pluck a daisy to hide her pain.

"'*I* thought you were an angel,' he said. 'It kept me company through all my journeys; it was like a sweet companion to me; but I lost it one day in Rome, and now I have come back to ask you—not for another—'

"'Oh, I know better now; I could not give you another.'

"'But will you give me the original, dear? I have come all the way from Rome to ask you this. Will you give me yourself?'

"I failed to overhear her reply, for at the first sentence I had fallen in the grass at her feet, but when he picked me up there was such a light upon her face that convinced me she had entered into the enchanted land at last.

"That was the happiest day of my life, to see my dear Miss Lizzie take out her ear-rings and let down her heavy braids before the looking-glass, and to hear her say,

"'I thank God that he made me just as I am, and not one bit prettier, because Angus loves this poor plain face, and no other!'

"Ah, well, I passed into other hands, where I have listened to many a tender nothing, to many an insincere vow, to many an earnest declaration; and then one does not go through life, my friend, without sufferings of one's own, though but a fan. How fares it with you?"

"Sufferings?" returned the handkerchief; "yes; but I do not like to think of them. I do not like to remember that time when Miss Rose was waiting, in her wedding-veil and orange flowers, and laughing with her bride-maids, and her father came slowly into the room, and said, in a broken voice, 'Rose, my dear Rose, we shall have no wedding to-day!'

"Ah, it was then that I suffered, as a handkerchief is not often called upon to suffer. She tore me into ribbons in her distracting grief, without a thought for my dreamy ferns, my perfect designs. No; I like rather to think of the pretty patient fingers that pieced me together, with darnings as fine, and almost as beautiful in their way, as my original embroideries. I like to recall those quiet eyes, that had a way of smiling at the pleasant thoughts behind them, as she bound up my wounds; and I have reason to believe that they all clustered about the blue-eyed youth, with the golden mustache, who took me from her hands one twilight, saying, 'You will spoil your eyes, my darling—"sweetest eyes were ever seen!"'

"I like to recall that twilight, with those two speaking through it; it reminds me of one of Beethoven's symphonies, full of the sweetness of hope, of the eternal blessedness of love! *That* makes amends for much."

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

MY last letter was apropos of cooks. Now I have a word to say about valets. As a rule they are less dangerous and less difficult to manage than cooks. One reason is that their opportunities of robbing are fewer, though, to do them justice, they make the most of them, such as they are. They are, generally speaking, sober. Their great fault is that when they are hired by foreigners, Americans especially, they strike work pretty nearly altogether. They expect to be well paid and well fed, and to have all the afternoon to walk about town under pretense of "buying the dessert"—their main-stay in the way of perquisites—and to have as little as possible to do when they are at home. The windows are expected to keep themselves clean, and when they get too dirty to be seen through, as windows will do, perversely, if they are left a month without being touched in dirty weather, "a man" is expected to be had in to clean them. The wood is expected to bring itself up from the cellar, or to have that service performed for it by "a man." The wine alone, for obviously philanthropic reasons, the valet condescends to fetch and carry. American families must really be often puzzled to make out by what unknown process the houses of French families of moderate incomes are kept in such bright, apple-pie order, judging from the amount of work which a French valet declares himself qualified not to do.

One American family of my acquaintance had a valet whom they looked upon as a perfect treasure. His recommendations undoubtedly were of a very high order. He was dressed like a gentleman's servant from morning to night, wore irreproachable white cravats, announced visitors in the sonorous tones of a Lord Mayor's toaster, and waited well at table. He had been some time in his place when, the windows having arrived at that point where they keep out more light than they let in, his master's attention was drawn to the fact, and he mildly suggested that they should be cleaned. The valet in irreproachable white tie declared that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to bring about that result by having "a man" in to clean them. His master objected, however, that the services of the man in question, whoever he might be, were not paid for, whereas his (the valet's) were. But the latter indignantly scouted the notion of his compromising his dignity and deranging his white tie by such coarse work as cleaning windows. He was not paid for *that;* he never had done it, never meant to do it—no valet who had a proper respect for himself would. The refusal and the energetic protest that accompanied it amused more than it provoked the gentleman, who, I really believe, half apologized to the wounded feelings of his valet, and begged that he would forthwith engage the services of the inferior being who was not above cleaning windows. The "man" was found (there are always plenty of them hanging about the houses of foreigners within reach of call of overworked valets), and the windows were brought to a state of abnormal transparency. The operation was paid for by the valet—five francs; and while my friend remained it was repeated regularly every week on the same terms, to the perfect satisfaction of all parties concerned—the master's, the valet's, and the "man's."

When the weather grew cold a stock of fuel was laid in, and orders were given to the valet

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to light fires in the apartment. The valet bowed. Had monsieur made any arrangement with the concierge or a man about bringing up the wood? No! Then perhaps monsieur would like him to arrange about it? It was a mere trifle as regarded expenses: for a bagatelle of twenty francs a month a man would be glad to undertake it. Monsieur actually ventured to suggest that the valet himself should undertake it. Carry up wood from the cellar! Monsieur was not serious. Oh no; that was not work for an intelligent man to do! The air of deep conviction that accompanied the words made it impossible to doubt the truth of what they were intended to convey—namely, that no *valet de chambre* in civilized Europe was expected to bring up wood from the cellar. My friend succumbed uncomplainingly, and the services of the man were again requisitioned. It is instructive and rather interesting to learn that the valet who, on the score of superior intelligence, scorned this menial office could not write his own name, and would probably have been hard set to read it. The fact is authentic, though certainly exceptional among intelligent men of his class. The mere "man" was hired to bring up the wood and coal at the bagatelle of twenty francs named by his patron, which, added to his fee for the windows, increased the wages of the valet forty francs a month. This may be a bagatelle to a rich man who does not care about throwing away his money, but to one not in that happy position it would be a serious annoyance.

I might go on multiplying instances of this sort of pilfering and living on the enemy practiced by valets on their masters, but these two are of such common occurrence, and have been often the source of so much inconvenience and vexation to Americans in Paris, that I insist more particularly on them. Such a thing as extra hands for bringing up wood or cleaning windows is never dreamed of here in houses where a *valet de chambre* is kept, nor would he dream of asking for it. But Americans don't know this; and when a stately valet in black coat and white tie elevates his eyebrows in supercilious astonishment at the mere suggestion of his committing himself to such work, there is nothing for them but to bow to their fate, and while they are in Rome do as they are told the Romans do.

GRACE RAMSAY.

PAST AND PRESENT.

See illustration on page 161.

IN this touching picture we have a whole tragedy in two acts. In the first we see the united family, the wife tenderly supported by her husband's arm, with their children playing at their feet. All around stretches a peaceful, smiling landscape, wherein every thing tells of prosperity and happiness: the leafy trees, blossoming earth, and white sails on the smoothly gliding river. How changed is the scene in the second tableau! Here the widow sadly leads her orphaned children by the hand through a blackened, desolated country, over which the scourge of that war has swept in which her husband has laid down his life. And this is no fancy sketch; it is at this moment repeated a thousand times over in France and Germany. Nor, alas! need we go so far for an example, while the memory thereof is still fresh in our own hearts. The grass may be growing rank over the hundred battle-fields of our country, but the charred ruins, leafless tree trunks, and bereaved homes still remain to keep alive the memory of the trial through which we passed, and, let us hope, to prevent its recurrence. Surely the picture of the heart-rending anguish which must inevitably follow in the wake of all wars, however just, can not too often be held up before a nation to warn it against suffering any wounded susceptibilities or love of glory to tempt it to enter upon a contest without pausing to count its fearful cost.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BARLEY STRAW.

AN ALLEGORY FROM THE DANISH.

A YOUNG married couple were walking down a country lane. It was a peaceful, sunny morning in autumn, and the last of their honeymoon.

"Why are you so silent and thoughtful?" asked the young, beautiful wife. "Do you already long for the city and its turmoil? Are you weary of my love? You regret, I fear, that you have renounced your busy life yonder, and consented to live only for me and our happiness."

He kissed her forehead, which she tenderly raised up to him. She received no other answer.

"What can you miss here?" she continued. "Can all the others together love you more than I my single self? Do I not suffice? We are rich enough, so that you *need* not work; but if you absolutely must do something—well, then, write romances and read them to me alone."

The young man again replied with a kiss. He then stepped across a ditch into a stubble field and picked up a straw, left by the gleaners. It was an unusually fine and large straw, yet attached to its root, and entwined by the withered stalks of a parasitical plant, upon which a single little flower might be discerned.

"Was that a very rare flower you found?" asked the little lady.

"No; it was a common bind-weed."

"A bind-weed?"

"Yes, that is its vulgar name. The botanists call it *Convolvulus arvensis*. The peasantry name it fox-vines; in some localities it is called tangle-weed." He paused and gazed thoughtfully on the straw.

"Pray what interesting thing is it, then, that you have discovered?"

"It is a romance."

"A romance?"

"Yes—or a parable, if you like."

"Is it in the flower?"

"Yes; the flower and—the straw."

"Please tell me the story about it."

"But it is a sad one."

"No matter for that; I should like to hear it very much."

She seated herself on the edge of the grassy bank; her husband did the same, close at her side, and told the story of the straw.

At the outer edge of the barley field, near the ditch of the highway, grew a young, vigorous barley shoot. It was taller, stronger, and darker than the others; it could look over the whole field.

The first thing it noticed was a little violet. It stood beyond, over the other edge of the ditch, and peered through the grass with its innocent azure eyes. The sun shone, and the balmy wind breathed over toward the field from the road, where the violet grew. The young straw rocked itself in spring air and spring dreams. To reach one another was out of the question: they did not even think about it. The violet was a pretty little flower, but it clung to the earth, and soon disappeared among the growing grass. The barley, on the contrary, shot up higher and higher each day, but the dark green shoot still above all the rest. It rejoiced already in a long, full ear before any of the others had commenced to show their beards.

All the surrounding flowers looked up to the gallant ear of barley. The scarlet poppy blushed yet a deeper red whenever it swung over it. The corn-flower made its aroma still more piquant than usual, and the flaunting yellow field-cabbage expanded its one bold flower. By-and-by the barley straw blossomed in *its* manner. It swayed about, now here, now there, in the balmy atmosphere; sometimes bending over the corn-flower, at times over the poppy, and then over the tare and wild field-cabbage; but when it had peered down in their chalices it swung back again, straightened up, and thought, "You are but a lot of weeds, after all."

But in the grass at the ditch flourished a bind-weed, with its small leafy vines; it bore delicate snowy and rose-colored flowers, and emitted a delicate fragrance. To that the barley straw bent longingly down.

"You gallant straw," it smiled; "bend yet lower, that I may embrace you with my leaves and flowers."

The straw essayed to do it with its best will, but in vain.

"I can not," it sighed; "but come to me, lean on me and cling to me, and I will raise you above all the proud poppies and conceited corn-flowers."

"I have never had any ambition to rise in the world, but you have been my constant dream ever since I was budding, and for your sake I will leave the greensward and all the little flowers in whose company I grew. We will twine ourselves together and flower *alone for each other*."

Thus said the bind-weed, and stretched its tendrils into the field. It clung tenderly to the straw, and covered it with its green leaves and modest flowers up to its topmost blade.

It was a beautiful sight. The two seemed to suit each other to perfection. The straw felt now really proud, and shot up higher and higher.

"Do you wish to leave me?" sighed the weed.

"Are you dizzy already?" smiled the straw.

"Stay with me—cling to me. Why do you rise higher?"

"Because I *must*. It is my nature."

"But it is not mine."

"Follow me, if you love me."

"You won't stay? I know now that you do not love me any more."

And the weed loosened its tender arms and sank to the earth; but the straw continued to shoot ever upward.

The bind-weed began to wither. Its flowers grew more and more pale. "I have but lived and flowered for you. For your sake have I sacrificed my spring and my summer. But you do not notice my flowers—you leave my little buds to wither in the air; you think upon any thing else but me and the beautiful summer—*my* time!"

"*I think upon the harvest: my time has also its claim.*"

Presently the rain came. Great drops fell upon the delicate leaves. "My time is soon over," wept the weed, and closed its little flowers to hide the cold tears.

Tears are heavy. The straw came near sinking under its burden, but it felt the importance of keeping itself upright; it straightened up, gallantly facing the storm. It grew stiffer in the body—harder in the joints.

It was one of the dark days. The heavens were gray and the earth dark; it had been raining for a long time. The weed had grown downward into the earth, as if it would hide itself from the storm.

"Bend down once more as you did in days of yore, when my love was all and all to you," begged the weeping flower.

"I can not, I dare not," groaned the straw.

"And I, who have bent a thousand times for your sake—I, who now bend myself to the very dust before your feet," wailed the weed, groveling on the earth.

Then fell a couple of large rain-drops upon the blades; the weight was too much, the brave straw yielded, the weed pulled it down, and both straw and weed sank down on the wet earth, never more to rise again.

The harvest came. All the golden corn was bound in sheaves, and brought to the barn with song and joy. But that which once so gallantly had reared its head above all the others remained prostrate on the stubble field. The grain was mouldy and the straw withered. Of the beautiful vine, whose loving embrace had been so fatal, only the dry, blackened stalks remained.

Thus ended the romance of the barley straw.

The young wife had tears in her beautiful eyes, but they were the balmy tears which strengthen, not the scalding ones which crush the soul to the earth. She wound her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered a single word in his ear. It was, "Thanks."

Then she plucked the last, half-withered blossom from the bind-weed.

"It is a flower of memory that I will take with me, when I to-morrow return with you to the city again," she said, softly, as she hid it in her bosom. "Love is good, but labor and love are better. Pleasure is perfect only when it harmonizes with our permanent interests, as it is also true that no delight can be enduring which interferes with duty."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE great storm of the season had spent its fury, and was followed by a bright and sunny day—the first Sunday in February. About three o'clock in the afternoon, as we were quietly reading in a cozy room on Brooklyn Heights, a bright little girl, whose eyes always discover every thing, exclaimed, "See! there are ever so many people walking across the river." So, indeed, it was; the East River was completely spanned by a bridge of ice, formed by gigantic blocks which were firmly wedged together. At Fulton Ferry all navigation was suspended for two or three hours. Crowds of anxious people, impatient to reach their homes, thronged the ferry-houses; and when one bold leader made a pathway on the ice from shore to shore, he was followed by scores, until about a thousand had made a safe passage. The scene was one of great animation and excitement among those who ventured on the perilous temporary bridge, as well as among the spectators who lined the wharves. Suddenly the cry was raised that the vast mass was moving; there was an instant rush for the shore, yet some found themselves floating away on cakes of ice, and after some time were rescued by boats. Last year an ice bridge was formed a week later in the season; and although this is by no means an annual phenomenon, it has occurred several times within the last twenty years, as well as previously. During the winter of 1821 and 1822 it is on record that the East River was completely closed for several weeks between New York and Brooklyn.

The principal instruments employed by the Signal Service Corps in their observations concerning the weather are the thermometer, the barometer, the hygrometer (for ascertaining the relative humidity of the atmosphere), the anemometer (for ascertaining the velocity of the wind), and the rain-gauge.

This is the way reports and rumors are frequently originated. At Rockford, Illinois, where small-pox has been expected, a panic recently arose from the following circumstance: A grocer's messenger stopped to deliver something at a German house. The woman told him, "Walt; mine poy will pring you the small pox;" for which he did not wait, but ran off, giving an alarm that they had the dreaded disease there. It was afterward ascertained that all the woman wanted was to have him wait for a wooden *box*. "Only this and nothing more."

It may yet be admitted that woman has a "sphere" in the realm of art, if nowhere else. Miss Jessie Macgregor, a Scottish lady, has carried off the highest honors at the British Royal Academy this year. The gold medal and books for the best historical painting, "An Act of Mercy," has been awarded to Miss Macgregor, who is the second female recipient of the honor. Another lady, Miss J. C. Smith, received the silver medal for the best drawing from the antique.

Lady Franklin, never weary of her continued efforts, now offers $10,000 for all the records that can be found of the expedition in which Sir John lost his life.

London papers relate curious stories of the blunders made by Oxford under-graduates in the Scripture examination which they have to pass before taking their degrees. It is told of one that when asked who was the first King of Israel, he was so fortunate as to stumble upon the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and, wishing to show the examiners how intimate his knowledge of the Scriptures was, he added, confidently, "Saul—also called Paul." Another was called upon to mention "the two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking." The under-graduate thought for a moment, and replied, "Balaam's ass." "That is one, Sir. What is the other?" Under-graduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit up his face as he replied, "The whale! The whale said unto Jonah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

A warning to sleepers in church comes from Lowell. A lady in that place attended a prayer-meeting in the vestry of the church not long ago, and fell into a comfortable slumber during the exercises. When she awoke she found herself in the dark, a prisoner. No efforts of hers availed to release her. But about noon next day she succeeded in climbing out of a window, and, summoning aid, over the high fence of the church-yard.

A young lady having been chosen engrossing clerk in the Minnesota Senate, resigned the position when she found some reason to believe that a part of the votes were not cordially given. She was immediately re-elected by a hearty majority. Such delicate sensitiveness was never known among male office-seekers, and it took every body by surprise.

An unpalatable mouthful that Des Moines horse must have had, when he snatched a lady's chignon from her head! This is the sad tale: A young gentleman and lady were driving through the street, when a restive steed came up behind, and having a bad habit of nipping at every thing he could, he seized upon the lady's chignon, which was of regulation size. Then with a sudden dash he shot ahead, bearing his prize between his teeth. The lady screamed, as well she might, and the gentleman, seeing the trouble, put the whip to his horse. But the driver of the thieving horse did not notice any difficulty, and thought it was only a race; so away they all went, the chignon charger leading the van.

Guarana threatens to be a rival to tea and coffee. A Brazilian tree produces a small fruit, containing half a dozen seeds, called guarana. These being roasted, ground, and made into a beverage, are found to contain the same active principle as tea and coffee, and to produce similar effects.

The present Speaker of the English House of Commons was chosen nearly fifteen years ago. There have been only four Speakers in the House since the death of George III., which occurred above half a century ago.

"Once upon a time" Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau were both guests at a literary soirée. A modest lady, not daring to seek an introduction to such exalted beings, watched them from afar with intense interest. The two literary ladies retreated to a secluded window-seat and engaged in earnest conversation. The modest lady, thinking some astronomical problem or some profound question of political economy was under discussion, resolved to catch some of their wise words. She stole noiselessly to the window, and, concealed by the curtain, listened; and this was what she heard:

"I'll tell you what I mean to do," said Miss Martineau, laying her hand emphatically on the arm of Mrs. Somerville, "I mean to have my white crape shawl dyed brown, to wear with my brown satin dress."

Then answered Mrs. Somerville, impressively, through the ear-trumpet of Harriet Martineau, "I think you can not do better, my dear."

It is now believed by some who have carefully investigated the merits of cundurango that though not an absolute remedy in every case of cancer, it is in all instances very beneficial.

Gustave Doré has undertaken a series of sketches of London street life. Doré must be a busy man, so multitudinous are his works. A correspondent of the *Evening Mail* recently visited his studio in Paris, and describes him thus: "He is a man some thirty-five or thirty-seven years of age, and looks even younger than that. His physique is fine—a massive chest both in breadth and depth, and a noble head with a wealth of dark hair falling low upon a brow which stamps him a man of genius. His bearing is as simple and unpretentious as that of a child, while the calm look in the lustrous eye points to the infinite." It is said that Doré is much interested in America, and proposes to visit it before long. He refuses, however, to come professionally, as he had been invited to do, because he would not consent to make sketches of American landscape as illustrations unless he were given *carte blanche* to make as many as he deemed best. Instead of five hundred, the number suggested, he thought thousands would be required to give an idea of its beauty and grandeur.

"Sneak thieves," so called, abound about this time of year. Housekeepers should see that doors and windows are secure, particularly when the family are all at dinner or supper. That is the time generally taken to ransack bedrooms and carry off the coats and hats from the front hall.

Something like thirty thousand girls and women in New York city find it necessary to sew for their living. The wages they receive make economy needful, especially if a feeble mother or sister is partially dependent upon them, as is often the case. Their lodging-rooms are the cheapest that are respectable, but frequently miserable enough, considering the price paid for them. The hotel for working-women which is being erected by Mr. A. T. Stewart, and which will be completed in a few months, will give a comfortable and inexpensive place of abode to about fifteen hundred persons. It will, indeed, be a blessing to many who have been compelled to live in dark, ill-ventilated quarters. The aim will be to bring the entire cost of board, fuel, room rent, gas, and washing within three dollars a week. In addition, the parlors and libraries will afford facilities for social amusement and mental improvement.

Massachusetts and New Jersey stand up for comparison on *one* point. The Young Men's Christian Association of Roseville, New Jersey, after a protracted discussion, have refused to admit young women to membership. Several young ladies have been admitted as "associate" members of the Young Men's Christian Association of Colchester, Massachusetts. It is said that the meetings of the association have increased in interest since this action. Naturally this would be the case.

Australia has sent a quantity of kangaroo skins to San Francisco. They are to be made into leather. The skin of the kangaroo is thin but tough, and when tanned into leather is soft and pliable, and wears well.

The wife of Frederick Charles, nephew of the Emperor of Germany, is painting a series of pictures representing all the battles in which her husband had command during the late war between France and Germany. She has a miniature art academy at Berlin, in which several young women who are studying painting assist her in her work.

At length it is proved that man has more vanity than woman. This is the way it came to pass. A curious investigator watched while a thousand men passed a looking-glass used as a sign on the sidewalk in Broadway. The result of his observations showed that nine hundred and ninety-nine men glanced complacently at their image as they passed. The other man was blind. Four hundred and fifty-two women passed during the same hour and a half, and none of them looked in the mirror—all of them being engaged intently examining each other's appearance and dress.

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AFTER THE BALL.

THIS is an experience that comes home to the feminine heart. The glitter of lights, buzz of conversation, and excitement of the dance once over, a reaction follows, and the belle of the ball sinks wearily in an easy-chair on her arrival home in the small hours of the morning, without energy enough even to throw off her wrappings. There is a lesson to be read in this lassitude. The late hours attendant on evening entertainments in our day sap the vital forces, and sow the seeds of future suffering. But the tendency in this direction continually grows worse, especially in large cities, where it has come to be considered quite out of rule to go to the most informal reception before nine o'clock in the evening, and where eleven is considered fashionable society, and at the same time to preserve the clear brain and good digestion necessary to the transaction of business. The nobles of England, who dine at eight, and whose time is at their own disposal, may be able to turn night into day with impunity, but this will not do for practical, hard-working Americans. Rumors are rife that a change is imminent, and that it is already in contemplation in sundry fashionable circles to invite guests by card from seven to eleven—a consummation, let us say, devoutly to be wished.

OLD AND NEW COLORS.

THE colors which are now contemned as "old-fashioned"—the colors in vogue before the present century—have been almost infor combining colors—it is partly due to the imperfection of the colors they used. The reds are chiefly dull, the blues greenish, the white yellowish or gray, the black half brown: this may be noticed in any old Indian carpet or shawl. But alas! the Orientals are being demoralized by the European mania for harsh and vulgar contrasts; and it is becoming more and more difficult to procure the old subdued mixtures. In the goods they fabricate for the French and English markets, they are beginning to use the cheap imported European dyes, although they still, through sheer ignorance, adhere to the old patterns. Soon they may give place to the modern bad ones, and we shall have nothing better from the East than we can make at home, as far as harmony of tints and poetry of design are concerned.

without turning gray—indeed, there are no blue eyes now; no cheek can outbloom the modern pinks and scarlets; it is because these colors have been brought to such a pitch of perfection that they dazzle, but enhance nothing; and they have the retributive effect of not lasting. The antique colors, like the Oriental ones, may have faded, and probably did so, but they never showed either the change of time or the stains of wear to any thing like the same extent, nor so early, as the modern colors; they were not so bright, though they were far more subtile. In those days one could put on a gown half a dozen times without looking slovenly; it would look beautiful and good to the last. Ruskin says truly that "no color harmony is of high order unless involving indescribable tints;" and this is the secret of the antique colors—each partook of some



AFTER THE BALL.—[DRAWN BY A. P. STEPHENS.]

an early hour to set out for a large party or a ball. At this rate we shall eventually come round again to the hours kept in the times of bluff King Hal, whose sister, Mary Tudor, on wedding the sexagenarian Louis XII. of France, was severely chidden by her subjects for undermining the health of her aged spouse by her dissipated habits. She insisted on dining at noon, and prolonging her evening to eleven or twelve o'clock, whereas the good King Louis had been accustomed to dining at eight in the morning, and going to bed at six P.M., with the chickens in winter, and considerably before them in summer. Seriously, there is a crying need for reform among us in this respect. It is utterly impossible for any person who earnestly pursues a regular occupation to keep the late hours demanded by

variably more beautiful and more becoming than any we now have. The truth of the matter is, a color may be too pure: and of late our manufacturers, urged on by the vulgar taste for merely gaudy tints, have so much improved in color-distilling and dyeing that our modern colors are hideous through their extreme purity. The old-fashioned blue, which had a dash of yellow in it, and which looks sadly faded against the fashionable staring blues, was one of the most exquisite hues ever worn; so was the warm dun-yellow we see in the old masters' pictures; so was the soft, brownish-crimson. The same remark applies to Oriental colors. The old Indian and Persian manufactures, which will never grow old, look forever perfect and grand, and this is not only due to the wondrous Oriental feeling

In some strange way a certain amount of imperfection is necessary to beauty. Our perfect machinery can not make the curiously charming fabrics that these poor people weave with their obsolete looms; we have lost the strange charm of color which we, in common with them, once possessed to a great degree; and certainly we have not improved on the ancient patterns; we have to go back to them again and again for our lace, for our brocades, and for our carpets. We have perfected our method, and lost our picturesque effects; we have perfected our colors, and lost our perceptions of and feeling for real beauty.

As for colors in dress, we have quite forgotten that they must be always subservient to the complexion. For instance, no blue eyes can bear the propinquity of the modern bright blues other; their very imperfection made them the most perfect of all colors. I will nevertheless confess with joy that I see a glimmer of hope in the shops for the public at large. This summer there has been a struggle to defeat the glaring colors by dun colors—tertiaries of every hue, and mixtures of the same color in various shades in a single dress. I have seen a gown in a shop window made of three different shades of mud-color, another of slate and mud color, and both costumes were very effective. There is also hope in the new shades of olive, salmon and citron, and green-blue that have recently appeared. They are often desperately bright, but they are refreshing, having lost the sharp edge of their purity, and become tempered with remote or opposing colors.

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BEING TOWED.

IN the clear, crisp, frosty air of a February morning, what sensation can be comparable to the keen delight with which the practiced skater glides over the glittering ice? What if the accomplishment has been gained by numerous falls and countless contusions! The game is well worth the powder, as all will acknowledge who have arrived successfully at the coveted goal. During the last few years this healthful and exhilarating amusement has been largely practiced by ladies; and their picturesque dresses and graceful movements add much to the beauty of the skating-rink. The ice, indeed, has a peculiar fascination; and those who lack the courage to trust themselves alone thereon, may still enjoy the serene delight of being towed like our heroine in the picture, who glides with queenly grace over the slippery surface in the wake of her merry guides. We well remember the sensation which was created in the Central Park, some twelve or fourteen years ago, when a few ladies ventured on the ice on the smaller skating-pond. Their example immediately found numerous followers, and before the winter was over skating was recognized as a fashionable amusement by the ladies of New York.



BEING TOWED.

MODERN SERVANTS.

IF mistaken friends of servants will persist in disparaging domestic service as a degradation, and so deter the best men and women of the working class from undertaking it as an employment, of course the despised profession will be filled by despicable persons; and if mistresses will persist in childish efforts to claim a power which has passed from their hands, and servants will persist in the no less childish effort to combine the pleasures of a nomad existence with the largest profits of an employment whose first condition is fixity of tenure, then, indeed, there is nothing before either one or the other but disappointment and mutual recriminations without end. But I do not believe that any of these rocks are unavoidable.

The notion that the personal services and immediate receipt of directions involved in domesticity are things in themselves degrading is one of the grossest of the fallacies and vulgarest of the vulgarisms of the day. There is no position in which perfect disinterestedness and devotion can be more thoroughly displayed than in faithful service. The payment and receipt of wages, so far from detracting from the honorableness of the relation, places both master and servant on a footing of plain justice, whereon their mutual kindliness and "works of supererogation" can be displayed infinitely better than on any other ground. The difference is seen when men or women consent to live as unsalaried dependents on persons not called on to support them. No observer can hesitate to say that a paid servant, free to come and go, neither owing nor claiming any pecuniary obligation, holds a far better and more really respectable attitude than that of such an unpaid dependent, whose services, however devoted, never wholly suffice to wipe away the semblance of obligation for material benefits. To talk of being a "hireling" as detracting from the beauty of any service, high or low, is simply absurd. The clergyman who lives on his tithes preaches "hireling" sermons; the soldier who pockets his pay dies a "hireling's" death at the cannon's mouth; the poet who condescends to send to his banker his publisher's check has but a "hireling's" inspiration, in any sense in which a faithful butler, housekeeper, maid, or groom can be said to do "hireling" service to master or mistress. The evil repute of such contracts has come out of this, that the two parties to them do not keep them equally honestly. The employer usually pays the wages he has engaged to pay with tolerable punctuality; and if he should attempt to tender a dollar short money, or a dollar of base coin, the defrauded servant would quickly obtain justice. On the other hand, the servant (how often we do not care to speculate) gives short service or bad service for his wages, and the master has no remedy save to send him away and find another, who will perhaps do just the same. The dishonesty in the one case is, beyond question, quite as great as in the other, though habit has so far dulled us

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to its observation that we hardly pass any strong censure on instances of it, while a mere rumor that a gentleman had offered his footman a bad half crown would set a county gossiping for a month. All the result apparent is this unfortunate prejudice against household service in general—a prejudice which ought to be limited, and very urgently directed against the dishonest kind of eye-service aforesaid.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MONA.—The bracelets are worn above the top of the glove if possible, but on the wrist over the glove if they are small. More than one bracelet on an arm is not in good taste, yet two or three are worn. Trim your polonaise with bias black silk bands and fringe. The suit will be very pretty.

MISS N. F. M.—We can not give you a plan for making your switch lighter. You had better exchange it. —The vest-basque walking suit will be worn in the spring.—If you are very young, put your first name on your card, but if you are fairly in society, Miss Smith is preferable.—Dust your hands well with Lubin's violet-powder before putting on your gloves, and the perspiration will not discolor them.—Make your black alpaca by Plain-basque Walking Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.—Shampoo your head frequently to take out superfluous oils.

M. A. M.—Get an olive brown cashmere polonaise, and a silk or poplin skirt of the same color, for a rich bride's traveling dress. Use the Marguerite polonaise pattern, and trim with ruffles of the silk and fringe.

QUODDY.—Wear the Undine dress—pale green tarlatan, looped with bits of shells and grasses.

INQUISITIVE.—Make your black lustre by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. Trim with bias ruffles of the same headed by lapping folds.

VIRGINIA DARE.—The Dolly Vardens are merely polonaises, as you will find if you read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. The Marguerite is the best design for them. Flat button-moulds covered with silk are used on silk and cashmere basques.

EFFIE G.—Basques will continue in fashion, and the best model for your black silk suit is the Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

BLANCHE.—A white tarlatan dress, with three or four rows of kilt pleating on the demi-train, and one on the basque and upper skirt, is pretty and inexpensive. Loop the upper skirt with trailing autumn leaves, or with rose or blue ostrich tips, or else black velvet bows with a rose in each bow. The basque is short-sleeved, low-necked, and without lining, or, at most, only a Swiss muslin lining.

B. B. B.—If you begin your note by speaking of yourself in the third person, you should continue to do so to the end of it. For instance: "Mr. Smith's compliments to Miss Jones, requesting the pleasure," etc.; or else: "Mr. Smith sends compliments to Miss Jones, and requests the pleasure," etc.

VASHTI.—You will find many hints about taking care of the complexion in the "Ugly Girl" articles published in *Bazar*, Vol. IV. We can not repeat them here.

MRS. A. W. P.—Make a sloped seam down the middle of your loose sacque, having the waist nearly tight; then leave it open down this seam below the waist, also in the seams under the arms; trim it up the seams and around the edge, and it will be large enough for your tournure.

A MECHANIC'S WIFE.—The *Bazar* containing an article on bread-making has been sent you; also the cut paper pattern. We are sorry that we can not give you the recipe you want. As you are an Englishwoman, perhaps you do not know that housekeepers here sometimes give their soap-fat in exchange for ready-made soap to a cartman who comes for it two or three times a week.

A PLAIN GIRL.—A white muslin upper skirt and waist, over any solid colored or even a black silk, would answer your purpose.

CHICAGO SUBSCRIBER.—We can send you any back numbers of the *Bazar* you want at 10 cents a number.

ELOISE.—Goethe is pronounced as if spelled Géty. —Wear your hair in crimps in front, with a braided chignon. Girls of seventeen usually wear long dresses for full dress, and short suits of ordinary length for the street.—Quixotic is accented on the second syllable—*ot*—as is exotic.—*Qui vive* means, literally, who lives, and is equivalent to our "Who goes there?" To say that one is on the *qui vive* means that he is on the alert.—The engagement-ring is worn on the first finger of the left hand.

DORA E.—The "Bazar Book of Decorum" will be sent you from this office on receipt of $1 and your address.—Get blue or plum-colored cashmere for the blonde's blouse, cherry or black for the brunette's.

M. R. S.—Make a basque and over-skirt by the Worth basque pattern for your black silk dress. The skirt of this suit trains slightly in the house, and may be looped for the street. Trim with ruffles and lace or fringe.

R. A. T.—The advertising columns of our back numbers will tell you about the matter you refer to. We know nothing of it further than what is stated in the advertisement, and we can not spend time in mailing the address of advertisers when a reference to the paper would furnish the reader the desired information.

E. H.—The basque will probably continue to be worn through the summer, and over-skirts also, but it is too soon to know what change will be made in their shape.

MISS JESSIE B.—Read answer above to "Mrs. A. W. P." We send you the Watteau sacque pattern, as you would probably like to put a Watteau fold down the back of the garment.

JANE L.—The *Bazar* does the best it can by its correspondents. Its columns are sometimes too crowded for minute details or for answers in this column, but replies are embodied in other articles in the paper. Therefore the best thing for you to do is to read each number carefully, and you will usually find a general answer, and perhaps a special one.

DOLLY.—For full information about ladies' underclothing read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. V.

LIZZIE R.—A Dolly Varden, as we have said before, is a polonaise of gay flowered chintz calico, or of cretonne, or brocaded silk, to be worn over a solid-colored silk skirt, usually black. For making your striped spring silk read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. Make your delaine suit with polonaise, cape, and single skirt by description in New York Fashions of *Bazar* of the present number.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A polonaise suit of gray or brown cashmere or poplin would be pretty for a bride to wear to New York in the spring. Get some additional hair and wear a braided coil.

MRS. W. W. W.—Make your green poplin by the Marguerite Vest-polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV.

B. A. L.—Polonaises will be worn in the spring. Black or gray cashmere polonaises may be worn with almost any skirt. Four yards of cashmere will make a Marguerite polonaise. A Martha Washington cap with loose crown and coronet is pretty for elderly ladies with thin hair. Crimp your hair by plaiting, and wear it flowing. If your gingham is striped, trim it with bias bands and white braid; if checked, with ruffles of the same. Pleated shirt-waists will be worn again in the spring and summer.—Abbott's histories are good authorities. We do not know of any biographical sketch extant of the lady you mention.

BRISBANE.—A new masquerade costume is called the Hours. It has a white skirt, baby waist, angel sleeves, and a peasant waist of gold-colored silk. A broad silk band, half blue, half gold, surrounds the skirt, and on it at intervals are twelve white medallions with the hours I., II., III., etc., printed on them. Dark brown flowing hair with gilt diadem.

Another pretty costume is the Planets. A white silk skirt is bordered with a blue silk band, and dotted with gilt stars. White gauze over-skirt and baby waist bespangled with stars. Blue silk girdle, wide and pointed, with a star on each point. Necklace, diadem, and bracelets of stars. Blue ribbon band on the light crimped hair. Blue silk gaiters.

EDNA AND MASQUERADE.—Wear the Hours costume described above to "Brisbane."

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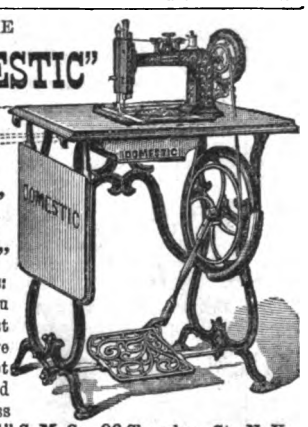
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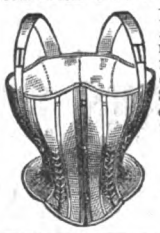
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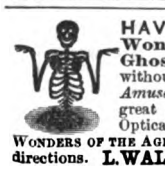
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"HERE BE TRUTHS."

MISTRESS. "Bring seme more Bread, Martha!"
WAITRESS. "There's none, Mem!"
MISTRESS. "Oh, Nonsense! I saw a Loaf in the Pantry."
WAITRESS. "Did ye, Mem? I'm thinking it's Time ye were getting Specs, then, for it's a Cheese!"



"CONSERVATION OF TISSUE."

UNCLE. "Well, Tommy, you See I'm Back: are you Ready?—What have I to Pay for, Miss?"
MISS. "Three Buns, Four Sponge-Cakes, Two Sandwiches, One Jelly, Five Tarts, and—"
UNCLE. "Good gracious, Boy! Are you not Ill?"
TOMMY. "No, Uncle; but I'm Thirsty!"

FACETIÆ.

You never hear of policemen being run over: they are never in the way.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A most determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of town. A lady—young, lovely, and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command—was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face.

A Chinese thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day to learn how to wind it up.

Some people do not care for Tupper's poetry, but his philosophy is proverbial.

Why are photographers the most uncivil of all tradespeople?—Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait they always reply with a negative.

An old lady thinks the Bonds must be a family of strong religious instincts, because she hears of so many of them being converted.

TOILERS OF THE SEA—Opticians.

SLEIGHT OF HAND—Refusing an offer.

Narrow-minded people are like narrow-necked bottles, for the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

A bow should not be always bent—particularly an el-bow.

VALENTINE VERSES.

February having come, I turned my attention to verse, in order to send a valentine of my own composing to my adored. With this view I asked a gentleman who frequents the same club as I do to give me a few hints. "There's nothing so easy," said he. "All you want are the rhymes." Whereupon I made so bold as to ask if he could supply them, and on what terms. Not to enter too far into particulars, I will say that he obliged me with the following list:

Arose	Lasts	Set
Nose	Casts	Cabinet
Down	Endures	Sink
Gown	Overtures	Rink
Sockets	Winking	Shutters
Pockets	Shrinking	Gutters
Maid	Fair	Love
Marmalade	Square	Above

After a week or so's arduous study I have succeeded in making up a valentine, which I inclose, and shall be happy to receive your opinion as to whether it is verse or *vice versa*. Yours, etc., JOHN SMITH.

A VALENTINE.

BY A BEGINNER.

Never, since the sun arose,
With a pimple on his nose;
Never, since the moon went down,
With an ink-spot on her gown;
While the stars burned in their sockets,
With their hands in trowsers pockets—
Have I seen a fairer maid,
Or more resembling marmalade!

Never, while the glad sun lasts,
Diademed with plaster-casts;
Never, while the moon endures,
Playing Weber's overtures;
While the stars continue winking,
In flannels warranted 'gainst shrinking—
Shall I see a maid as fair
Within five miles of Union Square.

Never, till the sun shall set
In a lacquered cabinet;
Never, till the moon shall sink
In the frozen skating rink;
Till the stars put up their shutters,
And make mud-pies in Five Points gutters—
Shall I that maiden cease to love.
(N.B.—John Smith composed the above.)

NEARER AND DEARER.—A lady advertises for a person who is in the habit of serenading her to stand nearer the house, so that she can scald him.

Why is a ship called "she?"—Why, because the *rigging* costs more than the hull.

LIGHT EMPLOYMENT—Building castles in the air.

QUERY.—Does a dumb man always keep his word?

Jones asks, "If small girls are waifs, are large ones wafers?"

"Certainly," says sweet sixteen. "At least the boys have a habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

They used to call a lady's man a beau. They call him now a bo-er, sometimes.

A square-built prize-fighter is good for any number of rounds.

If a horse says neigh to oats, don't believe him.

A PLEDGE OF REAL LOVE—Popping the question.

THE GENERAL OF THE DAY—General Deluge.

If a termagant wife cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

An old miser, going down his cellar steps the other day, fell against his will.

NO CREDIT DUE.—An independent old lady, speaking of Adam naming all the animals, said she didn't think he deserved any credit for naming the pig—any one would know what to call him.



THE RULING PASSION.

SICK BROTHER. "Harry, I want to Whisper! Pa has given me Sixpence for taking my Medicine. On your way from School buy me a Pennyworth of Hard-bake, a Pennyworth of Taffy, a Pennyworth of Almond Rock, a Pennyworth of Honey Drops, and a Penny Stick of Spanish Licorice, and we'll keep the other Penny for To-morrow."



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HARPER'S BAZAR.

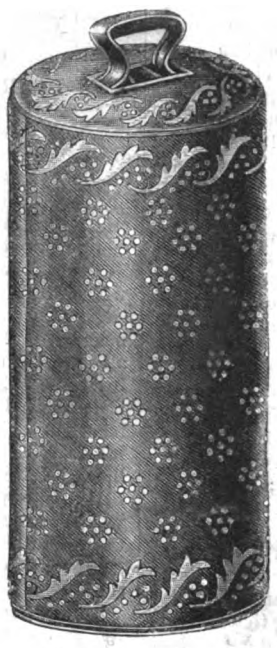
A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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Cover for Can.

THIS cover is made of dark brown and light brown carriage leather, lined with thick flannel, and is designed for keeping warm the contents of a tin can. To make the cover cut of dark and light carriage leather and of flannel each a circular piece, which should be somewhat larger than the lid of the can. Transfer the design given by Fig. 29, Supplement, to the under side of the dark piece of carriage leather, and cut away the material inside of the outlines. Then paste the light piece of carriage leather under this part, and on the right side work the small stems between the berries with light brown saddler's silk in half-polka stitch. Baste the flannel lining on the part finished thus far, surround the outer edge with a cording of light brown carriage leather, and in the middle of this part cut a slit for the handle. Bind the edges of the slit with dark brown worsted braid. The lower part of the cover is made in a similar manner, to suit the circumference and height of the can. Fig. 30, Supplement, gives the design for the upper and lower edge trimming; the foundation is worked as shown by the illustration. The under edge of the cover is also furnished with a cording of light brown carriage leather. Finally, sew both parts of the cover together.



COVER FOR CAN.

For design see Supplement, No. XIV., Figs. 29 and 30.

Square Shawl worn as a Hood, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS hood is made of a white worsted woven shawl eighty inches square. Fig. 31, Supplement, shows the shawl spread out and reduced to one-sixteenth of full size; the lines and signs indicated on the pattern, which show the manner of arranging the hood, must, therefore, be enlarged sixteenfold. First fold the shawl three-cornered, so that the dotted line forms the fold, and transfer the signs and lines given on Fig. 31, by means of thread or pins, to the shawl. Gather the double layer of the shawl closely along the straight lines marked *a*, *b*, *c*, and *d* (the fold forms the front edge of the hood); also gather the upper layer of the shawl along the straight lines from *e* to *f* and from *e* to *g*. Then fasten the hood together by means of a band of velvet ribbon twelve inches long as shown by the illustration. The ends of the band are fastened on the under side of the hood to the points indicated by × and ∗. Finally, set bows of velvet ribbon on the band and on the hood in front (see illustration).



Fig. 1.—SQUARE SHAWL WORN AS A HOOD.—FRONT.

For arrangement see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 31.

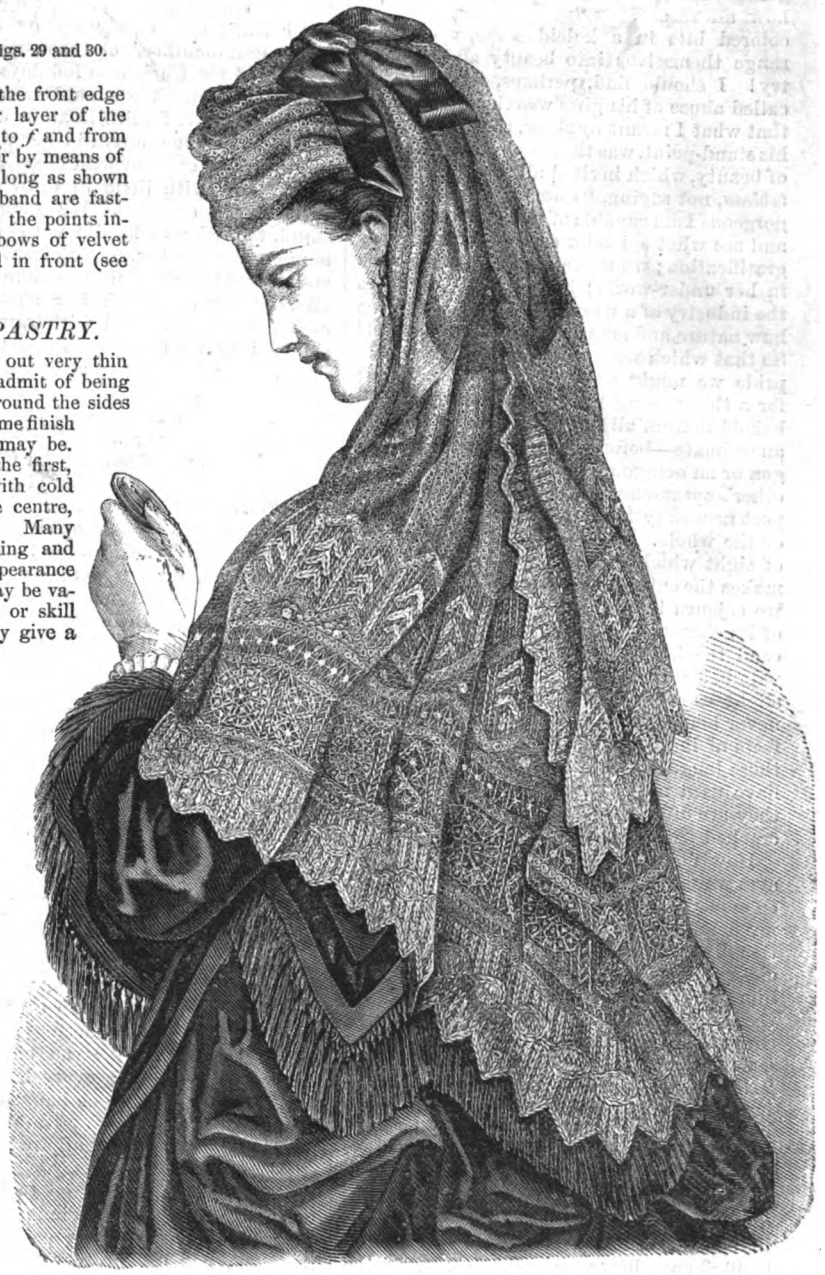


Fig. 2.—SQUARE SHAWL WORN AS A HOOD.—BACK.

For arrangement see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 31.

SMALL-TALK ABOUT PASTRY.

PASTRY should always be rolled out very thin for the bottom of a pie-plate, to admit of being thoroughly baked; a layer is added around the sides sufficiently thick to give a handsome finish to pie or pudding, as the case may be. To make this layer adhere to the first, moisten all around the edges with cold water. Stick the pastry in the centre, as you do biscuits, with a fork. Many devices are used for ornamenting and giving an air of style to the appearance of pies and puddings. These may be varied at will to display the taste or skill of the pastry-cook, and certainly give a much more appetizing look to her handiwork. Let us speak of a few such expedients of the more describable sort. A pretty and simple way is to crimp the edges all round by the pressure of a three-pronged fork, at distances of an inch apart. Another way is to scallop with a knife; and yet another to twist little strips of paste and cross them diagonally or at right angles, as fancy may dictate.

The regulation dish of an old-fashioned dinner-party, viz., *entremets* of tarts, yet furnishes a pretty and convenient resource for the housekeeper who wishes something at hand for an unexpected visitor, or meal called for at an unusual hour. The ends of pastry left from cutting out pies may be thus turned to good account. Small tins for the purpose may be bought at any tin shop. Bake, and at any time they are wanted fill with some pretty preserve, garnishing the tops, if you please, with yet smaller bits of paste cut with a cutter into the shape of a leaf or something similar. Many glaze their pastry by brushing it over with the raw yolk of an egg before putting it into the oven to bake, but, to our taste, it rather deteriorates from that purity of flavor so desirable in all food. A very pretty dish is made by serving up a compote of stewed fruit—sour red cherries are particularly nice—in a deep glass or china dish, with these same little dainty shapes of pastry garnishing the top. A glass of rich milk, if a peculiarly American, is yet an indispensable complement to such dishes with one who has once tasted the combination, and has no constitutional repugnance to a lacteal diet.

There is no one article of food so generally inveighed against by physicians as pastry, and justly, when we remember the sodden mess so often served up under this name. Judgment and moderation are, therefore, peculiarly called for in its use, and the cook should take especial pains, by neat handling and careful baking, to do what she can to obviate the objection to using an article of food so palatable when properly prepared.

BUTTERMILK FOR INFANTS.—According to several recent authorities on the Continent, buttermilk furnishes a very valuable nutriment to suckling infants, especially if a little rice meal or wheat flour be beaten up in it. It is also stated that children fed with this substance are much less liable to the ordinary diseases of infancy, and that they recover from them much more readily than those fed upon fresh milk.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1872.

☞ *Subscribers will please excuse the inevitable delay in supplying them with the Back Numbers of the present Volumes of the* WEEKLY *and* BAZAR, *which have been exhausted, but which will be forwarded as soon as reprinted.*

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a stylish Dolly Varden Walking Suit will be published with our next Number. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 183.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain numerous Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' Spring Street, House, and Evening Dresses; Evening Coiffures; Gentlemen's Dressing-Gowns; Gentlemen's Smoking-Caps and Cravats; Children's Spring Suits; a great variety of Fancy Articles and rich Embroidery Patterns, etc., etc.; with brilliant artistic and literary attractions.*

OTHER PEOPLE'S SPECTACLES.

TO look through other people's spectacles might be a wise precaution on our parts when we are in danger of taking a narrow or one-sided view of affairs, as well as when we feel disposed to murmur at our allotment of earthly goods. Perhaps to my neighbor across the way my portion in life may seem princely, since he stands in the proper position to perceive the picturesque arrangement. So, if I could but look through the spectacles of this youth just stepping into the arena, of this lover just crowned, of this gray-beard who has seen through the shows of things, of these commonplace beings who cross my path, how vast and varied would my experience become! It would be equivalent to years of travel, to ordinary intercourse with scores of people, who are careful not to lend their spectacles till they have breathed upon them.

From my own point of vision my friend or my foe may possess totally different qualities from those I should perceive in looking through his individual lens. To the best of my belief he has faults and virtues of which he never dreamed. I call him close-handed, or declare that he spends for show instead of use and pleasure; but could I take one glance through those magical glasses of his, how all these distorted qualities, like the colored bits in a kaleidoscope, would arrange themselves into beauty and symmetry! I should find, perhaps, that what I called abuse of his gifts was the highest use, that what I meant by show, considered from his stand-point, was the simple, unselfish love of beauty, which invited all the world to the *tableau*, not saying, "Come and behold how gorgeous I am capable of being," but, "Come and see what splendor earth affords for our gratification; what precious tears she weeps in her under-world; how deftly she causes the industry of a worm to fascinate the eye; how nature and art work together for good!" So that which we pronounce unwarrantable pride we might discover to be justifiable; for a thing being many-sided, one needs to behold it from all points before making up an estimate—before deciding if it be a hexagon or an octagon—and to look through another's spectacles might offer us the very aspect necessary to complete an appreciation of the whole. It is, perhaps, the one point of sight which we lack, and lacking which makes the entire judgment a failure. When we sojourn in the valley it loses something of its character, of its charm; but let us ascend the hill-tops, and, indeed, is that the vale below us there which we held in such slight esteem? How happens it that we never before appreciated those admirable effects of light and shade, those fertile fields, those laughing water-courses? Because we have used no spectacles but our own, and they are often clouded with prejudices and cracked with jealousies.

How many enigmas this interchange of eyes would unriddle! The beggar was turned empty-handed away from the next door; my neighbor shook his head over subscription lists; he belonged to no charitable societies; he allowed the mission-box to pass him by. But if I could have looked behind the scenes, and understood the moral courage conveyed in that shake of the head—for who has not found it at times more difficult to say "No" than "Yes?"—if I could have known how the heart yearned to fill the beggar's hands from a scanty hoard; or, happier still, had I guessed the private and obscure charities that left no surplus for accidental calls, but which yet drew their revenues from self-denial; in fact, had I seen the case through his spectacles instead of using my own short-sighted ones, how widely changed would the view have been! It is not the same picture at all that I saw from my door-way: the atmospheric effect is totally different.

Marigold never gives to a street beggar, never so much as drops a penny into the wandering minstrel's ragged hat. But one day, when I happened to wear her spectacles, I found that she invariably bought of the old stall-woman and the crippled merchants, though at a great disadvantage; that for seven years she had supported an aged spinster out of her pin-money, whose great bugbear was the poor-house looming in the middle distance. "You can well afford to refuse the street beggar," thought I; "it is only a choice which you allow yourself between two charities."

When crinoline was worn, Myrtle would none of it; her gowns were always short when trains were the style; her trimmings were the most meagre sacrifices to fashion; her hair never grew suddenly dropsical, but always maintained its diminutive French twist; lisle-thread gloves without *any* buttons were her luxuries. I looked through my own eyes, and called her as much a slave to eccentricity as the rest of the world to fashion; laughed at her sober attire, believing it simply affectation. But one day an old nurse borrowed her spectacles and lent them to me. Judge of my surprise when I found that the shabby wardrobe had an excuse other than eccentricity and affectation. It was not that she loved fashion and beauty less than I, but because she loved humanity more; for what she saved in outward adornments had educated a blind orphan in a trade, had fed the hungry, and clothed the naked. Thus, could we exchange standpoints for a while, we should not think it strange that Trefoil preferred the plain young man to the handsome Crœsus, or that Hyacinth chose the faded heiress and drove his four-in-hand, to the neglect of love in a cottage. Neither should we be displeased that Larkspur does not wear perpetual weeds for the lover lost ten years ago, but hops at the beaches, and picnics at the mountains, and longs after diamonds, as if her tears and loss had crystallized into nothing more beautiful. Looking through our neighbors' spectacles, we should cease to wonder at the reserve of this person and the cheerfulness of that one, knowing that reserve is often a costly cloak, and cheerfulness the most becoming of masks; we should cease to wonder at broken friendships and the fretful faces of women who are popularly supposed to "have all that heart could wish." It would be no longer astonishing that Daphne should marry Narcissus after being jilted by him once, or that Sweet-william should choose Rose after she had lost her first bloom and "was old enough to be his grandmother," or that Cypress never celebrated the Christmas holidays since his little son died. We should then begin to understand why Squire Heather cut off the Bells, his grandchildren, in his will, knowing that they came of wild blood, and would thrive best with little to draw upon but their native energies. We should understand, too, why Violet did not stay to communion last Sunday, having lost her temper and gloves before coming to church, though Mrs. Grundy *did* think it a shame that a church member should withdraw with the sinners; or we should suspect why Aster found it for his good to attend the table to which the lame and blind and halt were all invited, though he were at swords' points with his brother; or why the Rev. Mr. Cornflower should practice muscular Christianity to the omission of some other phases; or why the Hon. Poppyhead should run for Congress.

What novelties would open before us in a glimpse into the cook's world! We fancied that grease and slops were her natural element; that she did not mind soiling her hands, or making them big and rough; that she was contented with the duties of her sphere without hearing the "well done, good and faithful servant;" and, behold, is this our sister Cinderella, who has desires and aspirations like our own, who regards our fine clothes with true feminine longing, who would like to be a lady, and sit at the piano or sew with a gold thimble, but who yet has principles beyond her wishes, and can not sleep o' nights if she does not confess to having broken the cut-glass finger-bowl, and paying for it out of her own hard-earned wages? —who was heart-sick when we thought her ill-tempered, and weary when we deemed her careless? Do any of us get the things we want when we want them most, that we need be so hard upon each other, and trust so utterly to the refracting power of our own spectacles? It is an old story that there is a skeleton in every house—so old that because we do not happen to see the skeleton, because it is not exhibited at every feast, like the Roman skull, we have come to class it among the myths.

Crocus was dying to go to the military ball. She curled her hair in hopes somebody would invite her, and repaired her tulle flounces; but her brother went off to his club, her father nursed his gout, and her cousin invited Sweet-brier, and so Crocus was left at home. She tried to divert her mind with Homer, but couldn't get the STRAUSS waltzes out of her head, and she went to bed at nine o'clock. Nobody knew that she had wished to go to the ball; every body took it for granted that she wouldn't give a "thank you" for all the balls that were ever thought of, because they looked through their own eyes—a very natural process—and never dreamed of borrowing hers.

"Crocus is so old-maidish!" said her cousin to Sweet-brier.

"She's a good girl," thought her father, "to prefer reading Homer to her sick father to tripping on the light fantastic toe, like the other ninnies."

"Crocus never cares for such frivolities," said her brother at his club; "she's superior to them."

And it was just so when Crocus loved Lavender, the artist. He put on his own spectacles, and decided that she would look higher; that her regard was only kindness; that he was too poor and plain to be loved: and so Crocus is an old maid to-day—as the world goes—and Lavender has grown famous; and people shake their wise heads over their blurred spectacles, and say it serves her right for refusing young Lavender, after flirting with him like all possessed!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Church-Bells.

MY DEAR GODFREY,—I was sitting in my room last Sunday morning, a soft, beautiful winter day, when I heard the sound of the church-bells. They were at some distance, and their music came mellowed to my ear. Now there was a clear, penetrating vibration, and then a deep and solemn clangor, so that as I listened I seemed to hear, as it were, the different churches in whose towers the bells hung. This quick, eager call was probably the little chapel near by, its brisk voice urgently summoning all loitering sinners to lose no time. "Come in! come in!" it said to my fancy; "now is the accepted time." Indeed, I could almost hear the syllables as if they were articulated. Then came a deep, solemn tone, a heavy, deliberate sound, as of some huge bell slowly pouring out massive music. It was like the sub-bass of a great organ, and the house seemed to tremble with the powerful touch of the bell. This, I said to myself, must be the cathedral. It is a bell with a mitre or a tiara: not a people's bell, not an eager summons, but a grave warning like that of an old prophet. Such were the tones of Isaiah and of Jeremiah among the lesser voices of their time. And as I listened, my memory recalled noble passages from those old scriptures, which have been carved upon the walls of great temples and written upon the hearts of races of men from generation to generation, and the solemn clangor of the bell graved them anew upon my own heart.

Then there was a chorus of many-voiced bells: the little chapels, the larger churches, and the cathedral. They made a curious harmony in the soft air. As I looked out and listened it seemed to be a world of music, and there were figures of men and women coming out of houses, as if the bells drew them, and they walked decorously as if they willingly obeyed the bells. From other windows I saw other faces gazing, and I knew that we were all under the spell of the bells. And as I looked more closely I saw my good Baptist neighbor bowing kindly to his friend the Methodist, who passed, going the other way; and the Unitarian and the Catholic said, as they parted, after a few words, "Good-by! God be wi' ye!" I saw the Jewish doctor, who had had his Sunday the day before, and the man in the boarding-house in the next street, who says that he is what, as he declares, a great many people are without saying it—an unbeliever. Nobody speaks ill of him, that I hear, although many pity him, and many think that he does not understand himself. They were all passing along the street, and the bells were ringing "Come in! come in!" And again I heard, "Comfort ye! comfort ye! my people!" And yet again, "God is love! God is love!" And when they had gone out of my sight I knew that Presbyterian and Unitarian, and Congregationalist and Quaker, and Baptist and Methodist, and Roman and Anglican, all went into their own churches and worshiped as they preferred.

Presently the bells had all ceased, and hearing the organ in the nearest church, I opened my window. The choir was singing the familiar hymn—

> "Sleep, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
> Of earth and folly born;
> Ye shall not dim the light that streams
> From this celestial morn."

It was sweetly sung to a simple tune, in which all the congregation joined; and in the still summer Sunday mornings, when the windows are open, I am sure that the music must be heard in some of the other churches. The harmony of the bells and the sweet singing made me wonder if the preaching would be in accord with both. For it was not pleasant to imagine Roger Williams saying or insinuating that John Wesley had missed the narrow way, and was groping in error; nor to think of Calvin denying to Channing the name of which all the churches are proudest. Surely, I said, they are all disciples of one Master. They all aim to obey the Divine law. They are brothers, and this is the day to renew their filial and fraternal vows.

Those who met and talked so kindly upon the street do really confide in each other, and do not think that their theoretical differences are vital. But Calvin yonder in the pulpit, or Arminius, or whoever it may be, has forgotten the music of the bells and of the choir, and is preaching discord. Good bishops and doctors! there were twelve disciples, and they were different men, but, excepting the betrayer, they were a harmonious family. But do Roger or John betray the Master because they differ about the meaning of some of his words? If, indeed, they break the law of love and charity which he taught and which his life illustrated, then, whoever they are and of whatever name, they betray him to be crucified. But as I mused upon the sermons that I could not hear, hoping that they did not jar with the music of the morning that I had heard, I thought that if all the sects could make as sweet a chorus as their bells, the world would turn in melody upon its axis.

By-and-by, in the early afternoon, the bells rang out again. I put down the book that I was reading, and thought of the thousand homes which, at that moment, heard the same music. What peaceful, happy thoughts it brings to them! What tender memories, not the less beneficent if sad! In yonder house sits a grave old lady, with her white hair smoothed carefully around her head. She hears the bells, and recalls the happy time, long, long ago, when they seemed to ring with blithe welcome to a young bride whose hair was softly curling brown, not white, and whose quaint wedding bonnet her grandchildren now contemplate with wonder and glee. Through all the changes of her life the music of the bells has been unchanged. It is not in this great city, of course, which is all change. But the grave old lady still lives in the house to which the bells welcomed the young bride. And when she hears them their words are "Remember! remember!" and she does remember that if she grows old, yet youth is forever renewed, and there are still lovers and happy hearts and the opening vista of paradise.

And in the city all around us, my dear Godfrey, there are dreary dens into which this same music of the bells steals on Sunday mornings, and it touches the dull hearts of young men grown old and grown brutish. Bullies and sharpers and thieves and criminals of every degree, they were children once; and among those who never knew home or love—and there are many such, my boy, whom one day we shall all more seriously consider—there are those whom "bells have knolled to church," and to whom their music comes like the long-stifled voice of conscience. Perhaps to Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, who sits gambling upon the tomb-stones in the church-yard while within the sacred edifice his Industrious fellow is sweetly chirping hymns with their master's daughter—perhaps, I say, to that incorrigible good-for-nothing, when he lay in prison awaiting the gallows, the sound of the deep-mouthed Sunday bell near by recalled the music of that earlier neglected bell over his head as he gambled among the tombs. With what sorrow and regret and repentance may it not have touched his heart! The bell may have preached to him who would hear no chaplain.

Indeed, it seemed to me as I listened that perhaps the bells in the towers preached as persuasively as the preachers in the pulpits, and to a larger audience. In the Roman Church when the supreme act of the service, the elevation of the Host, is reached, the bell sounds, and whoever hears it is made a part of the congregation. And so, I think, whoever hears the bells ringing to church, and who muses as he hears them, has heard a sermon. And when they are actually silent they may seem to ring and the service to proceed. I know that when I go to call at a certain house—and you know it very well—if I find Miss Una at home, the moment I see her the church-bells seem to begin to ring. I become conscious of happy thoughts, kind wishes, sweet charities of feeling, as when on Sunday mornings I hear the bells. There is an effluence of music from her presence, but it is clear, cool, lofty, as if it rang in the open air from the belfry. The young men call her cold, I believe, and wonder that a woman so fair and so womanly wise should seem not to care for love or marriage. It is not for me to speak of such things—they would hardly acknowledge me as an authority—but Wallace's claymore was only for him who could lift it. That purity and ear-

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nestness and loftiness, which are like the sacred music of church-bells, make her only the more a woman; and I know very well that if I were a young man—but I might as well suppose that I were Leander or Romeo.

And there are men, also, like Halcyon, whom you admire, and who have the effect of the lofty and alluring music of church-bells. Their presence is inspiring, and their words have a wisdom which is long remembered, as the air throbs and murmurs long after the sound of the bell has ceased. The ringing of the bells on Sunday morning is a sign that the work and weariness of the week are to be laid aside, and higher thoughts than those of mere personal ambition and selfish intrigue are to fill the mind. So when these men come and speak, or merely look, the meaner and more sordid aspects of life disappear. Life, indeed, then seems no longer a miserable game, but a lofty endeavor, and men and women, losing their littleness, seem to the imagination like the elder gods. Indeed, my dear Godfrey, as I sat listening to the bells, it seemed to me that it is men and women like Una and Halcyon who point the moral of the sermons. They refresh our faith in human nature. They show that simple devotion to a lofty ideal is the sole fountain of youth.

Yet Una and Halcyon do not know each other, and never will. One of them is a young woman, and the other a man no longer young. Doubtless Una would recoil from the thought of believing as Halcyon believes, or of even being accounted his admirer. But what then? As I hear the church-bells I know that they have different tones, and ring in different towers, and are the bells of different forms of faith. But still, as I listen, their various sounds blend in perfect music and call my soul to prayer. And so with Una and Halcyon; I know that they live far apart, that their lives and thoughts are wholly different, and that they will never meet. But still as I think of them, the young woman and the older man, pure, lofty, and bent upon the noblest aims, the thought of each blends with that of the other, and my willing mind obeys the music of the bells. Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING BONNETS.

STRAW bonnets will again be the fashion for spring and summer. The importations are Leghorn, split straws, natural chip braid sewed into shape, Italian chip that comes in circular sheets, and satin braids. Of these the light soft English split straw promises to be the most popular. There are also colored straws of two shades of brown, bluish-grays, black; and a white straw, called brilliant, is dotted with black soutache. Shapes are very little changed, and are still combinations of the gypsy and high Marie Antoinette bonnet. Crowns are large and high; front pieces are narrow, and worn oftener without coronets than with them; and occasionally the Marie Stuart point on the forehead is seen. Capes or curtain bands are added to many crowns. Some beautiful French bonnets are made up of bits of straw and bands with shirred puffs and fan pleatings of faille.

FAILLE RIBBONS.

Thickly repped faille ribbons are used for trimming in broader widths than those of last summer, Nos. 16, 22, and even 30 being commended by milliners. These are shown in new tints of salmon; of écru shaded into *marron* brown; peach-blow, a deep lavender with rosy shadings; réséda, the new mignonette tint of green blended with gray; Nile greens; and clear-sky blue. On Paris-trimmed bonnets of split straw black faille and lace are used very effectively; ruches of black faille show linings of palest écru, rose, or fresh green. Ribbons in queer but stylish contrast of color are also seen; such as olive brown with pale blue, garnet with pink, écru and rose, salmon with blue, and réséda with pink.

FLAME-TINTED ROSES.

Mammoth tinted roses and large bursting buds are the new flowers. In these the French commemorate their misfortunes in a characteristic way by putting streaks of flame-color and of charred black on every petal, and calling this new tinting Paris-on-fire; again, scarcely a green leaf is found among the roses; the foliage is all in autumn colors, over which is an ashen gray hue, and this is christened Paris-in-ashes! Pale tea-roses with streaks of flame and black are effectively used on straw bonnets with black trimmings; salmon flowers have smoky gray shadings, and pink roses are striped with charcoal black. Even straw leaves are shaded to bronze, and associated with flame-colored balls. A new straw ornament is an aigrette of straw and shell. Straw fringes have acorns of jet pendent from netted straw headings. Ostrich feather tips, especially black, are on spring bonnets, and will probably be worn all summer.

STYLE OF TRIMMING.

Trimmings are still arranged around the crown of the bonnet, to make it look high, while the front is frequently left bare. Erect puffs of bias faille laid in tiny side pleats surround some crowns, and short streamers of ribbon hang behind; others have two ruches of faille, bias, an inch wide, gathered in a cord in the middle, and showing a lining of contrasting color; again, there are bunches of fan pleatings, or half rosettes of faille ribbon, standing against the crown. Milliner's folds, cords, and piping soften the hard outlines of straw fronts, and clusters of ribbon loops are much used for trimming. Rosettes, it is said, will supersede bows for ornaments. Strings are usually of ribbon about two inches wide, to be tied under the chin, but lace strings are too becoming and pleasant for summer wear to be readily relinquished. Face trimmings are full ruches of lace or ribbon, but these are almost out of sight when the bonnet is on, as it is worn standing almost as erect as a round hat, though far enough back to show an inch or more of the hair frizzed above the forehead. Flowers are still disposed high on the left side; and if their aspect of desolation is mitigated by a spray of foliage, it trails at the back, and even then it is veiled by a scarf of black Brussels net.

A stylish French bonnet for a middle-aged lady has the head piece of split straw, while the soft crown is formed of two erect puffs of black faille. Clusters of loops of pale écru ribbon are on the crown, and a black scarf pendent behind has a bias end finished with straw and jet fringe. A black aigrette of cock's feathers is on the left, a black lace ruche is the face trimming, and the long narrow strings are of faille ribbon.

A split straw gypsy for a young lady has a shirred ruche of blue faille, showing an écru lining around the crown; clusters of loops and a tea-rose with flame streaks on the crown; a shirred blue and écru frill edges the front, and the strings are blue faille three inches wide. An elegant Leghorn gypsy has many loops of olive brown and sky blue ribbon, with bronzed straw leaves. A stylish bonnet is an English Dunstable with fan pleatings of réséda ribbon and a cluster of Provence roses.

COLORED ENGLISH CRAPE.

A novelty for summer bonnets is colored crape, with the long crinkle peculiar to the English crape, hitherto made only in black. The importations are in gray, écru, and pale tints of pink, blue, and green. It is to be made up over lace frames; the crape laid smoothly on the frame, and the edges covered by milliner's folds of two or three shades of one color. Much black lace, flowers, and gros grain strings complete the bonnet. One in two shades of Paris gray, with pink and black roses, is very handsome.

NEW VEILS.

The novelty for veils to protect the complexion in March weather is dotted Donna Maria gauze, a fabric thicker than grenadine, and ornamented with polka dots. Gray veils are the favorite at present, and are most largely imported. Next there is brown, then blue, and lastly green.

ROUND HATS.

Bonnets will probably be worn more this season than last, but experience proves that round hats are the favorite head-covering in the summer, especially for out-of-town use. New straw hats have high bell-shaped crowns, the sides sloping in concave fashion. Brims are narrow, and both rolling and drooping brims are shown. Some roll quite high on the sides, while others droop in front and roll behind; and again these are reversed, the back drooping on the chignon, while the front is upturned like a turban. These are beautifully trimmed with fresh green and black faille, or else pale blue and black, disposed in pleatings, and bands of four overlapping folds laid in loops, and with tasseled ends. Wings of tiny birds and clusters of foliage are also used. Turned-up brims have shirred facings of silk. Scarfs of wide ribbon are pendent behind. Two colors are much used in trimming summer hats, and some of these have flowers of the two colors accompanying, as, with a Pompadour trimming, each rose is part blue, part pink.

Lovely shade hats for midsummer have broad brims of Leghorn so soft that the sides of the brim are caught up in pleats against the crown by wide scarfs of blue ribbon. A cluster of ribbon puffs is under the brim on the left side, a bunch of white daisies on top, and a wide blue scarf streamer behind. Another garden hat is of fine shell braid, and shaped like a shell in so peculiar a fashion that it is a problem which is the back, which the front.

A bell-crowned turban for city wear is imported ready trimmed. The upturned brim is covered with shirred olive brown faille, piping folds of brown and pale blue surround the crown, and on the sides is a bunch of Pompadour roses, half pink, half blue.

Sailor or yachting hats for young girls have bell crowns, with brims slightly turned up, as if blown by a stiff breeze. For little girls are Japanese hats of fluted straw, that look like basket tops, and are almost as flat as dinner plates. When trimmed with a bunch of field flowers on top and under the rim, they are transformed into something very pretty. For small boys there are sailor hats and pretty Glengarry caps of split straw, with black velvet band and rosette.

SPRING SUITS FROM PARIS.

French costumes begin to arrive, and show something of novelty in small details, though the principal features still remain the basque with over-skirt, or else a polonaise with single skirt. The wraps are capes of various styles, called MacFarlands, or else Havelocks; and pretty fichus are added to house dresses and polonaises. Many French basques have vests of a different color, with the neck of the dress turned back en revers; the back is invariably a postilion, and many have trimmings arranged to give the Watteau effect, but sewed flat to the garment.

Stylish over-skirts are given a new and graceful effect by being draped very far back instead of on the sides. The gathers of the drapery begin at the bottom of the skirt, and stop a finger-length below the waist, where they are ornamented by bows and loop ends in the fashion of the Marguerite polonaise. This leaves the apron very smooth, instead of being wrinkled as it is now worn. The three front widths are sometimes separate from the back. In this case the fullness of the front side gores is laid in pleats up the seams; tapes are attached to these and tied behind the person. The back widths then hang straight from the belt and conceal the tapes.

New polonaises are called Franklin coats, and have the long Continental and square pockets of Revolutionary times. Others have round capes, or else fichus lapped on the bosom. The fullness at the back of the skirt is gathered to the waist in a large treble box-pleat. Many striped polonaises are worn over skirts of solid color. Later in the season grenadine polonaises will be imported in stripes of solid color alternating with gay chintz stripes in Dolly Varden fashion. These will be worn with black or other colored silk skirts.

Skirts are trimmed with wide flounces, and also with narrow ones placed apart instead of overlapping. Much thick piping-cord is seen on silk dresses. This is made of candle-wick covered with bias silk. A new puffed ruche for heading flounces has a puff in the centre, formed by reversed clusters of side pleats, three in each, with a ruffle above and below, finished at the edge by two thick piping-cords.

For information received thanks are due, for bonnets, to Messrs. WORTHINGTON & SMITH; and for dresses and dress goods to Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and LORD & TAYLOR.

PERSONAL.

THE Emperor of Russia, by having his wits about him, recently escaped great danger. He was attacked by a bear while hunting, and his life imperiled, but he succeeded in shooting the varmint, and got off in safety.

—Happy is the new Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana, who rejoices in the name of PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY PINCHBACK.

—STEPHEN CURRY, who died a few days since in Sullivan County at the age of 102, was one of those who saw Major ANDRÉ taken to WASHINGTON'S head-quarters after his capture.

—Enterprising journalists dwell in the interior. The editor of the *Out West, to be* published at Colorado Springs, the centre of another Colorado colonization enterprise, announces CHARLES KINGSLEY as regularly engaged as its London correspondent.

—They have an old settlers' festival in Buffalo every year, at which they concentrate the oldest attainable living fossils and the descendants of ditto. At the last festivity there was present Mrs. KATE OSBORN, of Hamilton, Canada, granddaughter of JOSEPH BRANDT, chief of the Mohawks, and great-granddaughter of Sir WILLIAM JOHNSON and MOLLIE BRANDT.

—Mrs. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD is glowingly described in the New York *World* as possessing every thing most lovable and lovely in woman's character. Whether as wife, daughter, sister, or friend, she never disappoints, but is in every relation of life sympathetic, loving, and true. She began writing very young, and smilingly recalls, when encouraging a novice in the field of letters, how she toiled over her first stories, and the small prices she received for them, though the sums looked large to her inexperienced eyes. She speaks of how she once wrote all night to finish a story to be submitted in competition for a prize, and how her hand and arm were swollen and inflamed from incessant use when she laid down the completed work, and how, after all, she did not receive the prize. Mrs. SPOFFORD is the wife of a brilliant young lawyer, whose business brings him every winter to Washington. Mrs. SPOFFORD leads a very quiet life, rarely going into society, though she is every where a welcome guest. She writes almost constantly, and is a most careful, though rapid writer, neatly copying every portion of her manuscript before sending it for publication.

—Mr. HOWELL L. WILLIAMS, who died in this city on the 9th of February at the age of eighty, enjoyed the distinction of being the oldest member of any club in this country. He was the senior member of the "Union," and had for over forty years been one of its most regular and esteemed habitués. He was a bachelor and man of fortune. About a year since he distributed about half a million of dollars to his intended heirs, next of kin in his family, and was quite recently engaged in a second similar distribution, having a very sensible idea of being his own executor.

—Professor RUBINI has discovered, in a cooper's shop in Boulogne, a young tenor named DEVILLIERS, whose voice is said to surpass even WACHTEL'S in power and compass. He will appear at the Paris Grand Opera in three or four months.

—In reply to the toast which the Czar recently proposed in honor of Germany and the German armies, the Emperor WILLIAM has presented to the Czar the original plan of the great Prussian campaign, as it was written in Count MOLTKE'S own handwriting immediately after the declaration of war by France. The Czar said he considered the present the most valuable contribution that could have been made to the imperial collection of celebrated autographs.

—Miss KATE RIGGS, daughter of the Washington millionaire, has returned home, where in April she will be married to M. GEOFFROY, formerly an *attaché* of the French legation in this country, and recently appointed French minister to China.

—After the termination of NILSSON'S engagement in the United States this spring she goes to Madrid, accompanied by TAMBERLIK, to remain there till the end of September.

—The Rev. Dr. CROSBY, Chancellor of the University of New York, and pastor of the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, is obliged to go South to recruit his health, which has been impaired from overwork. Dr. CROSBY is a great wit, and the life of every circle in which he mingles. It is as natural for him to make a pun as to open his mouth. Wit flows from his tongue and runs off the point of his pen. He has, withal, a devout spirit, and is an eloquent preacher. The warmth of his native humor imparts to his pulpit style especial attraction. His church is consequently crowded. His premature disablement would be a great calamity.

—The following "personal" is from a local journal in India: "We are very glad to learn that the marriage of Mr. RUGHOONATHDAS MADHOWDAS, a Kupola Bunia merchant of Bombay, with DHUNCOORBAI, the daughter of SHET GODHURDAS MOOUNDAS, and the widow of LUCHMICHAND DHURUMSEY, was celebrated at Chinchpoogly."

—The following pleasant "personal" of Senator SCHURZ and his wife is told by the Washington correspondent of the *World*: "While calling on Mrs. SCHURZ a lady congratulated her on the brilliant speech of her husband on Tuesday, and added, 'I am sure you felt proud of him.' Instantly the intelligent and expressive face lighted, as, detecting in the words more meaning than in ordinary polite phrases, Mrs. SCHURZ said, 'Oh, you can imagine. My husband tells me I am his severest critic, but on Tuesday I was so satisfied! He was in the mood to speak; his voice, every thing, was in accord. And eighteen years ago we came to America, and he did not speak a word of English. We were in Philadelphia, but my husband felt the greatest desire to visit Washington. He did come here, and some one took him on the floor of the Senate, and he wrote to me: "My dear, I have had the honor to go on the floor of the Senate, and I feel that one day I shall stand there and speak, and you, my dear, will be in the gallery listening to me." I wrote to him: "Oh, Carl, how can you think it possible for you to speak one day in the Senate, when now you know not one word of English?" But now,' she added, 'it has all come true, and you can imagine how happy I am when I sit in the galleries listening to him.'"

—Among the charming belles of Louisville, Kentucky, who were the especial objects of the courteous attentions of the Duke ALEXIS, was Miss MOLLIE WESTON, who, with Mrs. General CUSTER, Miss DUNCAN, and Miss STURGIS, was invited to the Memphis hilarities, but she declined.

—Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT has founded a traveling fellowship at Harvard, the first of the kind in this country. The moving cause of this is the fact that fifty-three years ago EDWARD EVERETT, then Eliot Professor of Greek Literature, in one of his letters to President KIRKLAND, developed the idea that it would be well to send some young graduate of Harvard to study for a while at a German university, with a view to his being called to a place on the college board. The president approved the suggestion, and his choice for this traveling scholarship fell upon Mr. BANCROFT, who, then in his eighteenth year, proceeded to Gottingen, where he remained for three years. In gratitude, therefore, Mr. BANCROFT does this nice thing; and hereafter, for all time, some bright young Harvard man will for three years have a pleasant peripatetic time, and be continuously invoking blessings to G. B.'s memory.

—Mr. LORING ANDREWS, of this city, will, during the coming season, be able to say that he owns the largest private summer residence at Newport—the edifice being 140 by 52 feet, three stories high, and will cost $70,000. In so large a mansion there should be room for a great deal of happiness; though that doesn't always follow.

—Mr. HEPWORTH'S friends have purchased land in Thirtieth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, as a site for a new church. The edifice is to be constructed of iron, with accommodations for 2500 persons. It will be used for lectures, concerts, etc., like the Tremont Temple, Boston, and is to be ready for occupancy next October.

—Queen CHARLOTTE'S necklace of amethysts, the most perfect in existence, was valued when worn by her at $10,000. At present it would not command one-fourth of that sum, so great has been the production of German amethysts and topazes dug in endless abundance in the Siebengebirge on the Rhine.

—The friends of Mr. DISRAELI propose to present to him a national testimonial as an acknowledgment of his unswerving devotion to constitutional principle. The subscription is restricted to one shilling from each person, and a large sum has already been raised.

—The late Mr. WALKER, the author of "The Original," was an excellent specimen of a gourmand. He describes a good dinner at his club which consisted of half a dozen oysters, a water-soutchie of flounders with brown bread and butter, a grouse with French beans to follow, a bottle of claret, and then a cup of coffee. THACKERAY used to say that the above was the best dinner a man could have, only he substituted fresh herrings for flounders.

—Colonel LEET, whose name seems to have been mentioned of late in connection with the profitable "general order" business of the custom-house in this city, was a message-boy in a telegraph-office at Pittsburg ten years ago. Subsequently he became a clerk in the Pennsylvania and Fort Wayne Railroad Company. At the breaking out of the war he joined the Chicago Board of Trade Battery, and was made adjutant, and was afterward appointed on GRANT'S staff.

—The literary claims of the four newly elected members of the French Academy are, with the exception of those of EMILE LITTRÉ, rather slim. The Duke d'Aumale is the author of an excellent history of the Princes of Condé, but it is loudly whispered in Paris that a well-known Orleanist historian had a large share in the production of the work. CAMILLE ROUSSET has written a learned and ingenious biography of LOUVOIS, the great Minister of War of LOUIS XIV. VICTOR DE LOMÉNIE is best known as the author of "Beaumarchais and his Times," which has been translated into seven languages, and has been republished in this country by the HARPERS. EMILE LITTRÉ, however, is not only the most eminent disciple of COMTE, but he is also the editor of that great dictionary of the French language which the most eminent critics of Europe rank even above the similar labors of the Brothers GRIMM and NOAH WEBSTER in German and English literature. Strange to say, LITTRÉ'S claims were most energetically contested, and his election led to the resignation of Bishop DUPANLOUP.

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Shade for Night Lamp, Figs. 1–3.

THIS shade is made of green silk, ornamented with crystal beads, and embroidered in half-polka stitch with green silk. The frame is made of bars of Spanish cane. For the latter make two hoops of two cane bars, each twenty-one inches and three-quarters long, beveling off both ends of each bar an inch and three-quarters in length, in such a manner that when laid on each other they are both no thicker than the cane. In each of these ends bore several holes, and tie the bars together with silk of the color of the cane, drawing the thread through the holes. Next cut ten bars, each eight inches and seven-eighths long, bore a hole in each bar at a distance of an inch and seven-eighths from each end, cut the upper end in a point a quarter of an inch in length, and slide on a small wooden mould on which green silk is wound. Bevel the under end of each bar slightly. Bend the ends of the bars outward, observing Fig. 1 (to make the cane pliable soak it in hot water for several minutes). Take five cane bars four inches long, bevel the upper end of each bar half an inch, and the other end an inch and seven-eighths in length, the latter in such a manner that the bar ends quite flat, and bore a hole in this end at a distance of an inch and a quarter from the point. Trim each bar on the upper point, which is coated with gum, with button moulds on which green silk is wound, as shown by the illustration. To do this, first set on a wadding pad covered with green silk, on this fasten a funnel-shaped cardboard hoop, arranged as shown by Fig. 1, and covered with green silk, and then slide the flat ring and the round button-mould on the bar from the under end. Each of the bars thus ornamented is fastened between two longer bars by means of fine wire, which is slipped through the holes and then fastened. In order that every three bars may come close together, cut out a small piece in the two longer bars at the point where they come on the beveled sides of the short bar. The bars thus joined are fastened by means of fine wire to the two cane hoops made previously, having first bored five holes at regular intervals in each hoop. For the shade cut from Fig. 27, Supplement, five equal parts of double green silk; on the upper layer of each part work the embroidery in half-polka stitch with green saddler's silk as indicated on the pattern, and button-hole stitch the double material on both sides and on the under scalloped edge. Work the stars shown by Fig. 1 on white lace with small and large crystal beads. Fig. 2 shows such a star in full size, and Fig. 3 shows how to work it. Before sewing on the beads mark the direction of the points of the star on the lace with thread, which is afterward ripped out again (see the coarse white thread on Fig. 3). The first row of beads is worked at a distance of one row of holes from the thread referred to; the illustration shows the manner of sewing on the threads of the lace foundation, and how one bead is taken up with each stitch. For the sake of clearness, the thread with which the beads are sewed on is shown dark, and one-half of the first row is shown without beads. At the extremity of each point, after working the last bead stitch, work one cross stitch without a bead; on Fig. 3 the point where the needle is inserted for this stitch is marked ●, and the point where the needle is drawn out ×. Large cut beads are sewed on in the middle and on the outer edge of each star. Baste the finished star figures on the silk as indicated on Fig. 27, button-hole stitch them on the silk along the outer edge, and cut away the projecting lace on the button-hole stitched edge. Through the holes on the upper edge of the frame slip a piece of medium-sized wire, bend it in scallops between the bars of the frame to suit the upper edge of Fig. 27, and on each scallop of the wire fasten one of the silk pieces of the shade, laying the upper edge of the material over the wire on the outside, and sewing it fast. For the bead fringe which trims the upper edge of the shade fasten, first, underneath the wire one row of crystal beads, then fasten the thread to the first bead of this row, take up eighteen string beads, one large bead, and again eighteen string beads, draw the thread from right to left through the third following bead of the upper row, in doing which a loop is formed; take up the same number of beads, wind the bead thread once about the loop made previously, draw the thread through the third following bead of the upper row, and continue in this manner. Now fasten on the frame, above the fringe, loops of fine wire covered with green silk, as shown by Fig. 1, and on the under scalloped edge of the shade set grelots of large and small beads. On the wire at the intersecting points of the bars wind green silk braid, the ends of which are ornamented with tassels of green silk and beads.

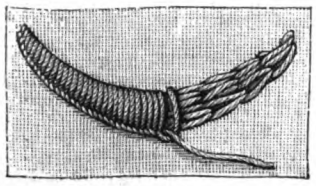


Fig. 2.—BROAD BUTTON-HOLE STITCH FOR BORDER, FIG. 1. MAGNIFIED.



Fig. 1.—SHADE FOR NIGHT LAMP.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 27.

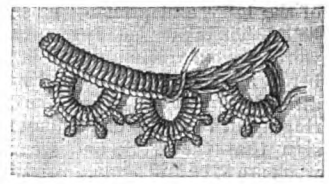


Fig. 5.—BROAD BUTTON-HOLE STITCH EDGE WITH PICOT SCALLOP FOR BORDER, FIG. 1. MAGNIFIED.

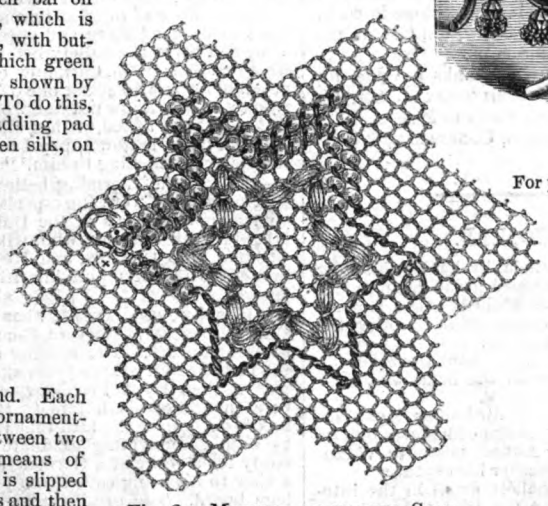


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING STAR, FIG. 2.—FULL SIZE.

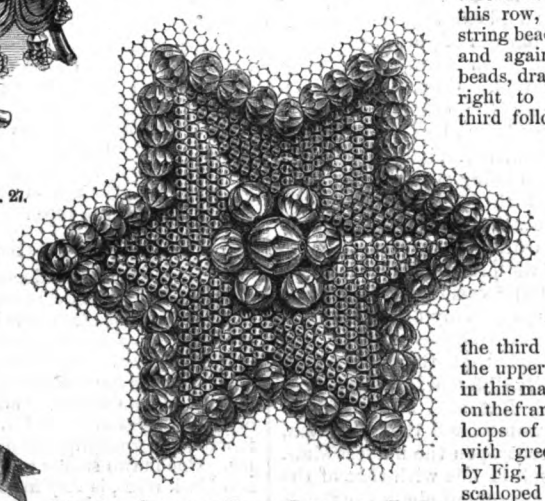


Fig. 2.—CRYSTAL BEAD STAR FOR LAMP SHADE.—FULL SIZE.—[See Fig. 3.]

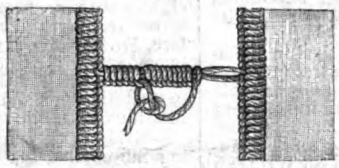


Fig. 3.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH BAR WITH PICOT SCALLOP FOR BORDER, FIG. 1. FIRST DETAIL. MAGNIFIED.

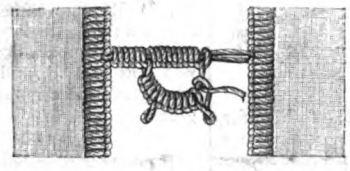


Fig. 4.—BUTTON-HOLE STITCH BAR WITH PICOT SCALLOP FOR BORDER, FIG. 1.—SECOND DETAIL. MAGNIFIED.

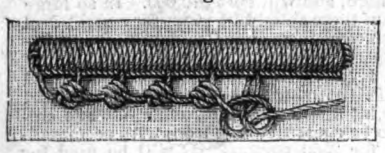


Fig. 6.—EDGE OF BORDER, FIG. 1. MAGNIFIED.

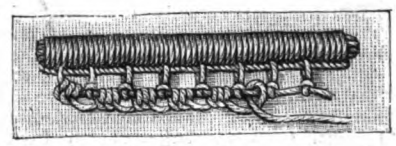


Fig. 7.—EDGE OF BORDER, FIG. 1. MAGNIFIED.

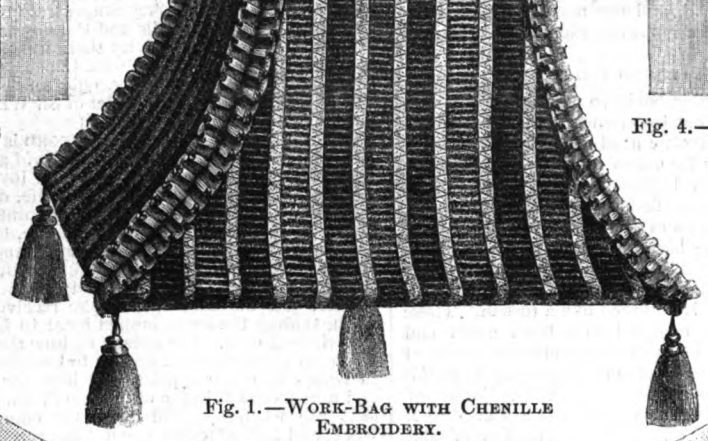


Fig. 1.—WORK-BAG WITH CHENILLE EMBROIDERY.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 26.

Work-Bag with Chenille Embroidery, Figs. 1–3.

THIS work-bag is made of canvas, ornamented with black and blue chenille, gold braid, and black and yellow silk. Ruches and bows of blue silk ribbon and blue silk tassels complete the bag. For the bag cut of coarse canvas and blue silk four pieces each from Fig. 26, Supplement. Work the embroidery on the canvas, observing the full-sized illustration, Fig. 2, baste on the gold braid at regular intervals, and on it stretch long stitches of black saddler's silk. Between the rows of braid work the chenille embroidery as shown by the illustration; the point marked + on

Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR WORK-BAG.—FULL SIZE.

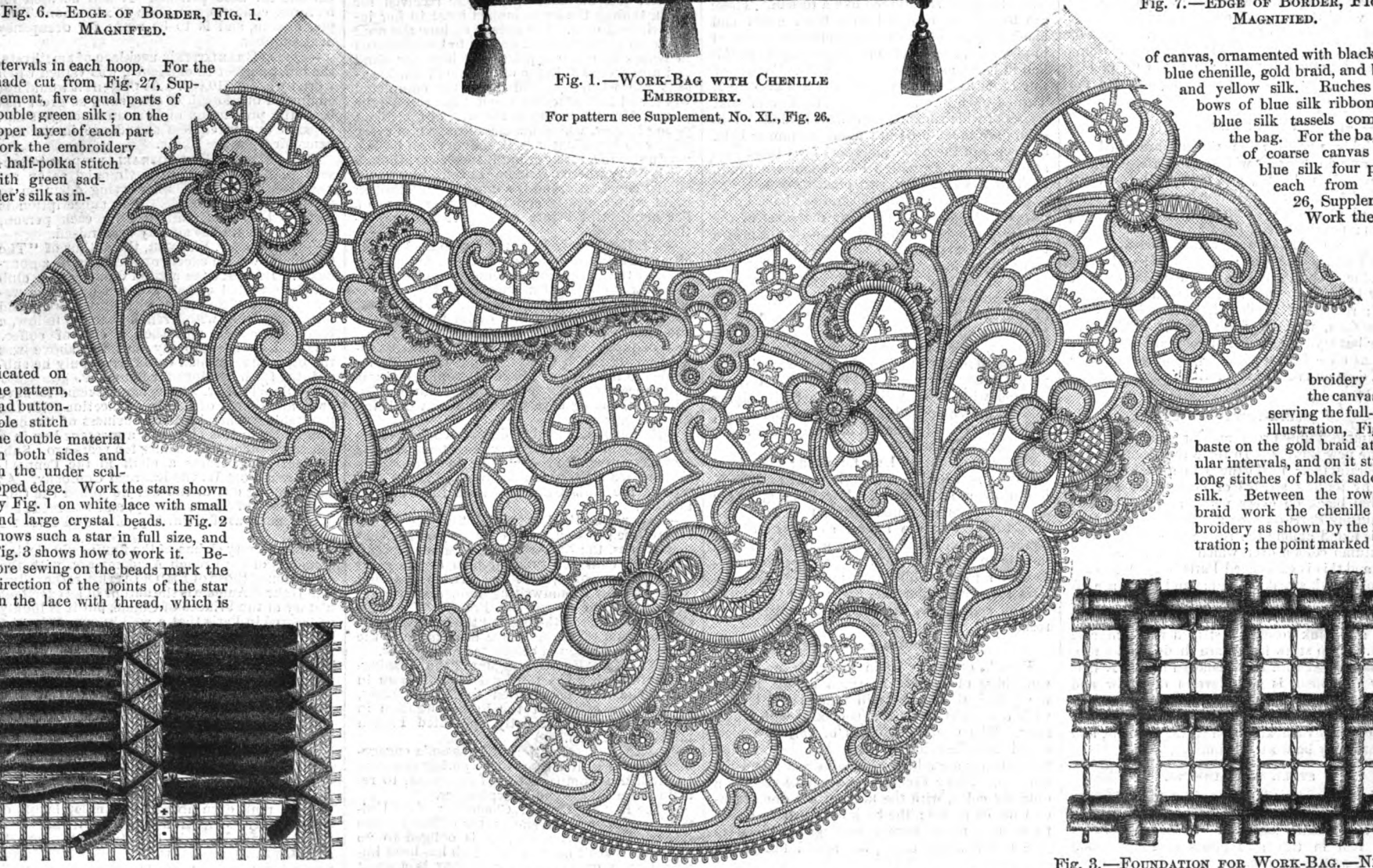


Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR HANDKERCHIEF.—VENETIAN EMBROIDERY.—QUARTER SECTION.

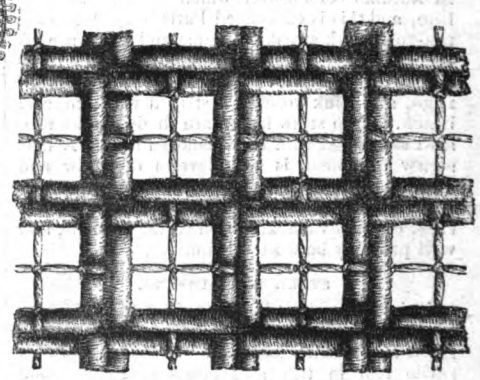


Fig. 3.—FOUNDATION FOR WORK-BAG.—NETTING DARNED WITH CHENILLE.—FULL SIZE.

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Fig. 2 shows where to insert the needle for the next stitch, and the point marked ● shows where to draw it out. At both sides of the gold braid work a row of long back stitches with corn-colored silk. After finishing the embroidery, baste net and lining on these pieces, and join the four separate parts each from 42 to 43 and from 43 to 44 in such a manner that all the edges of the seams come between the material and the lining. Run the edges of the material together on the upper edge of the bag. For the upper part of the bag cut a straight strip of silk thirty-six inches long and nine inches wide, join the ends, and hem the top an inch and a quarter wide, and the bottom a quarter of an inch wide. Make a shirr in the upper hem, and through it run two pieces of silk cord crosswise, which are ornamented with bows as shown by the illustration. Then overseam this part to the lower part of the bag, and ornament the lower part with ruches, bows, and tassels as shown by the illustration. Instead of the chenille embroidery, the bag may be worked like the foundation given on Fig. 3; this foundation is worked in straight netting with filling silk on a mesh three-fifths of an inch in circumference, and is darned with chenille as shown by the illustration.



MAROON CLOTH HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 36-38.



CASHMERE HOOD WITH VELVET AND LACE TRIMMING.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVI., Figs. 32 and 33.



GRAY CASHMERE HOOD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 34 and 35.

Border for Handkerchiefs.—Venetian Embroidery, Figs. 1–7.

See illustrations on page 172.

THE embroidery of this border is worked on a foundation of fine linen or cambric with embroidery cotton, and the lace stitches are worked with fine thread. For the embroidery transfer the design shown by Fig. 1, which only gives a quarter section of the border, to linen, baste the material on the latter, and run the outlines of the design figures; the broader and more heavily raised parts, however, are underlaid with chain stitches as shown by Fig. 2. Now work the button-hole stitch bars with picot scallops between the design figures, and the picot scallops on the outer edges of the design figures. To make these button-hole stitch bars, first stretch the thread back and forth between the two design figures that are to be joined, cover the double thread only partly as shown by Fig. 3, then, in order to form the picot scallop, draw the thread, as shown by the same illustration, through one of the button-hole stitches previously worked, and cover the thread loop thus formed closely with button-hole stitches; in doing this, however, form a picot at regular intervals, twisting the working thread tightly, and letting it stand for a small loop close underneath the corresponding button-hole stitch (see Fig. 4). The picot scallops on the outer edges of the design figures are worked in a similar manner (see Fig. 5). Button-hole stitch the run outlines closely, and edge several of the small leaves that are worked in cross seam, and the veins of the larger leaves, with half-polka stitch. Having also worked the button-hole stitched rings and the lace stitches, observing Fig. 1, separate the embroidery from the linen, and on the latter baste the next part of the foundation, so that in continuing the design the design figure on the left crosswise edge of Fig. 1 thus comes on the figure of the right crosswise edge. After finishing the embroidery, cut away the material underneath the button-hole stitch bars and lace stitches, and on the outer edge of the border, and edge the handkerchief all around with woven picots. Instead of these, the edge trimmings shown by Fig. 6 or Fig. 7 may be used.

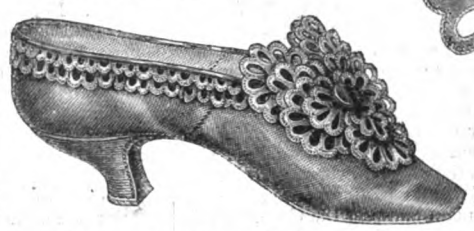


Fig. 1.—PINK SATIN EVENING SLIPPER WITH PINK SILK BOW.

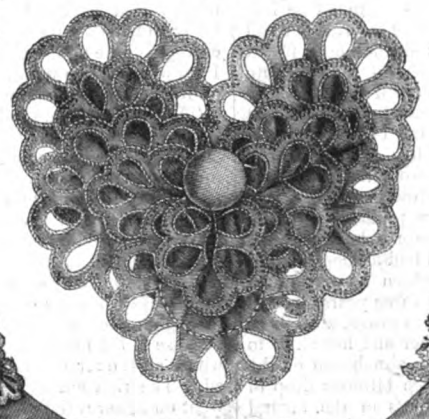


Fig. 2.—PINK SILK SLIPPER BOW WITH ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.—[See Fig. 1.]
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 28.

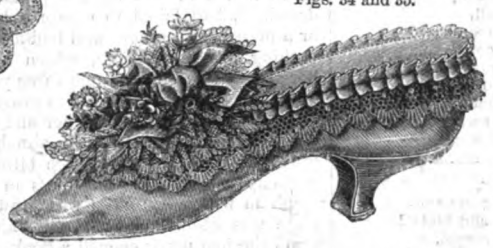


Fig. 3.—SATIN BRIDAL SLIPPER, WITH BOW OF RIBBON, BLONDE, AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

Evening and Bridal Slippers with Bows, Figs. 1–3.

Figs. 1 and 2.—PINK SATIN EVENING SLIPPER WITH EMBROIDERED BOW. This slipper is trimmed with ruffles on the



Fig. 1.—WHITE CAMBRIC KITCHEN APRON.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 39-41.

Fig. 2.—WHITE CAMBRIC KITCHEN APRON.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 39-41.

Fig. 3.—PERCALE APRON FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 42 and 43.

Figs. 1–3.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S APRONS.

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upper edge, and with a bow of pink silk in front. The ruffles and bow are ornamented in English embroidery with pink silk. For the bow, which Fig. 2 shows reduced to one-half of the full size, cut of pink silk five pieces from Fig. 28, Supplement, button-hole stitch these pieces in scallops as indicated on the pattern, ornament them in English embroidery, and pleat them, bringing × on ●. Cut also five pieces of silk a quarter of an inch smaller all around than Fig. 28, Supplement, and which are embroidered and arranged in pleats to correspond with the larger leaves. Sew all the pieces on a stiff lace foundation as shown by Fig. 2, and in the middle of the bow set a small button covered with pink silk. For the ruffle cut a straight strip of pink silk an inch and three-quarters wide, button-hole stitch it in scallops on both sides, ornament it in English embroidery, and gather it three-quarters of an inch from one side by means of fine dress cord. Turn down the narrow heading of the ruffle, sew the ruffle on the upper edge of the slipper as shown by Fig. 1, and set the bow on in front.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SATIN BRIDAL SLIPPER WITH BOW OF RIBBON, BLONDE, AND ORANGE BLOSSOMS. This slipper is trimmed on the upper edge with white blonde an inch and a quarter wide, and a ruche of white satin ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, as shown by the illustration. For the bow on the front of the slipper cut a small three-cornered foundation of white stiff lace, and on both side edges of this, beginning at one corner, set a ruffle of white satin ribbon seven-eighths of an inch wide, which is edged on one side with white blonde, and box-pleated closely on the other. The seam made by sewing on these ruffles is covered with two rows of gathered blonde, which are set on with their straight edges turned toward each other. In the middle of the foundation set a bow of white satin ribbon an inch wide and a spray of orange blossoms (see illustration).

THE FOOT-PRINT IN THE SNOW.

HEAVY and white the cold snow lay,
As, nearing my cottage one winter day,
I saw by the porch a foot-print small,
A bare little foot-print, toes and all,
Pressed—ah, so wearily!—into the snow,
As if the wee beggar no further could go.
"Poor little homeless waif!" I thought;
But the fleeting sympathy came to naught—
For pity may fall from a heart that's gay
As lightly as snow-flakes melting away.
Bright little faces, and hands rosy-warm,
Waited to welcome me out of the storm.

Closing the door, in a joyous glow,
I chided the children for crowding me so—
The glad little witches! as sunny and bless'd
As ever a home-coming mother caressed.
Then I caught up the youngest, unnoticed before,
My sweet little Mabel, who sat on the floor.
"Why, darling! How's this?" I cried, in surprise;
"Barefooted!" The little one lifted her eyes;
They were brimming with tears; her cheek, too, was wet.
"Oh, my feet!" she sobbed. "What has hurt them, my pet?"
"Why, mamma—to see how it felt, you know—
I just went and stood out there in the snow."

That was all. But while fondling and making them warm—
The dear little feet that had tempted the storm—
And putting on soft little stocking and shoe,
A feeling of sudden remorse pierced me through.
O God! can you pardon? How soon I forgot
When I thought 'twas a beggar-child passed by my cot!
"I can see it all now!" I cried in my soul—
"The lifetime of blindness, the slow-coming dole,
The pale-blossomed pity that never bore fruit.
Dear God, I will tear it away, branch and root!"
Love teaches at last. Their hurt now I know—
The bare little foot-prints we see in the snow!

MRS. GREY'S TWO DREAMS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

THERE was some difference existing one day, a few years since, between two homes within the limits of this great city. One was the home of Marian Vandecker; the other was that of Kate Grey. One was almost all that wealth could make it; the other was only not every thing that poverty could make it.

The Vandecker house was an old one, for the Vandecker family was an old one. Estates on either side of the antique mansion had been purchased a generation ago, and wings to the main house had been built thereon; then one of the wings had been occupied while architects and an army of workmen had rebuilt the main house; and thus, like the old laird's hose that had been darned out of existence and into it again, it never could be precisely called a new house, and so it was boasted of as an old one—and if so far back as a couple of hundred years the Vandeckers had such residences as that, what mighty folk must the Vandeckers have been!

But nobody could have wished away the Vandeckers' pomps and vanities who looked on Marian of the name. Narrowness and want would have ill become that superb beauty of hers: that regal stature, that moulded grace, and that face, blossom-soft and fair, crowned with its wealth of yellow hair. Those carpets, elastic as hill-side moss, were made for just such feet as hers to press; those cushions could not have throned a queen more fitly; all scenes and climates might send tribute to her as on those painted walls through which she moved; and the servants who did her bidding, silence-shod and perfectly, could have done it, you would have said, for the love of looking on her face—a face which there was always more or less of a gathering in the neighborhood to gaze at when the famous white Vandecker horses were brought round to the door, since her beauty was as well known in the city as her wealth.

But as for Kate Grey—perhaps she was in the knot of people who paused to stare at the other; certainly no one paused to stare at her, threadbare, thin to emaciation, and with an old veil twisted round the shabby hat and the head so that no one could have caught a glimpse of the hair, as marvelous in every golden line of it as Marian Vandecker's was. And her home—home was a sad word for such a place—a bare-floored attic room, where her mother and herself kept the life in them by means of a sewing-machine, left from their general wreck, and with which they made tucked skirts for a dry-goods house—six tucks, five seams, hem, band, and button-hole, for forty cents a dozen! They paid for their one room; they wore their old clothes; they seldom, even in the winter, had a fire; they lived on something they called crackers and something they called tea; they sewed so late that often the needle went more by feeling than by sight, and they had been so desperate that once they snatched the gleam of a passing torch-light procession in order to run their seams. I don't know what they had to make any lightening of their lives; no pleasures, certainly, either of soul or sense, unless you count it pleasure that they could get any work at all to do, and that they could do it. They had absolutely nothing to look forward to: it was only a breathless race between them and starvation. But they bore it—they had borne it for three years; for old heroic blood was the blood of the Greys.

Poor Mrs. Grey, whose home had been one of the easy homes of our so-called middle-class comfort—her husband the master and owner of a foreign-going vessel—had lost home and husband and fortune in the capture of the ship her husband sailed by the *Shenandoah;* and her husband, having been set adrift with others in the long-boat, had never come to shore. She had been alone in the world when he married her and brought her to this country; she had not a friend of whom she could ask relief in the destitute state in which she found herself when waking from the prostration occasioned by the blow and the long suspense. Disposing of her furniture and valuables, and coming to the city with the idea that there was always work for those who wanted it, she had failed to find pupils, had failed to find a market for her probably valueless drawings, had failed to obtain a housekeeper's or a matron's situation, and had at length found nothing but this sewing, which has sustained her after a fashion for some three years, though growing constantly from bad to worse, until there seemed no further step for her and her child to take, unless it were into the almshouse or the grave. And all the time the bitterest drop in her cup was the consciousness of the mental blank in which her child was growing up—for Kate was almost sixteen now, and for three years she had never opened a book.

Nevertheless, in the long evenings as they sat together in the dark, or as they lay in bed for warmth, the mother had clothed what knowledge she had herself as picturesquely and invitingly as possible to her, and given the lore to Kate, who eagerly accepted it, and with a quick instinct made it all her own; for she had a pride that hungered after her old place in life naturally, and she knew that ignorance was something which must bar her out forever; and often she spent a penny for a paper when she would not have spent it for bread. They lived in this half-hoping and half-hopeless state. What dreams the young girl had I can not say. The mother had two, I know. One was that somebody—allured by that yellow hair of Kate's, and by all the possibilities of future beauty in that thin face which generous diet might cover with dimples and color, as it used to be when she was a little child—might take her and afford her the education whose lack made the sorrowful woman grind her very teeth in misery: it seemed so exquisitely degrading that her husband's daughter should be as untaught as any beggar-girl upon the street. And the other dream was one with which she went to sleep, and with which she woke up—woke crying in the night: a dream that the long-boat had been picked up by some Pacific whaler, some craft which should set the castaways ashore at a place whence one of them, at least, could labor back to home and her. To home! She pictured again the home that they might have—the rest, the peace of it, the joy. She would start as if she saw him at that moment coming in the door, bright-haired and smiling, the sunbeam that he was. And then the wild certainty that it was impossible, that three years destroyed hope, and that even if he came he could never find her now in the poverty beneath which she was buried, would sweep over her in a wave of fresh grief as cruel as the wave that she had so many times seen in her mind as it washed him down to death in its dark depth. Sometimes these bursts of sorrow sickened her; then the work became impossible; she would faint in the attempt, and then there seemed nothing but the end of all before them; for what could Kate's slender fingers do alone? But presently, as if stung by desperation, she would be up again, and then the treadle flew, the wheel went round, and button-holes and bands grew out of the cloth once more as if her hands were a conjurer's—for only those women who have been dogged by death know how fast the hands can fly in the effort for escape.

There was, in fact, only one thing that gave Mrs. Grey any pleasure, any comfort, now: it was when, during the single hour that the sun lay in the room, Kate stole the time swiftly to comb out those yellow locks of hers, and stood sparkling in the sunshine half a moment for her mother to smile at her. And what locks they were! not curly, but with a loose, wavy flow, like great, slow ripples—a sort of electric life in every thread of the spun gold too—gold that fell in thick, showering handfuls of hair five feet long, till, as she stood there in the light, you could see that it exactly touched her feet.

"They have always had such hair in the family," sighed her mother—"all the women, your father said, for generations back. Oh me! oh me! What good is it to you now?"

"That heavenly faced woman that I told you of, mamma—Van—Van—oh, Vandecker, they said—she had hair exactly like it; perhaps not quite so long or thick, but just the color, if you like that so much. It *is* pretty, isn't it? But I never thought so until I saw it round that face of hers as she was getting into her carriage. Oh, mamma! it was a perfect cloud of gold, she dressed it so, all in a fluff and mist. And then those eyes, mamma, that rose-color, that smile! I thought if I were a man I shouldn't hesitate to let her wheels roll over me if it would do her any good. What if you should carry home the work next time, and go round that way and see it?"

But Mrs. Grey had no heart to go into the street. She did not take her poverty in any but a weak-minded way, and it was Kate now who stood between her and the world, as once it had been her husband. And as Kate herself that day took home the great bundle of work, and received the scanty pay, she saw the white Vandecker horses standing before the next door to her employer's, a hair-dresser's. "Talk of angels!" said Kate; and remembering the conversation with her mother, she half stayed her foot to glance in, if perchance she might be refreshed with the beautiful face of Marian Vandecker once again; but no such face was there—only a stiff old duenna came out and drove away, and all the satisfaction that Kate received was the view of an array of long tresses in the window, one of which, she saw, was labeled at the price of two hundred dollars. "It isn't so long as mine," said Kate. "To think," she laughed softly to herself—for neither want nor work can extinguish the light-heartedness of youth—"that I am wearing two hundred dollars' worth of hair on my head!" and she went home quite gayly.

There was no time to lose, though, looking in shop windows: the daylight was too precious. The weather grew cold, the nights long; not a moment must be wasted if they hoped to get either fire or light for any of the December darkness—the object for which they laid by every penny that could be spared from the task of keeping them alive. Still—it was, perhaps, ignoble, but the hungry system of the child took her there—Kate always did waste a moment going through a street a trifle longer than the short-cut, because it led her by some great hotel kitchens where all the air was savory with roast and boiled. The rich scents seemed to feed her; she went on better satisfied—a little ashamed, it may be, and yet half wishing her mother would come out with her by night and pass the place, though then, perhaps, the banqueting would all be over.

But when the December nights came Mrs. Grey was ill again, shaking with neuralgic pains contracted in the cold, and aggravated by the constant torture of her pride, her poverty, her apprehension. The money that was meant for lights melted away for laudanum and oil, and mustard and vinegar. There was nobody to work but Kate, and even her work had to be suspended while her mother was crazed with pain and needed the friction of her hand. Starved and shivering, half distracted with fear herself, the poor child did not know which way to turn. And when at length she found her mother in a high fever, with her incoherent words running together in a delirium, she disobeyed all the old injunctions about dishonesty and debt, and ran wildly for the first doctor she could find, though she had not the least idea how the man was ever to be paid. And when the doctor came, the things he ordered were an utter impossibility, for now there was nothing left in the purse even for food or fire. But after the doctor went he came back over the old stairs, and, opening the door gently, saw Kate standing in the middle of the room, and wringing her hands in a silent horror. "Why, how is this?" he said. And as she turned quickly, all that coiled hair fell down about her, rolling to her knees, to her feet, and the daily sunbeam, entering at the window just then, transfixed her as if it wrought a miracle: not of beauty—no, that thin, agonized face had no trait of fleshly beauty—but face, form, hair, all shone in a sort of spiritual splendor, like an apotheosis out of that squalor; while suddenly, as she saw the doctor's glance linger on that golden fall of hair, the thought of its value flashed across her mind, the thought of parting with it occurred to her for the first time, and a smile kindled at her lips and irradiated all her face, till, for the passing moment, she was beautiful indeed. Only a moment—one of those flying seasons, so swift, so evanescent, that you would doubt if they had really been at all if their indelible impression did not remain—and then it was only a young physician asking a young girl if she did not need other help than professional.

It is idle to say that beauty will not win its way like a sunbeam where nothing else could go, and that the benevolent and gallant instincts are not oftener roused to action in favor of the lovely than of the ugly face. For that sudden second of time had worked upon the doctor after a fashion whose strength and vividness could do nothing but increase. Not that the patient's case had more interest than before, when he pronounced it a simple thing easily cured; not that he saw any thing alluring in this pauper before him, now that the miraculous moment was passed—he, a young aristocrat of science, cradled and reared in wealth and luxury, practicing his profession for its pleasure, and among the poor for the opportunities of research that it gave—he, the preferred lover of Marian Vandecker; but it seemed to him that all at once he had seen an angel in the room, and now it was gone again.

"No, no," said Kate, in answer to his words. "I thank you. Perhaps to-morrow, but to-day we are expecting all we need."

He had scarcely disappeared when the old hat and shawl were thrown on, a neighbor asked to sit for half an hour with the sick woman, who was quiet now beneath the blessed influence of the hypodermic injection of morphine in her arm, and Kate was flying to the hair-dresser's—by means of whose window she had learned the value of her own chevelure.

On arriving at the place, accustomed only to the patronage of the rich, Kate did not feel that she received any embarrassing amount of deference, certainly; but she had come for business, not for attention, and on being told that the proprietor was out, quietly said she would wait for him, and asked if it was expected he would be gone long. But the young princess who condescended to spend her leisure hours among the chignons tossed her own chignon for all reply, and Kate helped herself to a seat and waited.

She had discreetly taken a place in the lower part of the elegant sales-room, where only a curtain behind her separated her from the mirror-lined dressing-room beyond, and from the work-women and their audible voices—evidently wife and daughters of the proprietor. While she sat listlessly, and with all her senses wrapped in the one sense of listening for the proprietor's feet, an oiled and curled individual entered, after a boy laden to his eyes with pasteboard boxes, which he took and opened, one by one, and then went behind the curtain with his arms fringed with as many light, long tresses as if he had been rifling Blue-beard's closet, and with one tiny clip of brighter hue than all the rest between his thumb and finger; and though no one took the trouble to tell Kate it was Monsieur Narcisse himself, she imagined it could be no other, and her heart rose in her throat; for he had life or death in his gift, she felt.

"I am in despair!" cried M. Narcisse, as the curtain hid him—cried in that dialect and accent with which the well-taught Parisian was presumed by him to speak our tongue—a dialect superimposed upon a foundation of solid Yankee. "We have nothing to please; we, with our assortment of the best! It is an impossible tint. Look at it! People are not born with it twice in a thousand years. It deadens the gold; it puts out sunshine. I must send to Germany by the first steamer. Put it in the orders, Cerise. Ah! if one could send the sample by cable! If she had suffered her fever in the city, such a suit of hair had been saved, every hair worth money; but in the country, the idiotic country, parbleu! they must needs give it to the birds to build their nests! And Mees Vandecker will have to wait six weeks before she has a hair to her head—bare as the back of your hand, that head, now when the season goes to commence."

Miss Vandecker—her fever—her yellow hair—gone; the little man's words seemed to take life before Kate's eyes like caricatures of notes of music that you have seen jumping up and down the staff. She sprang to her feet and left the shop, without a glance at the supercilious damsel at the show-case, and found herself upon the steps of the Vandecker mansion as if she had flown there. "I wish to see Miss Vandecker," she said to the great footman who, plastered with silver dollars, opened the door to her. "Say that I came from M. Narcisse."

"Oh!" cried a voice from above. "Show the young woman up directly, Morris;" and another footman took charge of her, and led her through a magnificence of hall and staircase—that she remembered afterward like something she had read of but not seen, since she was aware of none of it now—till she stood trembling before a quiet old lady, a prim abigail, and the heavenly faced young woman of whose loveliness she had told her mother; quite as heavenly faced now—for M. Narcisse had hardly told the truth about her, since a flossy margin of hair round the forehead had been left, and the rest of her head was covered with a picturesque-looking scarf of straw-colored silk, whose long fringed ends lay upon her shoulders as she leaned back languidly among the Indian cashmere draperies of her chair, her eyes half closed over a novel.

"Your errand, young woman?" asked the abigail, in a tone which brought Kate to herself; and without delay she took off the old hat with its twisted blue veil, and, giving the immense coil beneath a dextrous flirt with her hand, the shower of it fell down round her in a great golden ripple to the floor.

"I was in the hair-dresser's when he returned," she said, simply, looking at Miss Vandecker, who had waked from her languor with a cry of rapture. "I heard him say it would be six weeks before he could receive the hair you wanted from Germany. I came to see if mine would answer. Its price is two hundred dollars."

"You really want to part with such hair as that?" asked the elder lady.

"I shall be glad to do so," answered Kate.

"I am afraid it is too hard a thing—"

"Oh, mamma! mamma! What a chance! What hair! You could not tell it from mine!" cried Miss Marian. "What fortune! Send the carriage round for Narcisse at once, Agnes. Don't lose a moment. Do you hear? I think, though," she said, apparently remembering herself, and recovering her weary, half-indifferent air as Agnes left the room, "that you ask a very high price. It is long, to be sure, and a rare color; but one hundred would be high for it." And she lifted her eyes to the tears glittering on the cheek of the painted Magdalen that was framed in the dead-gold panel above the mantel, in whose warm marble the flames of the soft wood fire played again. "Still, I am willing to give that," she resumed, bringing back her gaze to the threadbare thing whose like had never been between those satin-hung walls before; "and I have a great many old dresses—not old, you know, or soiled at all—that you might choose from for the rest."

Kate looked at her, amazed a moment—that

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girl on her bed of roses! "Your dresses would not be of any use to me, Miss Vandecker," she said. "The money, just now, I must have."

"You must be very grasping," said Miss Marian, adjusting the carved malachite cameos upon her creamy wrists with as much precision as though she were in some grand guest-chamber. "You forget that I shall have to pay Narcisse twice as much more, probably, for weaving it."

That was true, Kate thought. The switches she had seen labeled in the window were all made up. Doubtless the work entered into the price. "I am parting with the only thing of value that I have," said she then, after a little, "to keep myself alive, and my mother, who is sick. But you may pay me what you think the hair is worth."

"One hundred dollars, then. Nobody ever heard of such a price! Why, the French girls sell theirs for twenty. Heigh-ho!" with a yawn that the lifted hand turned into a blaze of diamonds. "Is your mother sick? Agnes can give you some jelly for her."

"Thank you. It is unnecessary," said Kate.

"Oh, just as you please. Agnes! Where is Agnes? Never here when she's wanted! Mamma, I do wish you would put down that tiresome paper and touch the bell. Oh, here you are! Get your shears, Agnes, and clip this—this young woman's hair—as close as possible. It is beautiful hair, after all—finer than mine, isn't it, Agnes?"

"Oh yes, miss! And twice as long!" said the maid.

"I don't care. It's mine now," said the mistress. "Really, mamma, it is the greatest luck! For I couldn't possibly have kept my return from Lucius all that time. Now Narcisse and his family shall sit up all night to cleanse and weave it—they'll do any thing for money—and when Lucius comes in in the morning, there I shall be! At least, I mean," she cried, turning so suddenly that Kate started, "if you can assure me it is not dyed or bleached or any thing."

"It is honest hair, Miss Vandecker," said Kate, with a quivering lip, looking at her out of the aureole of gold, while the lady readjusted the scarf that in her excitement had half fallen off her head.

"That is right. Now, Agnes! But stop. Oh, mamma, you don't suppose it is possible—What did you say ailed your mother? Small-pox, or typhus, or—"

"Neuralgia!" said Kate, indignantly, and only half choking down her wrath.

"You don't bring any recommendation—"

"If you don't wish for my hair, Miss Vandecker—" Kate began, but recollecting her absolute need of the money, she paused.

"Narcisse will boil and purify it, Marian," said her mother, somewhat disapprovingly, and returning to her paper. "It can be no worse hair than a dead woman's, at all events."

"Well, if you think so—" Her white finger poised on her beautiful lips, as she stood hesitatingly in doubt of the safety of it, and yet unwilling to lose sight of the hair. "I don't know— Cut close to the head, Agnes!" And the young lady, no longer languid, but quite fired with the thing, lifted a thick lock and put the shears under it herself, so that the cold steel touched the skin, singing the while, half to herself and half to the others:

"'The locks of six princesses
Shall be my marriage fee;
Then hey, bonny boat, and ho, bonny boat,
Who comes to marry me?'"

But Agnes held the shears suspended.

"You will leave her enough to cover the head, Miss Marian?" said she. "An inch or so?"

"Certainly, Agnes," said the elder lady.

"Certainly not, mamma!"

"My dear, it will make too little difference to you, and too much to her."

"But every inch counts, mamma, in false hair!"

"You are too keen, my child. Shingle it, Agnes." Which Agnes proceeded at once to do.

But as that first lock fell into the hands of Miss Marian, standing ready to receive it, Kate's lips parted in a sudden wail, and the tears she had been restraining gushed in a torrent.

"Oh, really!" said Miss Marian. "I do declare! If I had known you felt that way— Why in the world do you want to make it so uncomfortable to every body?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Kate. "Indeed I do. That is all." For the first stroke of those scissors had seemed to her like that of the shears of fate; and the loss of friends, fortune, home, happiness—all were a thousand times emphasized to her in the fall of that one lock of hair. She endured the rest without flinching, rose when it was done and Agnes had lifted away the towels, took her money, thanked the young beauty, the customary adornments of whose négligé seemed to her unused eyes such fabulous splendor, bowed to the elder lady, and left the room without a glance at the mirror, pausing only in the hall below to adjust the hat and veil which threatened now to blind and suffocate her more really than her rage and shame themselves did. A hand was laid upon her shoulder as she delayed there. It was the hand of Agnes. "You are a brave girl," said she—"a good girl. If your mother is ever so poor and sick, she has you to be thankful for. Now you take this;" and she was trying to thrust another bank-bill into Kate's hand.

Kate turned and looked at her, with all her face aglow again. The whole world was not the Vandecker world, then! "No," said she, "I have enough now. But you take this!" And she kissed Agnes's mouth, and ran down the rest of the stairs too quickly for pursuit.

A hundred dollars in her hand! She could hardly believe it. She had to take little looks at it as she went along. How much it meant! First, fire; then the doctor's prescriptions well filled; and then she would have the hot steam-baths that always stopped her mother's pain any way; some wine and meat for her till she was strong again; a thick shawl; a blanket. And for herself—yes, for herself, a hat! How impatient she was to get home—it had been three half-hours' absence at least, instead of one—to give her mother the medicine, to have her wake from her sleep sane again and almost well, so that she could know they had nearly a hundred dollars in their purse! What made them pretend at the office of the coal-yard to doubt her bill, to ask her where she got it—the Vandeckers would never have given her a bad bill? Why did those great impudent policemen come in and lounge round and stare at her while the clerk took the bill out to change it? How long he was gone! Had he made off with it? When he came back, after such an interminable while, and gave her the change, and begged her pardon that he had detained her so long, how fast her feet flew homeward! And then when at midnight, a dozen long hours after she had returned and given her mother her medicine—standing behind her then with the old hat and veil still hiding the ruins—the mother waked, free from pain, and called her, and asked why a candle was burning, and saw the havoc that the shears had wrought, what a scene was that, with tears and cries and kisses, which came near bringing back the piercing pain again, till at last they slept together, never heeding the candle that was wasting and dripping to the socket!

But in all her after-life of ease Kate Grey never knew a morning whose waking equaled that next one. She had learned to live in the present and look forward to no future, and now with this pledge of peace, for weeks at least, in hand, with her mother better and soon to be well again, what was there she could fear? She was as light-hearted and as happy as a girl of sixteen ought to be—there seemed to her to be nothing but blue sky and sunshine in the world!

How clean the room was swept! how bright the stove was scoured! how gayly she ran in and out on her errands! There was even a flower in the window, and a sprig of holly that had been given to her by the man of whom she bought a tiny steak for her mother—for it was close upon the Christmas season. And when the doctor came at noon Kate cried out from the sewing-machine: "See, doctor, it is you that have done all this! For if you had not looked at my hair, I should never have thought to sell it! That is what I told you I was expecting!"

"You have sold that wonderful hair!" he exclaimed.

"Sold it! and feel as rich as the beautiful woman who bought it, and who probably has it on her head this moment, for Narcisse was to sit up all night to plait it for her," she answered, familiar on the moment, as the good physician, by smile, by tone, by gesture, knows how to make one—familiar, too, because this unwonted happiness must bubble over upon some one.

The doctor looked at her a moment; and while he looked some new, strange thought seemed suddenly to startle him. "A beautiful woman, you said. She must be beautiful if the woman whose hair she wears admits it!" the doctor answered, thoughtfully. "Will you tell me who she was? I never saw but one woman with that colored hair before."

Certainly it was the vaguest and most unshaped of fancies that clouded his imagination then—of the truth he could have no suspicion. It was not in his power to connect any idea of Marian Vandecker in her magnificence with this girl in her destitution.

"Oh no, no, doctor!" said Kate, laughing; for she had a particle of sense left in all this épanouissement. "That would be telling tales out of school. She was too good, to buy my hair, for me to betray her!"

"Good!" cried the doctor's patient from her chair and her new blanket-shawl. "Do you call it good to beat you down half your price when you are selling her the hair of your head? To treat you like a flint? To take your hair at all—so young, so poor, with nothing else—to take it at all!"

"But, mamma dear, don't feel so! She needed it more than I do. She had had a fever, I tell you, and it had left her almost bald. And she had a lover, I believe—somebody called Lucius—and she was afraid to see him. And, indeed, it might have ruined all her happiness if he had seen her as I did when the scarf fell off her head a moment. So you see it was to our mutual advantage all round."

"Don't talk to me, Kate!" cried the mother; for the doctor sat with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands, not heeding them apparently. "My mind is as firm as Ailsa Craig upon it. It was a cruel thing to do in any woman, let alone one as rich as the Vandeckers are!"

"It was Marian Vandecker, then?" said the doctor, looking up. "I could not have believed it."

"Doctor! doctor!" said Kate, suddenly quenched, "you must keep the secret."

"I am not likely to lose it," said he, gloomily; and his eyes sought the bare floor again, as if, with other things shut out, he could see more clearly the true vision of the radiant being who had trembled in his arms that morning, so blue-eyed, so rosy, that snowy forehead shining under such a cloud of gold, so perfect in her grand beauty, who had said to him, "What fortune it was, Lucius, that I did not lose this hair of mine—this hair you love so much!" and had let him draw a tress of Kate Grey's hair across his throbbing lips.

When he looked up again he made Kate, with an authority she could not resist, repeat to him every word, every action, of that hour in Marian Vandecker's boudoir—the dress, the ornaments, the traits of all the women there, the scroll-work of the velvet on the floor, the pictures on the wall, the bronzes, the china, the pattern of the gold andirons on the hearth—till he could not have a doubt that all was true.

"You said I had done you a service," he murmured, and there was a hoarse quiver in his voice, soon controlled. "You have done me an infinitely greater one. You have waked me from a dream—a deceitful, delicious, poisonous dream. That woman, with her stony heart, her false tongue, her miser's soul, is my cousin, and she would have been my wife if I had never heard this thing."

"Doctor!"

"It is not pleasant," said he, "to wake from such a dream as that. It is pain—pain as bad as neuralgia, madam. You have taken my prescription? Repeat the dose. You are almost well, I see. Courage; we will build you up. To-night I will come back and talk with you—or possibly to-morrow—talk about different work for you when you are quite restored; a better home; masters for this young lady; the things that people like you must once have had—"

"Oh, God sent you to me!" cried Mrs. Grey. "And it can only be God that is bearing such a blow for you so—" Her hands trembled on her chair; she tried vainly to stand up. Teachers for Kate—for her husband's child: one of those dreams of hers true!

"But now—" said the doctor, taking up his hat.

"But now," echoed a different voice—a voice from a great burly form that filled the narrow door-way—"but now I have found you! I have found you at last!" And in another moment Mrs. Grey lay half lifeless in the arms of her husband. And if the doctor had meant to go when he stood up with his hat, he was forced to stay and play a doctor's part to some purpose now in giving back to the husband, who had been rescued and then cast away in the South Seas, and who had returned only to find his wife and child lost in the vortex of the great city's poor till the Vandecker bill had put the police upon their trail—in giving back to this stout heart the wife who opened her eyes at last to find her second dream come true.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"IF *women* had the management of affairs in New York," remarked a lady the other day, looking with disgust on her mud-bespattered dress, "this city would be kept cleaner—that is certain."

"Oh no," cynically responded the abused gentleman at whom this remark was hurled; "you would all be so busy voting and lecturing and preaching that you would have no time to attend to such minor matters as mud."

"Well, I don't care much about voting in general," said the lady, "but I *should* like to vote that the streets be cleaned. Just look at my boots—and yours too! Now if every ten-cent piece that has been spent for cleaning muddy boots, since that last dreadful snow came, had been put into a fund for street-cleaning, it would have been more than enough to have kept Broadway beautifully clean, or I am mistaken."

We chanced to overhear this bit of conversation, while riding up Broadway on one of those shocking days which came between our great snow-storm and our great rain-storm in February. Although lamentation and invective seem to have long been alike useless to renovate our streets, we could not marvel at the indignation of this lady, whose pretty dress, which should have been altogether appropriate for the principal street of the metropolis of the United States, on a bright, sunny day, was begrimed with mud. Looking from the window of the omnibus, the sight was frightful and disgusting in the lower part of Broadway. Carts, carriages, drays, and men, women, and policemen, all tangled together, and wading through that execrable mud! Those who saw will remember; those who did not can not imagine! But finally, after days of battling with encumbered streets, Nature interposed, and there came a blessed rain, to the "relief of Broadway" and of the whole city.

Fourteen young Chinese, belonging to the noblest families of the Celestial Empire, have just arrived in Paris from Canton, sent by the emperor to be instructed at the expense of the state. They are to be distributed between the colleges Saint Louis and Louis le Grand. Four Japanese princesses, relations of the Tycoon, are expected in Paris shortly, for the purpose of completing their education. They are of great beauty, and have dignified figures, perpendicular eyebrows, elegant flat noses, and yellow teeth. Their names are Tsen, Ka-Pse-Hang, Hoans-Pa-Li, and Ko-Phare. These strange names may be changed in time. One would almost suppose some of the above-mentioned fourteen young Chinese might be attracted by these beautiful princesses.

A mammoth water-color painting of the coming mammoth Coliseum has been on exhibition in Boston for a short time. The painting is seven by five feet in size, and represents the building completed, and surrounded by the expected crowds of people.

The City Council of Springfield, Massachusetts, has elected a woman to the onerous and responsible office of City Physician.

The Girls' Lodging-House, in St. Mark's Place, has eight dormitories, containing about sixty beds in all. These sleeping-rooms are airy and well ventilated. There is also a nice sitting-room for the girls to sew in, pleasant parlors, a good library, bath-rooms, and a commodious dining-room and kitchen. Since the lodging-house was opened, in the spring of 1861, it has sheltered 10,235 girls; 2229 have gone to situations; 617 returned to friends; 255 have been sent West; and within the past two years 1945 girls have been instructed on the sewing-machine, 115,117 lodgings furnished, and 318,363 meals have been provided.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, signing himself "*Old B.*," says, oracularly: "I have a theory that all men would be bachelors did they learn before marriage the blessings of wearing studs exclusively in place of buttons." "*Old B.*" wears only "gold studs." Those who can not afford studs might learn to sew; that will answer every purpose.

The *Temple Bar* gives the following item in an article entitled "A Hundred Years Ago:" "Our national debt began with William the Third. In 1697 it amounted to five millions. In 1772 it was about 140 millions. In 1872 it is nearly 800 millions."

"Poor Miss Finch," the entertaining serial which has been published in *Harper's Weekly*, now appears in book form. Wilkie Collins's works need no recommendation. This, like all his others, is of absorbing interest.

Paris has quite outgeneraled New York in unique modes of advertising. A short time ago there appeared upon the Bois de Boulogne a handsome barouche and a fine pair of horses. Within the vehicle was seated a gentleman, on either side of whom was a lady in ball costume, and without a bonnet. One of these ladies had a profusion of golden locks, exquisitely arranged; the other was a brunette, with hair equally fine. Both turned their heads toward the apparently favored gentleman sitting between them, whom they seemed to be addressing with great animation. The first impression on the spectator, after admiring the beautiful hair of those ladies, was one of wonderment that they should venture abroad in a cold wind so lightly clad. On a close inspection it appeared that they were wax figures, and that the carriage was the ambulatory advertisement of a hair-dresser.

Work is a grand panacea for trouble. If you have plenty to do, you have less time for the "blues," and your thoughts are prevented from dwelling unduly upon real sorrows. To earn one's bread by steady labor need not be a curse, but a blessing. In bereavement, in troubles of home and heart, even when that bitterest of all griefs comes, the consciousness that trusted friends have failed you, there is a sort of safety and consolation in genuinely hard work, be it mental or physical.

The Woman's Missionary Society, which is now in the third year of its existence, is doing a good work in China and India. It supports nine missionaries, and three orphanages, where a large number of girls, rescued from lives of shame and misery, are being trained to become future teachers to their countrywomen. It also supports between forty and fifty girls' schools.

Some of the Western storms this winter have been exceedingly severe. Not long since a terrible tempest suddenly arose in Cheyenne. The air was densely filled with snow, which whirled and twisted in all directions. So dense was the mass of snow-flakes in the air, and so powerful and irresistible the wind, that one could not see a yard in advance, even on the sidewalks, where the street was sheltered by a continuous row of buildings. A person was liable to be lost in the most familiar localities, and some citizens who happened to be out lost their way within half a block of their own houses, one lady becoming bewildered when almost inside her own door-yard. The children at the public school had to be taken to their homes, as it would have been utterly impossible for them to have made their way alone through the storm. The next morning the thermometer stood at twenty degrees below zero.

During the twelve years that the Brooklyn Art Association has existed it has given twenty-three exhibitions with free admission to the public, has displayed about five thousand original works of art, has aided the sale of pictures without cost to the artist contributors, and expended about fifty thousand dollars in the advancement of art. In addition to these things, the stockholders have now nearly completed an admirably planned building, at a cost of over ninety thousand dollars. This building will be devoted to exhibitions and schools of art.

An institution is soon to be established in England, under the patronage of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and other distinguished philanthropists, for the purpose of teaching the art of housekeeping. Lessons in cooking and baking are to be given, and lectures are to be delivered on culinary matters, the laws of health, and kindred subjects.

Carelessness about the use of matches is the cause of a greater number of fires than is generally supposed. A burning match tossed thoughtlessly away may lodge among loose newspapers, or other more combustible substances, and do much mischief. Matches should always be entirely extinguished after being used. A patent was recently taken out in Europe for a chemical solution with which the wood of the match is impregnated, which, without diminishing its combustibility, renders it impossible for a spark to remain after the match is blown out. So securely does this prevent accidents that the match may be thrown upon gunpowder, immediately after being used, without igniting it.

A poetical grammar, with rhymes in the "Mother Goose" style, might aid children to become familiar with the absurdities of our language. Some of the newspapers seem to be making the attempt to compose one. The following stanzas are a sample:

"Remember, though box
In the plural makes boxes,
The plural of ox
Should be oxen, not 'oxes.'

"And remember, though fleece
In the plural is fleeces,
That the plural of goose
Isn't 'gooses,' nor 'geeses.'

"And remember, though house
In the plural is houses,
The plural of mouse
Should be mice, and not 'mouses.'"

Or the last statement may be presented in the following metre:

"Mouse, it is true,
In the plural is mice;
But the plural of house
Should be houses, not 'hice!'"

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Fig. 1.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN LOW-NECKED WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIII., Figs. 52 and 53.

Fig. 2.—LIGHT BROWN POPLIN HIGH WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—LILAC SILK HEART-SHAPED WAIST.—BACK.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—LILAC SILK HEART-SHAPED WAIST.—FRONT.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—GRAY SERGE WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXIV., Figs. 54–59.

Fig. 6.—TEA GREEN GROS GRAIN POMPADOUR WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXV., Figs. 60–64.

Fig. 7.—BLUE POPLIN HIGH WAIST.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXVI., Fig. 65.

Fig. 8.—PEARL GRAY SILK HIGH WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—BLUE SILK AND SILK GAUZE LOW-NECKED WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 10.—PLUM-COLORED POPLIN WAIST.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1–10.—LOW AND HIGH NECKED WAISTS.

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

WHILE continuing in a minor key, the winter becomes every day more animated with respect to receptions. The magnificent hotel of the Duc d'Aumale in the Faubourg Saint Honoré is thrown open every Thursday to a dinner-party of twenty-four guests, followed by a brilliant gathering composed of a part of the official world—the ministers and their wives—a fraction of the Assembly, and the sum total of the learned bodies—the Academy, Institute, and Faculties of all kinds.

As might have been easily foreseen, fashion has undergone no abrupt change, but has simply been modified as yet. Waists are low, but not so low, sleeves are short, but not so short, and tunics are bouffant, but not so bouffant, as formerly. In short, the fashions of the day are less audacious and more decorous than those of 1869 and 1870. Quiet colors and softened tints are in the majority in the receptions of the winter, and will continue to be as well in the spring. There are the numerous shades of mauve and the different varieties of gray, from the bluish-gray and lilac gray to the pale gray, almost white; then blue, straw-color, and gray-green, all in the palest tints. For trimmings black and white laces are used, either separately or mixed, flat borders made of feathers, and fringes of feathers and marabouts.

Even at parties we are beginning to see high waists, ornamented with the Lamballe fichu, made of fine white lace, or the modern bertha, terminating in very long sash ends, which fall behind and form a simple trimming for the dress. A dress is in preparation for the Comtesse de Paris, to be worn at an approaching Thursday of the Duc d'Aumale's, which will give a good idea of the leading features of the season. Trained skirt of very pale blue-gray satin. High waist, rather large in the neck, which is edged with a ruche of real English point. On the waist is set a bertha of the same costly lace, which passes across the back and shoulders, crosses in front, is passed again round the waist, and ends at the back in two broad sash ends, almost as long as the train of the dress. The latter is trimmed, five inches from the bottom, with a flounce like the bertha, set on in scallops. The satin sleeves of the waist are rather large, and reach to the elbow; they are trimmed with several lace ruffles, set one above the other. The coiffure is composed simply of several rows of pearls.

Despite the impatience and restiveness of Paris, indignant at no longer being the political capital of France, the Assembly has wisely determined not to quit Versailles so soon. And so it comes to pass that after believing, or suffering itself to be persuaded, that it could not dispense with an Assembly to disperse according to its caprice, and a government to overthrow according to the whim of the moment, Paris perceives that it can live, manufacture, traffic, prosper, produce, and consume even when the Assembly representing the country persists in deliberating a few leagues off. Half the deputies live in Paris; the theatres are filled to overflowing; every day sees some new *salon*, hitherto closed, reopen; and the Parisian manufacturers, even those of pure luxuries, are overwhelmed with orders. Paris will become accustomed to the new order of things, and at the same time will grow unaccustomed to mobs: it will learn to obey the will of the nation, the same as Bordeaux or Marseilles, or the other cities and towns, and thus public confidence will revive, and with it tranquillity and prosperity. In fact, every branch of labor is in full blast, and if we may judge from the activity every where manifest, the spring season will be a most interesting one, especially in the domain of fashion. I will describe some new dresses which I have just seen at a fashionable dress-maker's, and which will give a good idea of the coming styles.

A spring wrapper of white silk poplin, lined with white silk, was made in the princesse style—that is, all in one piece from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. The lower edge was cut in very large, shallow scallops, and was bordered with golden-brown velvet a quarter of a yard deep. The small cape set on the neck of the wrapper, and the bottom of the sleeves, were likewise scalloped and bordered with the same velvet. Under the wrapper was worn a skirt of white nansook, trimmed with two pleated flounces edged with white guipure. Large buttons covered with golden-brown velvet were set all the way down the front of the wrapper. The



Fig. 1.—PINK SILK DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—CORN-COLORED GROS GRAIN DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—WHITE SILK BRIDAL DRESS. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 44–47.

Fig. 4.—ORGANDY BRIDAL DRESS. For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—SATIN BRIDAL DRESS TRIMMED WITH SWAN'S-DOWN. For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 48–51.

Figs. 1–5.—BRIDAL AND EVENING DRESSES.

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pockets were in the form of a horseshoe, indicated by wide scalloped bands of golden-brown velvet. Peasant cap of white guipure, trimmed with flowers of golden-brown velvet and silk.

A spring morning suit had a skirt of gray-green poplin, trimmed half a yard up the front with a new kind of embroidery, which sloped gradually at the sides so as to be only four inches wide in the back. This embroidery, of which I have seen the very first sample, is composed of cotton dress cord, laid under the stuff, and stitched in with silk of the same color as the dress, so as to form all kinds of arabesques and designs. Over the skirt was placed, in the guise of a tunic, a tablier of the same material, rounded and slightly pleated perpendicularly on the hips; this tablier was trimmed with embroidery like that of the skirt, but not so deep, and had besides a large arabesque, executed in the same manner, in the centre. High waist with double points in front and rounded in the back. On each point was an arabesque to match that in the centre of the tablier. The costume was completed by four large sash ends of the same stuff and the same embroidery, which were set at the bottom of the back of the waist. The first two sash ends are each twenty inches wide, and long enough to reach the top of the embroidery on the dress; the other two are of the same length, but shorter, and are set over the first; all of the ends are slightly pleated at the top, and are set together under a cross band or loop. We must not forget to add that the tablier-tunic is just long enough to reach the top of the embroidery of the skirt. The sleeves are half-flowing. For the street a small cape of the material, not reaching the waist, is added.

A simpler visiting dress had a skirt of black faye, trimmed with five rolls of the same material surmounted by a narrow bias fold of black crêpe de Chine. Over-skirt of the same crêpe de Chine, trimmed with three rolls of black faye looped on each side under a large bow of black silk. High waist, with a large peasant fichu of black crêpe de Chine crossing behind, and terminating in two rounded sash ends set under a bow of black silk ribbon. Pink crape bonnet, trimmed with broad bias folds of black gros grain, a fall of black lace, and a small pink feather tipped with black.

The spring dresses for children are extremely pretty. Babies will continue to wear the wadded cloak of white piqué, buttoned from the throat to the bottom, with a small cape pointed in the front and back. Little boys under three are dressed precisely like their sisters; above this age they wear the sailor costume, with full trowsers reaching just below the knee, vest, and jacket—all of the same material. As to little girls, until the age of eight their dress is an exact miniature of their mothers': the same trimmed skirts (but short), the same over-skirts, and the same basque-waists; above this age their dress becomes much simpler and more austere. Hitherto they have been the dolls of the family, but on reaching eight they must begin life in earnest. They no longer wear over-skirts, but plain dresses, according to the season, of cloth, cashmere, poplin, piqué, alpaca, or linen, with waists almost always low over high chemisettes of white nansook, with fronts of pink or white flannel. For a wrapping they wear a talma, or a simple paletot with cape, of white or gray cloth that will suit any dress. Except for state occasions, the sashes and bows are of the same material as the rest of the dress, ribbons being considered too costly and elegant. The hats are straw in summer, felt in autumn, and velvet in winter, and are always round, with flat crowns and brims slightly rolled, with a simple velvet ribbon twisted round the crown, and sometimes a bird's wing or a few cock's feathers set on the left side.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

AN OCEAN PICNIC.

[FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

The Cruise of the *Morro Castle*.—An exceedingly jolly Party.—Cheerfulness under Difficulties.—Poetical Views concerning a Life on the Ocean Wave.—Melancholy Suicide.—Diving for Silver at Nassau.—Havana Attractions.

STEAMSHIP "MORRO CASTLE," *Feb.* 10, 1872.

ON the 25th of last month a party of ladies and gentlemen sailed from the port of New York on board the stanch steamship *Morro Castle*, for a pleasure trip of fifteen days. They were guests of Mr. A. W. Dimock, President of the Atlantic Mail Steamship Company, who took this pleasant method of treating his friends to a jolly spree, and himself to cheerful associations during his own first trip to the tropics. Among the guests were, William Cullen Bryant, who intends making a long tour through Mexico before returning to New York; A. Durand, the accomplished translator of Taine; J. Q. A. Ward, the sculptor, who did *not* model the statue of Franklin which overlooks Printing-house Square; La Farge, the most refined colorist among American painters; Douglas Taylor, well known to New Yorkers, whose chief end and aim in life is to get your name upon his jury-list; Frank P. Church, of the *Galaxy;* S. S. Conant, of *Harper's Weekly;* the Hon. Senator Stark, of New London, Connecticut; the Hon. Ex-Congressman Perry, of Newark, New Jersey; Dr. Rubino, Dr. Sampson, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, and others whose names I have neither space nor time to write. Most of the gentlemen were accompanied by wife, daughters, or sisters; so that there was every prospect of an exceedingly jolly voyage.

The only thing Mr. Dimock failed to do was to make a contract with the clerk of the weather. The way that mysterious personage resented this neglect should be a warning to all who in future arrange ocean excursion parties.

The first evening out was delightful. There was no wind; the weather was propitious, the sea placid as a lake. An exceedingly jolly party of gentlemen assembled in the purser's room to drink the health of friends left behind and to a prosperous trip. Champagne corks popped with a frequency that threatened a serious diminution of the stock on board, notwithstanding the President's reassuring statement that "the cargo was principally wine;" and the old saw that "when the wine's in the wit's out" received a vivacious confirmation not exactly intended by the dry old teetotaler who invented it. The mirth and fun grew merrier every minute, and every body agreed that there was nothing in the world so jolly as going to sea.

Nor is there, while the sea is calm.

About eleven o'clock that evening a gentle motion was perceptible in the ship. The purser's cabin began to behave in a most unaccountable manner, and an ominous lessening of mirthfulness was observable as the motion increased. But nobody felt sick—oh no! One gentleman, with white, compressed lips, felt quite sure his "wife must be wanting him," and vanished; another went "to fetch a friend;" a third thought he would "take a turn on deck, and be back in a moment." In fact, they all went out "for a moment," except the purser and one gentleman, who never knows the sensation of seasickness; but none of them came back, and few of them appeared at the breakfast-table next morning.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday were dreary days. Rain fell incessantly, and the sea was so rough that it was with difficulty one could keep his footing. The deck awnings became saturated with water, and proved to be deceptive protection against the wet; at the least shake of the wind they sent miniature showers down upon the ladies and gentlemen gathered under them. Chairs that were not secured slid back and forth over the deck, as if it were ice, at each roll of the ship; and sometimes two or three of them, coming in collision, spread their occupants round in a very promiscuous manner. But every one took his own mishaps and those of his companions with so much good humor that it was impossible not to be jolly. Even the seasick members of the party contrived to put on the semblance of gayety, and nobody was willing to confess that he would rather have staid ashore. The ladies were more courageous than the gentlemen, and did even more than their proper share toward keeping up the spirits of the company.

The rough weather continued so long that it became monotonous. No variety of amusement was possible. The decks were too slippery and too uncertain for dancing. Conversation flagged. Flirtation grew insipid. The gentlemen lost interest in the card-room, and even the highly intellectual occupation of betting on the speed of rain-drops rolling on the deck became irksome. In this direful emergency it was proposed to organize a literary society, and establish and publish a magazine, to which every member of the party should contribute a poem or essay; but although one of the brightest and most charming ladies on board was instituted editress, with full power to compel every one to contribute, the project fell through, owing to the perverseness or laziness of the gentlemen. It was observed, however, that when the subject was first broached the venerable author of the "Death of the Flowers" retired to his state-room, apparently very much under the depressing influence of seasickness, and that he did not appear for several days. It was suggested by some one that he might have felt a fit of inspiration coming over him. Whatever may have been the cause of his retirement, the following melancholy stanzas were discovered one morning near his state-room door. They were probably intended for the proposed magazine which never saw the light:

"A PLEASURE-TRIP AT SEA.

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the trip,
Of wailing winds, and rolling waves, that pitch and toss the ship;
The waiters, passengers, and chairs slide round the slippery deck,
And from the awnings drip the drops that trickle down the neck.

"The ladies huddle in their chairs beneath those dripping roofs,
All bundled up in wraps and shawls, or cased in water-proofs;
And while with cold and mal de mer their lovely colors blanch,
With sighs on Saratoga muse, on Newport, and Long Branch.

"Sleep from our narrow berths by night as well as day has flown;
Each heave of ocean's bosom finds an answer in our own;
And when the sounding gong invites to breakfast, dine, or sup,
We only smile a sickly smile, and always give it up.

"Oh for a spot of solid earth, where steadfast I could stand,
Though it were but a barren rock or shadeless stretch of sand;
Though cannibals might chop me up to roast, or broil, or fry!—
'Twere better than the sea and rain, if but to land and dry.

"And yet there might be pleasures here if wind and wave were bland;
There are coquettes and beaux at sea as well as on the land;
And when the shades of evening fall, and dull folks are asleep,
There may be courtships on the wave, flirtations on the deep.

"I think, if all the days and nights were calm enough for these,
Even I could be content to be a rover of the seas;
But Heaven defend me from the roll, the pitch, the toss, the qualm,
And grant that when I sail the sea it always may be calm!"

The reading of these affecting verses, which was conducted with due formality in the state-room of the President, was followed by a deep silence, as if every listener was thinking Amen to the closing aspiration. The first to recover his voice was the President, who, rising from the lounge upon which he was gracefully reclining, remarked that two eminent poets had declined invitations to accompany the excursion, and, if his memory served him correctly, had done so in verse. He would look and see. After much search through various coat and overcoat pockets, the following poems came to light. The first was signed B. T., and was addressed to the President. The author evidently wanted to go, but couldn't:

"From the North I would fly with you
In a ship propelled by steam,
And my heart would throb responsive to
Each thud of her walking-beam;
To the island of pines and bananas,
Zapotas, oranges, limes,
To the island of cheap Havanas,
Where people smoke—sometimes:
Where the fields are fanned
By breezes bland,
And the leaves of the cocoa-nut
Palm expand.

"You will rend the luscious sugar-cane
And suck its delicious gum,
While I sit alone in my chamber,
And gloomily suck my thumb;
You will fondle the mild tarantula,
And smile when it makes you bleed;
You will dandle the playful scorpion
And the fawning centipede:
Where the fields are fanned
By breezes bland,
And the leaves of the cocoa-nut
Palm expand.

"There the unclothed children of Afric
In the new molasses kick;
There the rosy-mouthed John Chinamen
Round cigar-ends with a lick;
And oh but to taste that molasses,
And oh but to smoke that cigar,
Would repay me the woes of seasickness
And the wear of a journey that far:
Where the fields are fanned
By breezes bland,
And the leaves of the cocoa-nut
Palm expand."

To the inquiry of a lady, who found some obscurity in the second line of the last stanza, the answer was made that, to cool the new molasses ("but not to flavor it," was interposed), little naked darkies are put into the tanks, and encouraged to kick about lustily. This is found to be a far more efficacious method than stirring it with poles. Lady evidently makes a mental protest, and resolves henceforth to abjure buckwheats and sirup. The signature to the second poem was a little obscure. Closely scrutinized, it was thought to resemble an "H." The President declined to disclose the authorship, as the poem appeared to him to have been written in a mental condition which the author might wish to repudiate. But here are the stanzas:

"The deepest, darkest mystery
In all the world, it seems to me,
Is that folks sp'lin' for a spree
Should go for't out to sea.

"It's well enough for them as is
Brought up to sallorin' for a biz
To trust to schooner, bark, or brig,
Or any other rig;

"But as for me, I chooses land;
I likes to be whar I can stand,
Without endangerin' shanks or shins,
Steady upon my pins;

"I likes to lean agin a bar
That don't meander here and thar,
And spill your drink before you get
Your dusty whistle wet.

"I'd like to take your Champagne wine,
But not when mixed with ocean brine:
I'll stay ashore, and h'ist my drink
Whar nothin' else 'll sink.

"Wish you may have a jolly run,
See a bull-fight, and sich-like fun;
But I'll h'ist *my* p'ison, straight and squar,
At Nash and Fuller's bar;

"And then, upon Mount Ararat,
Just three mile south of Barnegat,
I'll watch till you come steamin' back,
With sea-gulls in your track.

"I'll clap a spy-glass to my eye,
And scan the ocean and the sky,
And call upon the wave and gale
To spar the Atlantic Mail;

"And, when you safely get to land,
Meander to my usual stand,
And drink your welcome, straight and squar,
At the aforesaid bar."

A sudden freshening of the wind, together with a quicker roll of the ship, cut short whatever comment might have been made upon these remarkable stanzas. Most of the passengers sought refuge in the cabin, where sofas and chairs were stationary, and afforded facilities for retaining one's seat. It is neither comfortable nor consistent with dignity to be sent sprawling upon the floor, especially if, in your downward progress, you upset a luckless waiter with a bowl of hot soup in his hands. No man does that sort of thing for diversion more than once, as the consequences are apt to be any thing but pleasant. But, though stormy and disagreeable, our passage down to Nassau was marked by only one painful occurrence. The forward part of the main-deck, between the purser's office and the forecastle, was occupied by a score of horses, two of which belonged to Valmaseda, the Captain-General of Cuba, and the others to a dealer, who was taking them down to Cuba on speculation. One evening, when the storm was heaviest, a huge wave rose completely over the bow and came down with all its weight upon the horses. Frightened by the force and suddenness of the shock, and completely demoralized and exhausted by three days of pitching and tossing, the poor creatures plunged and kicked and tugged at their fastenings with such desperate energy that there was danger of their breaking loose. One actually succeeded in doing so; and then, having apparently made up his mind to stand no more treatment of that sort, he reared and plunged headlong into the sea before an effort could be made to save him. He belonged to the dealer, and was a very valuable animal.

And then occurred one of those incidents which sometimes result in fearful panics. A gentleman—not of the excursion party—whose nerves had been somewhat shaken by the storm, had retired to be standing in the dining-saloon when the horse-dealer came in, remarking, "One has gone to the devil, and the rest will go before midnight!" Already terrified by the shock the ship had just sustained, the gentleman lost all presence of mind at these words, and rushed back into the cabin, exclaiming, "We are all lost! we are all going to the devil!" Fortunately the very abjectness of his terror raised a laugh, in which all joined, and the poor man vanished into his state-room.

Nassau, where we landed on Tuesday, has been so frequently described that I shall say very little about it. The inhabitants are principally negroes, and their chief occupation seemed to be loafing round the docks, and diving into the wonderfully clear water for the silver coins which the passengers threw overboard for them. The water is about fifteen feet deep close to the docks, and so clear that the bottom is plainly visible. Even so small an object as a dime can be discerned at that depth. Throw one overboard, and a dozen dusky forms at once plunge for it. Sometimes it is caught before reaching bottom, and sometimes a desperate tussle takes place under water for the possession of it. The successful diver rises with the coin clasped in his hand, shows it with a grin of triumph, and throws it into his mouth, having no other safe receptacle. The length of time these fellows can remain under water is really wonderful. They appear to be quite as much at home in it as on land.

There is not much to see at Nassau, unless you are an artist and love color. The buildings are in general small and any thing but handsome. The most interesting and picturesque object is the old fort, the ancient stronghold of Blackbeard, the famous pirate, and his lawless companions. It is now a ruin. From it leads a subterranean passage, nearly half a mile in length, to the old Government-house. This passage was still open within fifty years, but is now choked up. It is thought that large amounts of ancient treasure are buried in different parts of the island. Frequently old Spanish coins are dug up, but never in large quantities.

From Nassau to Havana the run was pleasant, because the weather, though cloudy, was calm and warm. Nothing can be more lovely than the entrance into the harbor of Havana. The steamer carries you along a lovely coast, rising into low rounded hills thinly dotted with palm-trees; and until the very entrance to the harbor is reached you can hardly see it. The chief object that attracts attention is the lofty light-house, standing on a bold rocky projection, with a background of frowning fortifications. Reaching a point just under this tower, the steamer turns suddenly into a quiet, land-locked harbor, crowded with shipping, on one side the city, on the other fortified heights which hold the town at their mercy.

Like Nassau, the city of Havana has been so often described that its streets, its shops, its customs, its houses, its family and social life, are as familiar to most American readers as those of one of our own cities. Yet there is a great deal to be seen there which can not be well described. Only five days distant from New York, and connected with that city by several lines of steamships, Havana offers splendid opportunities for a winter residence for Americans. Its attractions are much greater than those of Nassau, where, indeed, the chief inducement for Americans is the fact that all the people speak English.

At Havana our party separated, part remaining to visit Matanzas and other places, and part returning by the *Morro Castle*. Among those who remained was Captain Adams, the brave-hearted commander of the *Morro Castle* ever since she was built, and one of the finest specimens of the thorough-bred seaman that ever sailed out of New York. He is now somewhat out of health, and proposes to lie by a while and recruit. Meanwhile the ship remains under the command of Captain Curtis, his first mate for several years, and a man after his own heart. The skillful manner in which he brought the *Morro Castle* into port through the severe and protracted storm which has swept over the Atlantic during the whole of the past week shows how capable he is of filling his position.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES AND BUCKWHEAT.

EVEN the most rigid advocate of a cold-bread regimen must occasionally relax from the rigor of his ordinary rule in favor of hot buckwheat cakes at this season of the year, or we must usurp the privilege of bestowing upon him our pity. Nor would one like to be compelled to have recourse to a restaurant for the enjoyment of so simple an indulgence, but prefer to partake of such luxury at the cozy breakfast-table of his own snug home. So we feel confident that we shall speak the sense of all good housewives when we declare it to be the bounden duty of every manager to be provided with a reliable recipe for concocting such cakes as no reasonable creature shall find voice to complain of, but so light, luscious, and brown that they must meet, as they merit, with a gratified and cordial approval.

None of your new-fangled powders for us, if you please; but be sure to provide yourself with good yeast, and half the victory is already won. Allow a gill of yeast to a pint and a half of buckwheat flour, half a pint of wheat flour, and half a pint of corn meal. If you prefer to dispense with this last, substitute the same quantity of buckwheat. As much salt as is put to the same quantity of any other bread: tastes differ in this respect. With a spoon make into a thick batter with warm water, in winter, at about seven o'clock in the evening for an eight-o'clock breakfast. In a closely covered vessel set in a moderately warm place to rise. Having heated the griddle, in the morning, just before you are ready to bake your cakes, thin them with milk if you have it, water

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otherwise. Be careful not to make your batter too thin, for nothing is poorer than a thin buckwheat cake. To be good, they should be a quarter of an inch thick. Two eggs, well beaten and added at night, are an improvement, we think, but an addition by no means commonly used or esteemed necessary. If by any sudden change in the weather the buckwheat sours, add a little soda, which, if done judiciously, will not be perceived, and will set matters right at once. As a complement to buckwheat cakes, use the sweetest, purest butter that can be procured, and unless you are above a predilection for sweets (we do not mean to call it childish), do not neglect to place upon the table a dish of honey. Daniel Webster tells us that "buckwheat means beechwheat, because its kernel so much resembles the beech-nut." Among the cereals—that most beneficent class of the gifts of Providence to the human family—although buckwheat can not hold a first rank, it subserves such various and useful ends as to fill the observer with wonder and admiration, as do so many other individuals of the vegetable kingdom. Neither have its properties for usefulness yet been fully developed, we have good reason to believe, although known to the civilized world since the Middle Ages. It is said to be a native of Persia, where it yet grows wild. There are two traditions as to its introduction into Europe. One states that it was brought west by the Crusaders, the other that it was carried into Spain by the Saracens, and thence farther north. The French name, "sarrasin," still remains to testify that in France, at least, it was regarded as one among the many legacies of good left by those cruel yet refined invaders of Christian soil.

Buckwheat is a principal crop only in some districts of Southern France, Holland, Belgium, and small portions of our own country. It grows to the height of two feet, bearing a bunch of white blossoms at the head, which, if left uncut, renew themselves until killed by frost. The native of a hot climate, it may yet be raised far north, as it matures its grain with such rapidity, and stands drought well if it grows upon ground worked to a considerable depth.

Buckwheat is an invaluable adjunct to the apiary, supplying the bee its favorite food for a protracted period at a season when so few flowers are in bloom that many colonies of them annually perish for want of proper sustenance. True, it may be objected that honey thus produced is not the fairest in color, yet many connoisseurs appreciate highly the flavor. The poulterer also adds his testimony to its value. Turkeys and chickens are said to devour no grain with the same avidity and evident relish. The beneficial results of such diet are said to manifest themselves in an early and plentiful supply of eggs. The sportsman says the buckwheat patch is the place to look for a fine, well-fed covey of partridges. Chemical analysis has proved the haulm to contain valuable manuring properties, so valuable a salt as carbonate of potash existing in very large proportion. When used as a fertilizer it is cut down green, when in full blossom, and plowed into the subsoil. Now when we add that itself requires only poor and unmanured soil for its satisfactory yield, we think we have said enough to encourage the agriculturist, or even gardener, to believe that it will remunerate him for the trouble of its culture. One and a half or two bushels of seed are the allowance to an acre of ground. If we now revert to our first hint of the very acceptable addition buckwheat cakes furnish to the winter breakfast-table, must it not lend zest to the zeal of the young farmer in cultivating so valuable a grain, thus calculated so materially to promote the interests of a family?

EVENING TOILETTE.

See Illustration on page 180.

THIS rich and strikingly picturesque toilette has a petticoat of white silk, with a white lace flounce on the bottom, over which is worn a trained skirt of gold-colored satin, edged with a lavender ruche, with wide revers on each side the front breadth, faced with lavender satin, and edged with lavender ruches, and turned back so as to show the whole silk petticoat. Over-skirt of puffed lavender satin, edged with rich fringe of the same color, with revers on the side like those of the under-skirt, faced with gold-colored satin and ruches. Long trailing sprays of dark purple and gold pansies with green leaves cover the satin petticoat displayed by the revers at the sides. The low-necked lavender satin waist is cut in one piece with the over-skirt, and finished on the top with a bertha of gold-colored satin, simulating a revers, and covered with pansies like those on the skirt. Similar pansies are gracefully arranged on the puffed over-skirt. Short sleeves of lavender satin, with revers of gold-colored satin, separated by a single pansy. Marie Stuart frills of lace. Emerald and gold jewelry. Coiffure of purple and gold pansies. Lavender satin slippers. White kid gloves.

USEFUL RECIPES.

FINE PICKLE FOR BEEF AND TONGUES.—To six pounds of salt and five gallons of water put two pounds of common brown sugar and half a pound of saltpetre. Boil, removing all the scum. Strain it, and pour it over the meat when perfectly cold. The meat must be well rubbed with salt, and left to lie thus several days, in order to extract all the blood before being put in the pickle. The meat will be red and ready for use in a week or ten days.

TO CREAM BUTTER.—Wash out the salt in several waters. Then with a paddle or spoon beat and stir the butter until white and very light.

PORK SAUSAGE-MEAT.—This recipe is infallible, exact proportions being given of all the ingredients, and the flavor much admired. Forty-two pounds of lean meat, twenty-four pounds of leaf fat, eight pounds of backbone fat, ten ounces of black pepper, twenty-two ounces of salt, forty table-spoonfuls of sage. The calculation for making a smaller quantity can, of course, be easily made.

PRESSED BEEF.—First have your beef nicely pickled. Let it stay in pickle one week; then take the thin flank pieces, such as you use for boiling, put on a potful, and boil until perfectly done. Then pull it to pieces, and season just as you do souse, only put it in a coarse cloth, and put a heavy press upon it.

FRENCH SAUCE.—Cream half a pound of butter, and stew in half a pound of brown sugar. After the butter is creamed, put in the yolk of an egg, add the sugar and a gill of wine, put it on the fire, and let it simmer, stirring it all the while.

COCOA-NUT PUDDING.—To one large cocoa-nut, grated, beat the yolks of twelve eggs with three-quarters of a pound of sugar; cream seven ounces of butter, and whip up half a pint of new cream; add the cocoa-nut last. Baked in puff paste, this quantity makes three puddings in deep plates.

(Continued from No. 8, page 148.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER III.

INTRODUCES THE ROYAL WHITE ROSE MUSIC-HALL.

GRIBBLE junior had the finest spirits of any man in London. Nothing jarred upon him. From the days of his infancy, when he used to munch his knuckles contentedly, to the present time, he was never known to be out of temper. He had never had a ten-pound note to call his own, and he was always blithe and happy. His father had been a struggling small tradesman all his life, taking just enough over his counter to keep body and soul together, as he expressed it; and therefore, although Gribble junior was his son, he could scarcely be called his heir. But the lucky junior came into a rare inheritance from his mother—the inheritance of a cheerful nature. Such a patrimony is worth more than great estates and much money.

He was in one of his happiest moods as, in accordance with his own maxim, he pushed along and kept moving toward the Royal White Rose Music-hall. It was not ten minutes' walk from his lodgings in Soho; but it might have been situated in another land, so great was the contrast between his quiet street and that in which the Royal White Rose asserted itself. The difference between the two localities was something similar to that between a poor peaceful woman treading life's path humbly and unassumingly, and a flaunting shameless madam, painted and bedizened, with every thing glaring and every thing false about her. The narrow pathway that led to the Royal White Rose was almost blocked up by the busy crowd of men and women and boys and girls with which it was filled. The living stream moved, it is true; but the waters were unhealthful and turbid, and ran sluggishly. In one part of the thoroughfare it was dark, and the shops were closed; in another—that portion which was in immediate contiguity to the Royal White Rose—every shop was open and driving a busy trade. Hansom cabs, with senile men and painted women in them, were rattling along; man-rakes and boy-rakes—from the twelve-year-old smoking his penny cigar with his hands in his pockets, to the fifty-year-old with his hat on one side, and his black whiskers and dandy cane—sauntered idly this way and that, and often stopped to exchange light words and looks with the girl-rakes and woman-rakes, who outvied them in numbers and boldness. Unrestrained license prevailed in this saturnalia. Laughing indecency, painted misery, and flagrant violations of all that is modest and good, unblushingly proclaimed themselves in the very eye of the law. The corruption was open. There was no attempt at disguise in this legalized Mart of Shame, through which, as it forms an important lung of the City, many good men and women must necessarily walk. But how innately pure must be that rose of modesty that can escape defilement when brought into contact with it!

The Royal White Rose Music-hall was situated almost in the centre of the Mart of Shame, and Gribble junior paused for a moment at the entrance of the Hall, which was blazing with light. Dozens of pompous and fascinating announcements, in the largest letters and in the most brilliant of colored inks, lined both sides of the passage which led to the pay-place. Upon these announcements Gribble junior gazed admiringly. The Great This would appear. The Great That was engaged. The Inimitable Noodle, who had performed several times before royalty, would sing his choicest songs. The Flashiest Man in London to-night. The Pretty Lily at half past eleven. The Incomparable Lackbrain (the Pet of the Drawing-room) would sing "Fie, for Shame!" and "The Only Way to enjoy Life." And so on and so on.

Gribble junior made his way into the Hall, which was crowded to excess with flash men and women, with working-people of both sexes, and with boys and girls sucking in bad and foolish lessons eagerly. The Incomparable Lackbrain was on the stage, singing "Fie, for Shame!" to the intense delight of his hearers. He was a tall, lank man, with a painfully vacuous countenance, and "Fie, for Shame!" was the recital of the doings of a young man and a young woman who had met on a penny steamboat, and whose vulgar words and allusions continually elicited from one or the other the exclamation, most enjoyably uttered, "Fie, for Shame!" The title of the song was the refrain of the chorus, in which the audience were invited to join by the singer. Amazing were the zest and vigor with which they complied with the invitation; the men and women laughed and winked at one another, and cried, "Fie, for Shame! Fie, for Shame!" and when the Incomparable disappeared, after many an ungainly slouch, they clapped their hands and shouted for him to return. The Chairman struck twice upon his bell, and the well-known signal provoked another burst of applause. In the interval between the songs Gribble junior observed and admired; for it would be useless to deny that the honest fellow enjoyed the scene immensely. His ticket admitted him to the stalls, where the Chairman, with a dyed mustache and bottle-nose, sat upon his throne, the cynosure of a thousand admiring eyes. Gribble junior managed to squeeze himself into a seat near this potentate, who was looked upon with awe by the youthful portion of the audience, and whose chief duty appeared to consist in smoking unlimited cigars and drinking unlimited brandies and whiskies hot at the expense of certain favored frequenters of the Hall. In the programme, which Gribble junior had purchased for a penny, was a portrait of the Chairman, in which his bottle-nose was considerably toned down, as a body might say (to use one of Gribble junior's favorite phrases), and his mustache presented a noble and imposing appearance. A biography of the distinguished man was also given, in which he was credited with many rare qualities, and from which you would infer that his career was one of spotless virtue; but had you been aware of the true facts of the case, you would have regarded the biography with considerable doubt. Gribble junior read also in the programme an advertisement of an eminent music-seller in the West, who had published those justly popular and refined favorite songs, "Fie, for Shame!" and "The Only Way to enjoy Life," with a portrait of the composer on the title-page. As he was reading this the band struck up a well-known air, and the Incomparable Lackbrain appeared in an outrageous costume to instruct the audience in "The Only Way to enjoy Life." According to his laying down of the law, the only time to enjoy life was after midnight; the only place, in the streets; and the only method, to drink Champagne and brandy hot until you reeled home to your bed at three o'clock in the morning in a state of intoxication. The Incomparable illustrated the last phase. He set his hat at the back of his head, pulled his hair over his eyes, untied his cravat and let it hang loose, hitched his coat off one shoulder, buttoned his waistcoat awry, and pulled one leg of his trowsers nearly up to his knee. In this condition he reeled about the stage, and driveled and laughed like an imbecile; and, having thus distinguished himself, retired, after an egregiously stupid speech, in which he returned ungrammatical thanks to his admirers for their appreciation of his efforts. Then another singer appeared, who sang only one song; for as this was the last night of his engagement, it was the Chairman's policy to show by his indifference that the popularity of the Royal White Rose Music-hall would not be diminished by the retirement of this performer. Consequently he did not lead the applause by rapping on the table with his little hammer, and did not give the usual signal on the bell for the singer's reappearance. But he did rap very loudly before he rose to announce, with great pleasure, the fascinating Lily; and when he sat down he led the applause smartly and vigorously. Gribble junior was not the only one who joined in the applause with spirit. Nearly every person in the Hall lent a hand, and great clapping came from a private box at the corner of the stage, toward which many a curious and envious gaze had been directed during the night. There was a little table in that box, on which were a Champagne-bottle and glasses, and two gentlemen were there, one sitting and the other standing. The one who was standing was the well-known manager and proprietor of the Royal White Rose Music-hall, and every now and then he leaned from the box and surveyed his patrons, some of whom nudged each other, and pointed him out as the great manager who had risen from nothing. About an hour ago a bottle of Champagne had been sent down from the box to the bottle-nosed Chairman, who had filled his own and one or two other glasses, and, before he drank, had looked toward the donor with a half-respectful, half-familiar glance. These small circumstances had rendered the box an object of interest to the audience.

A working-man said to his wife, "There's a swell up in that box; he's drinking Champagne, and treating the manager."

"What's Champagne like, Bill?" the wife asked.

"Don't know; never tasted it," was the gruff rejoinder.

"It must be dreadfully nice," said the wife, with a woman's longing for things.

These paradoxical phrases are not confined to working-women; ladies in polite society are in the habit of giving utterance to such unmeaning combinations of words that we may expect presently to hear certain things spoken of as sweetly murderous or delightfully disgusting.

The gentleman in the box, then, who sat with his back to the audience, applauded energetically when the fascinating Lily was announced, and the manager, as in duty bound, applauded also, but more graciously than the other.

"You've only seen her once," observed the manager.

"Only once," replied the gentleman. "I strolled in last night to kill half an hour, and was surprised to see such a little beauty come on the stage. How long has she been out?"

"Nearly eight months. There's nothing very striking about her, but she's pretty and simple and innocent—"

"Pretty—and simple and innocent!" interrupted the gentleman, with a light laugh.

"Yes, I'm hanged if she isn't!" exclaimed Storks, energetically.

"And been in the Royal White Rose Music-hall, or any other music-hall, rose or dandelion, for eight months!" interrupted the gentleman again, in the same light manner.

Manager Storks looked displeased. "You've got the common notion," he said; "because a girl's a ballet-girl or a singer, she can't be honest, I suppose! You don't know so much about them as I do, that's clear."

It came into the gentleman's mind to answer, "I don't suppose I do; *I* didn't marry a ballet-girl." But as Manager Storks did marry a ballet-girl, who was one of the best and most industrious wives in the world, and as he was at present master of the situation, the gentleman wisely held his tongue. Storks proceeded:

"I could show dozens of ballet-girls who'd reckon you up in no time, and who'd snap their fingers at your—"

"There, there!" cried the gentleman, putting his fingers in his ears. "Stop it, there's a good fellow. I don't want a lecture upon the virtues of ballet-girls. I only meant that it's against the order of things for a pretty girl to be in a music-hall for eight months, and to be as simple and innocent as you make out Lily to be. She may be as goody-goody as a missionary's daughter, for all I care."

But although he expressed himself in this indifferent manner, he was not at all indifferent when Lily came on the stage.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "She's a little beauty!" And he clapped his hands, and threw a handsome bouquet to her.

This attracted the attention of Gribble junior, and he looked up at the box, and wondered who the enthusiastic gentleman was. As Lily stooped and picked up the flowers, the applause was redoubled. She stood before the motley assembly with the flowers in her hand, and her sweet, innocent face beamed like a star amidst the atmosphere of smoke and heat. Truly, what had been enacted previously within the Royal White Rose Music-hall gave the lie to the title; but here was a rose, a pure white rose, which justified it. She was dressed in white silk, and had white flowers in her hair, and looked like a bride. She recognized Gribble junior, and gave him a little smile, which filled him with delight and made him look round with pride. The gentleman in the box saw the smile, and the individual at whom it was directed.

"Who is that cad down there?" he asked of Manager Storks, curiously. He would have given something for such a smile, but Lily did not raise her eyes to the box.

"Don't know," was the reply.

"He looks like a potman. Hush! What a sweet voice she has!"

The sweetest of voices—pure and fresh, sounding strangely indeed in such a place. There was not one in the Hall to whom her simple song and almost child-like manner did not afford pleasure. "How pretty she is! How young! Is that hair all her own? She paints, o' course. What a stunnin' little foot she's got! Let's 'ave 'er in agin. Ah, *she'll* soon get spoilt. Lackbrain's awfully sweet on her, I heerd. So is that gent in the box." Such-like comments were made freely in the Hall, as were also a few others of a different nature. Said one painted young woman in pink silk to another in blue, "She's the very image of my sister Bess as she was twelve year ago. I've got a picture of her at home." And another, a faded woman—you could see she was that, notwithstanding all her finery—sighed and said to her companion, "That was mother's favorite song. Many's the time she's sung it to me." And the memory of the days when she led a better life acted upon her parched heart for a few moments like drops of dew. But the softening influence soon died away in the glare and the smoke and the bad surroundings.

The noise in the Hall was at its highest as Gribble junior pushed his way through the pleasure-and-pain seekers. Being directed by the attendant, he soon found himself on the stage. It was dark and almost quiet. The last song had been sung, and the last strains of music had died away; the curtain was drawn up, and the waiters were collecting the glasses and assisting to the door two or three "jolly dogs" who were unable to assist themselves. One man, perfectly unconscious, had to be carried out; he was propped against the wall in the street in a condition of utter insensibility; and in this way the proprietor of the Royal White Rose Music-hall, according to the usual custom, got rid of all responsibility concerning him.

Gribble junior surveyed these proceedings with considerable interest. It was the first time in his life that he had ever been behind the scenes, and he was surprised to find the place dirty and shabby and unattractive. Although the Hall was closed, and no more business was supposed to be done, there were a dozen persons at least drinking at a bar in a corner. The Incomparable Lackbrain, the Inimitable Noodle, and the Flashiest Man in London were there, laughing and drinking with the manager and the gentleman who had occupied the private box. He was a fair man, in the prime of life, and had just ordered a fresh bottle of Champagne. As he raised his glass to his lips, he glanced toward the stage, and saw the shadow of Gribble junior, who was advancing toward Lily.

"Oh, Mr. Gribble," she said, "how strange to see you here! Where's grandpapa?"

"He sent me for you, Lily," answered Gribble junior, "and told me to tell you that he couldn't come for you himself, because your mother wasn't awake, and he had to give her her medicine."

"You must wait a little while," said Lily, with something of disappointment in her voice,

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"J. GRIBBLE JUNIOR WAS HARD AT WORK MENDING RIBS AND BONES."—[SEE CHAPTER II., PAGE 147.]

"as I have to fold some dresses. I always put every thing in order Saturday night. I sha'n't be long."

And she tripped away, leaving Gribble junior looking after her admiringly, and thinking what a bright little creature she was.

"Who's that fellow?" asked the gentleman at the bar of the manager, not recognizing Gribble junior as "the cad" to whom Lily had given a smile.

Manager Storks did not reply; but, being jealous of strangers, and probably having the fear of detectives in his mind, walked on to the stage, followed by his friends. When Gribble junior explained that he had come to fetch Lily home at the request of her grandfather, Manager Storks grumbled, and told him to tell the old man to come himself for Lily for the future.

"I can't have all sorts of strangers knocking about my stage," he said.

Gribble junior received the rebuke humbly; he was fully sensible of the privilege he was enjoying in being allowed to linger, if only for a few minutes, behind the scenes. Some of the singers and performers had followed Manager Storks, and they stood about in little groups, talking—not in the most refined language, it must be confessed. The luxury of adjectives was by far too freely indulged in. Gribble junior did not think so; he positively glowed with delight. Was he not almost rubbing elbows with the Inimitable Noodle and the Flashiest Man in London, whose dress and walk hundreds of boys in London were imitating? As for Lackbrain the Vacuous, his dull, common face was regarded with awe by Gribble junior. In such enchanting company the minutes flew away until Lily appeared, with the bouquet and a little bundle in her hand. Gribble junior was advancing toward her when he was pushed aside by the gentleman of the private box.

"A friend of mine is anxious for an introduction, Lily," said Manager Storks.

The friend of the manager, who was introduced as Mr. Sheldrake, raised his hat, and Lily bowed and cast just a look at him; he murmured his pleasure at being introduced to such a charming lily—"the fairest flower in the entire Royal White Rose bouquet," he said, gallantly. Ready of speech and smooth of manner was Mr. Sheldrake as he addressed Lily. He was not satisfied with Lily's bow, but held out his hand, on the little finger of which was a plain band of gold, in which a valuable diamond was set. Every respect was paid to the young girl, who replied with smiles and simple words to the civilities of speech with which she was greeted by one and another. Lackbrain the Vacuous offered to see her home.

"Thank you," she said, advancing to Gribble junior; "I have an escort." And she placed her hand on Gribble's arm, and gave him the bundle to carry.

"Let me have the pleasure of driving you home," said Mr Sheldrake, in his most agreeable voice; "my brougham is at the door."

Lily shook her head laughingly, and thanked him, but she preferred to walk.

"Then I'll walk a few steps with you," he said, pertinaciously.

Gribble junior did not like the proposal, neither did Lily approve of it, but Mr. Sheldrake was not to be shaken off. When they left the Hall it was half an hour after midnight. The Sabbath-day had commenced, and had not commenced well. The glare of a noonday sun could scarcely have been more powerful in its effect than the bright light which fell from the open shops on the people and the thoroughfare. Fish-shops and glove-shops, cigar-shops and refreshment-houses, the first and last especially, were driving a brisk trade. The pushing, the struggling, the anxious faces, the drunken forms, the senseless enjoyment, the joyless mirth, the fevered life, the various aspects in which human nature was there presented, were sad to witness. Here and there in the scene were patches of shade formed by narrow thoroughfares where no light was; and at the corners of these thoroughfares, standing in the shade and forming part of it, policemen might occasionally be seen, waiting quietly to play their part in the torrent which the law allows to flow. Before one of these guardians of the peace—most paradoxical designation in such a scene—two men of the lower classes paused, and were immediately desired to move on. They looked like what they were—coster-mongers; their appearance was as rough as their manners, and these were as rough as their speech. But that one of them, at all events, was logical, and that there was reason in his logic, were in some measure proved by his speech.

"This is Sunday, ain't it?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the policeman, good-humoredly, "and time for you to be abed."

"Thank yer for nothin', Bobby," he said, swaying slightly before the policeman; "but my mate 'ere wants me to arks yer somethin' fust. He wants to know why these 'ere swell shops is allowed to keep open arter twelve o'clock on Saturday nights, and why he was summonsed afore the beak for sellin' wegetables last Sunday?"

"Come, move on," was the only reply from the policeman.

"But look 'ere, now," urged the coster-monger; "'ere he is with his barrer—"

"Yes, that's it, Dropsy!" exclaimed the second man. "That's it. 'Ere am I with my barrer—"

But the policeman, not at all disposed to parley, and not at all curious to know the history of the man's "barrer," used effectual arguments to relieve himself of the controversial costermongers, who consoled each other as they staggered away by agreeing that "it was a blazin' shame, that's what it was!"

Through such scenes as this Lily and her escort walked to the humble home in Soho. Mr. Sheldrake almost entirely monopolized the conversation, talking much about himself, and about the pleasure it would give him to improve an acquaintance so agreeably commenced. Notwithstanding that it was past midnight, he threw out hints that nothing could afford him so much pleasure as being invited into the house; but as no invitation followed the expression of this desire, he was compelled to bid Lily good-night at the street-door.

"You live on the first floor?" he said.

"Yes," answered Lily.

When he was alone he stood for a few moments in the quiet street looking up at the light in the room where the old man had been waiting anxiously for his darling Lily.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN BAZAR FOR MARCH 23.]



EVENING TOILETTE.—[SEE PAGE 179.]

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FURNITURE AND DRESS.

I SUPPOSE in the happy days for artists, when there were paneled oak walls and carved window-seats, every one looked well against them, and perhaps these very walls had an indirect influence in moulding the fashions; for the constantly observing even a bit of grained oak may cultivate the eye in some measure unconsciously; but the oak, from being of a pale color, darkened with age, and in about a hundred years from the time when it was put up, the extreme darkness of the rooms, especially in towns, with the black walls and low ceilings, drove the inmates in self-defense to light tints somewhere. Now as shaving the wood or repaneling would have been far too expensive a process for our thrifty ancestors, they generally took the simple means of whitewashing their walls and ceilings, and so first let in the demon of white ugliness, who has at last lured most of us into his snare. Are not white walls and ceilings to be found every where?

Now in a white room, when the eye is unaccustomed to it, one can scarcely for a time distinguish forms and textures. The pale glare takes the gloss out of silks, and habituates the taste to pallid colors and an absence of shadows. And when use has brought the eye back to its original perceptive power, there is the chance that the white will have done its woful work, the "favorite" colors will be found greatly heightened, without any regard to complexion or propinquity, and the fashionable shapes more *prononcée* and grotesque. No one but old Father Time, with an infinite compassion, is brave enough to tone down our glaring white, to dim our dazzling blues, our raw greens, and warp our contorted shapes into something more easy and graceful.

The whole style of our modern furniture, as well as our modern dress, is largely due to these terrible white walls. Unlimited cheap gilding came in, *glacé* silks and satins came in, the very designs for furniture we see all about us—coarse, florid, and conspicuous—are all due to the white walls. Every thing to "tell" against them must be of this kind, gaudy and "loud." I am not depreciating all the good done by the introduction of wall-papers, which have been getting paler and paler and shinier and shinier every year; I am not even depreciating the wholesome delight in "cleanness," and the advantages of being able to see when dust accumulates; but I am convinced that the whitewash upon our oak was the commencement of our artistic deterioration, and we are only now beginning to see how great that deterioration has been.

How it was that in the ancient days, when cleanliness had not come into fashion, when carpets were not, but floors were, covered with rushes, and strewn with rejected bones and wine lees, when forks and pocket-handkerchiefs did not exist, and when people were recommended in the directions of etiquette of the period to inspect the very seats in noble halls before they sat on them—

"Se aucune chose y verras
Qui soit deshonneste ou vilaine" (15th century)—

how it was that in those days people could have indulged to the extent they did indulge in quaint conceits of dress—flowing trains edged with rich furs, delicate veils that fell to the feet, and trailing sleeves of cloth of gold or velvet—I can not tell. At that time windows were few and small, chimneys had only just come into general use, and the walls of the low rooms were entirely bare, mere brick or stone, save for here and there in rich houses a "hanging of worsted"—the tapestry we now see in our museums—or a very rude stenciled decoration. Costly and graceful dresses seem to us strangely out of place, even for high days and festivals, in such abodes. And yet this was the period of the greatest and most profuse magnificence of attire in England, as it was that of the richest and most gorgeous architecture, and many of the most beautiful and artistic shapes and patterns. Perhaps the darkness and bareness of the interiors made the eye crave, in spite of their dirt, for brightness of some sort to refresh it at any cost, and so the people's garments were made rich and varied, as an unconscious atonement for the lack of furniture and light and beauty about them. They were, in fact, the only furniture and attraction within the massive granite walls. *Now*, when an ordinary dwelling-house is handsomer, cleaner, and more comfortable than the royal palace was in 1400, we make ourselves subservient to the rooms in which we live—we are content to be always secondary, sometimes imperceptible, in our glittering saloons which we can not out-glitter. Then, again, we endeavor to eclipse the bad taste of our mural decoration with the worse taste of our ignorant self-adornment, from the sheer necessity of being visible; we become conspicuous without grace, and expensive without beauty.



SLEEVE WITH LACE AND PASSEMENTERIE TRIMMING.
For description see Supplement.



BLACK AND FAWN-COLORED GROS GRAIN SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Fig. 15.



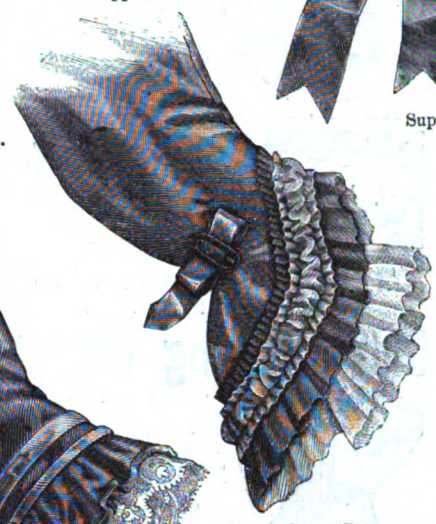
STEEL BLUE SILK SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Fig. 12.



BLACK AND PINK GROS GRAIN SLEEVE (FOR BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS).
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 13 and 14.



POPLIN AND LACE SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Fig. 16.



GRAY SILK SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 17.



BROWN GROS GRAIN SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 18 and 19.



CASHMERE SLEEVE WITH GROS GRAIN PUFFS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 21 and 22.



GROS GRAIN, SATIN, AND ORGANDY SLEEVE.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 20.



GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-11.



Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 23-25.



Fig. 2.—BLACK GROS GRAIN DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 23-25.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. H. G. T.—Two yards of six-quarter width goods will make an opera cloak. A large circular cape with a deep Watteau fold in the back is the handsomest shape. For the kilt pleating on your skirt you will want the depth of the pleating multiplied by three times the width of the skirt.

K. S.—Bombazine is not trimmed with fringe, but with English crape or bombazine bands, or else side pleatings.

PHILADELPHIA.—You can get an index for your volume of *Bazars* by sending postage stamp and address to this office.

MARY E. L.—Your sample is wine-color. Blue and salmon scarfs are now stylish with this shade.

MRS. DR. A. M.—Pillow shams are not embroidered or braided with colors, but with white alone; when made of thin cambric or muslin, they are worn over colored silk. A bed-spread is the outside cover for a bed, such as a counterpane or quilt. The one described was of thin muslin embroidered, and placed over a lining of silk.

MAUDE.—Your question about visiting-cards has been answered repeatedly.

A SUBSCRIBER OF SOUTH BOSTON.—You inclosed money for lingerie and Marguerite polonaise, but failed to give your address.—Jabot is pronounced as if spelled jab-o. We think you will find jabot patterns in back numbers of the *Bazar*.

MRS. H. C. H.—Make a silk dress for a girl of thirteen with box-pleated waist, apron-front over-skirt, and narrow ruffles on lower skirt.

M. H.—Capes will be worn with polonaises. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. V., about spring costumes.

MRS. P. M. J.—The *Bazar* does not give premiums.

MRS. N. E. G.—Make your pretty striped silk by Marguerite Vest-polonaise pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. IV. Trim with bias bands of the same and fringe. A black cashmere sacque with cape is the best cloak to buy at this season.

DOMINO.—Scallop the edge of a child's linen Gabrielle, and edge the scallops with feathered braid.—Is it a boy's or girl's name you want?

BERTIE.—Make your Dolly Varden polonaise by the Marguerite pattern, ruffle the edge, and use black velvet ribbon for the bows.

NELLIE.—Miss Augusta J. Evans is a Southern lady, of Mobile, we believe. We can give you no further particulars concerning her. We would say in this connection that the private life of an author does not belong to the public, and that we shall not undertake to gratify a morbid curiosity by retailing to our readers any details thereof which may have come to our knowledge. Those who are interested in obtaining such information should directly address the individuals, who are the best judges as to whom they wish to take into their confidence.

J. L. E.—The girl of twelve who is in love with a youth double her age, but does not know whether her passion is returned, had better smother her flame in a thorough course of mathematics, which is the best remedy we know for such nonsense.

MRS. C. E. B.—It is only necessary to enter the names and dates under the respective heads of Births, Marriages, and Deaths which are found in Family Records. We have never seen any records with the additional heading, Divorces; but think they would not be out of place in some families we could name.

SUBSCRIBER B.—We suspect that a very clear title would be needed to enable the great-grandchildren of a man who was driven from his home by the Indians long before the Revolutionary war, and never returned thither, to regain possession of their ancestor's land, especially if their knowledge of its subsequent fate is somewhat vague. It is always difficult to establish old claims dating back no further than one generation. However, you had better ask the opinion of an able lawyer.

PASSAMAQUODDY.—Of course you should return a call, whether you received it in person or not.

CUSTOS. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER, AND OTHERS.—Leavitt, Strebeigh, & Co., Clinton Hall, New York, can probably give you the information you desire respecting old coins, books, and other similar antiquities.

BRITOMARTE.—If you made no reply when your friend proposed writing to you, he may have construed it as meaning that you did not desire the correspondence. Still, rather than take the risk of seeming forward in the matter, we advise you to make no explanation, but let things take their course, unless you have weighty reasons for opening the correspondence.

PLESSY.—Let the round-shouldered young lady try shoulder-braces by all means.—Once for all we will say that we can not undertake to pass judgment on the handwriting of our correspondents, and hope never to be asked again to foretell the subscriber's prospective success in life from his or her chirography.

NAMELESS.—We can not help you.

HENRY ROVER.—Physiologists consider it wrong for cousins to marry, and this was probably the basis of the ecclesiastical prohibition of marriages between kindred, which was so strictly insisted on in ancient times as to consider it sufficient cause to anathematize kings, and put whole nations under the ban. Modern license has relaxed this rigor, but there was a stratum of good sense underlying the medieval harshness, as there was in the Mosaic command to abstain from the unhealthiest of all meats, even in the days when trichinosis is supposed to have been unknown.

MAY.—Your sample is Japanese poplin. Trim your blue over dress with darker blue silk in three bias overlapping folds and fringe.

MRS. J. R. A.—Trim the alpaca polonaise with three bias folds, and the lower skirt with kilting three-fourths of a yard deep.

CANADIENNE.—White Swiss muslin curtains, plain or dotted, hanging in two straight full pieces, bordered with a side-pleated ruffle a finger deep, and tied back with rose-colored cords, would be pretty for your bow-window. They are used in some of the handsomest houses here. Sometimes these, or else white holland shades, are placed in each compartment of a bay-window, and other curtains drape it off to form a recess.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Roll part of your hair in a French twist, then braid the remainder and coil it round the twist; and if you have enough, add a crown braid. Light brown and gray will be worn all summer, and your ideas of trimming are good.

MRS. J. A. C.—The striped shawl mentioned as the favorite Boston traveling shawl is a striped India cashmere. It costs from $50 to $200, and though not especially attractive, is valuable for warmth and service.

S. L. B.—Read description of white muslin dresses in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. V.

M. A. R.—White tulle, either hemmed or the edges smoothly cut, will be the most inexpensive bridal veil.

MRS. M. E. C.—The article you mention is at A. T. Stewart's.—Thanks for your appreciative letter.

MRS. J. T.—Our advertising columns will give you the information you desire.

MRS. A. M. B.—Get black alpaca or silk for an over-skirt for both dresses.

MRS. J. B.—Cut off the back of the skirt of your polonaise from the waist, and add an extra straight breadth in the middle; sew it to the waist in a large treble box-pleat, and wear with a belt. Trim with silk folds and fringe or a ruffle.

MRS. G. H. R.—The pleated blouse pattern sent you will also have a skirt and over-skirt pattern. Trim with kilt or with box pleating. The long roll or French twist surrounded with braids is the fashion for the back hair. Frizzed front with a crown braid, or else a Pompadour roll.

A TRUE WOMAN.

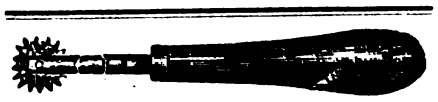
IT is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth," which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear, and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists every where. Depot, 5 Gold St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

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GENUINE PATENT
GLOVE-FITTING.
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IT CAN NOT BE IMPROVED.
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NAUGHTY BOY. "Well, Ma, why don't you behave the same as you do to Company, and press us to have another Tart?"

LIKES.

Once a poor rhymster wrote
In the praise of a coat,
When its nap was worn off and betraying its threads;
And he told of the charm
And the ease to each arm
When his elbows were poking right through the weak shreds.

And a trav'ler, in rhyme,
Did declare naught so prime
As the comfort he found in an old wide-awake;
While a wicked young flirt
With a laugh did assert
There was nothing like having a heart none could *break!*

But I will not rehearse
Others' likes in my verse,
For I've something to mention which ev'ry one suits:
'Tis—there's nothing on earth
So conducive to mirth
As the comfort and ease of an old pair of boots!

MERE MATTER OF FORM—Fitting a dress.

Jones, on being asked by Mrs. J. why he didn't have a dumb-waiter in the dining-room, immediately replied that he had tried them, but they didn't *answer*.

It may be a matter for consolation to those who have the small-pox to know that the more they suffer so much the more deeply will they be pitied (pitted).

DREADFUL QUERY.—If a lady who hesitates is lost, what must it be for a lady who stutters?

You should not stone your neighbor, but you may rock his baby.

Mrs. Partington has lately been studying Latin with success. But, as a good church-woman, she can not hold with the rule *Festina lente*. She disapproves of feasting in Lent.

A poet has forwarded to the Chicago *Republican* an epic on the burning of Chicago. It openeth thus:

"That night a woman, at the hour of nine,
Went to a barn to milk a cow; and when
The beast kicked o'er the lamp, as savage kine
Will sometimes do, it lit some straw and boards of pine."

"It is in imitation of Burns," the author answers, in reply to a remark of the paper that it will insert the Chicago poet's obituary gratis. Which had the best of it?

QUERY.—Is the most danger in battle or in action?

It is better to fall out with your banker than to lose your balance with him.



LOSE NOTHING FOR WANT OF ASKING.

PERT HOUSE-MAID (*going for her "Sunday out"*). "Oh, Miss Laura, it's beginnin' to rain! Would you ask yer Ma to lend me her Umbreller? Mine's broke, and Cook's ain't quite good enough!"

FACETIÆ.

THE cloak of religion sometimes has a fine nap in church.

Why is a lady fainting like a ship with a man overboard?—Because she should be brought to as soon as possible.

When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be otherwise.

THE END OF ALL ARGUMENT—You're another!

One man's preserved meat is another man's poison.

TURNING A RITE INTO A WRONG—Misnaming a child at its baptism.

Why is a railway bridge like a strong rope?—Because it can bear a goods train (good strain).

MEN OF THE TIMES.

The man who was "open to conviction" has been considerably "shut up" since.

The man who "took a view impartially" has been had up for picture-stealing.

The man who could not "shut his eyes to the fact" has had them closed up for him—and they have turned black.

The man who insisted on unbosoming himself has lost heart ever since.

The man who lately took a new lease of life is beginning to find fault with the repairing clause.



EVERY MAN HIS OWN ANCESTOR.

PARENT. "Rather Puggy about its Nose, ain't it, Nuss?"

NURSE. "Puggy, indeed! Bless its little heart—it's the Image of its Offspring!"



ENVY.

JOHNNY. "Isn't he a little Stunner, Alf! Pa gave me him last Birthday."

ALF (*whose Pa hasn't given him a Pony*). "Well, p'r'aps he'll Grow a bit. Cross between a Newfoundland and a Terrier, ain't he?"

A public lecturer lately read an interesting paper on the subject of educating the deaf and dumb, advocating a system which is becoming popular in Europe—that of conversing with the eyes and the lips. Young ladies, as well as the deaf and dumb, would speedily learn and thoroughly appreciate this system.

The gentleman who ran a risk and won by a neck or nothing will avail himself of the first foggy day to run against a post.

Here's a true tale of woe—all about a beautiful and abandoned wife in this city. She married a wretch who loved her money not wisely but too well. When he got the money he loved somebody else, and departed for the "rolling prairies of the mighty West." His earthly possessions were burned up in the Chicago fire, and then he came back to New York, and put up at the Astor House, without a cent in his pocket. Remorse seized him (it must have been remorse), and ascertaining the address of his lawful partner, he thus wrote her: "I am here and penniless. Forgive the past, and come to my arms again." This is what she wrote back: "I'll come as soon as I can. Excuse delay. I've gone to have a charge of powder and a bullet put in the pistol you left." He didn't wait! Remorse seized him again, and carried him off.



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STARE."

PLEASANT FROM JOHNNY.

TICKLE-TACKLE HOUSE,
Jan. 22d, 1872.

dear Ma,

i wright two tell you i am very retched and my chillyblanes is worser again. i have not made any proggress and don't think i shall. i am sorry to be such expense but i do not think schule is off any good. One of the fellows has taken the crowne hout off my new hat for a target. i said you would not like it. he has alsow borrow my watch to make a water wheal with the works but it won't act. me and him have tried to put the works back but we think there is some wheals missing as it won't fit. i hope Matilda's cold is better. i am glad she is not at schule. i think I have got consumshion. the boys at this place are not gentlemany but i suppose you did not know that when you sent me. i will try not to get bad habits. the trowsers have wore out at the nees. i think the tailor must have cheated you. the buttons have also come off and they are tore at the back. i don't think the food is good but i should not mind if i was stronger. the piece i send you is off the beef we had on sunday but on other days it is more stringgy. there are black beeddles in the kitchen and sometimes they cook them in the dinner which can't be wholesome when you are not strong. i off the boys has tamed one not a cooked a raw one and it will dance when you wistle "Down in a coal mine" which make him think of his happy home. dear Ma, i hope you and my dear papa and sisters are enjoying of yourselves and do not mind me being so uncomfortable because I do not think I shall last long.

I am
Yours Affectionate
JOHNNY.

P.S.—Please send me some more money as i owe 8 pence. if you can not spare it i think i can borrow of a boy who is going to leave at the half quarter and then he won't ask for it back but praps you would not like me to be under a obligashion as is parents is traidspeople an i think you deel at their shop. he lent me some last half and i think he told them at the shop. i did not mention it as i dessay they have put in your bill.

Every cookery book ought to be illustrated: what's the good of a dinner without plates?

Some one has suggested a use for pretty girls—namely, that they should be employed to take round the plates at churches for charitable collections.

The following was picked up:

"My eyes with tears is red and dim,
Cause he loves she and I loves him;
But they'll be better by-and-by,
When she cuts him and he loves I."



INTERESTING DEVOTEES.

THERESA. "No, Charles—never! I have long determined to Devote my Life to Charity; in fact, to become a Sister in an Anglican Nunnery."

CHARLES. "Well, if you do, I'll bury myself for the rest of my miserable Days in a—in a—a Monkery!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.—FRONT AND BACK.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

[Cut Paper Patterns of this entire suit, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We might never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah! lips with the curve impatient,
Ah! brow with the shade of scorn,
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of morn!

DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT.

WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN.

See illustration on first page.

THIS pretty Dolly Varden walking suit, front and back views of which are given in our illustration, is copied from the newest and most approved model of this favorite costume. In the first figure of the illustration, giving a front view, the Dolly Varden polonaise is made of flowered cretonne with a black ground, and is edged with a ruffle of the material four inches wide, headed by a band of black cretonne stitched on. The band and ruffle, graduated in size, extend up the waist, over the shoulders, and across the back. The Dolly Varden polonaise is worn over a skirt of black gros grain, trimmed on the bottom with a wide kilt pleating, surmounted by three rows of black silk braiding and black ribbon bows.

In the second figure, which shows the side and back of the dress, the Dolly Varden polonaise is made of green foulard sprigged with bright flowers. It is edged with a ruffle of the material, set on with a heading, which is separated from the ruffle by tabs of green foulard, pointed at one end and overlapping each other, each tab being secured by a star-shaped silver button. The waist is closed with similar buttons, and is trimmed with the tabs and buttons, without the ruffles. The skirt is made of solid green foulard.

This pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely round the body, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest, drawing it moderately tight. No other measure is required. If the size is an uneven number of inches, for instance 37, send for 38, and take the seams deeper than allowed for in the pattern. The quantity of material is estimated for a person of average size—34 inches, bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles—Dolly Varden polonaise and walking skirt.

DOLLY VARDEN POLONAISE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, sleeve, and ruffle for sleeve. The front is fitted by two darts on each side of the middle, and cross basque seams. It is cut high in the neck, and is closed to the waist line with buttons and button-holes. The back is cut with a seam through the middle, and extra fullness at the waist line, which is laid in a large box-pleat, with two side pleats on each side, forming a deep triple pleat on the outside. The pattern is notched to prevent mistakes in putting it together. The lines of perforations show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, where to take up the darts in front, the cross basque seams, the size and shape of the under part of the sleeve, and where to sew the trimming on the waist, over the shoulders, and across the back. The eight holes in the skirt at the side show where to lay the pleats. The single hole in the middle of the back shows where to tack the tape for draping the skirt. Baste up the garment, and try it on, wrong side out, before sewing, and if alteration is needed take up more or less in the seams. Sew the seams in the body and skirt, then lay four deep side pleats four inches back of the side seams, one pleat overlapping the other, and turning upward. The ruffle for the sleeve is laid in five box-pleats, one in the middle and two on each side, and sewed to the short coat sleeve. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. Cut a tape ten inches long, fasten one end at the waist line, in the middle of the back, and tack the other end at the hole in the middle of the skirt. The end of the pleat in the back at the waist, each side of the skirt, and the middle pleat in the back of the sleeves are finished by large bows with ends. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 9 yards.

Length of band for heading ruffle, 8¼ yards.

WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, side gore, one full breadth, and half breadth for the back. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and half breadth given in the pattern with the longest straight edge laid lengthwise on the fold of the cloth to avoid seams. Cut two pieces each of the patterns given of the side gore and full breadth laid lengthwise of the goods. Put the pattern together by the notches, paying no attention to the grain of the paper.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Quantity of material for kilt pleating half a yard deep, 8 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1872.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY the Publishers will send out gratuitously a RICHLY ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a great variety of fresh and interesting reading matter.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Dolly Varden Walking Suit, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent, prepaid, by Mail, by the Publishers, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Complete List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page* 198.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a large number of Ladies' Spring Dresses, Waists, Blouses, Fichus, Petticoats, etc.; Gentlemen's Dressing-Gowns, Smoking-Caps, and Cravats; Footstools, Sofa-Pillows, Embroidery Designs, etc., etc.; together with brilliant literary and artistic attractions.*

SHOPPING.

THERE are some people who develop a special genius for shopping, who buy the best quality of goods at the fairest prices and in the shortest space of time; and there are others who dissipate entire days running about from one shop to another, pulling over piles of fabrics, plaguing scores of tired shop-girls till patience is worn threadbare, and who then go away empty-handed, perhaps, and complain of the incivility of "those who only stand and wait." Because a woman is paid for exhibiting ladies' costumes, or for measuring tape or thread lace, or for answering the same question for the thousandth time or less, is no reason why she should be an angel, though, Heaven knows, she might well rank with angels if she thus possesses her soul in patience. Our great surprise is that nobody takes the situation of shop-girl merely for the perquisites it affords of discipline and of studies in human nature, not at all considering the question of remuneration. It was quite touching, when we went shopping with Miss Pennyweight the other day, to see the zealous creature who waited upon her vainly burrowing among hundreds of bonnet-boxes for one that might please, when we knew too well that Miss Pennyweight was only hunting stylish ideas to lend her milliner at home, where flowers and plumes and gros grain are shaken together to simulate a bonnet at much less expense! Then what a gorgeous procession of suits was fitted carefully upon the model, every pucker in its own place, every puff and panier on duty, braided, trimmed with lace, passementerie, or what not, till the brain was giddy, and we began to suspect that fashion is a vampire that sucks our life-blood, and to resolve on simplicity for future wear!

"This is an imported suit just marked down," said the damsel in attendance: "let me take you into the dressing-room and try it on." Now Miss Pennyweight's soul is capable of being moved by an imported suit, especially if it has been "marked down," that "open sesame" of the purse, so she followed to the dressing-room. "Now," thought we, "if it fits, there will be no excuse, no further waste of time." Yet what innocent abigails we were to believe that she would retire from the day's pleasure so early! The suit fitted to a T; but the material—but the sewing—but the price! She had, to be sure, known all about these things before coming hither. The young woman herself had met and wrestled with these "buts" in the outer room, only to assure Miss Pennyweight again and again that the material is much worn abroad, is exceedingly stylish, that the sewing—"well, you know, foreigners strive for effect rather than finish; and as to price, now, really" (looking at the ticket) "we make nothing upon this. But come: rather than disappoint you, as you seem to fancy the suit, we will call it," etc., etc.

"Well," returns Miss Pennyweight, "you will pack it in a nice box, and send—" We are morally certain that the end is at hand; so is the weary shop-girl—"Oh, certainly; to what direction?" "Well, you see, I didn't intend to give so much for a suit of this description; I would rather" (confidentially) "put it into a black silk, trimmed with Brussels." Our only wonder is that the young woman does not cry out, "Why, then, did you put me to the trouble of fitting a suit upon you while you had no thought of buying?" But she simply answered, "We have such silk suits if you would like to look at them;" and is rewarded by Miss Pennyweight's saying, "Well, not to-day," and gliding away to fairer fields and pastures new.

And Miss Pennyweight is but one of a class that counts its thousands. You meet them chatting with acquaintances before the counters while the exasperated clerks await their pleasure, for they often have India shawls on their shoulders and diamonds in their ears; and the clerks—who would, doubtless, snub plainer dressed bodies—must mind their p's and q's and their employer's interest where diamonded customers are concerned. Now, intolerable shoppers as these are, they have an excuse for being, and shine out in comparison with the idle girls who, having no money to spend, but plenty of time, go into the stores with malice prepense to look at wedding trousseaux for which they have no prospective use, at thread laces and jewels in search of useful knowledge concerning their neighbors' adornments, who frequent the shops as one would a museum, with the advantage of nothing to pay. Yet it seems to us that these tedious shoppers, for all their fine bargains, do pay dearly for every yard of stuff they purchase or do not purchase. It is not so much dollars and cents that they waste as time, in which we are all limited, to which interest never accrues, which does not declare dividends, is not to be found at the broker's, but is, after all, the material with which we build for eternity!

More costly than pearls, let us not fritter it away in matching shades and haggling over prices. Shopping being a necessary evil, why should we waste our days in trying on expensive suits and imported bonnets when we are only in search of hints for making over our old silks and designing our home-made hats?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Dream-Children.

MY DEAR LIONEL,—On the eve of St. Valentine's I was bidden to a pleasant party, and as I came out of the room in which we laid off our coats and cloaks to descend to the drawing-room the friend with me stopped and said, as we heard the gay murmur of the guests below, "Do you hear? It is the cooing of the pairing birds." He has a nimble fancy, and I smiled when the first person whom I met upon descending was a grandmother. I told her what my friend had said, and asked her if she were one of the pairing birds. "No," she answered; "I am paired. But it is our day too. In the Church of St. Valentine there is no young and no old. The only condition is love." This dear grandmother then pointed out her grandchildren, young men and women, whom I saw in various parts of the rooms dancing and talking and walking: with youth and beauty and manliness and sweetness in their mien and manners.

"'Tis a happiness that I shall never know!" I said, as I watched them. And when the grandmother asked me what I meant, as if she half suspected me of some preposterous dream of suing for a granddaughter's favor, I answered only that I could never live over my own life in children of my own and in their children—"as you do at this moment, gracious madame." I think she looked at me with a kind of tender pity, and then she glanced again at the pretty groups, and owned to me, as her darlings floated away upon the music—for so the dancing always seems to me—that her reflected enjoyment of life through her children's children was hardly less than it had been in experience. "Indeed," she said, "I am not sure that it is not the choicest part of experience, for in my girls and boys I live many lives, and it is they who make me young at threescore." Perhaps to you, a young man, my dear Lionel, this seems a desperate philosophy, or the philosophy of resignation. And if so, it is useless for me to argue, for that great logician, Time, alone can convince you.

As I stood with the happy grandmother, whose chief joy was her children and grandchildren, I saw a grave and tranquil lady near us with so sweet and benignant a look that I asked my neighbor who she was. I saw that a wistful, sympathetic light was in her eyes as she looked at the grave face and told me that it was her friend Rachel. This I knew was the name of a lady who had lately come to town, and whom I had not chanced to meet, but at whom I looked with interest, for I knew her story. She was early and happily married; but one after another her children had died, and all at the tenderest age. Some fate seemed to be set fast against those innocent young lives, and while still in the nursery they died. So the young mother was totally bereft. Still she felt herself to be a mother; but her sweet family were dream-children only. Their nursery remained unchanged. The toys, the little tables and chairs, the torn picture-books—they were left as the last of the lost darlings had left them, and the last had died thirty years before I saw the mother.

She, meanwhile, had passed from the young wife to the matron, and the brown hair with which the baby fingers had played was gray now, and covered with a cap. There was no morbid or querulous complaint in her manner or in her life: no cynicism nor false gayety. To most persons she would seem merely a grave and tranquil lady who had had probably some sorrow. But those dead children moulded her whole character. A sad gentleness, an endless self-sacrifice, a sweetness of charity that shamed calumny and inspired generous judgment, made her life, as I had always heard, one of the noblest of influences. She bore with her and diffused an inexpressible human tenderness. And the source of it was that unchanged nursery and the children who prattled and played there long ago—the children who are children only forever.

As I looked at her tranquil face and thought of these things, I wondered if sometimes she were not almost willing that they should not have grown to be men and women, for I could not but feel that their influence upon her life might have been less pure and ennobling. That is not for Rachel to say, but for us to feel. Perhaps among the fathers and mothers whom we know there are many who secretly feel that it had been better both for them and for their children if those children had never grown to be men and women. If, instead of this wasteful, indolent, selfish, irritable young man, whose feet are sliding down the slippery way, and who is as useless a human being as breathes, the father and mother saw forever the figure of a little child, innocent and happy and hopeful, possible saint and hero in one, filling the house by day with eager cries and laughter and by night calmly folded to sleep in their arms, although it were only a memory and a vision, might it not be better to them than the reality?

Watching that sad maternal face at the Valentine party, I would gladly have reminded Rachel that, because she had lost her children, she had them forever. Had they lived, they would have ceased to be children, and the memory of them would have been always obscured by the men and women into whom they grew. That boy, dear madame, with the lovely brow and the gentle eye, who, as you looked at him, was to be a Sidney, a Bayard without fear or reproach, who was to command the applause of senates, or "shape the whisper of a throne"—the sweet-faced darling who was to purify his time, and whom the world should love and venerate—behold! he is there forever; and that promise is untouched. Nay, dear lady, in yourself it is fulfilled. Because he can never be what you dreamed, because he is but a beautiful and immortal promise, it is you who fulfill it and justify your own faith. All that might have been small and poor in him as he grew has perished unknown and unsuspected. All that was best in him has matured in you.

If I had said this to Rachel, I do not suppose that she would have acquiesced. She weeps for her children. And the same love which made them heroes and queens as she held them in her arms makes them still queens and heroes now that she holds them only in her heart. If she sees a dissolute spendthrift, she says proudly to herself, "My boy would not have been that." If Lothario bows low before her, she smiles with joy to think her boy would have been pure as snow. If Shylock calls, the thought of her boy's sure disdain of the mercenary soul inspires her with pity. If it be Pedant who salutes her, she dreams of her young lost Sidney, master of knowledge and most gracious gentleman. And when from all the men she turns to her own sex, she sees the flattered Delilah, and rejoices that her little girl would not have been that. If it is Corinne with the satiric tongue who stands by her and labels every guest, she thinks of that sweet darling who would have grown into blended Venus and Minerva. Because they are dream-children only, she can be sure of all this. But were they living men and women— Dear lady, count no one happy till his death.

If you remind me, dear Lionel, that the grandmother whom I first accosted was young and happy because of her living children, I gladly own it, and I am only saying that even the dead children may also make us happy. The salutation to one in sorrow, "May it be sanctified to you!" is so familiar that it has lost its meaning; but what a meaning it is! For when that prayer is fulfilled we see what is so beautiful in the grave and tranquil Rachel. It has been sanctified to her, and therefore to all who know her. Her sorrow has become a benediction.

I sometimes think that there are certain other children of the brain and heart who are, indeed, lost, but who still live in their influence more happily than they might have actually lived. There are our young hopes and plans and ambitions which have all died prematurely, as we say, but which survive as her children still live in Rachel. There was Ignotus, who walked with me

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upon the Lido in the sunsets of how many and many years ago, the young artist whose works should vie with the proud pictures of Titian and Giorgione which every morning we studied. The slow or the swift years have passed, and here is Ignotus, like Rachel weeping for her children. He is the quiet painter whose name nobody ever remembers, and whose works are hung in the Academy exhibition just under the cornice. When I, from old friendship for the artist, complain to some one of the committee that the pictures are hung so that they can not be seen, he replies that that is the best thing that could happen to them. Yet Ignotus is so generous and friendly, so thoughtful and active, with all his modesty, that I can not help feeling that it is due to the same cause as the mature loveliness of Rachel, to the dead hopes and dreams, the children of his heart, who perished long ago. They are his dream-children; and, remembering them, he does not smile nor sneer at the young fathers of similar broods, but kindly encourages them and speaks them fair.

There are the other parents, also, whose younglings lie entombed upon the shelves of the library like the bodies of infant princes lying in solemn state. As I write to you I raise my eyes and I see the niches where they repose. For I am speaking of the little ventures of verse which are born and gasp feebly and so quietly depart. They are the dream-children of how many of my friends, whose hearts are always softened by the tender memory. If those verselings had grown into great poems, into dramas and epics, and had brought equally great fame to the happy parent-poet, I am not sure that he would have been a happier man or of a nobler character. The jealousies, the doubts, the disappointments—might they not have harmed the glamour of the triumph? I do not assert it. I ask it only. I saw at the St. Valentine party that the grandmother of living children was happy; but I saw also that the mother of dead children was beautiful to see and to think of. And as I saw her and thought of my painter and poet, I felt that the parents of dream-children only have a happiness of their own.

Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

DOLLY VARDENS.

FROM the variety and quantity of fabrics imported in chintz patterns it is evident that the coquettish Dolly Varden polonaise will form an important part of spring and summer outfits. It is already much worn for morning costumes in the house, and is being made up for out-of-door suits at the summer resorts. Hence we give an illustration of the best style of making this over dress, and will furnish cut patterns thereof. In shape it is a simple tight-fitting polonaise, open in front, and in order to be stylish must be draped quite far behind to give a very bouffant tournure. The waist may be made with or without a muslin lining, but the skirt is never lined. The neck is high, and finished by a standing band, with which a white ruffle is worn. The sleeves are coat-shaped to the elbow, with a broad ruffle below. A ruffle of the material, an eighth wide, is the usual trimming. This may be headed by a bias band of the fabric or of velvet, or the ruffle may be gathered an inch below the edge. Sometimes the lower edge of the ruffle is cut in leaf points, or else a ruffle is dispensed with and the edge of the garment is scalloped or vandyked. Finely pleated white muslin frills basted under the ruffle or scallops add a pretty finish. The buttons and bows used for Dolly Varden fabrics, from calico to brocaded silk, are generally of velvet, and usually of black velvet. Polonaises alone are made of the gay figured fabrics. The costume is completed by a skirt of solid color, usually black or brown; though as the season advances green, gray, and buff skirts will be worn, matching the color of the ground of the polonaise.

The lowest-priced fabric for Dolly Varden polonaises, and also the material most popularly used for them, is French calico, with black, brown, or buff grounds, strewn over with brilliant-hued flowers and trailing vines. This is nearly a yard wide, and costs from 40 to 55 cents a yard. Next are the soft-finished cretonnes, heavier than French calicoes, but not twilled, as India cretonnes are. The grounds are pale blue, apple green, or rose, with floral designs in shaded gay frescoings like those seen in the cretonnes used for upholstery. Sixty to 80 cents is the range of prices. More expensive cretonnes, though of no better quality, have black or buff grounds with bright flowers. A beautiful twilled goods, called cotton satine, has soft gray and light brown grounds dotted with small flowers, rose-buds, violets, and forget-me-nots in their natural colors: price 85 cents. The finest material for Dolly Vardens for spring, and which people of wealth prefer to brocaded silk, is the new soft foulard, at $2 a yard. The designs are those already described—dull grounds with flowers of brilliant hue. The width is twenty-four inches. For summer polonaises there are Dolly Varden organdies, with black or pure white grounds nearly hidden by the gay chintz pattern: price 90 cents. Another lovely fabric for summer use is called *mousseline* soie, a silk muslin or close fine grenadine in the prevailing Dolly Varden colors and design. This costs from $1 50 to $2 a yard.

CAMEL'S-HAIR FOR POLONAISES.

India goods will be in great demand next season. Their soft, flexible fabric, and the delicate, faint tints in which they are produced, make them appropriate for the richly draped costumes now in fashion. Handsomest among these is real camel's-hair cloth, much lighter than the twilled cloth worn in the winter, of soft, yielding texture, in armure figures and pale solid colors. The natural unbleached color, pale gray, brown, and sky blue, are likely to be most fashionable. It is two yards wide, and is imported in polonaise lengths. These lengths are of three qualities, costing $40, $50, or $60 each.

BATISTES.

Another fabric is wrapped in Japanese paper as if coming from the far East, though it was bought in the French market. This is the real batiste, not the mixture of linen and wool called batiste cloth, but a thin wiry linen, scarcely heavier than organdy, and very strong, because made of flax in its unbleached natural color, instead of being weakened by dyes. It is in its natural écru buff and grayish-brown tints, in solid colors, or with twilled satin-like stripe, or else stripes of white linen, or large polka dots of brown, white, or black. It is thirty-three inches wide, in single or double fold, and each piece contains about nineteen yards. It costs from 60 cents to $1 50 a yard. That at 75 cents is very pretty.

LINEN CHAMBERY.

Linen Chambery is all pure linen, heavy, substantial, and in the buff, brown, and gray tints used in summer for traveling suits. It is a full yard wide, and costs 37½ cents. Seersucker, a sort of gingham, said to be part linen, has white stripes on dark gray or brown grounds: price 28 to 35 cents.

PONGEE FOULARDS, ETC.

Pongee foulards are lustrous silky pongees of thick threads of wool covered with India silk, in pale stylish marron, buff, and pearl-color. This is for handsome suits for the summer, and will be made in two shades of a color. Price $1 75. Serge foulards have a thick twill that renders them more substantial than plain goods. The pale pongee tints are produced in these, and a few stripes are shown. They cost $1 50 a yard. There is also China-crape foulard, with a crinkled crape-like figure. This will be used for over-skirts, polonaises, fichus, and folds and flounces on summer silk dresses. It is in all the tints fashionable for evening dresses, such as salmon, pearl, Nile green, China pink, rose, and Indienne blue. Price $3 50 a yard.

SPRING STUFFS.

Among woolen stuffs for spring suits is a new closely woven mixture of wool and cotton in plain, grave colors, or with stripes, sold for 37½ cents a yard. Good mohair alpacas in lustrous black, among which the beaver brand deserves special commendation, and in every shade of color, are 75 cents or $1 a yard. Lower-priced mohairs soon lose their gloss and fade. Japanese silks of the best quality are brought out in checks and hair stripes of bright blue, apple green, and black with white, and also in the grisaille stripes so much worn last year.

WASHING FABRICS.

New English prints for wrappers and schoolgirls' dresses are in half-inch stripes of color alternating with white stripes, on which is a vine tracery in black. French prints at 50 cents a yard have grounds of pale tints with chintz stripes, or else clear gray, drab, buff, and French blue grounds striped with white. Percales have stylish buff and leather-colored grounds with dashes of black. One of the most desirable washing fabrics is cotton foulard, a soft-finished cambric in grisaille effects, folded in the middle like silk foulards. Thin jaconets, costing from 25 to 37½ cents, have centres of solid color, with a striped border of white with lace-like tracery of black. New lawns have solid or chintz stripes alternating with white: price from 30 to 50 cents. In white goods is the Yosemite stripe, a strong satin jean with glossy stripe of various widths: the prices range from 37½ to 75 cents.

GRENADINES.

Fine black grenadines are in smaller square meshes and of less heavy fabric than those of previous seasons. Colored grenadines are also imported in these square meshes. The small armure figures already mentioned are seen in these goods, and there are many grenadines with satin stripes. The latter begin as low as 37½ cents a yard, while a better quality, for 62½ cents, has a black mohair ground with white or colored silk stripe. Others, with narrower stripes alternately black and white, have a pretty grisaille effect. Striped grenadine polonaises will be worn over solid-colored skirts. Handsome all-silk grenadines, in half-inch stripes alternately thick and thin, are in every quiet shade of color, and in bright hues for evening: price $1 50 a yard. Solid-colored gaze de Chamberys are brought out in great quantities, of every possible tint, for over dresses and evening dresses at the summer hotels.

TRIMMINGS.

Fringe and lace are the fashionable trimmings for both thick and thin materials. For cashmeres and silk heavy double fringes are the richest novelty. These have a row of smooth silk fringe, on which falls another fringe of tassels, jets, and acorn pendants. Some of these are made with a passementerie heading, and thick cords are festooned above the fringe.

For trimming buff batistes and white goods are pure white linen guipure laces and insertion. The latter is now inserted in costumes instead of being merely laid on the material. A novelty is white Algerian gimp, that looks like star braiding when sewed on.

New black guipure laces have medallions of thread lace meshes that throw into relief pretty designs in guipure.

MANTLES.

A talma of black cashmere with a long slender pointed hood is the newest design for a spring mantle, and for cool mornings in summer. It is of Parisian origin, very stylish and jaunty, and, merchants predict, will be the first choice with lovers of variety. Many double capes and sacques with capes are imported similar to those worn during the winter, but made shorter and less clumsy-looking, and also without sleeves. The hoods on the new talmas are for ornament, not use, and are often only simulated. Indeed, all new collars on mantles take a hood shape, long and pointed behind. The talma is lined with thin silk, and trimmed with rows of bias velours with piping folds at each edge, and fringe or guipure lace. Rows of thick cords, passementerie, and narrow guipure are set on the cape, and it is edged with wider lace or fringe. The middle of the back of the talma is elaborately trimmed. Some garments are braided or corded all over, though this trimming is too heavy to be much used on summer wraps. A very stylish mantle is fitted to the back by three seams, and the long pointed sides fall over the arms like sleeves. Some jaunty double capes for traveling and for young girls are of white and black striped ottoman reps. Black silk mantles are scarcely seen among the importations. At the wholesale houses cashmere wraps cost from $20 upward. For early spring wear there are double capes, talmas, and some sacques of pale gray and écru cloth trimmed with bands of darker cloth, braiding, and fringe.

SPRING SHAWLS AND SCARFS.

New spring shawls have beautifully shaded Roman stripes alternating with pale blue, gray, black, and white stripes. They are of soft fine ottoman reps, two yards square, and are worn folded straight, like a scarf. The prices range from $4 to $22. Those for $8, $10, or $12 are very desirable.

A novelty this season is a scarf of ottoman reps in bright Roman stripes. It is three yards long and over half a yard broad, and is to be wound around the shoulders. $6 or $8 buys a pretty scarf.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; LORD & TAYLOR; PEAKE, OPDYCKE, & Co.; THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; and JOHNSON, BURNS, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MRS. WILLIAM B. ASTOR, whose funeral took place from Grace Church on Monday, the 19th ult., was one of the few women who, with wealth almost fabulous at command, felt the responsibilities of her position, and industriously and conscientiously endeavored to meet them. Her father, General ARMSTRONG, was intimate with JOHN JACOB ASTOR. At the time WILLIAM B. courted his daughter the young man was poor; but his uncle, HENRY ASTOR, an opulent butcher in the Bowery, assisted him, and at his death left him half a million of dollars. JOHN JACOB ASTOR subsequently gave him a power of attorney for the transaction of all his business; and with these advantages and fortunate investments he became a millionaire soon after he was married, about fifty years ago. Mrs. ASTOR was actively engaged in all the works of charity in this city. She was connected with almost every benevolent institution and project, and was a manager of the Nursery and Child's Hospital, and of various institutions. A woman of culture and refinement, her society was sought by the more select circles of fashionable people in this city, but she seldom left her mansion except on errands of charity. Mrs. ASTOR had two sons and three daughters. The former are HENRY and WILLIAM, and the latter Mrs. F. H. DELANO, Mrs. JOHN CARY, and Mrs. WARD, who died some years ago, leaving a daughter, Miss WARD, who has been a favorite of Mr. WILLIAM B. ASTOR'S family, and who will inherit her mother's fortune, which, it is said, will amount to $10,000,000.

—Mr. H. C. COLE, an opulent St. Louis man, who keeps a flouring mill, announced on the 1st of January that he had taken his two sons and his daughter into partnership. The latter will see that the two boys don't *bolt* too early.

—The Rev. Mr. SPURGEON recently took occasion to remark, "If a person preached a long sermon, it was because he had nothing to say."

—Master F. HILLHOUSE fills the editorial chair of the *Monthly Post*, a small sheet published at New Haven. It is a model of neatness. The last number contains a brief report of the annual convention of the Eastern Amateur Press Association, which met at the St. Nicholas Hotel recently. Thirty of these youthful journalists were present, and held high debate on matters of public interest. They adjourned to meet in Philadelphia at the time of holding the National Convention. They are going to see about that!

—Speaking of queer names, there is a child in Washington named after the present President before he was elected to that office. Although baptized "GENERAL GRANT," he is, for short, simply called GENERAL.

—OLE BULL was in Auburn recently, the guest of Mr. SEWARD. On the morning after his arrival Mr. SEWARD sent for a few neighbors to come in and hear the "dear old man" play some of his unapproachable music. "The Mother's Prayer" and a few lighter pieces were performed. These little courtesies of Mr. SEWARD are common, and have endeared him to his neighbors even more than his statesmanship.

—Mrs. RAWLINS, widow of the late General (and Secretary of War) RAWLINS, was married a few days since to Mr. C. F. DANIELS, of this city. The ceremony took place at Danbury, Connecticut, the native place and residence of the bride. Soon after the death of General RAWLINS, in the autumn of 1869, the people of the country contributed a fund for the support of his widow and child. That fund amounted to about $50,000. Besides this the general left a little property in Washington. President GRANT and Mrs. R. were executors of the will.

—The Rev. Dr. STORRS, of Brooklyn, who went to Europe to recover from over clerical work, has had such good luck that he got together some good Americans in Dresden, a few weeks since, and dispensed the Word to them.

—Mr. GEORGE LOCKHART RIVES, of this city, is among those whose names appear on a recent list of young gentlemen obtaining mathematical honors at Cambridge University, England. He is ranked fifth among the "wranglers." The twenty-ninth was the son of the late CHARLES DICKENS. Mr. RIVES had graduated at Columbia College, in this city, before going abroad.

—Another name to be added to the roll of public benefactors is that of the late Dr. WOODRUFF, of New Britain, Connecticut, who left his entire $140,000 to his widow during her lifetime. After her death the New Britain Institute and South Church will each receive the income of $10,000, while the Sunday-school of the same church will gain the income of $5000.

—Dr. CHARLES A. LEE, who died a few days since at Peekskill, was the author of several medical works, but was more particularly known to the medical profession and literary men as the editor of "Copland's Medical Dictionary"—a work in three large octavo volumes, and the standard work of its kind in our language. This work was published by HARPER & BROTHERS in 1860. It was commenced by Dr. LEE twenty years before that, and constituted the chief labor of his life. He was for many years Professor in the New York University and in three or four medical colleges, and was a long time editor of the New York *Journal of Medicine*.

—In this wise is it done by General GRANT at his dinners of state in the White House: The number invited is usually about thirty. The names of those to be invited are given to the invitation clerk, and he fills up the engraved cards whereon spaces for names and dates have been left blank. The full number of guests having accepted, the clerk proceeds to page them off and prepare the cards, which, inclosed in a small envelope, are given to each gentleman in the cloak-room. These cards have on one the name of the lady the gentleman is to escort to the table, and on the other a diagram of the table, with the name of the gentleman and the lady placed under his care opposite the numbers indicating their respective seats. Confusion is thus avoided. The state dining-room is in the west wing of the White House, and the table is set with due regard to the points of the compass. The President sits in the central seat (not in the seat of the scornful) with his back to the north, and Mrs. GRANT sits exactly opposite. The places of honor for ladies are on the right and left of the President, and on the right and left of Mrs. GRANT for gentlemen. Some eighteen or twenty courses have been known to be served at these dinners, and at every plate are eight glasses for different kinds of wine.

—At the recent funeral of ISAAC RICH, of Boston, a gentleman of this city remarked to President CUMMINGS, of Wesleyan University, at Middletown, "Our friend RICH has not done the fair thing for the Wesleyan. I have $8,000,000 to leave somewhere, and I am coming down handsomely for Middletown."

—LOUIS NAPOLEON is said to be converting much property into money, and that the money is finding its way throughout France. One rumor is that EUGÉNIE'S jewels have been converted into 350,000 Chassepots taken by the Prussians, and that these arms have been conveyed to the Communists.

—A Washington writer, describing Mrs. Minister SICKLES at a recent reception at the White House, says she wore a veil arranged over the back part of her head and caught in different places with small gold stars, and the same lace draped about the shoulders with most artistic effect. Her dress was of rose-colored silk, with narrow ruffles of muslin edged with lace around the train, and the sash ends were finished with lace. She was holding an animated conversation in her own language with the minister from Ecuador, and appeared to great advantage.

—The wedding of gold of Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES LE BARRON, of Mobile, was celebrated in that city a few days since. A nuptial mass was performed at the cathedral, and an address and benediction delivered by Bishop QUINLAN. A merry breakfast-party followed, at which eight children and thirty-seven grandchildren were present. On the table were two glass goblets which were used at the wedding-feast in Pensacola fifty years ago.

—In one of Mr. JAMES BROOKS'S letters of travel, published in the *Express*, he exults in having made one thousand four hundred and twenty miles in India in sixty-two hours, from the Bay of Bengal and the Ganges to the Sea of Arabia. "And we slept by the way a good deal," says he. "We wasted much time at many, many stations; but our speed, while going, was thirty miles, and sometimes forty miles, the hour, over first-class railroads, better built than any we have in America, costing three dollars per mile to our one, over frightfully flooding rivers, through terrible mountain passes; but then, again, on long, level plains as smooth as our prairies, and with cultivation more beautiful, if possible, than many parts of the Connecticut River Valley."

—Mrs. G. DAWSON COLEMAN, of North Lebanon, Maine, has built a $25,000 church for the benefit of the operatives in the furnaces in that town.

—In the suite of the Japanese embassador, who may be expected in New York about these days, are five young ladies, daughters of high officials. They are, moreover, said to be very beautiful and intelligent. They dress in a gorgeous yet tasteful manner, affecting party-colored silks. The belle of the beautiful bevy has dark and languishing eyes, which, we are startled to learn, "have within them all the light and depth which one may see in an autumnal sunset." The faces of the ladies are "not oval, nor yet are they long." Ravishing smiles dwell perennially on their lips; their complexions are faultless, while their minds seem to be as superfine as their persons, and their intelligence is covertly estimated as far excelling that of the average *belle Americaine*. They are going to Vassar College, at Poughkeepsie, where the final, full, and perfect polish of the United States is expected to be put upon them.

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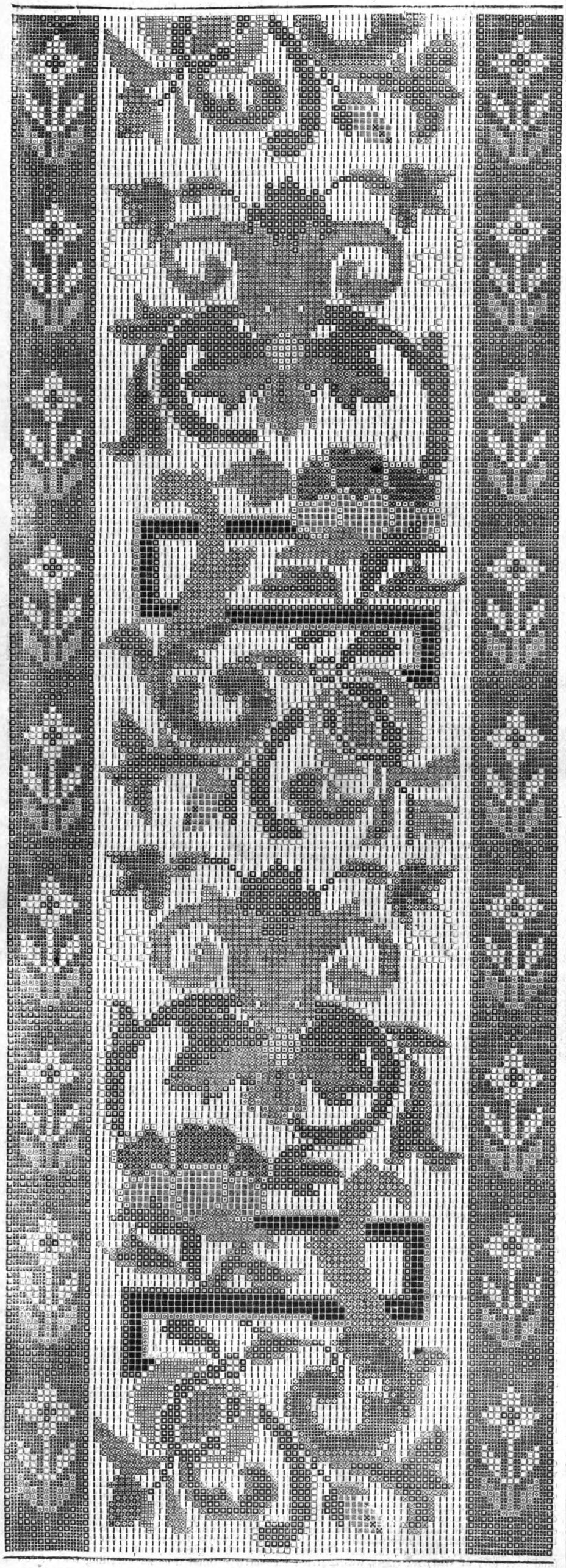


Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY BORDER FOR CHAIRS, CURTAINS, ETC.

Description of Symbols: ■ Black; ◘ 1st (darkest), ▨ 2d, □ 3d (lightest), Bronze; ◘ 1st (darkest), ▨ 2d, Green; ✠ Maroon; ⊞ Red; ▩ 1st (darkest), ▨ 2d, ▫ 3d, Blue; ▩ 1st (darkest), ▩ 2d, Violet; ⊡ Gray; ▫ White.



Fig. 2.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH BORDER FOR CHAIRS, CURTAINS, ETC.

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Borders for Chairs, Curtains, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 188.

THESE borders may be used for trimming chairs and edging curtains, or may be joined with plush strips for window-seats.

Fig. 1.—TAPESTRY BORDER. This border is worked on canvas in cross stitch with worsted and silk in the colors given in the description of symbols.

Fig. 2.—APPLICATION AND SATIN STITCH BORDER. The foundation of this border is of dark gray cloth, the medallions are of white cloth, and the remaining application figures are of light gray silk. The application figures are all edged with gray silk soutache. The embroidery on the white foundation of the medallions is worked with coarse and fine silk in bright colors, while the remaining embroidery figures are worked in half-polka stitch, satin stitch, and point Russe with saddler's silk in three shades of gray. The thicker outlines and the parts worked in satin stitch are underlaid with zephyr worsted of the same color.

Knotted Braid Purse, Figs. 1–3.

THIS purse is made of knotted braid and of button-hole stitch bars and lace stitches of blue silk. It is lined with blue satin, and furnished with a steel handle with chain, and is trimmed on the outer edge with a fringe of steel beads. The braid consists of narrow white cotton braid, which is covered closely with blue saddler's silk. The manner of working the knots is shown by Fig. 2, on which the braid and threads are drawn coarser than they are in the original, for the sake of greater distinctness. Fasten the end of the braid to a sewing-weight, tie two pieces of silk thread together, one of which is wound up in a ball, and the other on a tatting shuttle, tie the threads to the braid, and then work the knots as shown by the illustration. In doing this care should be taken that the thread of the shuttle is always wound under, and the thread of the ball always over the braid. Instead of this braid, that shown by Fig. 3 may be used; it is worked with four coarse silk threads, two of which serve as a foundation, and are covered always alternately together with one double knot (like the knots of the braid on Fig. 2), separately, each with four button-hole stitch loops (see Fig. 3). Baste the finished braid on linen to which the design has previously been transferred, then work the button-hole stitch bars, the wheels, and lace stitches, as shown by Fig. 1, with fine blue sewing silk. Having in this manner worked both halves of the purse, line them with satin, and join them on the outer edge, excepting a slit required for the handle, by means of the button-hole stitch points and the bead fringe; the latter is worked in connection with the button-hole stitches. First work in the outer edge of the purse regular scallops, consisting of simple button-hole stitch loops, and fasten each of these loops with a second button-hole stitch. Then lay on the thread anew at the beginning of the scallops, cover about two-thirds of the first scallop closely with button-hole stitches, take up one long, one round, and one long steel bead, as shown by Fig. 1, * insert the needle in the thread of the next button-hole stitch scallop (in the middle of the scallop), carry the thread back to the beginning of the scallop, and work on the double thread; then slip the thread back through the long bead taken up last, take up one round and one long steel bead, and repeat from *. To this round of beads fasten another row of scallops of small and large round steel beads. Finally, sew the handle on the purse.



Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH, FIG. 3.



Fig. 2.—MANNER OF KNOTTING BRAID FOR PURSE.—MAGNIFIED.

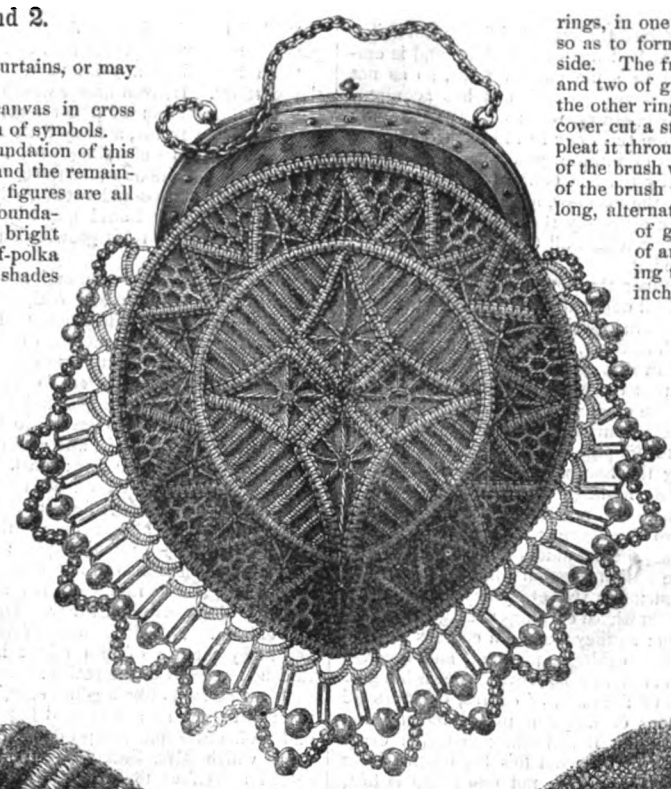


Fig. 1.—KNOTTED BRAID PURSE. FULL SIZE.

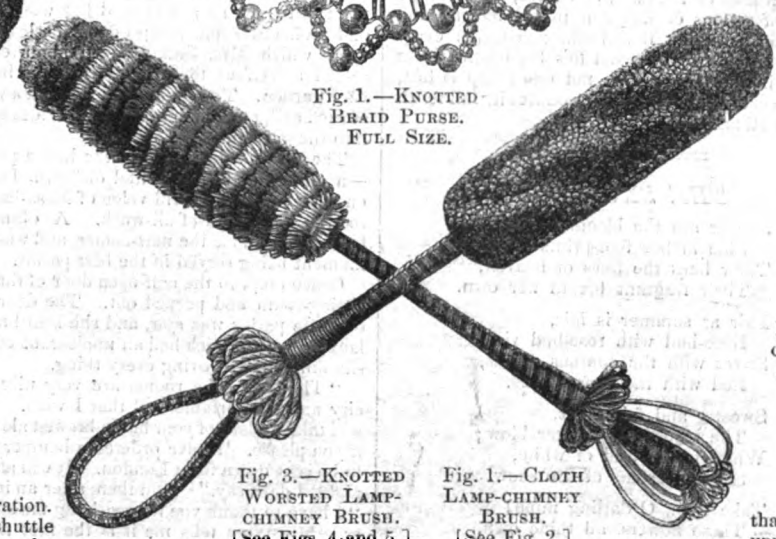


Fig. 3.—KNOTTED WORSTED LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH. [See Figs. 4 and 5.]

Fig. 1.—CLOTH LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH. [See Fig. 2.]

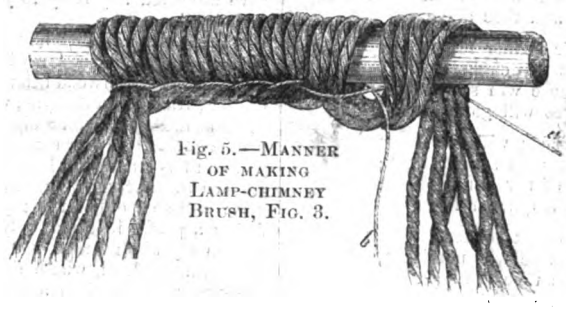


Fig. 5.—MANNER OF MAKING LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH, FIG. 3.

Lamp-chimney Brushes, Figs. 1–5.

Figs. 1 and 2.—CLOTH LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH. To make this brush take a bar of thick Spanish cane fourteen inches and a half long, wind worsted on the upper end (remnants of different colors may be used for this), and cover the worsted with cloth. The latter should project three-quarters of an inch from the upper point of the cane, and is fastened to the latter on the upper and under end by means of thread, for which purpose bore small holes in the cane. On this cover sew separate strips of green and gray cloth three-quarters of an inch wide, and closed in rings, in one side of which slits half an inch long are cut close together, so as to form a sort of fringe. The strips are box-pleated on the other side. The fringed rings thus formed are sewed on, alternately two of green and two of gray cloth, in such a manner that one ring covers the seam of the other ring (see Fig. 2). For the fringed ring on the under end of this cover cut a strip an inch wide, furnish it with slits on both sides, and box-pleat it through the middle. Cover the free space in the middle of the top of the brush with a wadding pad covered with green cloth. For the handle of the brush wind on the under end of the cane bar, two inches and a half long, alternately gray and green worsted, in doing which fasten in a tassel of gray worsted in such a manner that it projects three-quarters of an inch from the under end of the bar; besides this, in covering the bar, fasten in at the same time six bars of thin cane five inches and three-quarters long, and covered with green worsted, and let them project from the under end of the handle four inches and a half. Then bend the bars so that they form loops, and tie their other ends to the bar also with green and gray worsted; in doing this, at the same time fasten in a tassel of green worsted as shown by the illustration. Finally, wind green and gray worsted on the free part of the bar.



Fig. 2.—MANNER OF MAKING LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH, FIG. 1.



Fig. 3.—MANNER OF KNOTTING BRAID FOR PURSE.—MAGNIFIED.

Figs. 3–5. — KNOTTED WORSTED LAMP-CHIMNEY BRUSH. To make this brush take a bar of Spanish cane 29 inches long and not too thick, and cover it in the middle nine inches and a quarter long with black and red worsted, always alternately working two button-hole stitches with black and two stitches with red worsted, so that the chain edge of the red stitches lies on one side, and the chain edge of the black stitches on the other side of the cane; to do this turn the bar, after working every second stitch, in such a manner that the under chain edge of the last two stitches is turned upward. Then bend the cane double, and wind black worsted to a length of two inches on the double bar next to the middle covered part, which forms the handle, and in doing this fasten in at the same time a tassel of red worsted loops an inch and a quarter long. Cover the bar also two inches and a half long with black and red worsted as in the middle. The still free part of the bar is covered with worsted and cloth, like the upper part of the brush shown by Fig. 1, but the covering should not be quite so thick. On this covering sew fringe made of black and red tapestry worsted, as shown by Fig. 4, in spiral windings. The manner of working the fringe is shown by Fig. 5, which shows the worsted in one color only, for the sake of distinctness. Take a fringe mesh an inch and one-fifth in circumference, and on it fasten a long piece of wire so that the ends project an equal length, fasten on this wire loop a strand of black worsted six threads thick and a strand of red worsted of the same thickness, wind the black strand once around the mesh, and fasten the loop thus formed, crossing the ends of the wire behind the loop, thus laying the front end of the wire (marked *b* on Fig. 5) to the back, and the back end of the wire, marked *a*, to the front. Form another loop in a similar manner with the black worsted strand on the mesh, fasten the loop by means of the ends of the wire, now laying the end *b* to the front and the end *a* to the back; then work two similar loops with the red worsted strand, and continue in this manner, always changing the worsted strand after every two loops, until the fringe is long enough. The fringe loops are cut open.

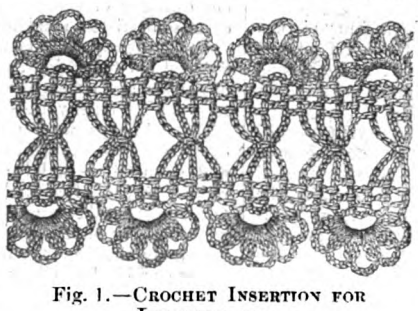


Fig. 1.—CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



BLUE GROS GRAIN BELT WITH SASH.

Crochet and Needle-work Insertions for Lingerie, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

Fig. 1.—CROCHET INSERTION. This insertion is worked crosswise in rounds, going backward and forward, with crochet cotton, No. 40. Make a foundation of 26 st. (stitch), and on it crochet the 1st round.—5 ch. (chain stitch); the first three of these count as 1 dc. (double crochet); pass over 2 st. of the foundation, 1 dc. on the following st., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third following st. of the foundation, 11 ch., with these pass over 13 foundation st., 1 dc. on the following st., twice alternately 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third following foundation st. 2d round.—Turn the work, 5 ch., 1 dc. on the next 2 ch. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 dc.

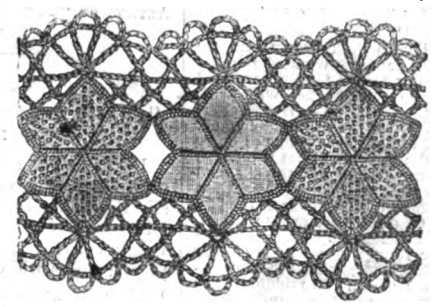


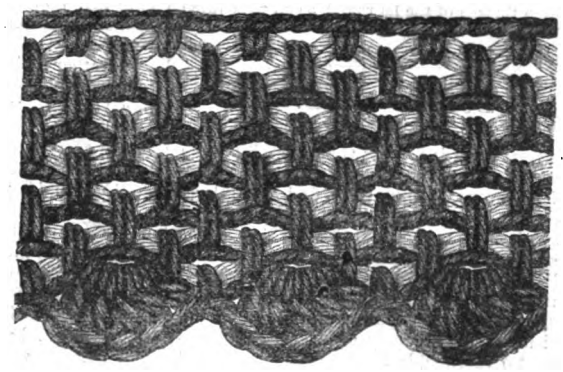
Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK AND CROCHET INSERTION FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CIGAR CASE.—OPEN.



Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CIGAR CASE.—CLOSED.



CROCHET BORDER FOR PETTICOATS, ETC.

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on the following ch., 11 ch., 1 dc. on the ch. before the next dc., twice alternately 2 ch. and 1 dc. on the ch. after each of the next 2 dc. 3d round.—Turn the work, 5 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the next ch., 6 ch., 1 sc. (single crochet) on the middle stitch of the foundation, in doing which surround at the same time the two ch. scallops above; 6 ch., 1 dc. on the ch. before each of the next 2 dc., 2 ch. after each dc.; then 1 dc. on the ch. after the last dc. before referred to, 7 ch., 1 sc. on the last dc. of the 1st round, working on the bar of the dc. instead of on the upper veins, 8 ch. 4th round.—Turn the work, five leaflets on the scallop formed of the 7 ch.; each of these leaflets consists of 3 stc. (short treble crochet), which are worked off together, throwing the thread over once, after each leaflet 5 ch.; 1 dc. on the following ch. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the following ch., 13 ch., 1 dc. on the ch. before each of the next 2 dc. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the ch. after the dc. of the preceding round before referred to; 7 ch., 1 sc. on the last dc. of the 2d round, crocheting on the bar instead of on the upper veins, 3 ch., 1 dc. on the first of the 3 ch. of the 1st round, which counted as first dc. 5th round.—Turn the work, 5 ch., then work five leaflets as before on the scallop formed of the 7 ch. From the description here given, and with the assistance of the illustration, the insertion may easily be continued.

Fig. 2.—NEEDLE-WORK AND CROCHET INSERTION. For this insertion work first the embroidery figures of fine linen as shown by the illustration, sew them together, and on each side of the figures crochet two rounds, as follows: 1st round.—Cross double crochet as shown by the illustration. Before and after the sc. (single crochet), which is worked on the middle of the point turned upward in the next embroidery figure, work 2 ch. (chain stitch) each. 2d round. —* 4 stc. (short treble crochet) on the sc. at the extremity of the point turned upward in the next figure; after each of the first three stc. 1 p. (picot) of 5 ch. and 1 dc. (double crochet) on the stc. worked previously. After the fourth stc. work two cross double crochets as shown by the illustration; after working the first upper bar of each cross double crochet, however, work 1 p. as before, and then work the second upper bar. Repeat from *.

Blue Gros Grain Belt with Sash.

See illustration on page 189.

THE sash is made of light blue gros grain ribbon seven inches and a quarter wide, and consists of a loop twenty-four inches long and two ends fringed out four inches deep on the bottom; the under end is eighteen inches and the upper end ten inches long. Cover the seam made by sewing on the loop and ends with a pleated band. The belt is made of pleated blue ribbon, closed on the side with a hook and eye, and finished by a bow.

Embroidered Cigar Case, Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 189.

THIS cigar case is made of card-board and silk, and is ornamented on the outside with point Russe embroidery of brown silk. Cut of card-board a straight piece ten inches long and six inches and a quarter wide, scallop it on one end as shown by Fig. 1, and cover it on the inside with silk, and on the outside at the straight end with a strip of silk four inches wide. For the pockets intended to hold the cigars cut of double silk and net interlining each one straight piece four inches and seven-eighths long and three inches and three-quarters wide. Cut out each piece on the upper edge, as shown by the illustration, run the outer edges of the material together, and edge both parts with a row of stitching of brown silk. Ornament one of the pocket pieces with an embroidered medallion, as shown by the illustration. Lay the side edges of the pockets each in a pleat three-quarters of an inch deep, and sew them on the foundation (see Fig. 1). Cut the flaps above the pockets of double silk and net interlining; these are two inches long and two inches and seven-eighths wide, and are rounded off on the under edge, and ornamented along the outer edge with a row of stitching of brown silk, at the same time fastening the edges of the material. For the outer covering of the case cut of silk and net a piece of the requisite size, cut out a piece seven-eighths of an inch wide on the straight end, and work the embroidery with brown sewing silk as shown by Fig. 2. Face this piece on the sloped end with a strip of silk three inches and a quarter wide, bind it with brown ribbon, and baste it on the foundation. Bind the cigar case on the outer edge with ribbon, and furnish it with a silk loop, as shown by Fig. 2. In closing the case slip the scalloped end between the several layers of material on the other end.

Crochet Border for Petticoats, etc.

See illustration on page 189.

THIS border is worked with dark brown tapestry worsted on a light brown tapestry worsted foundation. Take a strand of light brown tapestry worsted four threads thick, and on this crochet with dark brown tapestry worsted the 1st round.—Always alternately 1 sc. (single crochet) on the foundation, 5 ch. (chain stitch). At the end of this, as well as of every following round, fasten the thread and cut it off. 2d round.—Now lay on a foundation of two threads, and on this, and at the same time on the next ch. scallop of the preceding round and on two threads of the former foundation, work 1 sc. each, after every sc. 5 ch. In doing this the sc. come transposed as shown by the illustration. Work four rounds more in a similar manner, and observing the illustration. 7th round.—Without a foundation * 1 sc. on the middle of the next 5 ch., and at the same time on the foundation of the preceding round, 5 dc. (double crochet) on the following 5 ch. and on the foundation, and repeat from *. Crochet one more round on the straight edge of the border, working always alternately 1 sc. on two foundation threads of the 1st round, 3 ch., with these pass over 1 sc. of the 1st round (see illustration).

BOILED FOOD.

TO boil food, be it meat or be it vegetable, is to extract from it first its volatile aroma, then its essences and juices, and finally its power of nutrition; aroma, essence, juice, and strength go out into the hot water, leaving behind them the fibre which they have quitted. Now in France this process is called making soup; the water becomes excellent, but the materials which have imparted their nature to it are considered, with some few exceptions, to have lost all claim to be regarded as real food, and are only used as inferior aliments. So thoroughly is this principle applied that even the water in which white haricots or cauliflowers have been boiled is always kept to serve as a basis for vegetable soups. Every liquid which has received the extracted flavor of a boiled substance is looked upon as precious, and is employed again in some special form, so as not to waste the properties which it has acquired. Here, on the contrary, when we have carefully abstracted from turkey or from beef, from chicken, ham, legs of mutton, green pease or beans, all that steady red-hot boiling can take out of them, we eat the tasteless, azoteless relics of our work, and we diligently throw away the "dirty water" which contains all the nutrition that we have decocted.

Now in France the dogma is that every thing which is in food ought to be left in it by the cook and to be found in it by the eater. The entire theory of French cooking, both in form and in result, is contained in that one article of faith; its consequence is that the whole nutritive elements of every substance employed pass into the stomach, instead of being partially poured down the sink or sent out to the pigs.

Excepting the harder vegetables the French boil absolutely nothing, in our meaning of the word at least. From Dunkerque to Bayonne, from Nice to Strasburg, not one ounce of any thing goes into the pot unless it be to make soup; but then the nation lives on soup. Roast meat costs too much for the every-day consumption of a population whose earnings average eightenpence a head: so they feed on a copious stew of bacon, sausage, cabbage, potatoes, and bread—and very good indeed it is, provided one is hungry. This aspect of the case, of course, excludes all idea of serious cookery; it means feeding and nothing else; but it is feeding in which every thing is food, where what has been stewed out stops in the stew, where not one scrap is lost, where every centime spent produces its full result in the stomach.

THE SNOW-DROP.

SWEET are the blooms of Spring,
Blue in her foot-prints sown;
Their hues the hues of heaven,
Their fragrant breath her own.

Fair as summer is fair,
Rose-bud with rose-bud vies,
Sweet with the odorous morns,
Red with the sunset dyes.

Sweeter and fairer yet
The blooms of Winter blow;
White in a world of white,
Snow-blossoms of the snow.

Take then, O darling mine!
These flowers, all thine own,
As "To the Fairest" sent,
For thee and thee alone.

And as their beauty moves
Thy spirit to delight,
A deeper sense will stir;
Bright eyes will glow more bright.

A subtile charm will fire
Thy heart with sudden heat;
The pulses of thy youth
Throb to a quicker beat;

Gazing thou wilt rejoice,
Yet wherefore wilt not learn,
Hidden from thee the spell
That other eyes discern.

Thou that art pure and fair,
Thou wilt not understand
The emblem of thyself,
Grasped in thy whiter hand.

With innocence and truth
And purity thy dower,
Thou art the Snow-drop, thou
The Angel of the Flower!

(Continued from No. 9, page 159.)

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

"OH, DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I MET YOU?"

HE came late on Saturday afternoon—a calm, sunny afternoon, with scarcely breeze enough to stir the newly blown roses. The place seemed all roses to Hubert Walgrave's haggard London-weary eyes: roses making a curtain for the porch; roses white and red climbing up to the very chimney-pots, entangled with creamy yellow woodbine; spreading bushes of moss-roses and cabbage-roses in the narrow garden between the high-road and the house; and through a side gate Mr. Walgrave caught a glimpse of the old-fashioned garden behind the house, all abloom with roses.

"Rather a nice place," he murmured, in a languid, semi-supercilious tone that was almost habitual to him. "As a rule, farm-houses are ugly."

All the household—they had just finished tea in the every-day parlor—heard the stoppage of the fly; and there was a little group behind the dimity curtains peering out at the new-comer—a group in which Grace was by no means the least curious. She forgot all the degradation involved in the idea of a lodger for the moment in her eagerness to see what he was like.

Jack and Charley Redmayne had gone out, at their mother's bidding, to assist in bringing in the stranger's luggage—a huge trunk, time-worn and shabby, which from its weight seemed to contain books; a large leathern portmanteau, also the worse for wear; a carpet-bag or two, three or four fishing-rods, and a shower-bath.

"Ah," exclaimed Mrs. James, with unmitigated disgust, "I expected he'd be a slopper!"

"He looks like a gentleman," said Grace, thoughtfully. Heaven knows where the girl had obtained her notion of a gentleman, unless it were from the rector, a fussy little elderly man, who was always quarreling with some one or other of his parishioners; or the curate, an overgrown youth of two-and-twenty, who had bony knees and wrists and ankles, and looked as if he had not yet ceased from growing out of his garments.

"He looks like a gentleman," repeated Grace, dreamily. And indeed Mr. Walgrave bore upon him that stamp of gentle blood, that unmistakable, indescribable grace and air which the merest peasant recognizes intuitively as something that makes the other clay different from his own. He was tall, but not too tall—slender, but not too slender. His face was just a little worn and faded from recent illness, and could have hardly been considered handsome; dark brown hair, growing rather sparsely on the brow; a sallow complexion of an almost foreign darkness; gray eyes that looked black; an aquiline nose; a sarcastic mouth—a mouth capable of much expression; capable also of expressing nothing, if its owner were so minded. His age might be perhaps about five-and-thirty. Grace thought him elderly. Any little gleam of romance which her fancy picture of him might have inspired vanished at sight of the reality.

"But he looks like a gentleman," she said for the third time, as she opened her work-basket, and took out some scrap of that useless fancy-work which Mrs. James's soul abhorred, and seated herself at the window looking into the back garden. The common parlor had a window at each end, and a half-glass door besides opening into the garden.

There was a little stir in the house presently—a clattering of plates and dishes, a bell rung once or twice, the shrill voice of Mrs. James directing the maid-of-all-work. A dinner had been prepared for the new-comer, and was at this moment being served in the best parlor.

Grace crept to the half-open door of the family sitting-room and peeped out. The door of the opposite parlor was ajar, and she heard a polite, languid voice, which had an unpleasant coldness, she thought, approving every thing.

"Thanks. The rooms are very nice—quite airy and comfortable—all that I wish. Yes; I will take a glass of your home-brewed ale to-day, if you please. I have ordered a hamper of wine to be sent down from London. It will arrive to-night, I dare say." And then, after an interval: "I have to thank you for receiving me as a lodger. Mr. Wort tells me it is the first time you have admitted any body to your house in that capacity."

"Well, you see, Sir," blurted out Mrs. James, who was candor itself, "my brother-in-law's circumstances—Brierwood belongs to my husband's brother, Richard Redmayne, who's away in Australia at those rubbishing diggings, where I can't make out that he's ever earned a blessed sixpence yet, and has left us in charge, as you may say—his circumstances, you see, are not what they was; and so I didn't feel myself justified in refusing a profit, if it was only a pound a week; though my niece Grace, who's been brought up at boarding-school, where they put all kinds of stuck-up nonsense into a girl's head and call it education—our Grace was dead against it."

"Dead against me?" said the stranger, in that slow, lazy tone of his, as if he were speaking of something utterly remote from his own life and all its interests. "I hope before I leave Brierwood Miss Redmayne may discover that I am not such a very objectionable person."

"Lord bless you, Sir! it wasn't you she objected to; it was only the notion of a lodger. She'd have made the same fuss if it had been the Archbishop of Canterbury."

Grace blushed crimson during this talk about herself. She was angry with her aunt for talking of her; angry with the stranger for his supercilious tone, as if she had been something so very far beneath him.

The stranger made his own little fancy picture of the farmer's daughter—a blowsy, fat-faced young woman, with red cheeks, and perhaps freckles, dressed like a caricature of London fashion.

"She plays the piano, I suppose—your niece?" he said, languidly, when he had declined the raspberry tart and cream which Mrs. James pressed upon him. He imagined with a shudder the agonies he might have to endure from a piano-thumping damsel of agricultural extraction. "Why do not our legislators give this feminine *canaille* their rights?" he inquired of himself. "This Brierwood niece would be following the plow, or supervising the hay-makers, in that case."

"Yes, Sir," replied Aunt Hannah, whose sharp treble sounded sharper than usual after the legato tones of the stranger; "she do play. Richard had her taught all the extras. She has rather a pretty taste for music—so far as such a poor judge as me can say. But if you find it unpleasant, Mr. Walgry"—Mrs. James insisted on calling the lodger by this corruption of his surname—"you've only to say the word, and the piano shall not be opened while you're with us."

"Not for worlds, my dear Mrs. Redmayne. Let the young lady play as much as she likes, and forget the obscure fact of my existence. I mean to be with you too long to admit of any such sacrifice as a suppression of her musical inclinations. I hope to stay here for a considerable time off and on, you know—going backward and forward to London as soon as I am a little stronger. I am a hard-working man, and can not afford to be long out of harness."

Mrs. James glanced toward the huge trunk, which stood open just where it had been deposited near the parlor door, with a heap of bulky volumes, in dilapidated calf or battered sheepskin, thrown pell-mell upon the floor beside it.

"It looks as if you didn't mean to be idle here, Sir," she said, in her simple soul regarding books as the hardest kind of hard labor.

"No," Mr. Walgrave answered, with something like a sigh; "a barrister must get through a good deal of tough reading if he wishes to succeed in the world; and I don't mind owning that I do hold worldly success as a prize worth working for."

He was expanding a little—had already dropped something of his habitual languor. Grace liked him better after what he had said about her music. She went softly back to her seat, and resumed her work, ashamed of herself for having listened.

After dinner, at which he had eaten sparingly, and with the air of a man who cared very little what he ate or drank, Mr. Walgrave lighted his cigar, and sauntered out into the garden. The sun had set by this time; but a faint glow of rosy light still lingered above the western wall; and above that the sky was of a tender green, that melted into the soft summer evening gray, with here and there a patch of brighter hue, like the flecks of color in an opal. Hubert Walgrave walked slowly along the grass, looking about him with a lazy, sensuous enjoyment of the scene and the atmosphere.

"Upon my word, it is simply perfect in its way," he said to himself. "Old Wort did not exaggerate the beauty of the place. Every angle of that old house has its peculiar charm; every rood of this garden a grace that makes it delightful. And yet it's hard to imagine a man living here year after year, away from all the contest and expectation of life, content that this summer's harvest should yield him as good a crop as last summer's; that next year's profit should be only a little less, or a little greater; content to watch nature's slow processes repeat themselves from month to month—eggs hatching, wool growing, cattle fattening, corn ripening; to live a life in which there is no margin for hope. No; I can't conceive the feelings of that man. I would almost as soon rot in a mad-house or a bastile as endure an existence in which there were no chances."

The man who was far away waiting for the turn of his luck on the Australian gold fields had been something of this temper—had not been formed by nature or disposition for a farmer, in fact.

While Mr. Walgrave sauntered slowly about the garden, loitering now and then to look at a rose-bush, and anon absorbed in his own meditations, forgetting why he had stopped, and standing gazing dreamily at the flowers without seeing them, Grace watched him from behind the dimity window-curtain, idly wondering what he was thinking about; wondering a little, too, about his past history.

Mr. Wort had told them scarcely any thing—only that he had no near relations, and stood almost alone in the world. That had a pathetic sound, which went far to awaken the girl's quick sympathy. She was sorry for him, concluding at once that this loneliness of his was a source of sadness. This compassion was, however, lessened a little now she had seen him. He did not look like a man whose life was overshadowed by sorrow; he looked a hard-headed, hard-hearted man of the world, she thought; and she repeated to herself that little speech of his about success in life. He was ambitious, no doubt; and to the ambitious man the tenderest ties must be as nothing—or, at any rate, so Grace Redmayne supposed. And he would achieve what he desired, no doubt, and be a judge, or something of that kind. She had very little sympathy with the form of his ambition. If he had been a soldier, panting to exterminate his fellow-men, she might have exalted him into a hero. But a lawyer—no halo of romance could surround the head that wore a wig with an ugly black patch at the top. She had been in the little court once at Maidstone, when her father had some small suit going forward, and had formed her estimate of the bar from the two or three careless barristers she had seen there.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Mr. Walgrave finished his third cigar, after a complete circuit of garden and orchard, and a peep at the mysteries of the farm-yard—where a family of irreproachable pigs were grunting and struggling over their evening meal of second-rate potatoes and skim-milk—and went back to his sitting-room. A pair of composite candles, in tall old-fashioned plated candlesticks of a masonic aspect, were burning on the round table. He rang for a second pair, drew the four candles into a little cluster at his left elbow, selected three or four big brown volumes from the litter on the floor, and began to read law.

Ten minutes after he had opened his book the notes of the piano were touched softly, and a low sweet voice began "Kathleen Mavourneen."

He pushed away his book with an impatient gesture, and flung himself back in his chair.

"If this sort of thing is going to last," he said to himself, "I may as well give up all idea of work at once. And if this sort of thing is to occur every evening, Brierwood will not have me long."

He listened to "this sort of thing" notwithstanding; and the contraction of his eyebrows relaxed a little presently, nay, something like a smile began to glimmer upon his face. He listened to a plaintive German waltz, a very old one, played with a tender grace akin to the sweetness of the melody. He listened to an old ballad of Wade's, "Oh, do you remember the first time I met you?" worth a hundred of our modern drawing-room songs. He listened, and was pleased. The music only lasted a quarter of an hour altogether. It was not much time to lose. He went back to his books with a faint sigh of regret, and tried to concentrate his mind upon

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the decision of a Chancery judge in a certain important case that bore somewhat upon a case he had himself in hand for the winter term.

That low, touching voice haunted him a little, interfering with his thorough appreciation of the most subtile points in the judge's discourse. He had to put away the thought of it with an effort; and yet he would have been scarcely sorry if the singer had begun again.

There was no chance of that, however. He heard doors opening and shutting presently, bolting and barring of outer portals, and the sound of light and heavy footsteps on the creaky old staircase. The servant came in to ask if he required any thing more, and at what hour he would wish to breakfast next morning.

"At nine o'clock; or you may make it between nine and ten if you like. I'm not a very early man. Who was that singing just now?"

"Miss Grace, Sir. She's a rare one to sing;" and the girl dropped a courtesy and retired, marveling at the extravagance of the London gentleman, who wanted four candles to read by.

"I suppose they all do it up in London," she thought. "Poor things, they must be a'most blind along of the smoke!"

Mr. Walgrave read till nearly three o'clock; then regaled himself with a composing cigar, drank a glass of cold water, and went slowly up to his bedroom—that spacious, old-fashioned bedchamber in which Rick Redmayne had spent so many restless nights pondering upon his difficulties.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE TRUE TITIAN COLOR."

THE next morning was bright and warm—a real June morning; Sunday morning too, made joyous by the bells of Kingsbury church, chiming a hymn tune, that sounded sweet and clear across the intervening meadows, and came in at Hubert Walgrave's open window, blending itself with a dream in which he fancied himself away from Brierwood, amidst the gorgeous upholstery of a West End mansion, listening to a voice that was not so sweet as Grace Redmayne's. The bells awoke him at last, and he looked round him with a yawn, pleased to find himself in the quiet farm-house.

"Thank Heaven for a tranquil day!" he thought. "No ritualistic ceremonials in an atmosphere of rondoletia and patchouly, with the thermometer at ninety; no Kensington Gardens after luncheon; no petty scandals and inanities all day long; no dreary, dreary, dreary eight-o'clock dinner, with the dismal tramp of some solitary passer-by sounding in the intervals of the conversation all through the big dusty square; no Mendelssohn in the evening. Thank Heaven for a day of repose, for a day in which I can live my own life!"

This was ungrateful. The life of which Mr. Walgrave was complaining was a life that ought by rights to have been very pleasant to him; a life which, with more or less modification, he had elected to lead for the remainder of his existence.

He got up and dressed, taking plenty of time for all the operations of his toilette, enjoying the rare delight of not being in a hurry. He had been wont to live always under pressure: to dress with his watch open on the dressing-table; to breakfast with his watch beside his plate; to mete out the exact time which he could spare for his reading; to hasten from place to place; to spend all his days in a kind of mental fever, half his nights in restlessness engendered of overfatigue.

It was scarcely strange if he had broken down at last under such a life. But even now, warned by the doctors that he sorely needed rest, he could not be utterly idle. The habit of hard work was too strong upon him; and he had brought his books down to Brierwood, resolved to get through long arrears of reading.

The bells rang, and died out into silence—the sweet summer silence, broken by hum of bees and song of birds, and the cuckoo's plaintive minor coming with a faint, muffled sound from a neighboring copse. The bells would ring again for the eleven-o'clock service; but Mr. Walgrave did not mean to go to church. He intended to abandon himself to the delight of thorough idleness; to drain the cup of simple rustic joys, which were so new to him. Intent on this, he went down to breakfast in his morning coat, wheeled the table to an open window, and then pounced at once upon a bundle of weekly papers, which he had brought down to Brierwood with him—the *Athenæum*, *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, *Observer*. This is how Mr. Walgrave enjoyed the country.

The church-bells had rung their last peal before he had finished his leisurely breakfast, or got half through his papers; and the farm-house was as quiet as some dim empty village church which a tourist enters with reverent footstep on a summer afternoon. There was no one at home but Sally, the servant-maid, shelling pease on a sunny door-step in the back premises, and meditating upon the iniquity of the lodger, who sat half buried in the great arm-chair—a family institution sacred to the grandfathers and grandmothers of the Redmayne race—with his legs stretched out upon another chair, reading newspapers, while all right-minded people, not in service, were at church.

The papers were finished at last. Mr. Walgrave laughed once or twice over the broad columns of the *Saturday*—that half-cynical laugh which is called a snigger—pished and pshawed a little now and then, and finally tossed the heap of periodicals aside, muttering the usual remark that there was nothing in them. All the freshness of the morning was gone by this time, and the sun was at his meridian. Mr. Walgrave strolled into the garden, took out his capacious cigar-case as he went along, and lighted his noontide weed. He walked over the same ground he had explored on the previous evening, stared at the roses, admired the old cedar, threaded the grassy mazes of the orchard, peeped into the farm-yard, and made friends with an ancient gray donkey of benevolent aspect, whom he found resting his chin contemplatively on a five-barred gate—made friends with the donkey, and thought of that brightest of English writers, Lawrence Sterne, who has associated himself with the asinine species for all time. The donkey is by nature a social beast; it is the chief affliction of his life, perhaps, that horses refuse to know him.

There was one old man in the farm-yard, sitting on the low wall of a pig-sty, asleep in the sun. Mr. Walgrave came and went without awakening him.

"That is what rest means," he said to himself, as he walked slowly away. "I dare say it is perfect bliss to that man to sleep in the sun with the odor of pigs in his nostrils."

When he had made his circuit of the garden, dawdled ever so long under the cedar, and sniffed at the roses, he went back to the house. Morning church was over. He smelled roast meat, and saw a family party sitting at dinner in the parlor opposite his own. He caught just a glimpse of a youthful head, with reddish-brown hair, but did not see the face belonging to it.

"The true Titian color," he said to himself, with only a passing glance, and walked into his sitting-room, incurious.

The maid came presently to ask if he would take any luncheon. No; unless a basket of soda-water, which he had ordered, had come for him, he would take nothing. No basket had arrived. Goods were conveyed from London to Edinburgh in less time than from London to Brierwood. There was no rail nearer than Tunbridge junction, and only a sleepy old carrier to bridge the intervening distance.

The maid returned to her dinner in the back kitchen; and Mr. Walgrave, having drained the cup of rustic pleasures, yawned and looked wistfully at his law-books.

He had promised his doctor that he would rest, and had worked hard till three o'clock that morning. No, he could scarcely go to his law-books to-day. He wandered round the room; examined its artistic decorations—ancient prints representing the death of General Wolfe, the reformed House of Commons, Daniel in the lion's den, and so on—with a grim smile; looked at Izaak Walton, and Johnson's Dictionary, and an old volume of the *Farmer's Magazine*; and after this survey went back to the table by the window.

"I suppose I had better write to Augusta," he said to himself, opening a ponderous Russia leather dispatch-box. "Of course she'll expect a letter. What can I write about?—that old man asleep among the pigs, or that friendly donkey? or shall I go into raptures about the roses, or that girl's voice last night? There's not much material for a Horace Walpole at Brierwood; but I must write something."

He took out a quire of paper stamped with a great Gothic monogram, and began:

"MY DEAR AUGUSTA." ("She's the only Augusta I know," he said to himself; "so it would be a lapse in grammar to call her dearest.") "My dear Augusta,—Just a line to inform you of my establishment at Brierwood, which is a pleasant old place enough: donkeys and roses, and pigs and strawberries-and-cream, and all that kind of thing; but direfully dull. I have read all the papers, and fear I shall be driven to going to afternoon service at Kingsbury church by sheer inability to get rid of my day. How horrified you will be by the levity of that remark! But I had intended to indemnify myself for all I have suffered from your favorite Mr. Reredos, of St. Sulpice, West Brompton, by a temporary lapse into paganism. I dare say you are receiving your usual Sunday droppers-in—discussing the sermon, the contents of the plate, whether liberal or otherwise, and the bonnets—while I write this. And then you will go to the Gardens, and walk up and down, and wonder at the strange beings from lower deeps of society whom you meet there. Did you go to Covent Garden last night? I see they gave 'La Favorita.' The air here is purity itself, and I think will set me up very shortly. I mean to obey the doctors, however, and withdraw myself from the delights of civilized life for a long time—until the winter term, in fact. I need not say that my thoughts follow you in this seclusion, and that I wish you were here to brighten my solitude. Give my best remembrances to your father, and believe me to remain your affectionate

"HUBERT WALGRAVE."

"I think it's about as inane an epistle as was ever penned," he said to himself, when he had addressed his letter to Miss Vallory, 10 Acropolis Square, South Kensington.

The fact of having written it seemed some relief to his mind, however. He cast himself down upon the hard sofa, and slumbered perhaps as sweetly as the old laborer in the farm-yard. The afternoon bells woke him, and he got up quickly, and went to fetch his hat.

"I'll go and see what the barbarians are like," he said to himself.

He tapped at the opposite door, to ask his way to church. It was opened by Mrs. James, stiff and solemn in her Sunday cap and gown. She opened the door wide enough to give Mr. Walgrave a full view of the room; but the Titianesque head of hair was not visible.

"Gone to church perhaps," he thought, "or out in the garden."

Mrs. James gave him most precise directions for finding Kingsbury and Kingsbury church. It was a pleasant walk across the fields, she said.

"But you'll be late, Sir," she added; "it's half an hour's walk at the least, and the bells have been ringing above a quarter."

"Never mind that, Mrs. Redmayne; I want to see the church."

"It's not much of a church for any one from London to see, Sir; but the rector's a good man and a good preacher: you'll be none the worse for hearing him."

"I hope I may derive some profit from his instruction," said Mr. Walgrave, smiling.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN HARPER FOR MARCH 30.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

YOUTHFUL emigration to Canada has certainly prospered under the judicious management of Miss Rye, whose name is well known in connection with her philanthropic efforts to aid friendless English girls. Miss Rye has little leisure for writing such accounts of her labors as might satisfy the public as to the success of her scheme; but recently she has published a little sixpenny book, containing letters from the people who have taken the young emigrants, as well as from the emigrants themselves in their new homes, and these are of a nature to awaken appreciative sympathy in her enterprise. About 460 little orphan girls, between the ages of nine and thirteen, have been conveyed by Miss Rye to Canada—and these were all inmates of the work-houses, or rescued from the streets. The younger girls have been adopted, or received as child-nurses or "helps," in different families; the older ones have been accepted gladly as servants, or have been apprenticed to some business. It is a part of her system that in no case the children shall be committed to the care of any persons except those whose position and known character are a guarantee of the good and kind treatment of their charges. From all accounts and letters it appears that, as a rule, the girls are obedient, apt, and affectionate, giving great satisfaction to their employers or adopted parents, and exceedingly grateful to Miss Rye. Indeed, there seems to be an all-pervading amazement and gratitude felt among them at the kind treatment they experience. Most letters express their satisfaction as to their food—a matter no child esteems lightly. But where there is a baby in the house their delight is very great indeed. The "littel baby" is evidently the object to which their young hearts are devoted. To them a real child-life, in the midst of a home and family, is a new world, and a most admirable moral change it effects, after the demoralizing atmosphere of the streets and the work-house. A specimen of these simple letters may interest our readers:

"I have a kind mistress and master, and I have a very good home, and I have a little baby-boy five months old to nurse, and I like him very much.... Dear Miss Rye, I do not know how to show my love toward you....My teacher is very kind to me, and I has been to visit her and she has given me plenty of fruit."

Another, saying she has a good home and plenty of every thing, adds:

"Please to accept this 25 cents part of my first wages."

Again:

"My mistress and master are Both very Kind and we have got a wery pretty littel BaBy how is the littel BaBy that was at Nithere (Niagara) when I was as I should like to know."

American society is increasing in importance in Paris, as many facts indicate. Among other things may be mentioned the recent establishment at the Paris-American banks of ladies' sitting-rooms, where consultations can be held with trades-people. Two bankers have enlarged their premises by the creation of picture-galleries, or marts, where choice specimens of American art are on view, with paintings, both ancient and modern, of the European schools, some of which have been bought by New York or San Francisco millionaires. On wet days young ladies are very fond of passing an hour or so among these pictures, and gossip adds that, naturally, young gentlemen with matrimonial designs drop in from some luncheon bar round the corner.

A new invention, which will meet with favor among ocean travelers if it proves to be what it promises, is a "marine couch and state-room" for the prevention of seasickness. The couch is so suspended that it is always kept in a horizontal position, no matter how the vessel may roll. There are divers preventives against seasickness: sometimes they are efficacious; but the only certain remedy in which we have implicit faith is—never to venture on the sea.

A genuine specimen of the famous "devil-fish," of which Victor Hugo draws so vivid a picture in "Toilers of the Sea," is on exhibition in the aquarium of the London Crystal Palace. This one is a little creature, but it may be readily believed that in the tropics, where he grows to an immense size, he may be a very formidable monster.

Citizens of Brooklyn are on the look-out nowadays—or, rather, why should it not be *nowanights?*—since there has been so much violence in the streets. The other evening a gentleman was jostled by a stranger, and almost immediately discovered that his watch was gone. He overtook the thief, pointed his revolver, and said, sternly, "Give me that watch!" The watch was surrendered without a word. On reaching home the gentleman narrated to his wife the account of his desperate encounter with a highwayman, but was interrupted in the midst of it by, "Why, John, you left your watch on the bureau this morning, and I have been wearing it all day."

During the civil conflict in France magnificent Gobelin tapestries, executed after Raphael, Boucher, Lancret, and several modern masters, were lost. Two hundred and twenty-two ancient tapestries, monuments of the art, disappeared in the flames.

Some grand dinners have recently been given in Paris by the Duke d'Aumale and M. De Rothschild. In addition to the interest imparted to these entertainments by the rank of the illustrious guests, the unwonted elegance of the toilettes worn, and the splendor of the banquets themselves, there was an innovation inaugurated for them which is worthy of particular notice. This was the addition to the ordinary formula of invitation of the names of the persons who were to be present.

We are informed by an exchange that there is a lady in Nebraska "who simultaneously runs three institutions—namely, a lawyer's office, a newspaper, and a cradle"—and all are flourishing.

The new Milk Consumers' Association of Boston has for its object "the getting of pure milk, with its proper allotment of cream, at a reasonable price." The committee have offered $1500 to the ward which shall first subscribe for 850 quarts of milk to fit up a sub-dépôt of reception and distribution. Seven cents a quart is to be charged when delivered at the ward dépôt, and eight cents at the house, with an extra price when for certain reasons milk from the same cow is required.

In "Golgotha"—the painting, by Gérome, which has attracted so much attention in Goupil's gallery—the artist makes a bold appeal to the cultivated mind and imagination of the beholder. The picture is wholly incomplete until brought in contact with a mind capable of interpreting what is represented, and an imagination able to fill up the void purposely left by the genius of the artist. The appreciation of the painting will vary with the imaginative conceptions. "The Sixth Day of Creation," by Brion, is a singular contrast to "Golgotha." In it the artist has adopted the reverse method of presenting his subject—attempting to represent an Infinite Being by a human form in impossible circumstances. And however finely painted, the mind instinctively criticises any representation of God. The two paintings thus show in a marked manner the contrast between the two methods of presenting a subject on canvas.

Letters bearing date of October, 1871, seem quite recent when we remember that they were written between four and five degrees from the equator, and in the interior of Africa. Such epistles are the latest intelligence from Sir Samuel Baker and his brave wife, who are slowly making their way through the difficulties of African travel, in company with the expedition under Sir Samuel's command. The avowed objects of this expedition are "the annexation of Central Africa by the Khedive, and the putting down of the slave-trade." Five months and twenty-two days were spent in going from Towfikiya to Ismailia—a distance, in a direct line, of not more than 350 miles. The immense difficulty of making a passage through the country, the fatigue necessarily resulting, and the malarious character of the whole section, all combine to render the undertaking a very hazardous one.

A "Museum of Art, Industry, and Manufactures" is to be established in Dublin on the same plan as the one at South Kensington, England. The building erected some years ago for the purpose of the International Exhibition will be utilized for the purpose.

A singular book has been published in England, called "Legends of the Old Testament." One of these legends is to the effect that Adam had a first wife whose name was Lilith, and who was created at the same time with him; but she became too proud of being the first woman, and was expelled from Paradise, after which a helpmate was made for Adam. A fine poem by Rossetti is based on this tradition. Another tradition is that Eve was the first authoress, a Gospel of Eve having existed in the times of St. Epiphanius, while the Mussulmans attributed to her a volume of prophecies, written at her dictation by the Angel Raphael. A third legend is that Adam, when made, "was like a beast, coarse, rude, and inanimate, but that from Eve he received his upright position, his polish, and spirituality."

A French fashion-writer sensibly remarks: "The fashion of trailing skirts for out-door wear is a mistake in every way. The drapery may hang more gracefully; but the fatigue of holding up the skirt, and the discomfort of allowing it to gather mud and get soiled, are not compensated for by the small gain in appearance."

Carving is an art which must be learned; and ladies as well as gentlemen should practice it, for often the task devolves upon them in their own homes. Nothing is more uncomfortable to those who are at the table waiting for their slice of meat than to feel that the carving of it is onerous to the one at the head of the table. A sharp knife, knowledge, and practice are the requisites. We clip from an exchange directions for carving a turkey:

"In carving turkey, cut off the wing nearest to you first; then the leg and second joint; then slice the breast until a rounded piece appears; insert the knife and separate from the rest this part, which is the nicest bit of the breast; next comes the 'merry-thought.' After this, turn over the bird a little, and just below the breast you will find the oyster, which you separate as you did the inner breast. The sides-bone lies beside the rump, and the desired morsel can be taken without separating the whole bone. Proceed the same with the other side. The fork need not be removed during the whole process."

They have a curious custom in Spain and Mexico, dating back for many years, and marking the opening of every new year. At various social gatherings the names of ladies and gentlemen known to be mutually acquainted are written upon slips of paper, and deposited in hats, the name of a lady being drawn simultaneously from one hat with that of a gentleman from another, the two whose names are thus drawn to be *compadres* and *comadres* to each other for the year. The obligations incurred toward each other by the relationship are very simple. The gentleman is to be the escort of the lady on any and every occasion that she may desire, and she, in turn, must consider herself engaged for any and every entertainment which he may wish to attend. Of course the relationship can be dissolved by mutual consent, either temporarily or permanently, during the period for which the agreement is made. This custom has some agreeable features, securing always an escort to the lady and a companion to the gentleman, but Americans would certainly demand to be left free to make their own choice.

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OTTER HOUNDS.

THE otter forms, according to zoologists, an aquatic representative of the family of the Mustelidæ, the most blood-thirsty of all the carnivora—a family which includes the weasel, the ferret (which has been known to be bold enough to attack man), and the polecat. All the members of the family are semi-plantigrade; and, on account of the length of the body and the shortness of the limbs (which permit them to pass through very small openings), they are called vermiform. Otters have the same general aspect and dentition with the weasels, but are readily distinguishable from all other genera of the family by their webbed toes and horizontally flattened tails, which enable them to swim and to direct their course in the water, and pounce on their prey with great rapidity. But although the otter is very blood-thirsty, yet, like the family to which it belongs, it is not so much adapted for devouring flesh as are feline animals. The consequence is, therefore, that it destroys more fish than it devours; and in a salmon stream, for example, its destructiveness is so great as to seem to point it out as a legitimate object for extirpation to man in the universal battle for life. Its wily sagacity, and the difficulty of overtaking it, also heighten the excitement of man's natural hunting instincts. For otter hunting man has, however, an invaluable auxiliary in the otter hound, which seems to be a cross between the large Southern hound and the large rough terrier. Though less at home in the water, he is more than a match for the otter in strength and sagacity. In our engraving we have "The Find," the first exciting discovery of the otter's presence or vicinity, generally only traceable in his foot-prints on the sand. The drawing is distinguished by thorough knowledge of the animals represented, first-rate draughtsmanship, and masterly vigor of execution.



OTTER HOUNDS.—"THE FIND."

SUITABLE DRESSES.

THERE are many books on the etiquette of dress, showing what is proper to be worn in the morning and in the evening and at noonday. A few very simple rules will suffice here. Those who are very stout should wear nothing but black; those who are very thin should put a little padding in their gowns; and neither should be in the least *décolletée*. Perpendicular stripes in dresses give height and increase fullness, and are therefore particularly suited to very slight, small people, and particularly unfitted for stout figures. To fair persons blue is becoming—but not every blue. Dark blue, or too brilliant a blue, is extremely unbecoming to that kind of complexion, and makes the skin yellow and the hair sandy. It is the old, pale, dull blue that really makes sand gold. Pink, especially the old-fashioned yellow pink, is, when not too brilliant, becoming to all complexions except that which goes with red hair. Light green may be safely worn by the very dark, the very rosy, and by the very pale when the skin is extremely clear; but to ordinary American faces it is a trying color, though there are people who look well in nothing else. Green, mixed prop-

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erly with pale blue, is very becoming indeed. Gray is the most beautiful color for old and young—I mean the soft silver gray which is formed by equal parts of black and white, with no touch of mauve in it. It admits of any color in trimming, and throws up the bloom of the skin. Rose-color, for some people, is pretty, and not unbecoming. White, so disastrous to rooms, is generally becoming in dress—only very coarse complexions are spoiled by it.

Short women should never wear double skirts or tunics—they decrease the height so much; unless, indeed, the tunic is very short and the skirt very long. So also do large, sprawling patterns used for trimmings. Let these be left to women tall enough to carry them off. Neither let a very little woman wear her hair half down her back; let her lift it clean up as high as possible.

Large feet should never be cased in kid—least of all, white kid slippers—for kid reveals so clearly the form and movements of the feet, and stretches so easily, that few feet have a chance in them. Black stockings and shoes, even for evening wear, are the most appropriate choice.

THE LIGHT OF THE HEARTH.

FATHER and children with red wet eyes
Open the cage and the linnet flies;
All the house has been sorrow-racked,
And water and food the bird hath lacked.

Mother sleeps in the church-yard near,
Her seat at the board is empty and drear;
The rose-bush withers at the door,
The kind hand waters it no more.

The spinning-wheel is silent there;
With holes in his stockings the boy doth fare;
The spider spins on the ceiling gray,
No brisk broom brushes it away.

The mother's care was ever blest,
Her busy hands were never at rest;
Father oft was angry and mad,
But now in the ingle he sits, so sad!

Sad he sits by a cheerless fire,
Help from strangers he now must hire;
Much indeed may be bought for gold,
All save the heart that is now so cold.

The busy, blessing, caressing hand,
The face so thoughtful and sweet and bland,
For the first last time are loved and known
When the gentle light of the hearth hath flown.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

IT was only a plain, snug little house, rising slowly from the small, neatly fenced lot, and gradually assuming house-like proportions; but Content watched its daily growth with a wonderful light of satisfaction in her brown eyes. She could see it plainly from Aunt Prissy's little shop window, looking down the quiet road, and across a field white with daisies; and she loved to watch the sea of bending blossoms, and whisper softly to herself, "The path that leads to it is all pure white."

"Growin' finely, ain't it?" said Miss Prissy, cheerily, dusting and arranging the bright silk handkerchiefs, skeins of yarn, boxes of needles, jars of candy, and the rosy-cheeked apples that decorated the show-window, even while she looked beyond them at the new building. "It's goin' up slick as a new pin."

"Yes, yes," returned Uncle Joachim, shaking his head: "if there only don't come a hard wind and blow it over, or a heavy rain to flood the cellar, or somebody set it afire, mebby. There's no tellin'—never no tellin' in this uncertain world!"

"La, Joachim," said Miss Prissy, nimbly mounting the counter, and pursuing conversation and a spider-web together, "we hain't had a drop of rain this three weeks, and it's just what we're needin'. As for winds, 'twould take something more'n common to blow such walls as them down."

"I don't know 'bout that—don't know," answered Uncle Joachim, unconvinced. "It blew a pretty smart breeze last night, and I could feel our house shake. Thought very likely our roof would be carried away afore mornin'—more'n likely. I went up to the garret to-day, and tied a rope to the rafters and then hitched the other end fast to the old spinnin'-wheel; but it's doubtful if that 'll save it—doubtful."

Content laughed softly, but Uncle Joachim heard it.

"Don't make fun of solemn things, child; don't never do that," he said, reprovingly. "I knew a man once that ridiculed the idee of any burglars ever breakin' into his house, and the very next day his brother-in-law had his pockets picked. A good many folks have had a good many things happen to 'em, and it's best to be prepared."

"Well," commented Miss Prissy, briskly, "I must say for't, I'm 'bout as well prepared for pickpockets as for any thing I know of. Nobody 'd make much out of my pockets, unless they was sufferin' for a pair of steel-bowed spectacles and an old brass thimble. There comes the mail," she added, as a rusty, dusty horseman stopped at the door. "Content and me 'll 'tend to it, Joachim dear; you're feelin' poorly to-day, I know, and you'd better sit still."

He had no idea of doing any thing else; but it was a pleasant fiction of Miss Prissy's that "brother Joachim" was always just about to do something useful and energetic—a belief that had never died out in all the twenty years that she had taken care of him. Father, mother, sister, all were gone but these two and the sister's orphan child, Content, a bonny, winsome maiden, who had come like sunshine to the quaint, quiet old house.

Uncle Joachim sat in his easy-chair, with gaze that wandered afar off, mourning over the hills that were not leveled, the valleys that never could be filled up, and the mountains that wouldn't come to Mohammed. He had no time or strength to spare in helping to do the daily work and bear the little daily trials, because he was holding himself as a sort of reserve corps against the terrible calamities that never came. But Miss Prissy's keen and kindly eyes could, fortunately, see nearer home—even to the sewing of buttons on brother Joachim's coat, the mending of rents in his linen, and the necessity of providing for three meals a day. So she whisked about, always busy, worked and planned, turned and darned; made over her dresses wrong side up and inside out, contrived neat caps out of nothing, and collars out of what was left. She took care of the small store that was also the village post-office, and looked after the diminutive garden besides, all the while happily grateful, and innocently pitying any "poor lone women folks that hadn't any man to help or pertect 'em."

The arrival of the mail was always a pleasant little ripple in the day's still current, and Content and Aunt Prissy sorted the small bundle with some good-natured guessing and neighborly sympathy—hoping this for Mrs. Grey was from her sailor boy, and that the one for Deacon Cole would bring good word from his sick daughter. Content was listening with deepening color meanwhile for a step that was sure soon to come.

"Any letters for me, Miss Prissy?" asked Jack Howard's clear, hearty voice.

"Not one," answered Content, laughing up into the blue eyes that did not look particularly disappointed. In fact, Jack's correspondence was not immense; but it was a satisfaction to know whether there was any thing or not—a great satisfaction, one would have said, seeing how regularly he came and the way in which he lingered.

"How are you to-day, Uncle Joachim?"

"Hard to say—hard to say. Don't feel as if I knew nothin' sure about myself even. I felt such a burnin' heat early this mornin' that I didn't know but I was goin' to be took right down with a fever, and sence then I had such a shivery-shaky spell as if I might be goin' to have a stroke of palsy. Either of 'em is likely enough; might one or both on 'em carry me off any time," concluded Uncle Joachim, despondently.

"Oh, I hope not," replied Jack, consolatory but unalarmed, as he followed Content to the sunny portico.

A trysting-place that portico had been for many a day. There the house across the daisy field had first been planned, and the promise given that made it not "mine," but "ours." Room by room, window by window, it had been dreamed and talked of, larger and fairer than it now could be in reality, but that only Jack and Content knew. Jack was skillful and energetic: he had laid up some five or six hundred dollars, and that was not all.

"You see, Content," he had said, gayly, when they talked of it in the spring-time, with the old apple-tree showering its pink blossoms around them where they stood—"you see, there is that work for Regan, if it succeeds, and I think it will. It is some sort of a pumping apparatus, you know. He had got the idea in his head, but wasn't workman enough to carry it out, and so he came to me. I dug into it until I fancied I knew what he wanted, and improved upon it a little, maybe. I've spent all the time I could give, evenings and odd hours, on it for nearly five months now, sometimes doing and sometimes undoing; but Regan is to pay me three thousand dollars if it works as he expects it to. He thinks I can do it."

"I think so too," said Content, with charming faith.

"It will be something nice for us," remarked Jack, thoughtfully. "But we won't say any thing to any one about it yet a while, until we are sure. There is no need, for we have enough for a little home even without that."

Uncle Joachim and Aunt Prissy were not very worldly wise. They thought, or Miss Prissy did, that love and even the smallest home promised considerable material for happiness; and her eyes twinkled with tears and smiles behind her old spectacles while, in one breath, she wondered how she was "ever goin' to do without Content," and in the next if they "hadn't better be huntin' up rags to cut for a carpet for Content's floor—against she has one."

Uncle Joachim was as nearly congratulatory as he knew how to be, but deprecatory also.

"I don't see why you two shouldn't stand as good a chance for comfort as any body, s'posin' there is any such thing, which is doubtful," he said. "Any way, 'tis resky, very resky; like as not you won't injoy yourselves. It 'll be a great affliction to have Content leave us, but it 'll be a load off my mind to know she's safe out of the house. It's a dangerous place to live in, this is, keepin' a post-office as we do. 'Counts of folks robbin' the mails keep comin' all the time, and I've just a feelin' that ours 'll be robbed too some night, and we all murdered in our beds."

"Dear me! I shouldn't think it would be worth while," exclaimed Aunt Prissy, unselfishly scanning the matter in the light of a speculation. "Our mail! Why, I don't believe there's ever more'n ten dollars in the whole on't at one time, and mostly there ain't any thing."

"That don't make no difference, Prissy—no difference," persisted Uncle Joachim, with a doleful shake of the head. "You don't know the sight of wickedness there is in this world. I tell you there's plenty of folks that would do 'most any thing for ten dollars."

"Well, well," succumbing to superior wisdom, "maybe it's so; but it does seem dreadful low wages for any human being to do such work as that for. I s'pose there comes some time for most all of us, though, when the Evil One comes along our road and asks what we'll sell ourselves for. If we're willin' to do it at all, I don't know as it matters much about the price."

As the days passed by, and Jack's "prize-work," as he laughingly called it, bade more and more fair to prove successful, he and Content conjured golden plans for the fair little home kingdom it should bring them—how they would add to this and beautify that—talking it over, evening after evening, in the soft twilight.

"It is just about done," said Jack, one day, stopping for a moment at the door. "Regan wants me to take it down to the old stone quarry and try it. It's a sort of quiet place, and there's always water there, you know; so I guess I'll go this afternoon."

"Oh, I do hope it will be all right! just what you expect of it!" exclaimed Content, clasping her hands in her energy.

"Bid it good speed, then," he said, with a hopeful smile, turning away down the narrow garden path, while the sweet face watched him from the door-way.

The sky was wondrously blue above his head that day, and the whole earth marvelously fair in the golden sunlight. Every rustle of the leaves, every bird-note, seemed to him most perfect music as he passed down the old road that led to the disused quarry, bearing his precious burden. It was a quiet spot, not without its own lonely beauty in the gray shelving rocks and the masses of broken stone that lay at their feet. Moss had grown upon some of these, and trailing vines from the green beyond had found their way thither, rejoicing in the clear water that Jack had selected for his purpose. The place suited him altogether, and as he carefully proceeded with his experiment, and trial after trial assured him that his work was well done, he leaned back upon one of the rude pillars near him, glad to enjoy in that congenial solitude and silence the first delicious moment of success.

"Hallo! Why, is that you, Jack?" said a rather uncertain voice near him; and he started suddenly from his reverie to find that Uncle Joachim had approached unobserved. "Didn't know but you was a highwayman, or escaped convict, or somethin', when I seen you down here all alone. What you got there? Some new-fangled water-wheel or somethin', I s'pose. Well, well; you young folks always think you can turn the world upside down with some grand new plan or 'nother, but you never do it."

Jack laughed contentedly—he could well afford to then.

"Maybe not; I don't think I'd care to try, for the side that is up now pleases me well enough. What brings you here, uncle?"

"Well," answered the old man, fumbling his way over the rocky, uneven mass about him, "I just thought I'd come down here and look round for a good, big, hefty stone. I tell you what 'tis, Jack, I don't feel a mite safe about them mail robbers. You see we open the trap-door nights, and put the mail-bag right down into the cellar; and I've been a-thinkin' if we had one of these heavy stones hitched on to the under side of the door, so's two or three men couldn't raise it, 'twould be safer."

"But I don't see how you are going to raise it yourselves then," objected Jack.

"Well, I can't tell exactly," said Uncle Joachim, somewhat discomfited, but persevering. "We'll have to think about that. But it's got to be done some way, for if any body got down there to rob, and just touched off some powder down there, why, they could blow us all to flinders—to flinders, Jack!"

The young man watched with an amused smile for a moment or two, as he wandered about near by examining one stone after another, then forgot him in his own occupation. A train went thundering by on the heights above, and the old man paused in his search to watch it.

"Dear! how these rocks crack now and then!" he exclaimed, as a sudden, sharp sound fell upon his ear.

Jack started and looked up with a thrill of horror, as his quick eye detected the rapidly widening fissure that was separating a mass of overhanging rock from the main wall.

"Uncle Joachim!" he shouted.

But before the warning cry had left his lips the old man, too, had seen, and turned to fly, but stumbled and fell.

In the brief moment that followed a rush of conflicting thoughts swept through Jack's mind. Should he catch up his treasure and bear that to a place of safety at all hazards? It was the first, the natural impulse. But his old companion—could he leave him? Must he make so great a sacrifice for him? Was that worn-out, useless life worth so costly a price—the hardly won fruit of toilsome months, his brightest hopes for the future? Ought he—dare he—to calculate the worth of any human life, however weak?

Thought lives in a region above time. It was but an instant that he paused irresolute in that sharp, fierce struggle; then he sprang to the old man's side, raised him up, and, half dragging, half carrying, bore him away with the speed and strength that only such an hour can know—hurrying up the sloping bank until a deafening crash behind them told that they were safe.

They paused then, exhausted, and sank down upon the ground to survey the scene. A great mass of broken stone covered all the place where they had stood, and Jack's model was crushed to atoms and buried beneath it.

"Well, well," murmured Uncle Joachim, tremulously breaking the solemn silence that had succeeded the dying echoes, "that was a narrow chance, and I'd never have got away but for you, Jack. I'm 'bliged to you, I really am; though, seein' as something is sure to happen some time, I don't know as 'twould have made much difference—only for the women folks; 'twould have been a great loss to the women folks. More'n likely I'll be sick for a week or two now. Jack"—as a sudden thought struck him—"why, Jack, you left that jimcrack of yours down there, didn't you? Kind of a pity to have it smashed up, though I s'pose it wasn't of much use."

Jack turned his eyes from the ruins, and looked at him with a strange smile on his pale face. How little he knew of all the hopes and plans that had been, or could comprehend the value of that which he so carelessly called worthless! And yet perhaps he himself could as little understand this work of the great Creator beside him, or comprehend His purpose in even this seemingly feeble and useless life that he had saved. There was nothing of contemptuous pity in the gentleness of Jack's voice as he said:

"Hadn't you better go home now, Uncle Joachim? I will go with you."

He told Content the story that day—only Content ever knew it all—and she listened with the light that shone through her tearful eyes growing brighter at every word. "Sorry, but so glad!" she said, not so paradoxically but Jack could understand it.

"It was hard to decide for a minute, though it seems a shame even to say it now," Jack said, honestly. "But I couldn't sell myself, you know, and so a good many of our hopes and plans are ended for a long while to come, Content."

"But, Jack dear," answered Content, softly, "I think our work often reaches farther than we know. It may be in building our earthly houses we are building for our heavenly homes as well, and some things that crowd and cramp these may make those all the fairer."

So Jack's house is only a little one, but Content thinks Uncle Joachim speaks more truly than he knows when he calls it "well built;" and watching it from over the blooming meadow, she sees more than the daisies, and murmurs to herself, as if the words were set to inward music, "The path that leads to it is white—clean and white, thank God!"

VIOLINS.

THE following graphic description of the origin of that king of instruments, the violin, is extracted from the excellent treatise on "Music and Morals," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, A.M., just published by Harper & Brothers:

I have never been able to class violins with other instruments. They seem to possess a quality and character of their own. Indeed, it is difficult to contemplate a fine old violin without something like awe; to think of the scenes it has passed through long before we were born, and the triumphs it will win long after we are dead; to think of the numbers who have played on it, and loved it as a kind of second soul of their own; of all who have been thrilled by its sensitive vibrations; the great works of genius which have found in it a willing interpreter; the brilliant festivals it has celebrated; the solitary hours it has beguiled; the pure and exalted emotions it has been kindling for perhaps two hundred years; and then to reflect upon its comparative indestructibility! Organs are broken up, their pipes are redistributed, and their identity destroyed; horns are battered and broken, and get out of date; flutes have undergone all kinds of modifications; clarionets are things of yesterday; harps warp and rot; piano-fortes are essentially short-lived; but the sturdy violin outlasts them all. If it gets cracked, you can glue it up; if it gets bruised, you can patch it almost without injury; you can take it to pieces from time to time, strengthen and put it together again, and even if it gets smashed, it can often be repaired without losing its individuality, and not unfrequently comes home from the workshop better than ever, and prepared to take a new lease of life for at least ninety-nine years.

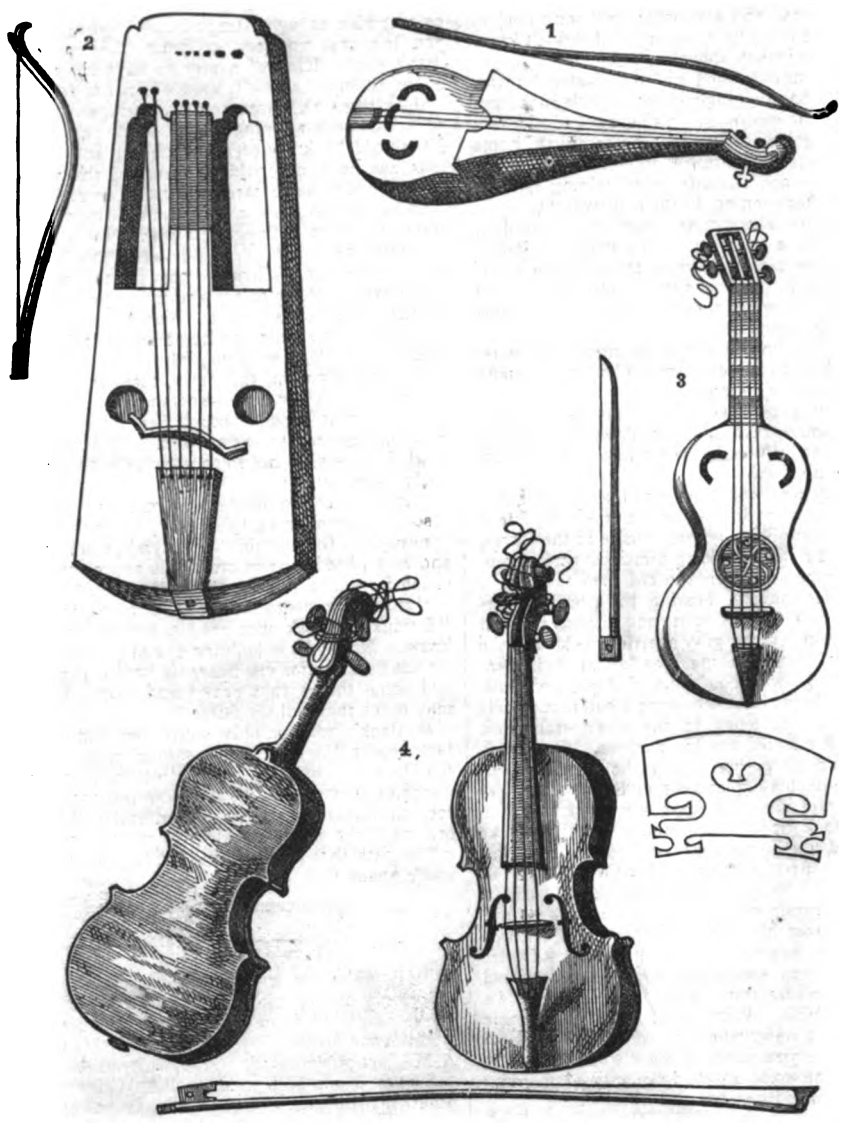
Rome was not built in a day, nor was the violin the invention of any one man or age. Like the piano, its elements may be said to have come together from the four quarters of the globe. They appear to have been combined in every possible proportion, until endless experiments and the most grotesque forms resulted at length in the singularly perfect and exquisitely simple instrument known as the Cremona violin, which no time seems likely to impair, and no art seems able to improve.

The violin may be called the outgrowth of three roots: the *Rebek*, or lute-shaped instrument, with one or three strings; the *Crouth*, or long box-shaped instrument, with six or more strings (in both these the strings are supported by bridges and played with bows, as in the violin); and lastly, the *Rotta*, or kind of guitar, without a bridge or bow, and played by the fingers.

In a MS. of the ninth century we have a drawing of the rebek, although it was probably known as early as the sixth. The crouth is somewhat later; we have no representation of it earlier than the eleventh century. It was an improved form of the rebek, but it does not appear to have superseded it for many centuries. The last player on the crouth was a Welshman, whose name was, of course, Morgan—John Morgan. He lived in the Isle of Anglesea, and died about 1720. The rebek was by far the ruder instrument of the two, and became extinct at a somewhat earlier date. It was the instrument of the people, and was rasped at every fair and tournament. It found little favor with either monks or nobles, who are usually represented playing on the more aristocratic crouth. It stood in somewhat the same relation to the latter as the accordion does to the concertina. The rotta may be thought of simply as a form of guitar. But it must be remembered that all these three instruments were constantly undergoing modifications in size and shape; that some rebeks had but one string, some crouths three or six, some rottas as many as seventeen.

And now, if the reader wishes to know how

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1. Rebek. 2. Crouth. 3. Transition Instrument. 4. Violin, Bow, and Bridge.

the violin arose out of this medley, adopting various items in the composition of each of the above instruments, and adding a something of its own which bound these scattered hints of substance and shape and sound into a higher unity, we advise him to take a good look at Figs. 1, 2, and 3, and then accompany us through the following brief analysis.

In the rebek (Fig. 1) we get the rounded form pierced with two slits to let the sound out, which we also find in the upper part of the front of a violin. We have a bridge, a tail-piece, and screws, with doubtless a sound-post inside to resist the thrust of the bridge upon the front or belly. We also note that a box for the screws and the shape of the head come from the rebek, and not from the crouth.

From the crouth (Fig. 2) we get the important detail of the back and the belly joined by sides. This principle of two vibrating surfaces joined by what we call ribs or sides was an immense step forward, as will be readily seen. The shape of the tail-piece was nearly the same as in our violins.

From the rotta, or, speaking more generally, from the guitar tribe, came the suggestion of the two curves inward in the sides, and the semicircular curve of the lower part to correspond with the top. From the guitar tribe we also get the elongated neck made separate from the body of the instrument, and ultimately the six frets on the finger-board, now happily abolished, which for a hundred and fifty years marred the perfection of the violin.

We have now an instrument of the viol tribe, something like this (Fig. 3), which we may place roughly in the twelfth century. Although to the inexperienced it may look something like a violin, the most that can be said of it is that it contains only those elements of the violin which that instrument has borrowed from the rebek, crouth, and rotta, and still lacks the characteristics which constitute the violin proper, and raise it above the whole race of the old viols.

About the end of the fourteenth century, at the dawn of scientific music, viols were made in great profusion: the number of strings does not appear to have been fixed, and ranged from three to six or more. About this time it was noticed that human voices might be divided into four classes—soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass—and in the light of this discovery we soon find viols divided into the quartette, *e. g.*, violette, alto, tenor, and bass. We shall probably never know all the curious shapes and sizes of viols which were made between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. Large quantities have perished, others have been used up for violins. The lute-makers were constantly trying experiments. We find instruments which it is difficult to class at all, others that early went out of fashion, while the most recognized forms were hardly fixed, and were continually being modified, altered, or added to. As music grew, so did the rage for viols, and it is owing partly to the quantities made and partly to the caprice of the makers, partly to the waste and ruin of time, that it becomes difficult to trace in detail the steps from the rough viol to the violin, until we suddenly find this latter, about the middle of the sixteenth century, occupying a modest position in the midst of that host of viols which it was destined to supersede forever. But the violin, with four strings, and tuned as at present, continued for a few years in obscurity.

In a concise Italian catalogue (printed in 1601) of viols then in use it is not once mentioned; and in 1607, when two were certainly used in Monteverde's opera of "Orfeo," played at Mantua, they are alluded to as "two little French violins," which seems to indicate that the French makers first discovered this modification of the viol. In 1620, Michael Prætorius, in his "Theatrum Instrumentorum," published at Wolfenbüttel, gives us an undoubted picture of an instrument which is none other than the violin. And now, if the reader will glance from Fig. 3 to 4, he will at once see how the mongrel of the twelfth century was transformed through a course of successive developments into the violin of the sixteenth. The flat guitar front is changed for the raised belly, the smooth curves of the sides are broken into four corners*—a form which was found better to resist the strain of the bridge, and also allows a freer action of the bow. The slits in the shape of ſ ſ's take the place of the ( )'s; the handle, instead of being flat and wide, is narrow and rounded; the finger-board is raised, and reaches over the curve of the belly, instead of being in the same plane with the flat guitar front; and the guitar frets are abolished. Soon after we meet with the tenor viol and double bass, all built on the same model; and the constellation of "The Violin," suddenly detaching itself from the confused nebulæ of the violas, shines out brightly in the musical firmament.

The violin has four strings tuned in the treble clef; the first is E between the lines, the second A between the lines, the third D under the lines, and the fourth string G under the lines. The natural compass is from G under the lines to B above the lines, but by shifting the hand up the finger-board—a practice unknown to the viol-player—the compass may be almost indefinitely increased. The first three strings are made of thin gut, the fourth of gut covered with silver wire. The bow is strung with horse-hair, powdered with rosin, which readily bites the strings and keeps them in vibration.

The violin is, and must ever remain, the most fascinating of instruments not only to the hearer and the player, but even to the collector. There seems to be a strangely sensitive, almost human element about it, which exists in no other instrument, and which goes far to explain the enormous prices paid for some of the fine violins: 300 and even 400 guineas are not unfrequently paid down cheerfully for a single one. No doubt there is often some "fancy" in the price. You meet with a violin that suits you, and it is simply worth any thing that you can afford to pay. Different instruments, equally fine in their way, have separate qualities and peculiar characters; and the violin which in some hands will prove unmanageable will yield up to others all its hidden and mysterious sweetness. No instrument is so capricious or so absorbing. If one string chances to be a little too thick, the others will rebel; it will take to some particular bridge, and reject others; it will have its bridge in one place, and only one; it feels every change in the weather, like a barometer, and has to be rubbed and coaxed and warmed into good humor like a child. Sometimes after being caressed, and, above all, played into splendid condition, the sensitive way in which it responds to each tiny variation of the touch will entrance and astonish the player himself. Thus it will often seem as if the player found quite as much power as he brought; and if at times he dictates to the violin, the violin, at others, seems to subdue him, and carry him away with its own sweetness, until he forgets his own mind, and follows the lead and suggestion of his marvelous companion.

We have no room left for hints to amateur violinists, but we may as well close with two practical remarks:

Firstly. Do not take up the violin unless you mean to work hard at it. Any other instrument may be more safely trifled with.

Secondly. It is almost hopeless to attempt to learn the violin after the age of ten.

* Since writing the above I have seen a drawing of a capital in the Abbey St. George de Boscherville, near Rouen, containing a viol with *sides broken into four corners;* 1066 is the date. I believe this to be a singular curiosity.

PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

PRINCE DE METTERNICH.

As long as the memory of the second empire lives, the name of Prince de Metternich will live with it. The Austrian embassador and his wife played so conspicuous a part in the political and fashionable world in Paris during the last twelve years that they have become, as it were, identified with the government to which they were accredited, and of whose gay court Madame De Metternich was one of the most brilliant ornaments. Her *mots*, her costumes, her last suggestion about bonnets, her favorite color, her latest eccentricity in fans and petticoats, formed the subject of as much interest and excitement among the votaries of fashion who ape the manners and follies of "the set," as the gravest note communicated by her husband from his chiefs at Vienna ever caused in the arcana of the imperial study or the cabinet of the Foreign-office. No leader of fashion ever reigned over more docile slaves than the late Austrian embassadress found in the women of Paris. Her word was law, her taste a tribunal against which there was no appeal. Whatever influence her husband exercised in his diplomatic capacity, there is no doubt his wife's influence in another sphere was far more palpable and despotic; and whatever benefit France derived from his friendship and interference, it was largely counterbalanced by the disastrous effect of the fascinating young princess's influence on the tone of Parisian society, and in the strong impulses which she gave to the example set by the beautiful mistress of the Tuileries. Next to the empress, no woman in Europe could compete with her in the magnificent extravagance of her dress, but is far surpassed the empress's in eccentricity. To Madame De Metternich more than any other woman in Europe may be traced the triumph of lavish expense and absurdity over the elegance and good taste which once prevailed in the dress of the women of France. It was her boast that if she had the face of a monkey, she was at least "the best-dressed monkey in the world." Unlike Madame De Staël, who declared she would barter her genius against the beauty of her friend Madame Récamier, Madame De Metternich professed a philosophical contempt for beauty, and gloried in having established her supremacy as a leader of fashion without it. Her wit was as remarkable as her dress, and many of her piquant and incisive *mots* will live long after the fame of her toilettes has been forgotten. She leaves many kind regrets behind her in Paris, where she still lingers for the purpose of superintending a trousseau such as the wonder-workers of the Rue de la Paix have never yet turned out. The princess is on the wing to Rome, and these dresses are intended to take the Quirinal or the Vatican, or both, by storm, and to electrify the Roman ladies as their predecessors have electrified the Parisians these ten years past. Mysterious hints are thrown out as to the style and magnificence and unparalleled cost of the trousseau, but it is carefully concealed from the vulgar gaze; all entreaties to be admitted to behold the parting splendors of the queen of Paris fashion have been pitilessly rejected.

As many of your readers may not be acquainted with the antecedents of the distinguished Austrian embassador, it may interest them to hear something of them. Richard de Metternich was born at Vienna in 1829. He was educated under the eye and the immediate direction of his father, the illustrious diplomatist, whose witty sayings will live as long as the memory of his brilliant diplomatic career. Among so many famous *mots* attributed to him is the well-known one which escaped him in a moment of impatience with the French minister at Vienna, "When France has a cold, must all Europe sneeze?" The young Archduke Francis Joseph was of the same age as young De Metternich, and the two were brought up almost together, and they studied and played together like brothers, and the intimacy begun in their boyish days has never been interrupted. The Emperor of Austria has remained the close personal friend of his early playmate. In 1848 the revolution drove old Prince Metternich to seek safety and quiet in England. His son followed him there, and during this forced sojourn in Great Britain the young man gained much of that knowledge of English statesmanship and close acquaintance with English character which have often served him usefully in his diplomatic career.

In 1850 he was sent as attaché to the Austrian embassy in Paris; he remained there for six years under that clever and experienced diplomatist Baron de Hübner. In 1856 he was sent as minister to the court of Saxony, and in the course of the same year he married his niece, the Comtesse Pauline de Sandor, whose mother was a Princesse de Metternich.

When the Italian war broke out the emperor named Prince de Metternich chief of his diplomatic chancellerie at Verona, and in this capacity he played an active and prominent part in the famous interview of Villafranca, the negotiations of Valleggio, till, finally, he was chosen as the envoy extraordinary to Paris, on the 3d of August, for the purpose of concluding a peace.

Prince de Metternich has been the hero of many other dramas less worthy of record than the foregoing: his duel with M. De Beaumont, which so nearly proved fatal to him, shortly before the breaking out of the war between France and Germany, and such-like episodes, have furnished many a nine days' gossip to the clubs and salons of Paris; but of these the less said the better. His attitude during recent events, and his energetic endeavors to avert the war which has ended in such disastrous humiliation to France, are too fresh upon your minds to need any recapitulation. M. Thiers expressed in warm and courteous language the pleasure it would give him to see Austria represented under the republic by the diplomatist who had for so many years been the stanch friend of France; but Prince de Metternich, actuated probably by a personal feeling whose delicacy all must respect, requested permission to resign the post he had held so long with honor. It is said, we know not with what truth, that he was strongly urged to take this course by the Princess de Metternich. His excellency leaves many kindly recollections behind him in France, not only among his immediate colleagues in the government and the diplomatic body, but among the élite of the brilliant capital, where his hospitalities have been as cordial as they were magnificent.

COMET.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PLUM PUDDING.—One quart of grated bread crumbs, one pint of fresh beef suet, chopped fine, one pint of chopped pippin apples, one pint of dried currants, picked and washed, one pint of preserved citron, cut into small pieces, half a pint of sugar, half a pint of sweet milk, one grated nutmeg; beat eight eggs very light, and mix with all the above-named ingredients; stir in enough sifted flour to make the mass stick together. Now scald a clean, strong cloth, and after flouring it, put in the pudding and tie up close, leaving ample room, however, for it to swell. Three hours' hard boiling will cook it, and furnish enough pudding for a large dinner company. To serve it up handsomely in true English style, pour over it a gill of alcohol, and set it on fire just as it is handed into the dining-room.

BUTTERMILK PUDDING.—One pint of buttermilk, five eggs, one spoonful of butter, nearly a tea-spoonful of soda, a light quart of flour. Boil, tied in a bag, and serve with sweet sauce.

Cold boiled ham, cut into pieces about twice the size of an oyster, and dipped into batter, frying in a hot oven just long enough to cook the batter, makes a very good relish for tea; allow for the batter two or three eggs to half a pint of milk, and flour sufficient to make it stiff enough; if preferred, the pieces of ham can be dipped in the yolk and white of an egg beaten together until light, and then rolled in cracker finely pulverized.

A jelly-bag should have a piece of whalebone run into the hem at top, so as to keep it out in shape, and also for hanging it up by. Juice for jelly should never be squeezed through the bag, but allowed to drain through slowly; it is much clearer and brighter.

A very healthful food for infants is made in the following manner: In one pint of cold and one of hot water put one table-spoonful of gelatine; put on to boil. Wet with cold water four table-spoonfuls of arrow-root, and just before the water and gelatine boil, stir in the arrow-root; let it boil up once, and pour hot over one pint of new milk; the water, etc., should be boiling hot when poured over the milk. In case of constipation, sweeten with brown sugar.

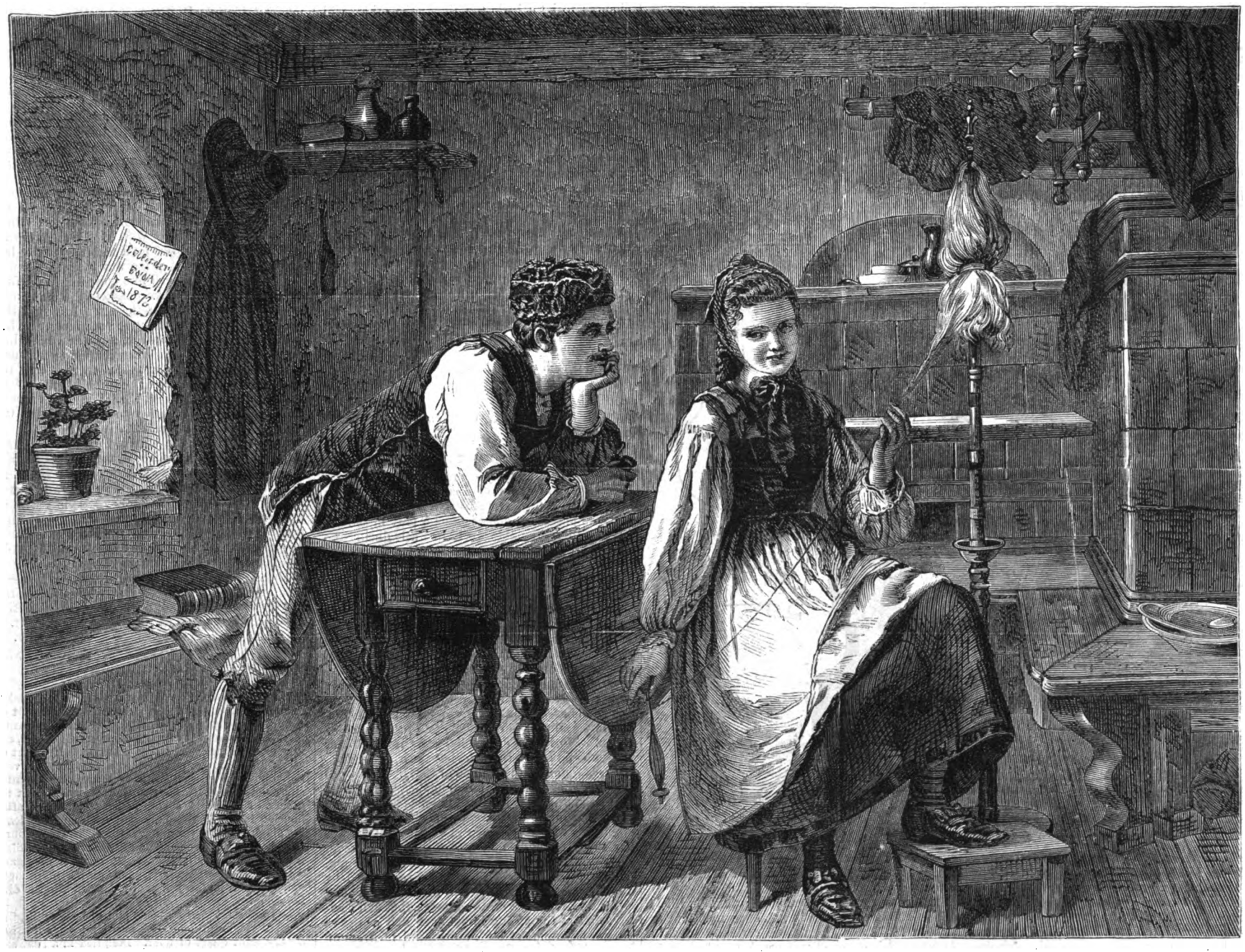
To keep the meat of rabbits perfectly white, after washing them well let them remain in salt and water until entirely free of blood; tie in a clean cloth, and put in water nearly ready to boil; a little milk added to the water before the meat goes in is an improvement.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

HENRY KINGSLEY says of Americans in Europe:

"It may be said that no foreigner can understand the politics of a foreign country, but this is quite an error. Some of the shrewdest judges of the state of parties in England are quiet, not political, Americans. The Americans are not so very far wiser than other people; but their travelers come very much of a class without any strong prejudices, and they mostly speak both English and French; consequently it is very hard to find a man who understands European politics better than a highly educated American. European politics are a mere game of chess to them, at which they are on-lookers, and consequently they are the best umpires. *O, si sic omnes!* We this last year have been holding high words between ourselves about the Germans and the French. Some of us had been most in Germany, and some of us more in France. Those who had been at school with Frits at Bonn were German; those who had been to school with Alphonse at Dieppe were French. As for argument, there was none among the main of us. The artistic and half Roman Catholic Bavarians who burned Bazeilles were denounced fiercely by the French party among us as the Protestant hordes of Prussia, while the almost entirely ignorant and brutish peasants of France were described as perishing in defense of the most highly civilized country in the world—France. On the other hand, that small part of the great untraveled who hung by Germany overstated their case quite as badly. Surely a little more travel and a little more knowledge of language would

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"MAKING LOVE."

enable our countrymen to see that neither Frenchmen nor Germans were cowards or ruffians. A traveled American could judge of the question quite well, while we were blinded with political passion. He would never have called the highly educated army of Germany—the most truculent of which were the men of Munich, the fellow-citizens of Kaulbach and Piloty—a horde of ignorant barbarians; nor could he, on the other hand, have called the French cowards.

"Look at the wonderfully genial influence which recent travel has bred between the peoples of England and of America! Eleven years ago the civil war in America began, and the feeling at first was most favorable to the Northern States. Then, in consequence possibly of the action of Captain Wilkes, possibly of the sudden loss of cotton, possibly of the very ill advised speeches of Mr. Cassius M. Clay, the feeling turned against the North, until in 1860–61 it was hard to find a man in society who was not more or less a Southern sympathizer. One band of men, however, were generally sympathizers with the North, and those were the men who had traveled in America. At one time there were only three journals of great note who were on the Northern side, the *Star*, the *Daily News*, and the *Spectator*—we can remember no others. Since then the journey to America has become popular, nay, fashionable; and look at the change of tone which has been produced by it! Year by year the two nations have been drawing closer and closer to one another: the Americans are proud of us—they always were; but now we are growing proud of them. Some people tell us that in one hundred years our coal will be exhausted, and that we shall be an agricultural people of about twenty-five millions. Let it be so if God wills it, but we shall still look on America with her hundreds of millions with pride. A knowledge of them, gained by intercommunication, has removed all jealousy; and if they are to be more powerful than ourselves, we have the satisfaction of knowing that they are carrying freedom and civilization wherever they go. Every traveler who goes to America brings back a new message of peace. Eleven years ago it was all anger between us, and had it not been for a few cool and wise heads on both sides of the Atlantic we might have been at war. Eleven years ago they would have thrown our money back in our teeth, even if we had offered it. What do we see now? One of their most beautiful cities and one of their fairest provinces have been ruined by a visitation of God: instantly every Englishman, Scotchman, and Irishman worthy of the name dashes to their assistance; they receive our aid without the smallest *arrière-pensée*, and thank us in terms which we, at all events, shall never forget, paying us ten times over in sheer goodwill. The amount we are sending to Chicago and Michigan is very small; it is not half enough at present; but the two nations know one another now so well that the will is taken for the deed, and they thank us in terms which warm the heart of every true man among us. Why is this? Because we have got to understand one another by circulating in one another's countries, and by finding out that we both want the same thing—peace, freedom, and sound government. Newspapers, with all their enormous value, are sad mischief-makers sometimes. Nations will never get to know one another through their newspapers: a hundred things prevent any newspaper from giving the public opinion of more than a certain section of the community. Take, for example, the *Spectator*, which, with all ability and valor, stood up, as far as we remember, alone among the weekly press for the North in the American war. Did the *Spectator* represent the public opinion of Great Britain? Most certainly not. We may more or less allow that they were right now, but their position was very unpopular then. Newspapers can not be taken, as a rule, to express the public opinion of any nation. Now Irish and American newspapers are written in English, and very soon copied into our own. So we get the result that any idle word or taunt has double its force to us. What is the simple remedy for this? Let the intelligent citizens circulate more among one another and speak by word of mouth. This is only to be gained by circulation, or, in other words, by travel; and this leads us to the very sad reflection that for ten of my acquaintances who know France, but one in ten knows Ireland."

"MAKING LOVE."

THIS is properly a sentimental business; but the gravity here is, if we judge only by outward gesture and expression, entirely on the gentleman's side. "Gentleman" we may safely call the good-looking admirer of this pretty girl; for let but a peasant be possessed with true love—let him but be so deeply enamored as this young fellow evidently is—and no prince of the land will be more chivalrous toward at least one of the fair sex. But does the girl herself, with all her apparent light-heartedness, and the arch gayety of her winning smile, really regard the love-making as a less serious business than her suitor? Very probably not: know all ye young men in similar case that most young ladies are adepts in the art of concealment! In this instance the girl is lending a willing ear, which is one great point gained. And more of her secret may be discoverable in the flaxen thread which, we venture to say, is being wound from the distaff much less speedily and regularly than usual. But like, perchance, the girl herself we are getting to a knotty point, and must leave pretty Marguerite's secret to be discovered by her wooer—who is assuredly no Faust—with the hope that the course of true love may for once run smooth.



THE LEAP-YEAR CONFLICT—BEFORE THE ACTION.—[SEE POEM ON PAGE 197.]

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LEAP-YEAR.

LOVE-LETTERS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE love-letters of eminent persons are generally letters written before they became eminent. A great author will not confine his intellectual efforts to the mail-bags when a publisher will handsomely remunerate him for revealing them to the world. In the case of poets a large part of their effusions might, without much straining, be brought within the category of love-letters. But then other "eminences" mostly write their love-letters before they achieve greatness or have greatness forced upon them. This is a great consolation for the lawyer that can get no briefs, the doctor that can get no practice, the young politician who can not get a seat, and the young writer who has his articles rejected. They can take it out in their love-letters. I am sorry for any eminent man who has to engage in this description of correspondence. According to the old joke the lawyer might tie up his letters with red tape, and the physician may make a muddle in his prescription. Love-letters must take it out of a man, and, in point of fact, love-making requires an amount of time and concentration of purpose that can be ill spared from professional pursuits. Eminence generally means effort, and a man in full work can not afford time for such *ludibria lance*. They form the glorious privilege of leisure and of youth.

Rousseau's saying was a true one—that to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have written. This is certainly very much the way of love-letters in general, if we may judge them from the proceedings of the Nisi Prius courts. The love-letters of men and women of genius, considered as compositions, are generally the best. As a rule, men of genius write much better letters than they receive. The man of genius generally exalts some woman into a divinity, and the creature of his imagination whom he marries turns out to be very human indeed. Hence the wives of literary men are not, as a rule, very interesting people. We have heard people laugh at Lady Scott because she said that she must get Sir Walter to write some more of his rubbish to get a new carpet. Yet his Charlotte sent more exquisite love-letters to Sir Walter than any which the great novelist has produced in his novels. Was there ever a more graceful love-letter than this about fixing the day? I quote it, as I owe some amends to the wives of literary men:

"If I could but really believe that my letter gave you only half the pleasure you express, I should almost think, my dearest Scott, that I should get very fond of writing merely for the pleasure to *indulge* you—that is saying a great deal. I hope you are sensible of the compliment I pay you; I don't expect I shall *always* be so pretty behaved. You may depend on me, my dearest friend, for fixing as *early* a day as I possibly can; and if it happens to be not quite so soon as you wish you must not be angry with me. It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper, as I am no better. I shall try. I hope to have very soon the pleasure of seeing you, and to tell you how much I love you; but I wish the first fortnight was over. With all my love, and those sort of pretty things, adieu!

"CHARLOTTE.

"P.S.—*Etudiez votre Français.* Remember, you are to teach me Italian in return, but I shall be but a stupid scholar. *Aimez* Charlotte."

Chalmers says, in his Diary, just before he was married, "Dismissing all anticipations of heaven upon earth, may I betake myself soberly and determinedly to the duties of the married state." We hope the good wife felt flattered by this expression of Christian resignation. He was very different to another Scotch divine of almost equal eminence, who, during his honey-moon, so far anticipated events as to date his letters from "Heaven." The love-letters of Whitefield are curious. He said in them that if he knew himself he was quite free from the giddy passion which the world calls love. These eminent theologians were not at all like Racine. He married because his confessor recommended him to marry, and thought that, in this way, he would best overcome his unfortunate proclivity for making verses.

THE LEAP-YEAR CONFLICT.

I.—THE GRAND CHARGE OF LADIES.

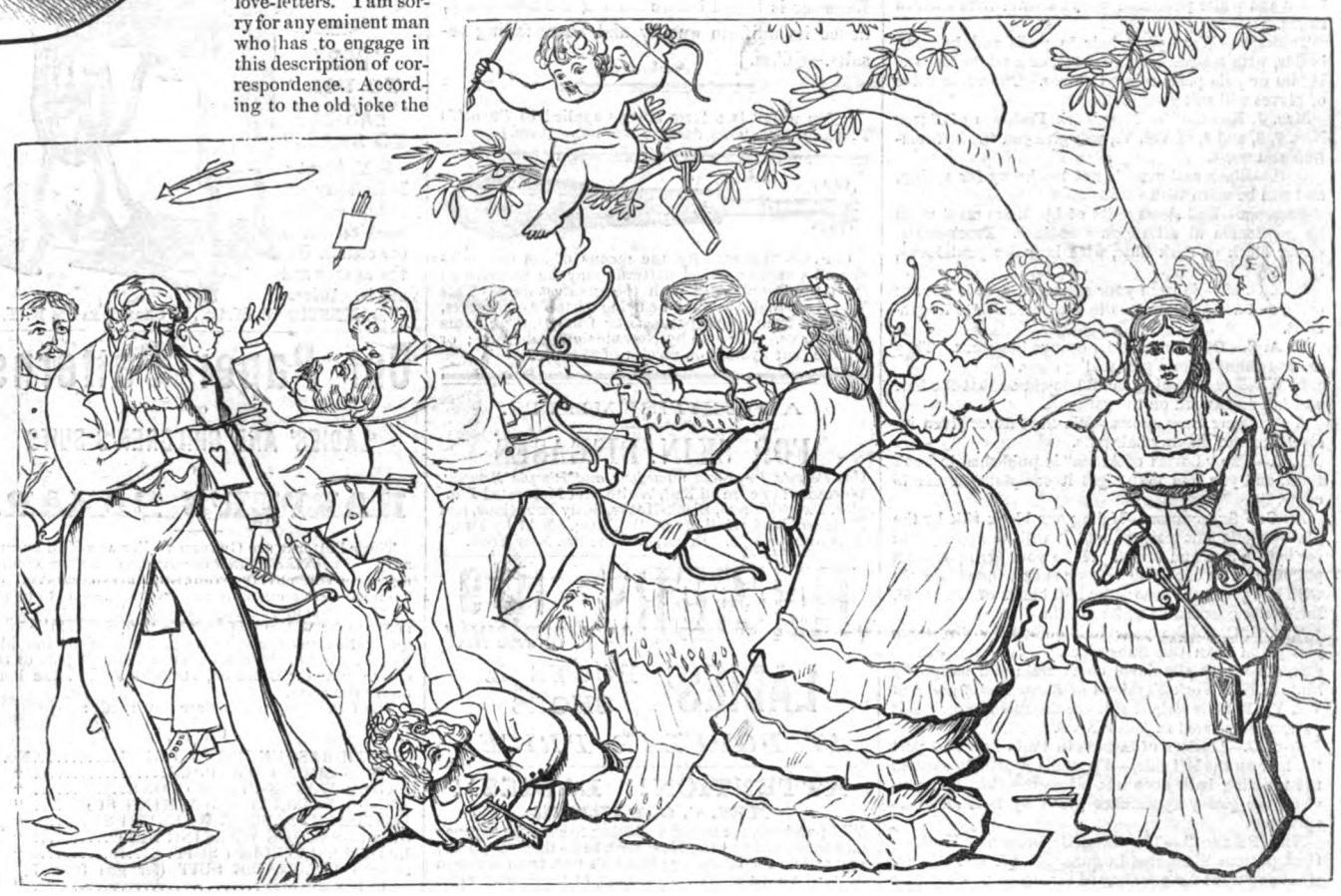
Of old the Amazonian maids
With glittering spear and targe,
On slaughter bent, their foes disprent
By famed Hydaspis' marge:
"Extinction to the hated race"—
This was their war-cry then—
"Away from off our kingdom's face
With all the sons of men."

Such deeds of misanthropic rage
Are writ on legendary page;
And how the Scythian river's flow
Blushed with the blood of each male foe
Herodotean annals tell,
As "every school-boy" knows full well.
A fair, maybe, but deadly race—
Know we the like to take their place?

"Good-morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's Day"—
Of leap-year, seventy-two,
Dear to the bard of amorous lay,
Dear to the cook-maid, Sue;
When poets rhyme, and postmen groan,
And lovers falsehoods swear.
But hark! a sound—a warlike moan
Startles the upper air!

They come! they come! 'tis still the cry
Above, below, around, on high,
There beats the furious tide of war,
"And all the welkin rings afar."
Though not equipped with classic targe
These fiery maids, as on they charge,
Their yielding foes each way beat down—
As, *vide*, in our picture shown.

Swift, fierce, and thick throughout the air
The arrows hurtling fly;
No keener shafts, I ween, there were
In classic days gone by.
From Cupid's quiver every dart
Is feathered, winged, and ta'en,
And many, ay, many a manly heart
Is pierced with mortal pain!



GRAND CHARGE OF LADIES IN LEAP-YEAR.

II.—AFTER THE BATTLE.

So raged the battle the long hours through
On the feast of Valentine, seventy-two,
And Cupid, noting the turn of the fray,
Vowed himself pleased with the well-won day;
For all the time on a tree above
Was perched the bellicose god of love—
The maiden's friend and the bachelor's foe—
Experto crede—ask those who know.

Strange was the sight, yet comical too,
The spot where the battle had raged to view;
Of feminine prowess the signs were there,
Such as to make e'en Cupid stare.
Bachelors aged fifty-two,
Their stout old hearts pierced through and through
With the arrows aimed by sweet seventeen;
These were incidents in the scene.

Here a widow, and there a maid,
Prostrate her feeble mark had laid.
Elderly gentlemen gasped in despair,
Touching their hearts, asked what was there;
Feebly murmuring, wanted to know
Why they were not proof against the blow?
Leonine swells and luckless youth
All admitted the victory's truth.

And the captive crowd, a piteous crew,
As they went in companies two by two!
Each vanquished male, with downcast air,
Chained to the side of his conquering fair.
Yet the hands that struck were the hands that cured,
And the captives forgot their wrongs endured.
So Ovid remarks—and the comment is true—
"The wounder in love is the healer too."

L'ENVOI.

Such is the lay of the battle,
Fought leap-year, A.D. seventy-two,
Such is our Amazons' mettle,
Dauntless and merciless too.
Once a year comes Christmas only;
Tell me, now, do ye deplore—
Tell me, ye bachelors lonely,
That leap-year comes once but in four?



AFTER THE BATTLE—LEADING AWAY THE CAPTIVES.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. M. P.—The self-binder or cover for a volume of the *Bazar* costs seventy-five cents.—Make your calico a Dolly Varden polonaise by the Marguerite pattern, and put a deep Spanish flounce on the skirt.

MRS. T. B. Q.—When a piece is turned down in a pattern Supplement it is because our paper is not large enough to cut it entire. You must trace your pattern to the line where it is turned down, then change the position of your paper to meet the line.

MISS ROBERTSON.—Get black silk or else gray cashmere for your suit. The plain-basque suit sent you will answer for house or street. Trim with ruffles, folds, and fringe.

POVERTY.—Get a gray silk suit for your bridal, calling, and evening dress. Make by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Écru, buff, clear gray, garnet, and rose-color are becoming colors to complexions that are between blonde and brunette.

L. E. L.—Read White Muslin Suit in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 9, Vol. V.

C. D.—Read about kilting in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

ANITAS.—The gray flannel wrapper trimmed with bias bands of black flannel would be suitable for mourning.

W.—Make your cretonne a Marguerite polonaise and ruffled skirt. Put a bias ruffle on the polonaise, and baste on bows of black velvet.

E. A. H.—Make a white tarlatan with side pleatings simulating an apron and court train.

LILLIE F.—The *Bazar* has not given a plan for weaving hair-nets.

THE INTERESTED.—We have given shirt patterns in Supplements of the *Bazar*, and will furnish *Bazars* containing them for ten cents each.

A CONSTANT READER.—We can send back numbers of the *Bazar* with Ugly Girl articles. Dolly Vardens will be much worn at the watering-places.

WILD ROSE.—Your silk is out of fashion. A striped black and white polonaise would answer with various skirts.

TORMENT.—Wear your hair in puffs and hanging braids, with tea-roses on one side, or a white feather. White or pale pearl-colored gloves. The same color of gloves will suit your mother.

MRS. J. KOOH.—The New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 7, 8, and 9, of Vol. V., will give you the information you want.

C. B.—Black cashmere is not too heavy for spring, and will be worn with silk.

RESOLUTE.—Full dress suits of black are most worn by gentlemen at afternoon weddings. Frock-coats, either black or dark blue, with lavender pantaloons, are also stylish.

MRS. G. M.—Shorten your skirt, put a wide flounce on it, and a similar flounce to the polonaise to lengthen it.

M. A. S.—Only brides wear orange blossoms. They are not suitable for a graduating class.

L. W.—Fur trimming should be cut so that the hair will fall downward on the garment.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We have never given instructions for making hair-nets.

L. C.—The "Lovels of Arden" is published in book form, and you had better get it complete. Price 75 cents.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—Make your black silk by the plain-basque suit pattern, and it will be appropriate for both house and street. Make your écru pongee a polonaise with cape, and a single skirt trimmed deeply with kilt pleatings headed by bias bands of the same, lined with coarse stiff white muslin.

MRS. G. C.—Make your buff pongee by directions just given "An Old Subscriber." Make the canvas grenadine with simulated court train and basque by hints in New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 7 and 8 of Vol. V. For the striped silk use the Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8.

CORA C.—Leaders of fashion in Paris begin to part the hair on the left side.—Ammonia sparingly used in the morning bath does not injure the skin, and prevents the glossy appearance given by heat and perspiration.

NEW FRIEND S.—The Gabrielle Dress and Walking Coat pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV., are what you want for your boy of three years. Use white piqué and satin jean for him. We give cut paper patterns of infants' long clothes, and mothers cut these off to walking length for short clothes.

MARION DE L.—Your idea of the basque and overskirt is good. Fold your shawl straight like a scarf. Double capes are more worn than any thing else.

FLORA.—There are brushes with long soft bristles that clean velvet nicely without cutting it.

EGYPT.—Get a pale gray or cuir-colored cashmere polonaise over a kilt-pleated silk skirt of the same shade for your wedding traveling suit. The Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., is a model for your black silk. White alpaca is very little worn now, and is only suitable for a trained dress or a morning wrapper. Wear your hair in a high French twist, with braids around it. A set of pale yellow gold jewelry will answer with most dresses.

A. B.—Put bias bands of darker brown silk instead of the satin on your very pretty poplin. The overskirt will answer. Then have a short jaunty basque made of the brown silk, with the coat sleeves of poplin—a fashion now much admired—or else have a vest of the brown silk added to the fronts of the waist you now have to make it broad enough.

DAISY.—Make your black silk by pattern of Plain-basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. Put long breadths in the back of your blue poplin, and trim in the way described for spring silk dresses in *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. V. Make a Dolly Varden polonaise of your brown *chêné* silk by pattern illustrated in present number, and wear over a skirt of solid brown silk, untrimmed, if you consider economy. A Paris gray cashmere polonaise, or else a bright olive brown, over a silk skirt of the same color or darker, would be best for your spring wedding and traveling dress. You might get a brown silk skirt that would answer with your *chêné* Dolly Varden and cashmere polonaise also.

A. B. C.—Black grenadine over lustreless black silk will be suitable for you next summer. White Swiss will still be worn over black silk, but is not considered mourning. A hair-stripe silk will be suitable for you, and all-white suits for morning.

MRS. E. C. B.—Get a darker shade of silk for your dove gray poplin. Your plume will be pretty on a repped silk hat or bonnet. Don't trim your striped over dress with lace, but merely ruffles of the same. It will answer for a small party. Thread or Valenciennes laces are worn with silks. Braiding or ruffles embroidered would trim your cambric wrapper well. You can buy a very pretty llama lace sacque for $35.

A HUMBLE FARMER'S WIFE.—The *Bazar* has given designs for crochet tidies.

SUBSCRIBER.—Your questions were answered *somewhere* in the *Bazar*, though possibly not in this column. We can give you no further information about cosmetics.

LITTLE RHODY.—Make your striped silk by description of spring silk dresses in *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. V. Make your little girl's dress with a basque and overskirt, with vest, cuffs, and ruffles of colored silk.

EVA LEARY.—Make your sky blue silk with demi-train and over-skirt, or else a simulated court train and basque, trimmed with pleated Swiss muslin and Valenciennes lace.

JANE S.—Straw bonnets will be greatly worn, but round hats will certainly not be abandoned. Thick repped ribbon and tinted roses will be the trimming. Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. V.

MARION.—Use the pattern of Dolly Varden polonaise illustrated in the present number, and the Plain-basque Suit pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., for your house dress of alpaca. The polonaise with cape, and capes without polonaises, will be worn all summer. For your black silk trained dress consult New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. V.

LIBBIE S.—Your wide striped silk is out of fashion, and will look best under a polonaise of solid color.

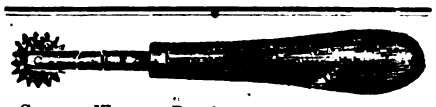
A. B. B.—You will find all the information we can give about summer outfits embodied in New York Fashions of *Bazar* Nos. 7, 8, 9, and 10, of Vol. V. Get Gabrielle dresses and sacques for a child.

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MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with Pleated Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt	" 52

Vol. V.

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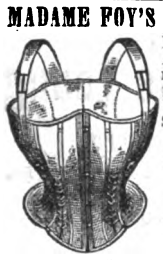
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FACETIÆ.

THE Royal College of Physicians in London has been presented with a horn of a cow polished by Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. Was this the same cow, of the bright-polished horn, that gave the first vaccine for the newly born?

A woman who went into a photographic establishment the other day to have a picture of her baby taken gave the child a preliminary spanking, in order, as she said, "to bring a healthy bloom into its cheeks, so it would make a pretty picture."

A Quaker, a teetotaler, gave a lecture to a confirmed lover of fire-water, and told an anecdote of a terrible accident, in which an inebriate, in blowing out a candle, was killed by a flame igniting the alcoholic fumes of his breath. The drinking individual, an Irishman, was much terrified, and to the comfort of the Quaker commenced a solemn asseveration, bemoaning the fact that he was bringing himself to ruin, and then swore that never again, so long as he lived, would he attempt to blow out a candle.

Some idea of the tautology of the legal formulæ may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" thus: "I give you all and singular my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, any thing heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."



THE PLEASURES OF DANCING IN A CROWDED ROOM OFTEN CREATE A GREAT DEAL OF WEAR AND TEAR.

THE EFFICACY OF OAT-MEAL PORRIDGE.—New York claims him now, the one-hundred-and-thirteen-year-old man, who voted for all the Presidents, saws wood, was the groom of Washington, body-servant of Jackson, coachman of Jefferson, and barber to Franklin. He walks twenty-two miles every morning before breakfast, has used rum and tobacco for eighty-five years, and never was sick a day in his life. His teeth are in the highest state of preservation, he can read agate type by moonlight, and can hear the lowest whisper at the distance of seven miles. He was a Scotchman of the clan of Auld Lang Syne, and has all his life lived on oat-meal porridge, and has used a certain patent medicine, of which fact due use can be made by any patent medicine proprietor for a consideration.

OFFENSIVE OR DEFENSIVE.—Would it surprise you to learn that there is no difference between the language of abuse and the abuse of language?

A traveler lost on a Yorkshire moor, after desperately pursuing a rather hopeless track for some time, had the good fortune to meet a member of a shrewd and plain-speaking sect. "This is the way to York, is it not?" said the traveler.

To which the other replied: "Friend, first thou tellest me a lie, and then thou askest a question."

A gentleman and his wife had a little argument on Christmas-eve, when he kindly said he would hang up her stockings for her—which he did, but inadvertently omitted to take her out of them. She stood feet up nine minutes, and then walked out—of the world.

The authorities of a certain college are so highly moral that they never allow any reference to be made in essays to the sword of D——ocles.

A ball-room conversation is thus reported: a young gentleman advances to a lady who considers herself *the* belle of the room—not among young ladies an isolated condition of mind. He makes a low bow, and stammers forth, blushingly, as follows: "Might I ask you—ah—"

The young lady understands him at once; and rather haughtily, at the presumption, and to show her exact value, replies, "I am very sorry, but I am engaged for the next three dances."

"It's not dancing—ah—it is—it's—beg your pardon; you are a—sitting on my hat!"

The look of the lady was even more crushing than her physical performance had been.

A HIGH NOTE—One for a thousand dollars.

VERY STRANGE!—Life is a contradiction: we send to our butcher for a sweet-bread, and if we want a sweetmeat we send to our baker!

Why is an oyster like a horse?—Because he can't climb a tree.

No noose is good news, as the man said when he was reprieved.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a school-master's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

A Swiss gentleman has swallowed a fork. He must have been in a hurry with his eating. An operation is meditated, as the fork is uneasy. Send down a knife and a sirloin steak, and all will go well.

If a man loses his breath, he shouldn't run for it: he will catch it quicker by standing still.

Can that be said to be a "generous" wine which *gives* one a headache?



"BREAKING THE ICE"

GENTLEMAN (*to Pensive Neighbor during the Quarter of an Hour before Dinner*). "Miss Wilkin on. you look Sad. Perhaps you're Tired?"
LADY. "Oh no, thank you."
GENTLEMAN. "Or Unwell?"
LADY. "Oh dear, no!"
GENTLEMAN (*in desperation*). "Then—you must be Hungry!"



PRACTICAL.

HOPEFUL. "Will Breakfast soon be ready, Mamma?"
MAMMA. "Yes, my dear."
HOPEFUL. "Well, Papa, you might say Grace just now, to save Time."



SOME MODES OF CARRYING AN UMBRELLA.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

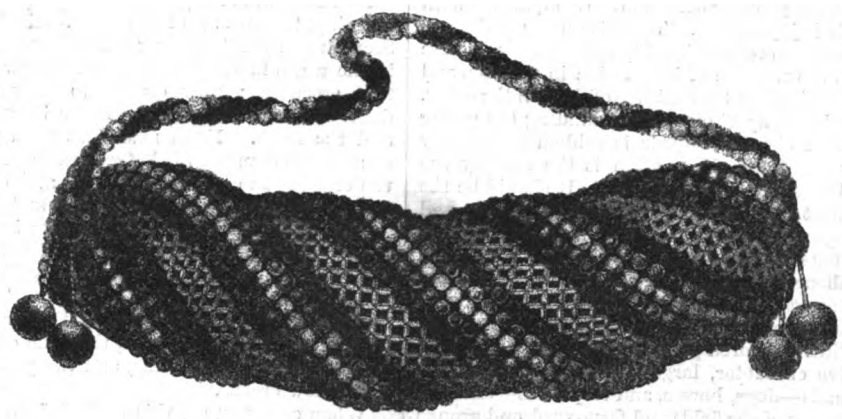
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VOL. V.—No. 12.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Sofa-Pillow of Crochet and Worsted Balls.

THE cover of this sofa-pillow consists of six strips, which are made alternately of balls of green zephyr worsted in three shades, and of open-work crochet leaflets of green worsted of a medium shade. The balls are sewed on a black worsted crochet foundation. Begin the cover of the sofa-pillow with a black worsted foundation twenty-nine inches long, and on this work, first, for the foundation of the balls, one strip of five open-work rounds, working always alternately 1 stc. (short treble crochet), 4 ch. (chain stitch); work the stc. of the first round on every fifth foundation stitch, and the stc. of the remaining rounds always on the ch. of the preceding round. Lay on the thread anew at the beginning of every round. At the end of the last round of this strip crochet as many ch. as the width or end of the finished strip amounts to (twenty stitches in the original). Then work on the stitches of the last round with green worsted of the medium shade one strip of four leaflet rounds; the first st. (stitch) of the new strip, however, is not crocheted on the first st. of the last round of the preceding strip, but a free space is left, as large as the width (end) of the strip. Work the first round of leaflets as follows: * 1 sc. (single crochet) on the relative st. of the preceding round, one leaflet (that is, 6 ch., 1 stc. on the second and 1 stc. on the first of these 6 ch.; these 2 stc. are not worked off separately, but together with the first loop on the needle); 1 ch., one leaflet like the preceding, pass over 7 st. of the preceding round and repeat from *. Work the remaining three rounds of leaflets in a similar manner, but work the sc. always on the ch. between two leaflets of the preceding round.



SOFA-PILLOW OF CROCHET AND WORSTED BALLS.
For pattern of Cover see Supplement, No. XII., Fig. 33.

Like these two strips work twice alternately one black and one green strip. In working each black strip crochet, instead of the foundation, one round of always alternately 1 sc. on the ch. between two leaflets of the last round of the preceding strip; 7 ch. after each sc. At the end of the first round of this strip work as many ch. as at the end of the last round of the preceding black strip; and at the beginning of the second round leave as many st. free as at the beginning of the first round of the strip of leaflets. Fig. 33, Supplement, shows the cover spread out, and reduced to one-eighth of the full size. The balls are made, in the usual manner, of a worsted strand forty threads thick, which is knotted with a single worsted thread at intervals of three-quarters of an inch, and cut through between the knots; the worsted balls thus formed are rounded evenly with the scissors, and then sewed separately on the crochet foundation, always fastening one ball on 1 stc. Set the finished cover on a bolster of green cashmere filled with curled hair; the bolster is seventeen inches long and fourteen inches in circumference. First sew up the sides of the cover from 1 on 1 to 2 on 2 of Fig. 33, Supplement; then join all the corners similarly numbered on one end, draw the cover over the bolster, and then also sew up the corners numbered correspondingly on the other end. Finally, set on the cord, which consists of two wound rounds of double crochet on which worsted balls are sewed, and cover the seam on the ends of the sofa-pillow with a larger worsted ball and a tassel.

Silk Tulle and Satin Bertha.

THIS bertha is made of pleated white silk tulle and blue satin folds on a foundation of stiff lace. The trimming consists of blonde three-quarters of an inch and two inches and a half wide, blue satin rolls, and bows. On the shoulders set a rosette of pleated white tulle and loops and ends of blue satin trimmed with blonde. A bow consisting of five loops, an end, and a knot of blue satin is set in front of the heart-shaped bertha, which is edged with the wide blonde.



WHITE SILK TULLE AND BLUE SATIN BERTHA.

A NEW USE FOR OLD CARPETS.

OLD ingrain or three-ply carpets, however faded or worn, may be turned to good account in the following manner: Ravel out the carpet, and as you do so wind it in balls. When this is done, have ready some scarlet, blue, or green yarn, which, if the colors of the carpet be very dull, will help to enliven them. Next take a long stick, like a yard-stick, and wrap the raveled yarn tightly around it, interspersing it with a little red and green all the way through. When the stick is full, begin to sew it along one edge, so as to secure it, and then cut it open on the other. Now do another and another stickful in the same way, until the carpet yarn is all gone. A piece of strong crash will answer best as a foundation for the rug we are purposing to make out of all this, and having hemmed it at each end, begin in the middle with a tuft of bright colors, sewing the rest around on the foundation as closely as possible, row after row, until the crash is completely covered. It may thus be made as large as required, and can be trimmed to make the tuft even. This will give you a very serviceable door-mat or rug, and will wear as long as the old carpet has already done.



BLACK TULLE LOW-NECKED BLOUSE.—BACK.—[See Page 204.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 19–25.

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SAWDUST.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

LAST night I happened, quite by chance
  Intruding late upon the scene,
To see a most delightful dance
  My little sister's dolls between.

It was a party so select,
  Conducted in the style approved,
I really hardly could detect
  'Twas not the circle where *I* moved!

A manikin I marked, whom all
  Seemed, as one doll, to hang about
(Except a cynic by the wall,
  Whose grapes were sour enough, no doubt).

And as I saw the eager smile
  Of such a very pretty ninny—
Whose waist and hair and general style
  Were not unlike my cousin Winny—

And watched that other savage face,
  A startling sort of likeness came
Between the poor doll-fellow's case
  And—some one's whom I need not name.

And still the question puzzles me,
  Remembering the look he wore—
Am *I* a doll? or can it be
  That I have seen it all before?

Though, save myself, no creature there
  Had any claim upon a soul,
That court about the millionaire
  Looked strangely natural, on the whole.

Who would have thought the same good sense
  Common to dolls' and human brains,
Or such a trifling difference
  'Twixt blood and sawdust in the veins!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1872.

☞ THE Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY take pleasure in announcing that they will shortly commence the publication of

DORÉ'S LONDON

in MONTHLY EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS to the WEEKLY, each containing many MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS by the greatest master of the picturesque, accompanied with interesting and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by BLANCHARD JERROLD. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out GRATUITOUSLY with HARPER'S WEEKLY; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Spring Walking, House, Visiting, and Evening Dresses; Confirmation and First Communion Dresses; Spring Mantelets, Paletots, Jackets, etc.; Irish Guipure Collars, Scrap-Bags, Sewing-silk Cases; Card Cases and Presses; Tablets, Embroidery Designs, etc., etc.*

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new Sleeveless Sacque and Cape, with French Blouse, Watteau Postilion, Apron-front Over-Skirt, and Walking Skirt, will be published with our next Number. For Full List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 215.*

AMUSEMENT OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN are particularly susceptible to the pleasurable emotions. Their earliest recognition of the world, soon after they have been ushered into it, is a smile. Their first consciousness of a mother's tender pressure, a father's fond notice, or a little brother's or sister's sympathetic curiosity is thus expressed. The least indication of the cheerful fills the infant with a glee which sparkles in every feature of the face, and sets in motion all his limbs. A beam of light, a tint of color, the gentlest motion or the slightest sound, will arouse all his mirthfulness; a glance from the mother's eye, a touch of the father's finger, the tinkle of a silver thimble, or the glistening of a silken shred, becomes a source of the intensest pleasure.

This early susceptibility of the child to mirth should be, we think, more encouraged than it ordinarily is. Not only would the present enjoyment of youth be thus promoted, but the future happiness of age. There is nothing so requisite for patiently enduring the trials of advanced life as abundant animal spirits, and these are only to be had by laying in a good stock in childhood. Those who are cheerful while young are seldom sad when old.

Cheerfulness and its natural associates, mirth and laughter, are, moreover, especially favorable to health, not only of the mind but body. "A merry heart," says SOLOMON, "doeth good like a medicine, but sorrow drieth the bones." The moral effect, moreover, of cheerfulness is not to be despised. It is antagonistic to envy, strife, and all uncharitableness. The devil, said LUTHER, hates nothing so much as a good laugh.

As we are persuaded that cheerfulness in childhood is an excellent preparative for the labors of life, and an antidote to many of its ills, we would urge upon parents the importance of cultivating it in their offspring. Even in infancy much can be done toward encouraging the pleasurable emotions. It is above all essential that the mother, or other attendants, should sustain to their utmost, in the presence of their children, a cheerful bearing. The nurse, with the idea that age is a proof of experience and a security against carelessness, is chosen often too old to be successful in entertaining the young intrusted to her charge. Her stiff and spasmodic attempts to amuse infants are far less successful than the natural impulses of the younger attendant to sympathize with their joyousness. There is all the difference between companionship and mastery. There is the warmth of inclination in the one, and nothing but the coldness of duty in the other.

The importance of surrounding the young with cheerful objects is seldom sufficiently recognized. How often is the nursery the dullest room in the house! It should be the most cheerful, and have, both literally and figuratively, a sunny aspect. All its contents should have a lively air. The walls should be painted of a bright color, and the carpet be of a pattern noticeable by the distinctness of its figures or the warmth of its tint. Colored pictures, of a striking, objective character, large representations of animals—dogs, horses, and elephants—cheerful scenes of the fields and farm-yard, and groups of ruddy boys and girls playing and merry-making, should be so hung on all sides as to attract the sight and animate the spirits of the little inhabitants of the nursery. Their eyes and ears should be as far as possible kept closed to all scenes and relations of horror and cruelty. The excitement of the natural terror of the child at darkness and solitude must be carefully avoided, and no threats of summoning ghosts, bogies, old witches, or other monsters, so fearful to the childish imagination, should ever be permitted.

With increasing age youth finds in the companionship of its fellows the society which is essential to its happiness, and acquires that knowledge of the traditionary games of boyhood and girlhood which is an endless source of gayety and pleasure. The top, ball, marbles, tag, leap-frog, hare and hounds, prisoner's base, and the many other amusements of the young, with their varied inducements to active exercise of the body and enlivening influences upon the animal spirits, have a value to the child proved by the experience of all time and all countries. We regret, however, to learn that, as they involve a certain roughening and dirtying of the hands, reddening of the face, and disheveling of the hair, and an unquestionable wear and tear of fine clothes, many parents discountenance them. They are denounced by the over-refined as the games of the rude children of a rude age, and as not genteel enough for the nicer offspring of modern civilization! They undoubtedly afford the young just that combination of mental excitement and physical action in which they delight, and from which both mind and body receive so much benefit. We therefore decide, without hesitation, in the case of fine clothes *versus* healthy and happy children, in favor of the healthy and happy children, leaving the fine clothes, as the lawyers say, we believe, "to be cast for damages."

Parents should not only encourage their children to play these famous old games out-of-doors, but make abundant provision for their children's amusement at home. Knowing the prejudice against cards, which, perhaps, from the bad company they are often associated with, is not very unreasonable, we do not venture to commend absolutely their use. Children, however, we must say, take, according to our experience, a greater and more constant interest in these "de'il's books," as the Scotch minister terms them, than in almost any other game, and this without the stimulus of gain. Their aspect, which is ordinarily bright and cheerful, entices the youthful eye, and the various changes and combinations the cards admit of are unceasing provocatives to their curiosity. Without cards, however, there are draughts, chess, dominoes, and *home* billiards, to which, we believe, the most scrupulous do not now object. Parents and guardians should be careful to supply these games and whatever else may conduce to the innocent amusement of children.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Crocuses.

MY DEAR LEONARD,—In the blithe mornings long ago—not quite in the last century, although you probably think so—when we boys, some of whom are nearly great-grandfathers now, used to go home from school overflowing the stage-coach, and waking up every village through which we passed with singing and shouting, there always came a moment of the highest joy when the familiar objects near home began to appear. There was the row of elms, and the old well, and the root fence, and a score of little objects hailed with enthusiasm, like the green boughs and the sea estrays which float out from shore to far wandering mariners. Boys come home from school by railroad now, and they have their own romance, of course; but it is different from ours of that earlier day. Yet every journey has those delightful little signs that show the bourne is near. What is it that old Murray used to say in his precious hand-book for Central Italy—"La Storta, the last post to Rome," or something like it, and he told us at what point near by, looking across the Campagna, we should see St. Peter's. "La Storta—the last post to Rome."

And I found to my great delight, the other morning, that we also had again reached La Storta upon our journey, for I was strolling in the warm morning sunshine, and saw the first crocuses, yellow crocuses, sturdy and delicate forerunners of the apple blossoms and the roses. From near La Storta you can see the dome of St. Peter's, and so from the crocus you can see the spring and summer. There may be banks of snow and bare trees and icy winds, and bright fires in the house, and warm coats and furs for the wayfarer in the street; but the golden smile of the little crocus melts them all away. They are seen to be temporary evils, the wrecks and relics of winter; for lo, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the proof is the yellow crocus.

When once you see this modest flower, so cheerful, so full of promise, you seem to see it every where. It is, perhaps, only a symbol. The whole town seems to be full of a crocus feeling. There is such magic in the little blossom that every thing is equally suggestive and promising. I open my window to breathe the soft air, and I see other windows opening; and up and down the street people linger on the door-steps, and the cry of the newsboys seems to me softened and sweeter, and I say to Biddy, who is busy with her household cares, "Biddy, the old world is blooming all over with crocuses." And Biddy answers, "La! Mr. Bachelor, you are as fresh as a crocus yourself, for all you're such an old gentleman." Biddy is always polite, but she seems to me to be especially courteous and happy this morning, and I speak only the truth when I say, "Why, Biddy, you're a crocus too." For the spring air enchants us all, and we bourgeon and bloom. It is a world of crocuses, as I sometimes see; and those in the flower-pots and in the garden beds only set the key.

When I have been looking at them and thinking of them for some time they enchant my eyes. If I go into Mrs. Honeysuckle's and watch her children at play, I do not escape the bright spring flowers of which I am writing to you. There is little Arthur, a prince of six years. He is very careful of the younger sister, very gentle and obedient, but able to bear his little punishments bravely. His ways are very winning and unconscious; and as I look at him I think of the young man courteous and refined and manly, simple and generous, without presumption, without haughtiness. I think of him an older man, trusted, beloved; perhaps famous, but that is not so sure; a man of many duties well done, of quiet charity, of wise sympathy. It is a noble character full of human graces that I think of—a man worthy the name of gentleman—and yet I am looking at a boy of six, a prattler. But I forecast that bountiful and beautiful summer because in this earliest spring I see the crocuses peeping. What else are these sweet traits so plainly marked? "What beautiful crocuses you have!" I say to Mrs. Margery, who does not in the least understand what I mean. And she answers, "I haven't seen one this year." Until observing my eyes fixed upon her children, she smiles again, and says, brightly, "I forgot; my garden is full of them."

Or I go to Claude's, who paints so patiently in his studio high up under the roof. He shuts the door, and all day long often nobody comes to disturb him. He has not been in Europe, nor has he seen great pictures; but he has used every opportunity, and he is the most patient and faithful of students. He is not the artist who paints the pictures meretriciously brilliant which the ignorant admire, and at which the wise observer smiles. But those tender, simple scenes are his which linger in memory like sweet songs. There was one that I recall in a recent exhibition, a small picture of the old subject: a young girl plucking the petals of a Marguerite to tell her fortune. As you look at it the blended maiden eagerness and bashfulness, as if the spectator must know the name of which she is thinking, are very lovely. If we listen, shall we not hear the words under her breath? "*Il m'aime; un peu; beaucoup; passionnément; point du tout!*" What man is worthy of that virgin dream? What name but is purified by being taken upon those rose lips? But as I stand before that lovely little picture, and see in it all the skill and promise of young genius, I say to the young lady who also stands before it, and who says, "Dear me! how nice!" "Yes, my dear, 'tis a very nice crocus." She looks at me calmly with the air of remarking, "This is a lunatic," and proceeds to look at the celebrated "Crucifixion," which occupies, as you remember, one entire end of the hall, and of which she also remarks, "Dear me! how nice!" By-and-by she turns and says, "I beg your pardon, but did you mean *croquis*?" To which I blandly answer, "No, my dear; I mean crocus, a golden flower of spring." Upon which she relapses into the lunatic theory, and goes her nice ways.

But those sketches of Claude's are, in truth, his first spring flowers. I look at them and foresee the summer of his fame. When the boy Mozart used to play the harpsichord, I suppose there were others besides his father who heard the master in the pupil, and who felt that the boy who could do that would do "Don Giovanni" and the "Requiem" by-and-by. The crocuses are very abundant if you only happen to see them.

I thought of it again this morning as I met Imogen, who might have been the very Marguerite stepped out of that pretty picture. All the shy promise, the tender modesty, of the one was in the other. I have for some time remarked in Imogen a gentle consciousness of happiness—a preoccupation, as the French people would say. A nameless sweet tranquillity invests her as she stands holding a nosegay of rose-buds and violets. Who gave you the rose-buds, Imogen? Flowers are but flowers, yet these flowers, and those you carry every day, are beautiful with another beauty than any you ever carried before. Have you newly learned their language? Has perfume a subtile eloquence which it never had before? And I mark that she goes at the same hour by my window in these early spring afternoons; and although she is alone when she goes, she is not alone when she comes. From what far and enchanted shore comes this youth whom I never saw before? Last year she did not know him; now she will know him forever. *Il m'aime; passionnément; toujours!* I see it all now. This shy gentleness, this maiden expectation, they are in life what the picture is in art. They are crocuses also. They peep from under the leaves, and their golden bloom foretells the summer. Was I wrong, dear Leonard, in saying that the world is full of these prophetic flowers of spring?

Sometimes the summer which they foretell is far away, and seems to come so slowly as not to approach at all. The snows fall again after the flowers have opened their eyes, and even in March June seems impossible. But there are crocuses that I have known which seemed to bloom even until long past June, and still the summer had not come. I see them still in those kind natures which seem to have no development here but to point forward and far beyond. If you had ever known Azalia you would understand what I mean. She had no beauty, no charm, and her life was very lonely. Circumstances separated her from what is called the world, and she lived where it was no pleasure to her to live. But every duty was punctually fulfilled, and there was such a sense of goodness in her that you felt alarmed and reproached that somehow goodness was not enough. But it was pathetic to see how good and how baldly uninteresting she was. She was prim and precise, not aggressively like a prude, and only as if severe propriety were natural. But nobody cared to talk with her, although she was very intelligent, and I never heard of any man who designedly passed the evening at her house. You could not know Azalia without feeling that she had the qualities of character which make life happy, and yet I suppose—if such a thing may be supposed of any woman—that no man ever asked her to be his wife.

Azalia always seemed defrauded of her life, like one of the plants that grow in the cellar, and bleach on in endless darkness. But if only a favorable sun could shine, all the colors which make plants beautiful would appear; and so I felt if only the ray of circumstance could fall upon Azalia she would appear as lovely as she was good. But what were those hints and germs of possibility but crocuses in the earliest spring foretelling a summer, sometime, somewhere? They were always there, and always in full bloom, but modest and hidden and unregarded. I look-

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ed at her with a feeling of tender reverence, for while the years passed and she grew old, her life was always in its very earliest spring, and while that of others was teeming with heavy roses or hung with ripened fruit, hers still lingered in the time of crocuses. And I believe that they were as full of as sure a promise as those beneath Mrs. Honeysuckle's window, that "ope their golden eyes" to look upon the summer from under the dead leaves and snow.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BLACK SILKS.

BLACK silks for spring retain their blue-black shading, and are a trifle more glossy than the heavy dead-lustre silks of last fall. The grain is that even, medium-large reps the French call *faille*. Prices generally are not higher than those of last year, and some brands are lower.

COLORED FAILLES FOR SPRING SUITS.

Rich failles of well-defined reps, heavy yet soft and pliable, are shown in choice tints for spring. The best qualities sell for $5 50 or $6 a yard: the same fabric was $7 last year. The colors are in quiet, refined taste, avoiding all that is bright and pronounced, and consisting of faint, undecided hues, such as modest browns, grays, and buffs. The severe grays lately worn are now modified by woody brown shadings, and in return the stylish browns have grayish tinges. Two and sometimes three shades of a color are imported, and all these shades will appear in one costume. The newest is *écorce*, or bark-color, a peculiar grayish-brown that will make very handsome visiting dresses; *ramier*, or wood-pigeon, a soft dove-like color; *cacao*, in two shades, showing cocoa *au lait* and cocoa *sans lait*; *réséda*, or mignonette, a beautiful gray with green shadings; sage, a darker shade of greenish-gray, is already much worn; tea green is a similar tint; *noisette* is a lighter nut brown than that of the winter; *printemps*, or spring gray, shades toward blue; Russian gray is almost as brown as the familiar ashes-of-roses; Paris gray is ash-color, and is called Paris-in-ashes; London smoke and plum-color are retained; for dinner and evening dresses are *Atlantique*, in three shades, showing the blue of the ocean at different tides; *rose-de-thé*, pale tea-rose; *fleur-de-pêche*, a rosy lavender; salmon with very pink tinges; and a metallic shade called nickel.

For very rich Dolly Varden costumes there are petticoats of solid color, olive brown, plum, cypress green, and London smoke faille, sold by the yard for $4; the same goods embroidered for the polonaise and for flounces costs from $8 to $12 a yard.

Light summer silks, white grounds with hair stripes of color, are shown in great quantities: choice qualities are $2 a yard, but the quality most rapidly sold is that costing $1 25. Black and white silk producing grisaille effects is largely imported.

PARISIAN DOLLY VARDENS.

Lovely Dolly Varden suits are imported from France under the name of Watteau costumes, the other title being peculiar to England. An elaborate suit has a mauve silk skirt, with polonaise of black foulard with gay flowers. The polonaise is in Watteau style, with broad fold in the back, half-low, square neck, mauve silk vest, and much-bunched-up skirt. The trimming is a fringe of long pendants in all chintz colors, with mauve tips. On the mauve skirt are narrow box-pleated ruffles of mauve and the chintz foulard, while about the knee are elaborate fans of the foulard.

Another suit has a blue silk skirt, with polonaise of buff foulard besprinkled with roses. A blue faille Watteau bow with long ends is in the back; others trim the front, drape the sides of the skirt and finish the elbows; and still another is coquettishly placed high on the left breast. The skirt of the polonaise is turned under so that no defined edge of the garment is seen, and the back stands out in great bouffant puffs that look as if stuffed with eider-down. The blue silk petticoat has chintz foulard ruffles and wide box-pleated puffs caught at intervals by blue bows.

HINTS ABOUT DRESS.

Skirts of French dresses are trimmed very high this year, often reaching above the knee. Wide puffs separated by ruches form the upper part of the trimming, while three narrow box-pleated ruffles edge the bottom of skirts of rich silk suits. Kilt pleatings, box-pleating, and gathered ruffles trim suits of stuffs and of muslin. The newest polonaises are in the shape of the Dolly Varden illustrated in the *Bazar* of last week, with open front, plain side skirt, no side forms in the waist, a treble box-pleat in the back of skirt, and all drapery very far back, with bows for ornament. By way of variety the polonaise is sometimes fastened by bows half-way down the skirt front, and thence pointed away toward each side; the box-pleating at the back of the skirt may also be hollow, that is, pleated underneath, showing three pleats on each side, instead of in a Watteau pleat outside. These pleats at the back of polonaises are laid so deep that, though worn over very large tournures, the folds of the pleats do not entirely disappear until they reach the end of the garment. This is seen also in demi-trained skirts of dresses. In imported dresses the folds gradually widen down the sweeping train, and in some instances each fold is embroidered its entire length to represent peacocks' feathers!

The coquetry of spring toilettes consists in the pretty bows that are stuck about in most unnecessary places. A bow far up on the left front, another on the right shoulder with short ends hanging behind, a Watteau bow with long streamers placed just back of the neck, a bow without any ends at the back of the belt, a bow at the elbow of ruffled sleeves, or a little scarf tied in a bow on the cuffs of coat sleeves—these, with two perpendicular rows of loops set far back on the upper skirt to hide its pleats of drapery, are the jaunty garniture of French suits. Faille ribbon two inches wide is used for these bows, or else straight strips of faille cut in that width. The reader should note where these bows are placed, as they will be the principal ornament of white suits for the summer.

Rich silks, to be worn both in the house and street, are more often made with basque and upper skirt than with polonaises, though both styles are worn. Some elegant dresses dispense with real over-skirts, and have a demi-train with a wide scarf-sash arranged in folds around the skirt, not at the belt, but nearly down to the knees, giving the effect of an elaborate over-skirt. This scarf-sash is usually of some softer fabric than faille, such as China crape or armure, and the dresses with which it is worn are for the house only. A lavender silk with inch stripes of satin is made in this way, with a scarf-sash of soft repped Sicilienne of solid lavender laid in many folds, with a wide fringed end hanging on the left side. The waists are almost invariably postilions with vest fronts. *Bazar* readers will gain clearer ideas of stylish corsages than any mere description can give by examining the engraving on page 176 of *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. V.

Suits of white Victoria lawn, of piqué, and of buff linens and batiste, are made with Dolly Varden polonaises, trimmed with pleated ruffles of the same, or with gathered embroidered ruffles. Many of these fabrics have also the Marguerite polonaise, with or without a vest. The bows draping the skirt are of strips of the material, hemmed, and tied by the wearer, instead of being made-up bows to be removed when the dress is washed.

Among the French importations is a spring costume of écru batiste cloth (a mixture of wool and linen); it has two box-pleated frills on the skirt, headed by a bias fold and white guipure insertion. The over-skirt has an apron tied back, with bouffant back breadths. The edge is cut in large points and fringed, while perpendicular rows of insertion are down each breadth. The beautiful basque has a postilion and Watteau trimming.

A black and white striped challie polonaise is in the Marguerite shape, over a solid black skirt trimmed with a broad striped flounce. Bows of black faille are down the front. Another suit is a polonaise of écru and white striped batiste poplin, with solid écru skirt trimmed with striped ruffles and insertions of white guipure.

An elegant visiting dress, with skirt too long for promenading, but suitable for the carriage, has a cuir-colored silk skirt with broad striped flounce, finished by a bias ruffle headed by a puffed ruche. The round upper skirt is of écru China crape trimmed with milliner's folds of the cuir silk and fringe. Basque of silk, with a China crape fichu in regular Marie Antoinette shape. The coat sleeve of the basque has a corded cuff that points over the wrist, and is prettily trimmed with a little scarf of China crape tied round the arm with bow and hanging ends.

A dove gray silk demi-train, also for the carriage, has three flounces of the soft silk serge introduced last season. The Franklin polonaise is of this serge also.

Elegant reception dresses are shown in contrasting colors—one of dark blue silk skirt and vest, with pearl gray crape basque and over-skirt. Another is rose silk, with a polonaise of white gauze, trimmed with white silk guipure lace with fringed edge.

SPRING GLOVES.

Gants de Suède, or undressed kid gloves, are imported in large quantities for spring use. These gloves are now so handsomely made, and are so pleasant to wear, that they are no longer confined to morning shopping and traveling, but appear on more dressy occasions, such as matinées, afternoon promenades and drives, and they are said to have been worn at receptions during the winter. Fortunately they are less expensive than dressed kid. Those with two buttons are $1 75 a pair; with three buttons, $2; with four buttons, $2 25. A novelty among these is a long-armed glove, in one piece, unbuttoned, except where it is slightly open at the wrist, and a button is required to close it. The stylish colors are various shades of gray, salmon, buff, and *mastic*, or putty-color.

In dressed kid the first choice is long-wristed three-buttoned gloves without ornamental stitching, though quantities of shorter gloves with but two buttons, and the demi-long "cuff glove" with one button and a scalloped volante, are sold; the latter are preferred by ladies with plump arms. Paris gray, lavender *mastic*, grisaille, and *printemps* are the stylish shades for visiting gloves, *écru* and salmon remain in favor especially to wear with black suits, and flesh tints are chosen for evening. Four and six button gloves are worn for full dress, the length of the glove depending on the length of the sleeve and the beauty of the arm. White and black stitching with kid welts to match relieve dark gloves of London smoke or of Russian gray, chosen to match suits; buff tints are also very stylish with relief of black. Cocoa *au lait*, not unlike ashes-of-roses, promises to be a favorite color, as it is imported in twenty-five shades! Prices remain unchanged. Gloves with one button are $1 75 a pair, or $10 a half-dozen pairs; those having two buttons are $2 25; with three buttons, $2 75; with four buttons, $3.

Kid gloves for children, and in such small sizes as to be called infants' gloves, are as perfectly made and trimmed as those for ladies. White Balbriggan gloves, as neatly made as Balbriggan hosiery, and shaped and numbered like kid gloves, are shown for summer wear. They have Grecian stitching of color, and cost 75 cents. White silk gloves, and lisle-thread in colors, have pointed cuffs prettily ruffled and stitched. Others have a demi-gauntlet, not long enough to break and turn backward; while another design with two buttons, in sizes for the smallest child upward, has a solid pleated wristband that will not curl up, as thread gloves are apt to do.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

IT is said that the Prince Imperial, now sixteen, is coming over to us some time during the coming summer, accompanied by Prince NAPOLEON. The youngster is said to speak five languages fluently, and to be a well-disposed, well-behaved lad.

—Mr. A. D. F. RANDOLPH, one of our most enterprising publishers and booksellers, and favorably known as the author of several poems of great merit, is about to come before the public as a lecturer, his subject being "Books about Work, and the best Books for Workers."

—Baron ADOLPHUS ROTHSCHILD has founded at Nice a refuge for one hundred children.

—CARLOTTA PATTI has been doing some nice things in the way of charity. While in South America she sent through the consulate of Lima 25,000 francs for the suffering French; and since her arrival in France she has given in Paris for the same purpose, under the patronage of Madame THIERS, a concert which netted 15,000 francs.

—President SMITH, of Dartmouth College, learned the printer's art in Windsor, Vermont, and says that what he learned of spelling and punctuating while thus occupied has made him a better college president.

—TIFFANY & Co. are said to have sold recently, for $30,000, two of the finest strings of Oriental pearls ever disposed of in this country.

—WESLEY ARNOLD, a young man of Syracuse, and member of the university, possesses the power of singing two parts of a tune at the same time. At a recent gathering of clergymen in that city he "took them all down" by singing clearly and sweetly the bass and soprano of "Old Hundred."

—The Rev. EDWARD KENNEY, of the Episcopal Church, performed a few weeks ago in Cuba the first ceremony of Protestant baptism ever performed in that island. The child belonged to the family of an overseer on a plantation eight miles from Havana.

—Speaking of the members of the cabinet, their way of life, their wives, and their wealth, a correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing from Washington, says: "A very spirited and interesting woman has just been added to the cabinet circle in the person of Mrs. WILLIAMS, wife of the Attorney-General. She was a widow when she married WILLIAMS, a widower. Mrs. WILLIAMS is above the medium size, not far from forty years of age. She has light eyes, a good figure, and a very vivacious and inviting address. The Attorney-General has taken a house on I Street, which is generally thought to be the most elegant part of Washington. WILLIAMS himself is a man of common-sense, and an excellent legal mind. He wields a decisive pen, and never puts his foot erroneously any where. He is not possessed of any considerable means, and, in fact, it may be said that WILLIAMS, BELKNAP, ROBESON, and BOUTWELL are all poor. BOUTWELL sits at an ordinary boarding-house table, and is said to save fully one-half his salary. He has a shrewd, economical, New England wife, who takes care that the vanities of this world shall not consume his substance. The rich men of the cabinet are DELANO, whom some allege worth a million, and FISH, whose family is hereditarily well fixed. CRESWELL, including his official salary, has probably an income of $15,000 a year. The Solicitor-General, BRISTOW, is a young man without fortune, but of the highest order of personal character and native manliness. President GRANT, it is stated by those who know him best, is now worth about $200,000, some of which is well invested, and brings him good dividends."

—Some years ago DICKENS destroyed an immense accumulation of his correspondence. DOLBY described it as taking place on the lawn at Gadshill, and making an immense smoke. DICKENS said, "I destroyed the correspondence expressly because I considered it had been held with me, and not with the public, and because I would not answer for its privacy being respected when I should be dead."

—Those Boston speculators in "music, heavenly art," have insured the life of P. S. GILMORE for $100,000 for the period of six months, for the benefit of the guarantors of the jubilee fund. Fifteen different offices have betted that GILMORE will survive it.

—The Emperor of China, soon to be married, has imported a pair of elephants to assist at the ceremony. The bride elect is undergoing careful training in the etiquette of court life. For three years the looms of Nankin, Hang-chow, and Canton have been engaged on the silks and satins for her bridal apparel, which are now nearly completed, at a cost of over two millions of dollars. While the bridegroom, who has the sun for his emblem, goes forth in a car drawn by elephants, his bride, who represents the moon, is to be borne to her palace in a palanquin composed entirely of strings of pearls.

—"Gail Hamilton" hit the nail squarely on the head when, speaking of persons economical of the truth, she says, "We hear of people who have so strong a love for falsehood that they would rather lie on a twelvemonth's note than tell the truth for cash."

—The late JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, Episcopal Bishop of Melanesia, in the South Seas, and who was murdered recently by savages, left the whole of his fortune—upward of $60,000—to the work of Christian missions; probably "*pour encourager les autres.*"

—American talent continues to be appreciated abroad. JAMES IMBRIE MILLER, son of the eminent EDWARD MILLER, of Philadelphia, who went to India in 1869, in the service of the government of that country, to introduce certain railway improvements, has been appointed chief engineer of the state railways of Central India, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of Royal Engineers.

—The late Senator GRIMES, of Iowa, used to mention this little incident: While Governor of Iowa, during the session of the Legislature a gentleman from the interior arrived at the hotel where the Governor was boarding (and who at the time was pacing the hall), and approaching his Excellency, whom he took to be the porter of the house, asked him to take his carpet-bag to his room. The Governor complied, a quarter was offered and accepted, and the weary traveler told that whenever he wanted baggage carried to "call on Governor GRIMES."

—Mrs. BRETTELL, who recently died in England in her ninetieth year, was for seventy years a faithful servant in the households of GEORGE III., GEORGE IV., WILLIAM IV., and Queen VICTORIA.

—A poet once said, "And if we can not alter things, then we will change their names, Sir." Our Yankee singing-birds have a facility for doing that. Miss JENNIE ARMSTRONG, of Wiscasset, Maine, has been transformed in Italy into Signorina "Giovannia Avigliani," and under that delightful appellation has made her début with marked success at Saluzzo.

—This will certainly do: A few days since, in Pocahontas County, Virginia, DANIEL M'CARTY, a pensioner of the war of 1812, aged seventy-eight, took to wife Miss ANN GABERT, aged twenty-eight. The nuptial ceremony was performed in front of a hotel, on horseback, with the thermometer eight degrees below zero. They immediately started on the wedding-tour.

—Prince ORLOFF, of Russia, is astonishing the Parisians by his fine horsemanship. His coal-black steed cost $4000, and came from Tartary at that.

—Some years ago the late ELIZA LOGAN, while playing in Augusta, Georgia, was surprised at receiving as a present a negro valet worth $2000. It came from an enthusiastic young planter, who pinned his card to the coat sleeve of the African, and thus sent him to the actress. Miss L. retained the article for one day, and then returned it with thanks.

—The most notable marriage among the English aristocracy of the time is about to take place between the Marquis of Bute (Mr. DISRAELI'S Lothair) and a daughter of Lord HOWARD, in whose veins "flows all the blood of all the HOWARDS." The Marquis of Bute is the wealthiest peer in Great Britain, his income being over $1,500,000 per annum. The HOWARDS are of the very cream of aristocrats, the Duke of Norfolk of the time being hereditary Earl-Marshal of the kingdom, and always recognized as the premier duke and earl.

—There was a romance connected with the marriage of the late General EWELL. In early life he won the heart of Miss MARY POLK CAMPBELL, daughter of an eminent jurist of Tennessee: the hand he could not win, on account of the judge's opposition, so in time she married another; but just before the late unpleasantness she became a widow. During the contest she followed with her prayers the idol—the hero—of her first girlish love, who was winning laurels on distant fields. And when at the battle of the Wilderness he was stricken down at the head of his columns, Mrs. MARY POLK BROWN laid aside all minor considerations and flew on the wings of love to his bedside, nursing him through all his sufferings until he was again able to take command. It was shortly after his recovery that the dream of a long and eventful life was realized by the consummation of his early hopes, and these twain, devoted in youth, parted for a quarter of a century, met at last in the shadows of declining years to pledge anew that faith which had waxed stronger through the trying ordeal of a long separation.

—English ladies of position are much more practical in their ways than the fine lady of the U. S. There they oversee pretty much every thing, copy the business letters of their husbands, look after the poor, visit the sick, scrutinize the accounts, work in their own gardens, and are, as a general thing, up early in the morning. The late Marchioness of Lansdowne knew every cottager in her neighborhood, and was always with them in sickness and sorrow. Her only daughter used one hundred guineas (given her by her father-in-law, Lord Suffolk, to buy a bracelet) to build pig-sties, with his permission, at her husband's little country residence. She educates her own children without assistance, teaching the boys Latin and the girls all the usual branches of education. The late Duchess of Bedford had for thirty years of her married life risen at six o'clock, summer and winter, lit her own fire, made some tea for the duke and herself, and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them, and they came down to a large party of guests at ten o'clock, to dispense breakfast, without saying one word of their matutinary avocations; so that you might have been a visitor in the house without finding out that the duke or duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day before, perhaps, you had risen!

—Professor STOWE, while visiting at a little town in Massachusetts, wished to go to a town nine miles off to consult some genealogical records. He asked his host to obtain a turn-out for him, and seeing, half an hour afterward, a horse and wagon hitched in front of the door jumped into it, and drove off at a rattling pace. Arriving at his destination, he fastened the horse, and went to work upon the dusty records at the town-hall. He had been thus engaged for nearly an hour, when he was suddenly interrupted by the abrupt entrance of his host at the town whence he started, who exclaimed, "Dr. STOWE, have you been stealing a horse and phaeton?" To the astonished doctor it was then revealed that he had by mistake taken the establishment of a newly married Episcopal clergyman, who had come to call upon the doctor's host, and who was astonished, on leaving, to find his beautiful turn-out—a wedding present—gone, and replaced by an old, worn-out horse and chaise that had been brought there by the livery-stable keeper for Dr. STOWE. A stern chase ensued, but the doctor was not captured until he had reached his destination, as stated, whence, after mutual explanations, he drove home in the old chaise. The comment of the Episcopal clergyman on the case was, "This comes, Dr. STOWE, of not attending the church where the commandments are read every Sunday."

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Black Tulle Low-necked Blouse.

THIS black tulle blouse is furnished with bretelles, which form basques in the back and front. The trimming consists of black lace an inch and a quarter wide, ruches of black gros grain ribbon an inch and a quarter wide, and bows of similar ribbon two inches and a half wide. To make the blouse cut of plain black tulle two pieces from Fig. 19, Supplement, leaving an inch and a quarter extra material on the front edge, and one piece from Fig. 20, Supplement.



BLACK TULLE LOW-NECKED BLOUSE.—FRONT.—[See First Page.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 19–26.



BLACK POULT DE SOIE WAIST. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11–15.



BLACK TULLE LOW-NECKED BLOUSE.—[See First Page.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VI., Figs. 19–26.



BLACK POULT DE SOIE WAIST. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 11–15.

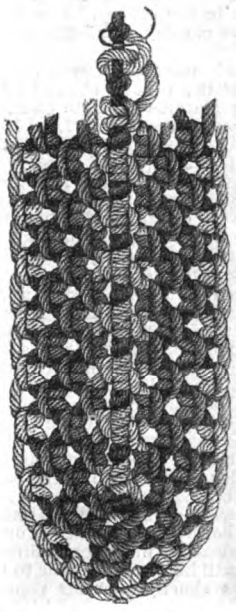


Fig. 2.—KNOTTED STRIP FOR FOOTSTOOL.

Cut the bretelles of figured black tulle and lace from Figs. 21 and 22. Having joined the blouse according to the corresponding figures, face the top with a strip of tulle, and set the bottom into a double binding of the material. Trim with lace and ruches as shown by the illustration, and sew on the bretelles according to the corresponding figures, having first arranged them in pleats, bringing × on ●. The upper corners of the bretelles are left loose, and are afterward sewed on the sleeves according to the corresponding signs. For each sleeve cut of plain tulle one piece from Fig. 23, Supplement, and of figured tulle one piece each from Figs. 24 and 25. Cover the piece of plain tulle (the foundation of sleeve) with a puff of similar tulle, trim the under edge with lace, and sew it up from 45 to 46. Trim the pieces cut from Figs. 24 and 25 on the outer edge, excepting the top, with gathered lace; gather the upper edge of these pieces, and sew them on the sleeves according to the corresponding figures. Set the sleeves into the armholes, bringing 46 on the side seam of the blouse, and fasten the corners of the bretelles on the sleeves. The illustration on the first page shows the blouse arranged on the figure.

Dimity Petticoat for Trained Dresses.

ALL the breadths of this petticoat are gored. The back breadths are covered with dimity ruffles six inches and a half wide, as shown by the illustration. The ruffles are gathered closer in the middle of the back than on the sides of the petticoat, and overlap each other an inch and three-quarters. The bottom of the petticoat is ninety-six inches wide. The top is gathered and sewed into a belt.

Tournure of Stiff Net for Trained Dresses.

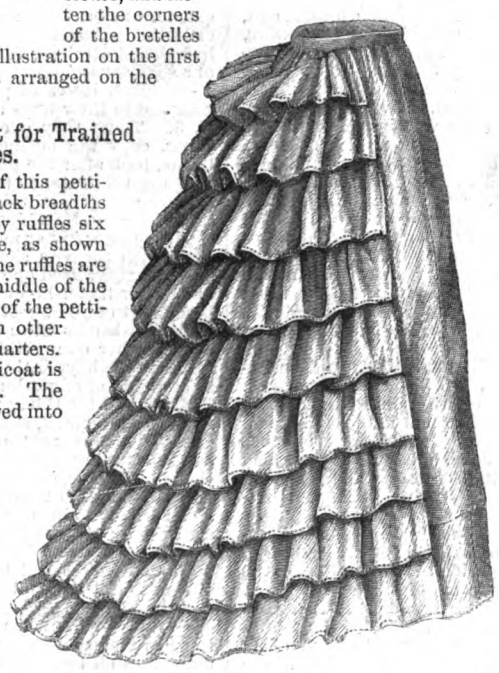
THIS tournure, which is fastened on the petticoat, is made of white stiff net, linen tape half an inch wide, and covered steel hoops a quarter of an inch wide. To make the tournure cut of net two straight pieces fifty-three inches long and twenty-four inches and a half wide; slope off one edge of these pieces, from the under to the upper edge, to a width of eight inches, and join them on the other side. Cut out these pieces on the upper edge, from both sides toward the middle, to a length of fifty-one inches and a quarter; and slope off the under edge, from the middle toward both sides, so that they are only forty-five inches and a quarter long. For the puffed part, which is sewed on this foundation, cut two straight pieces one hundred and thirty-five inches long and twenty-nine inches and a quarter wide. After joining these pieces on one side, slope them off on the free side, from the under to the upper edge, to a width of twelve inches and seven-eighths. Then sew the linen tapes half an inch wide on this part in a horizontal direction—the first tape two inches from the upper edge, the second tape four inches, and the third tape eight inches from the first tape. Sew on the remaining twenty tapes in such a manner that the intervals of every two following tapes are half an inch larger than the interval of the two preceding ones. Gather this part along the first, and along every second following tape, and sew it on the foundation, setting on the first tape two inches from the upper edge, the third tape two inches and a half from the first tape, and so on. The intervals increase half an inch each. The under edge of this puffed part is sewed to the under side of the foundation at a distance of two inches from the under edge. Run the steel hoops in the free tapes of the puffed part, and fasten the ends carefully. Arrange the sides of this part in box-pleats, in such a manner that the tapes furnished with hoops come in the middle of each box-pleat, and bind the puffed part and the foundation with shirting. Gather the top of the tournure and set it on a belt an inch wide and thirteen inches and three-quarters long, which is closed by means of strings. Finally, sew short strings on the tournure in the middle of the back, by means of which the puffs are tied together as shown by the illustration.



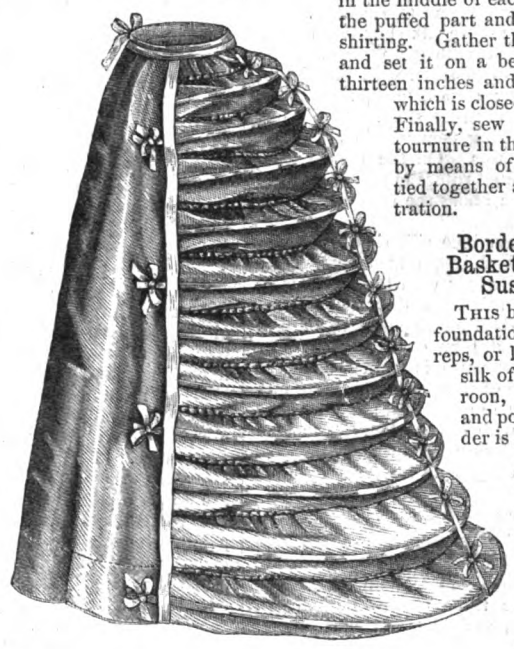
Fig. 3.—STRIP FOR TRIMMING FOOTSTOOL.



GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 16–18.



DIMITY PETTICOAT FOR TRAINED DRESSES.



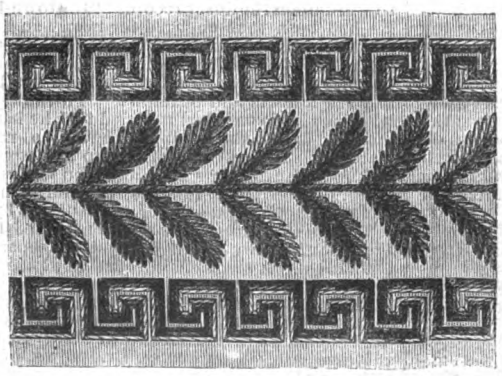
TOURNURE OF STIFF NET FOR TRAINED DRESSES.

Border for trimming Baskets, Sofa-Pillows, Suspenders, etc.

THIS border is worked on a foundation of light gray cloth, reps, or leather, with saddler's silk of several shades of maroon, in half-polka stitch and point Russe. If the border is designed for suspenders, it may be worked on gray drilling or English leather with wash material.

Footstool with Knitted Cover, Figs. 1–3.

THIS footstool or brioche consists of a circular raised cushion forty-five inches in circumference and



BORDER FOR BASKETS, SOFA-PILLOWS, SUSPENDERS, ETC.—POINT RUSSE EMBROIDERY.

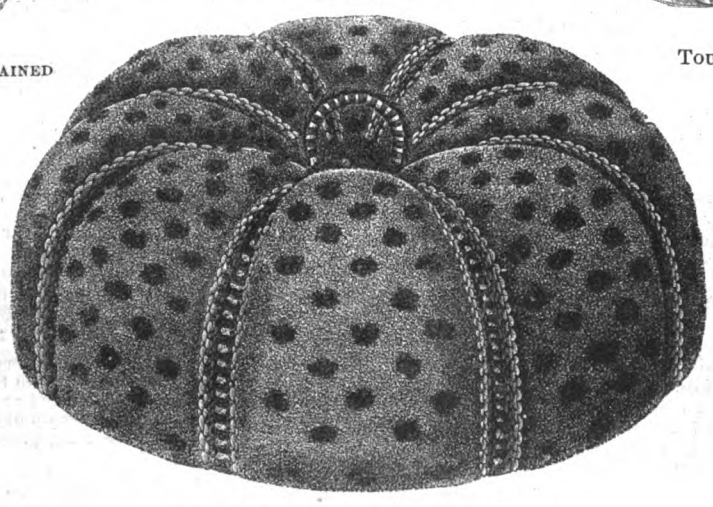


Fig. 1.—FOOTSTOOL WITH KNITTED COVER.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 32.

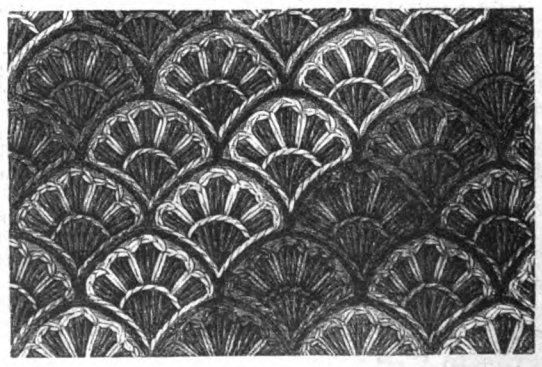
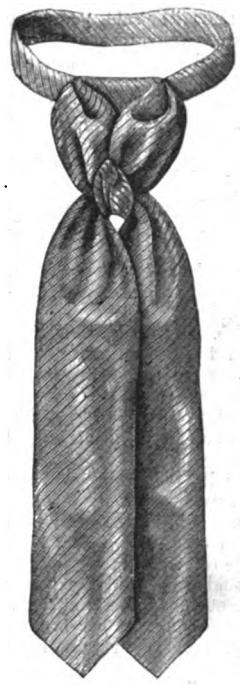


Fig. 1.—SECTION OF PERSIAN EMBROIDERY FOR SMOKING-CAP.—[See Fig. 2, Page 205.]

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five inches in height, which is hollowed out in the middle. It is covered with eight three-cornered knitted parts, which simulate plush. Between these parts are set strips an inch and a quarter wide, made of worsted cord in different colors. Fig. 32, Supplement, gives a three-cornered section of the cover. Knit the latter, beginning on the under edge, with medium-sized white knitting cotton, in rounds going backward and forward, all plain, narrowing at the end of the rounds to suit the shape of the pattern. In working every second following stitch in every second round, knit in a threefold thread of gray zephyr worsted an inch long, so that the ends of the worsted project an equal length on one side of the knitting.—These worsted threads must alternate. After every 11 rounds make alternate dots of black worsted in the gray foundation; to do this knit in one threefold black thread after every 11 stitches in the 12th round, and two threefold black threads after every 9 stitches in the 14th round. When the eight parts are finished in this manner, sew them on the cushion at regular intervals, having previously cut the threads evenly. The strips between the knitted parts are worked separately, from the middle, with worsted round cord in three shades of one color in the manner shown by Fig. 2. Make knots at regular intervals in the middle cord, on which the button-hole stitch loops are worked, as shown by the illustration. Instead of these knotted strips, tapestry strips, or strips of colored cloth like the one shown by Fig. 3, may be used. The latter is ornamented with colored twisted cord and with saddler's silk in point Russe and button-hole stitch. The rounded ends of the strips come on the middle of the cushion. Besides this fasten a worsted ball and a ring of thin rope covered with cord of different colors on the middle of the cushion as shown by the illustration. Cover the under surface of the footstool with black carriage leather, and furnish it on the outer edge with black worsted cord.



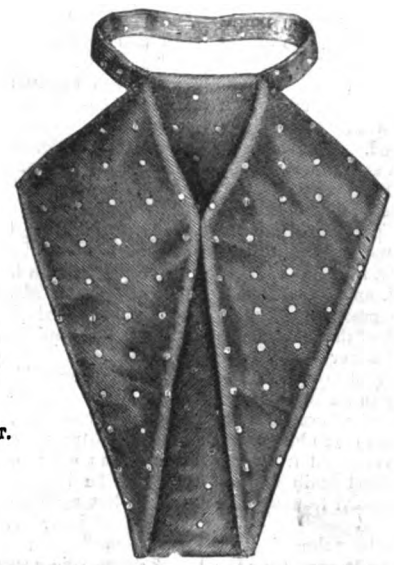
STRIPED SATIN CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.



BLACK AND WHITE PLAID GROS GRAIN CRAVAT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 29 and 30.



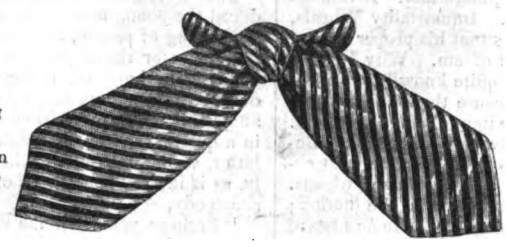
FIGURED GROS GRAIN AND SATIN CRAVAT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 26.



BROWN SATIN CRAVAT WITH WHITE DOTS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 27 and 28.



Fig. 2.—SMOKING-CAP.—PERSIAN EMBROIDERY.
[See Fig. 1, Page 204.]
For design see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 34.



BLACK AND GRAY STRIPED SATIN CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.



BLACK FAILLE CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.



BLACK GROS GRAIN CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.

the pattern for the tulle reduced to one-eighth of the full size. Transfer all the lines and signs on Fig. 31 to the tulle with a needle and thread, in doing which the lines and intervals must, of course, be enlarged eightfold. Lay the material in a fold along the dotted lines from each 53 to ∗, then from ∗ to ∗, and from each 54 to ∗. Next arrange the double material in pleats, bringing ×a on ●a, ×b on ●b, and each of the remaining ×'s on the nearest ●. Finally, sew the coiffure thus formed on a small stiff lace foundation, and set on the flowers as shown by the illustration.



BLUE GROS GRAIN CRAVAT.
For description see Supplement.

Evening Coiffure of Tulle and Flowers.

THIS coiffure is made of black figured silk tulle, black lace, and a spray of red camellias. Take a piece of tulle thirty-six inches wide and sixty-four inches long, which is edged all around with lace two inches and a half wide. Fold down one corner of the tulle in a triangle, so that one side of the under layer projects ten inches from the triangle. Gather the double material closely at the left side of the front, six inches and a half from the middle of the fold, to a length of seven inches and a quarter in a straight direction (toward the side edge of the triangle), and set on the flowers. In adjusting the coiffure the pleated part comes on the left side, the under layer (the scarf) is pinned on the right side and then arranged about the neck, as shown by the illustration. A large red camellia falls on the hair, a little to the left side of the parting. Other flowers may be substituted to harmonize with the color of the dress. This coiffure is extremely graceful, and the folds of lace about the neck and face soften the complexion, and are very becoming, producing something like the effect of a Spanish mantilla. The same coiffure may be made of white or colored lace.

Gentleman's Smoking-Cap, Figs. 1 and 2. Persian Embroidery.

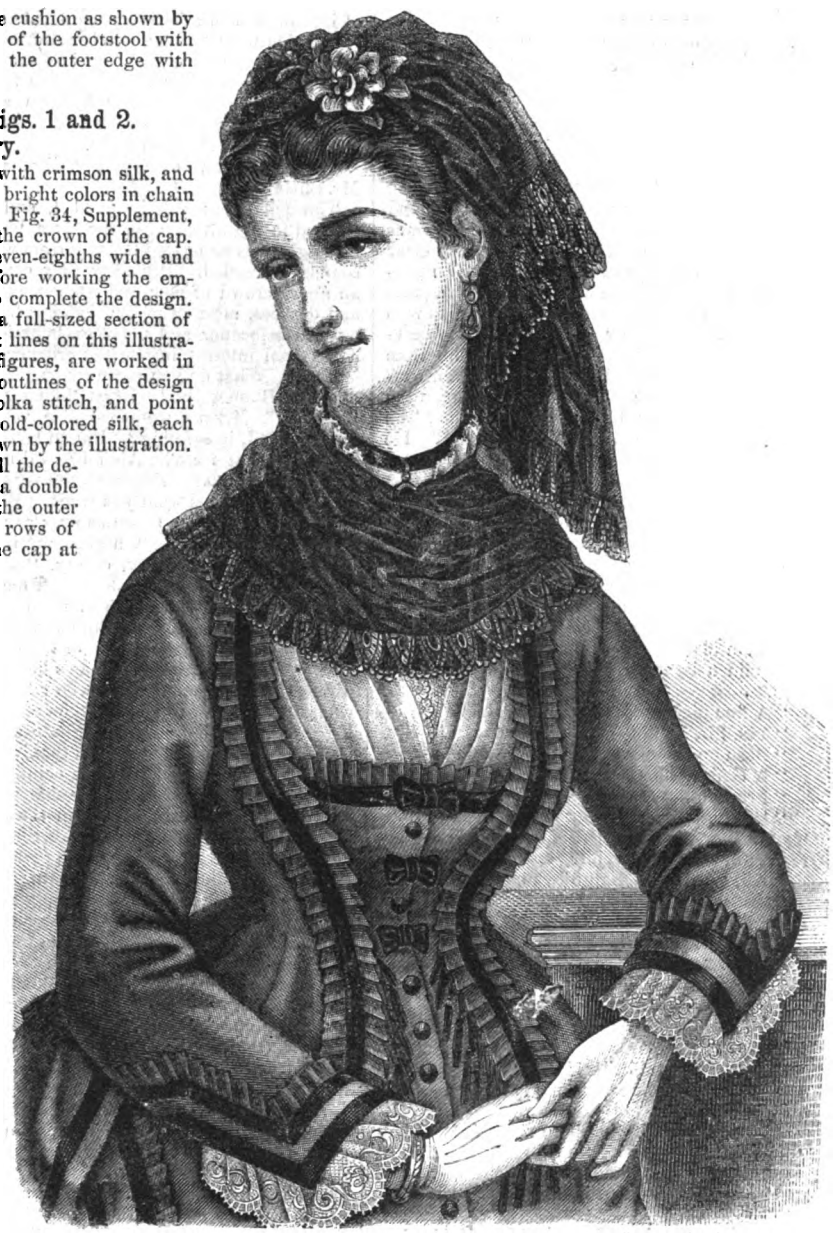
THIS cap is of crimson cashmere, lined with crimson silk, and richly embroidered with split filling silk of bright colors in chain stitch, half-polka stitch, and point Russe. Fig. 34, Supplement, gives a quarter section of the design for the crown of the cap. The rim of the cap is two inches and seven-eighths wide and twenty-two inches and a half long. Before working the embroidery join the ends of the rim, so as to complete the design. The illustration, Fig. 1, page 204, shows a full-sized section of the embroidery for the rim. The darkest lines on this illustration, which edge the shell-shaped design figures, are worked in half-polka stitch with black silk, and the outlines of the design figures are worked in chain stitch, half-polka stitch, and point Russe, alternately with white, blue, and gold-colored silk, each of the slanting rows with one color, as shown by the illustration. The point Russe stitches which fill the design figures are all worked with a double thread of red silk. Ornament the outer edge of the crown and rim with rows of chain stitch. Join the rim of the cap at the top with a strip of crimson silk seven-eighths of an inch wide, the ends of which are sewed together. Sew the free outer edge of this strip on the crown of the cap, and then sew the strip through the middle on the inside of the rim half an inch from the upper edge of the rim, so as to separate the crown and rim.



COIFFURE OF FIGURED BLACK TULLE, LACE, AND FLOWERS.
For arrangement see Supplement, No. X., Fig. 31.

Coiffure of Figured Black Tulle, Lace, and Flowers.

THIS coiffure is made of a piece of tulle thirty-eight inches and a half square edged with lace an inch and a quarter wide, and trimmed with pomegranate blossoms. Fig. 31, Supplement, gives



EVENING COIFFURE OF FIGURED BLACK TULLE AND FLOWERS.

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AN OLD MAID.

Sitting with folded hands, that have dropped the needle and thread,
Looking athwart the fields, where the evening light is shed
On the waving grass, and from whence arises the lowing of herds,
While the happy leafage thrills because of the time of the singing of birds.

Sixty rings, as I think, have circled her life-tree's girth,
Sixty years of the world, with its mingled pathos and mirth;
How has she taken the time since her baby-steps were set
Among the anemones' bloom, and the sweets of the violet?

What has she been, who sitteth with delicate lights dropping down
On the bowed head's silver locks, and the folds of the silken gown?
Has she not walked on the way that she chose at the gates of youth,
Bright in the graces of holiness, grand in the splendors of truth?

Bearing the hopes of the sowing, the gladness of those who reap,
Smiling with those who are joyful, weeping with those who weep;
Graciously grave, serenely bright, with a wisdom large and mild,
A man's clear judgment, a woman's love, and the faith of a little child.

In that heart of hers nestle the children, tired of the ball and the race,
Rested because of the love that shines in her beautiful face;
Women and men too, whose eyes have wept for the false or the dead,
One silent clasp of that firm, calm hand most deeply has comforted.

And many a heart that bleeds for its sin, and yet could not lay bare
The throb of its shuddering nerves to a cold, analytical stare,
Lying lone on the way-side of life, she, tenderly bending above,
Doth soothe with the unguent of mercy, and cheer with the strong wine of love.

Was there ever a pitiful cry in the depths of her gracious soul
For the wifehood's joy denied, and the motherhood's aureole?
Can her thought go back to a time when her patient footsteps trod
Among the grieving thorns, alone with sorrow and God?

However it be, on her face is the look of sweet content
That comes when the music of life, of love and duty is blent;
And peace is hers that is more than the joy of morning prime,
And light that is greater than day, has come at her evening time.

(Continued from No. 10, page 180.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

Author of "Blade-o'-Grass," "Grif," and "Joshua Marvel."

CHAPTER IV.

MR. DAVID SHELDRAKE COMES TO A SHREWD CONCLUSION.

Mr. David Sheldrake, smooth and bland in voice and manner, lingered about the streets for several minutes. It was a beautifully clear night, and he may have been inclined for meditation. His appearance was sufficiently respectable for such an indulgence, and a policeman who stood in the shadow of a doorway quietly observing him did not think it necessary to interfere with him. He glanced up at the first-floor window, and saw the shadow of a woman upon the blind. "I wonder if that is her room?" he thought. "What a little nugget she is!" He wished that somebody would come to the street-door, that he might ask if Lily lived on the first floor; but no one came, and the narrow street was still and quiet. "David," he said to himself, "that girl's pretty face has quite bewitched you." He seemed to take pleasure in the thought, and smiled to himself complacently. It was evidently not the first time that he had been bewitched by a pretty face. He took his cigar-case from his pocket, and turning to a doorway to obtain a light for his cigar, saw the policeman.

"A fine night, policeman," he said.

"Yes, Sir," acquiesced the policeman, civilly.

"Been on this beat long, policeman?"

"A considerable time, Sir."

"Pretty quiet about here, isn't it?"

"Pretty quiet, Sir. But we get enough trouble out there," with a nod of his head in the direction of the Royal White Rose Music-hall.

"Ah, I dare say. Saturday nights especially."

"As you say, Sir, Saturday nights especially."

"A cigar, policeman?"

"No, thank you, Sir; not allowed to smoke."

Mr. Sheldrake coughed, and the policeman coughed in sympathy.

"Can we get any thing to drink about here, policeman?"

"Not to-night, Sir," said the policeman, somewhat stiffly. "The houses shut at twelve Saturday nights."

His two bribes having been refused, Mr. Sheldrake bethought himself of another. But first he said, as he put his hands in his pockets,

"Who lives in that house opposite, policeman?"

"Quite a number of people, Sir. Half a dozen families, I should say."

Here the jingle of money fell upon the policeman's ears. It produced a curious effect upon him. He coughed a little cough, which might have been interpreted, "Here am I, one of her Majesty's servants; and you will find me always ready to do my duty." Then he looked up at the sky, and down on the pavement, and round on the houses, and any where but in the direction where Mr. Sheldrake stood. Murmuring at the same time, dreamily, in a soft, musing tone,

"*Quite* half a dozen families, I should say, Sir."

As he murmured this his hand may be said to have resembled a sly rascal peeping round the corner to find out things without wishing to draw observation upon himself. Mr. Sheldrake's hand sought that expressive hand, and found it in a lurking—not to say slinking—position, hiding itself demonstratively in the cuff of the policeman's coat. He slipped a piece of silver into it, and the jaws of darkness instantly devoured it up. The policeman was evidently in an unconscious state; for, with the air of a man whose thoughts were far away, he received the coin obliviously, and in an absent manner conveyed it to the nearest pocket; then he coughed again, and assumed the air of one just aroused from a little sleep.

The "Open Sesame" having been thus discreetly administered, Mr. Sheldrake learned from the policeman as much as that functionary knew concerning Lily. Lily was her name; every body about here knew her, and every body liked her—children especially. She *was* very pretty, and quite young; not more than nineteen, he should say. Yes, she lived on the first floor of that house. She sang at the Royal White Rose Music-hall, you know; his missis had often heard her, and was quite in love with her. So was a good many others, not women, you know. But she was different from some other girls in that establishment who lived about here. How, different? Oh, better, you know. Couldn't tell how long that would last; no more could any one else. He had seen a good many stage girls commence well and end badly. How, badly? Well, fast, you know. It *was* enough to turn a girl's head—the lights, the noise, the dresses, and the lots of swells with money hanging round 'em. Didn't think it would turn this one's, though. She had a brother. Younger than her? No; a couple of years older, he should say; comes home late sometimes; very much like her. And a mother bedridden; the doctor often goes there. And a grandfather. A strange old fellow—a character. Immortality Wheels, people called him. Was that his proper name? Oh no; nicknames, both of 'em. Why Immortality? Well, he didn't quite know himself, but he'd been told it was because the old fellow was fond of talking about the immortality of the soul. Why Wheels? Well, he *did* know that. Because the old fellow was always saying that every thing in the world ought to go upon wheels. Perhaps there was something in the notion; things certainly would go easier. He *had* heard that the old fellow had made wheels for every thing in his house. Harmless old fellow; but curious notion, wasn't it?

While the policeman was distilling these scraps of information in a leisurely manner he and his companion were walking slowly toward the Royal White Rose Music-hall, and just at the point of his asking whether the old man's fancy was not a curious notion they became suddenly aware of a street disturbance in a thoroughfare not many yards ahead of them.

"There's a row somewhere, policeman," said Mr. Sheldrake.

The policeman calmly nodded, and calmly strolled in the direction of the noise, pulling his belt tighter as he neared the spot from which the sounds proceeded. Presently they came upon an angry crowd of men and women, of all ages and degrees, most of whom, judging from their excited demeanor and noisy exclamations, had a personal interest in the disturbance. "Let 'em go! What do you mean by pushing people about? Bonnet 'im! Great hulking fellows like you!" Then a woman's voice, very shrill: "Who am I, interfering? I'm an honest woman, that's what I am! Ain't I? I'll make you prove your words! You want the papers down on you agin, that's what you want. We sha'n't move on! We'll stop here as long as we like!" And, in the midst of all, a clear musical voice, but loud and angry now, crying, "Take your hands off me! Take your hands off me, I say!" The voice acted like a charm upon Mr. Sheldrake; it thrilled through him strangely. He made his way into the centre of the crowd, following close upon the policeman's heels. There were other policemen there, who seemed somewhat at a loss how to act, and the crowd, observing their indecision, was taking advantage of it. Mr. Sheldrake soon ascertained that it was nothing but an ordinary street row common to the neighborhood (arising out of the shameful license which the law allows), caused in the first place by two or three persons lingering on the foot-path, and being desired to move on, and perhaps touched on the shoulder by a policeman. The principal offender and the most violent was a young man with a handsome face, the sight of which produced upon Mr. Sheldrake the same effect as the young man's voice had done. And yet it was the first time that these two had ever met face to face. Upon such slight chances often does the future hang that men who have fought life's battle with all their strength and been bruised and bruised may be pardoned for thinking at last that it is mockery to struggle.

At the moment of Mr. Sheldrake's appearance upon the scene the young man, in a state of great excitement, was explaining that he was doing no harm—he was simply talking to a friend about the Northumberland Plate, and another friend had just come up and was about to give them a tip for the race, when the policeman pushed them into the road, and said he would take them into custody if they stood there a moment longer. The crowd cheered him as he spoke, and continued their abuse of the police, who began to lose their temper. The policeman who had accompanied Mr. Sheldrake, and who fancied that that gentleman, from the interest he exhibited, knew the offender, whispered to him that if he wanted to save the young fellow from getting into trouble, he had best get him away as quickly as possible.

"Now, then, *will* you move out of this?" exclaimed another official, about to lay hands upon the young man; but Mr. Sheldrake quietly stepped between them, knowing that the touch of the policeman's hand would be adding fuel to flame. But for Mr. Sheldrake's interposition it would have fared ill with the young fellow, who had worked himself into a most unreasonable condition.

"Come, come," he said, in a persuasive tone; "you don't want to be locked up all night. The policemen have their duty to perform, and you mustn't obstruct them."

"I don't want to obstruct them, and I don't want to be locked up," said the young man; "but what right had they to interfere with me and my friends? Ask any one here if I was in the wrong."

A dozen voices supported him in various ways, all of them uncomplimentary to the police, one of whom grew so exasperated that he exclaimed, in a tone of dangerous decision, "Now, then, if you don't move off this minute, we'll march you to the station-house." And he produced his staff, and the others followed his example. This action caused many among the mob to take to their heels, and they scampered away, hooting as they ran.

"They had *no* business to interfere," whispered Mr. Sheldrake, hurriedly, placing his arm in that of the young man; "but don't you see that though you might have been in the right at first—"

"Might have been!" interrupted the unreasonable young fellow, hotly. "I was!"

—"Well, although you *were* in the right at first, you are in the wrong now. Come, take the advice of a friend, and let us get out of this. I don't like to see a young gentleman like you mixed up in such an affair. Look at the riffraff about! Where are your friends? Why, *they've* gone off, you see, and didn't mind leaving you in the lurch. All right, policeman, we're going."

Thus urging and humoring, Mr. Sheldrake induced the young man to move with him through the throng of people, who were inclined to hoot him now for showing the white feather. The excitement, however, being over, they rapidly dispersed, grumbling at the peaceable issue of the affair. Soon Mr. Sheldrake and his charge were in a quieter part of the neighborhood, when the latter, still almost at fever heat, asked offensively, as if it were necessary he should fall foul of somebody,

"Perhaps you'll tell me who you are, interfering with my affairs? I don't know you."

"I don't suppose you do," replied Mr. Sheldrake, with perfect good humor. "Are you going home?"

"What business may that be of yours?" asked the young man, not abating his offensive tone.

"I'll walk a little way with you, if you are, that's all. Shall I make a shrewd guess, and say that you live in Soho? Come, come—I see that you are angry with me for interfering; but you must admit that the position you are now in is better than being hauled along by half a dozen policemen, with a mob hooting at their heels. Come, now, admit that."

"I sha'n't admit any thing," exclaimed the young man, sulkily.

An angry, impatient look passed like a flash of light into Mr. Sheldrake's face at the young man's uncivil manner, but he suppressed it instantly before he replied. They were walking slowly as they conversed, and Mr. Sheldrake, allowing his companion to lead the way, observed with secret satisfaction that they were walking in the direction of Lily's house.

"And neither should I, if I were in your place," he said. "I should feel as indignant as you feel; it is only natural. But at the same time I think I should acknowledge to myself—not to any one else—that it's better to be indignant and to cool one's self alone here in the quiet streets than to be dragged to the station-house, and have the clothes torn of one's back. You were not born yesterday. You know what the police are, and how the magistrates side with them. They'll swear any thing when their blood's up; and there's never telling what kind of a scrape a man may get himself into with them. I dare say you wouldn't like your people at home to see your name on the wrong side of a police report."

"That's true," said the young man, in a somewhat softer tone, though still with constrained manner; "it wouldn't be a nice thing for them."

"Say that you had a sister, now, how would she like it?" Mr. Sheldrake hazarded this question and threw a sharp look at his companion and smiled in self-approval when he heard the reply.

"She wouldn't like it at all, and I wouldn't like it because of her." He struggled to throw off his ungracious bearing, and partially succeeded. "It seems to me, after all, that I have to thank you for getting me out of the mess;" and he held out his hand. Mr. Sheldrake shook it cordially, saying,

"A nice state of things it would be if one gentleman wouldn't assist another in such a case. Let us suppose that you are under an obligation to me. Wipe it off by giving me a promise."

"What kind of a promise?" asked the young man.

"Why, that when you come upon me in a similar scrape to that I found you in to-night, with my blood up, hot and naturally indignant, you'll help me out of it as I've helped you. You'll see how I'll take it! I shall be savage with you, of course, at first; but give me time to cool down, and you'll not find me backward in acknowledging that you have acted by me and stood by me like an out-and-out friend."

The young man laughed and promised, but did not express himself confident of being able to act as judiciously as Mr. Sheldrake had done. "For you're cool, you know," he said, "and not so easily fired up as I am. Why, if you had answered me as I've answered you, I couldn't have helped quarreling with you."

"I'm glad for one person's sake that I managed to escape that unpleasant contingency," observed Mr. Sheldrake.

"Do you mean for your own sake?" asked the young man, coolly.

"Not this time," replied Mr. Sheldrake, mentally confounding the young fellow's impertinence.

"For whose, then, may I ask? Not for mine, I hope; if so, you may save yourself from further anxiety upon the point."

"Oh no, not for yours. For your sister's."

"For Lily's! You know her, then; and that's the reason of your coming to my assistance."

Mr. Sheldrake accepted this interpretation, and said, "If you tell her of what has occurred to-night—"

"Of course I shall tell her," interrupted the young man. "I tell Lily every thing."

"You may mention, then, that the gentleman who had the pleasure of walking home with her to-night did you a little service."

"A big service, I shall say," said the young fellow, beginning to be effusive in his gratitude.

"As you please. She spoke of her brother to-night as we walked home. Your name must be Alfred."

"Yes, that is my name."

"Mine's Sheldrake. I shall be glad to improve our acquaintanceship—that is, if you are willing."

"Oh, I'm willing enough," replied Alfred, half graciously; "but I'm not a swell, you know."

"Meaning that I am. None the worse for that, eh?"

"No," said Alfred, throwing sufficient expression in his hesitating manner of uttering that small word to express, "No, you're none the worse for it; but I consider myself as good as you, or any man."

"And it isn't a bad thing to be a swell nowadays, let me tell you," remarked Mr. Sheldrake, genially, clapping Alfred on the shoulder. "One gets behind the scenes, and sees all sorts of things and learns all sorts of things. And, after all, it's only a question of money. Once a gentleman, always a gentleman."

"That's true," asserted Alfred, complacently, being now on very good terms with himself.

"Only a question of money," repeated Mr. Sheldrake, slowly and thoughtfully; "and there's plenty of ways of making that."

"That's true," exclaimed Alfred, eagerly, accepting a cigar from Mr. Sheldrake's cigar-case. "Plenty of ways. I know a way. I'm going to make a heap."

"With a little luck and a little pluck a man with brains—which you've got, I'll be bound—can be as good as the best of them. He can go up like a rocket." Mr. Sheldrake did not carry the simile further; the rocket being in the clouds, it suited his purpose to leave it there. "Plenty of ways of making money! I should think there were, indeed; and these are just the times." The speaker was evidently of the opinion that some of his words were pearls of price which should not be lost sight of; his utterances just now seemed to be thickly studded with these pearls, for he repeated, thoughtfully, "Just the times."

"So they are—so they are. You know a thing or two, I see."

"Know a thing or two!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, with modest boastfulness. "Well, yes; I fancy I do."

"I can put you up to something good," said Alfred, with a furtive glance at his companion, "if you like, and if you'll keep it quiet."

"Ay," returned Mr. Sheldrake, with an appearance of gratitude. "I'll keep it quiet enough."

"Do you do any thing in racing?"

"A little, now and then. Between you and me, I made a good thing on the Derby."

"I thought so," cried the young fellow, in an exultant tone. "I thought you knew all about racing. I say, do you keep a book? Do you belong to any of the Clubs? Let's take a turn up the street."

"But isn't it time for you to be in?" suggested Mr. Sheldrake, as if unwilling to carry the conversation further.

"No, no; it doesn't matter for a few minutes. Lily's sure to wait up for me. Besides, I have a latch-key. I wish we could go and sit down somewhere, and have a chat and a drink—but all the places are shut, worse luck!"

"Didn't I tell you that I was behind the scenes?" said Mr. Sheldrake, airily. "One never need be at a loss in London if he knows the ropes. Now I'll be sworn there's a house handy to receive us within a hundred yards of where we stand, although it is just one o'clock on Sunday morning. I know others, but they are too far away." Alfred followed every word with admiring interest. This man of the world, this swell who was behind the scenes, and who seemed to know every thing worth knowing, was a superior being in his eyes. "Let us walk toward the policeman—don't be frightened; it will be a pleasant meeting enough, although your late experience might lead you to an opposite opinion."

"But why toward a policeman?" asked Alfred, with much curiosity. "What do you want of him?"

"He'll tell us of a house of entertainment

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where we can have that chat and a drink you proposed. I confess that I feel thirsty. If a thief wants to hide, let him hide in a crowded city; if you want to kiss a pretty girl as you are walking with her along a not too crowded street at night, stand under a lamp-post. If you want to do an illegal act, do it in the eye of the law. As I'm going to do this—with, of course, a proper application of the magic key."

Alfred, regarding his companion as one of the most genial and brightest of men, inquired what Mr. Sheldrake meant by the magic key.

"Tip," replied that gentleman. "The greatest institution of the age. Tip. If it hadn't been for that, how do you think I could have got you out of your scrape to-night? I've traveled about here and there, and I don't think there's a city in the world where the institution of Tip is so thoroughly understood and appreciated as in this very city of London. It will carry you any where, effect any object, get you out of any scrape, if you know how to apply it. But it requires to be administered delicately, its nerves being very fine."

In front of them they heard the policeman's measured step; from the rear came the sound of a man racing toward them. His hurried stamps sounded in the quiet night like the rattle of steam feet rushing along. As they turned the man passed them; he was panting for breath, and his clothes seemed to have been hurriedly thrown on; his braces were hanging loose, and he was struggling with his coat as he ran, suggesting the idea that he was racing and dressing himself for a wager. He did not notice the faces of the men as he passed them, but Alfred recognized him, and cried, "Why, that's Mr. Gribble!" The next moment Gribble junior was round the corner and out of sight, and the calm footsteps of the watchman of the night heralded Mr. Sheldrake's friendly policeman. He touched his hat to Mr. Sheldrake, and, while that gentleman held brief conference with him, his slinking hand asserted itself up his coat sleeve, where it may be said to have lurked, thirsting for tip. The comedy which had been so successfully performed once before during the night having been repeated successfully, the policeman (awaking from another little sleep) leisurely led the way, Alfred being in the rear. As they walked thus in single file Mr. Sheldrake's thoughts, put into intelligible language, would have read thus: "That was a shrewd conclusion you came to, David, when you heard this young cub's voice, and found that it belonged to Lily's brother. A nice young fool he is! but he'll serve your turn, David, with that little nugget; he'll serve your turn! I shouldn't wonder if the good thing the conceited young cub offers to put you up to is the winning horse in a race that isn't ran. Well, we'll see what can be done for him, David. Make the pretty Lily grateful for having befriended her brother, and get the young fool himself quietly in your hands, and the rosy-cheeked apple falls plump into your open mouth, David—plump into your open mouth!" The contemplation of the rosy-cheeked apple falling plump into his open mouth was so agreeable that David Sheldrake smiled frequently, and in a gay and airy manner blew a kiss in the direction of Lily's house.

They paused at the side door of a house of entertainment, closed according to the law, and the mystic summons of the policeman gained them admittance.

"Let us have a quiet room, and some brandy-and-water," said Mr. Sheldrake to the waiter who had opened the door, and who, with his shirt sleeves tucked up and his thick bull neck, looked like a prize-fighter. "Policeman, you'll come in and have a drink?"

"No objections, Sir."

The liquor having been brought, the policeman treated his conscience to "something hot," and departed to pursue his duties, ready at any moment with his slinking hand to prove himself a worthy watchman of the night and a proper guardian of the public peace.

CHAPTER V.

MR. DAVID SHELDRAKE DOES A GOOD NIGHT'S WORK.

MR. SHELDRAKE was not the first to break the silence. He helped himself to brandy-and-water, lit a fresh cigar, threw his cigar-case to Alfred with the air of an old acquaintance, and seemed as if he would have been perfectly satisfied to smoke and drink without conversation. But Alfred was not so disposed, and he soon opened the ball.

"So you did a good thing on the Derby," he commenced, familiarly; "backed the Zephyr colt, eh? I wish I had."

"Backed it at the right time, my boy. Backed it in April, and got thirties to one three times in hundreds."

"Nine thousand to three hundred," Alfred put in, rapidly, and almost enviously as he thought what a large sum that was to win, and what splendid things he could have done with it.

"That's a good calculation of yours, and quickly done," observed Mr. Sheldrake, with a nod of approval.

"Oh yes, I'm good at mental arithmetic," was the conceited answer.

"That's what's wanted in racing matters. You go to a race and you hear the odds bawled out, and you want to hedge, perhaps; the odds change every minute, and you've got to seize them at the proper time. To do that properly you must be smart at figures, and then you're all right. I know many a man who can't write any thing but his own name, and who makes pots of money because he can calculate the odds quickly. It's a gift, and you've got it, my boy. Fill up your glass."

Alfred filled his glass, his face beaming with conceit.

"Go on with the Zephyr colt," he said; "you stuck to the bet, didn't you?"

"No, I didn't; I hedged, like a fool."

"Ah, I shouldn't have done that."

"No more ought I, and no more should I if I had had some one to advise me. You know it was at the commencement of April that the colt was at thirty to one, and a fortnight afterward it was at twelve. I hedged at those odds to win my three hundred pounds, and make myself safe."

"So you stood to win five thousand four hundred, and to lose nothing," said Alfred, rapidly; he had been watching for another opportunity to exhibit his prowess in mental arithmetic.

"What wonderful calculation!" exclaimed Mr. Sheldrake, in admiration, to Alfred's intense delight. "You could make a fortune in the ring."

"Do you think so? *I* think I could."

"I'd give a thousand pounds this minute to be able to reckon up figures as you can."

"You make plenty, though, without that."

"I only do what any man can do if he keeps his head cool. Did you back any thing for the Derby?"

"Yes, worse luck," replied Alfred, with a groan, emptying his glass to wash down a rising remorse. "I wish I had known you then; you might have told me to back the Zephyr colt. You would, wouldn't you?"

"That I would, for your pretty sister's sake. I wish we *had* known each other then. What did you back?"

"Three horses—Bothwell, King of the Forest, and Digby Grand. Every body said Bothwell was sure to win, and that's why I backed it, although I didn't fancy it."

"It's a bad thing to back three horses; never back more than one, and stand to it to win a good stake."

"That's what I'm going to do on the Northumberland Plate. I ought to have backed the Baron's horse, for he always runs straight, doesn't he?" There was something painful in the speaker's eagerness as he looked for consolation in the face of his companion. "And you won over five thousand on it, and I might have done the same if I had known; and I *was* advised, too, one day, to back it, but I wouldn't, for I knew that the fellow who advised me was a sharp. Besides, you can't take every body's advice. If only one of my three had come in first, I should have been right. As it is—" Alfred paused and beat his foot fretfully on the floor.

"As it is," prompted Mr. Sheldrake, with a keen watchfulness of Alfred's manner.

Alfred stirred his empty glass with the spoon. He had drunk more than was good for him, and this may have been the cause of the sudden paleness which came over his face. He did not continue his explanation, but laughed nervously, and said, "Well, it's only the same predicament that hundreds of other young fellows are in—I owe a little money, that's all. When I saw the horses coming round Tattenham Corner, and saw King of the Forest running so strong, I made sure that it was right. All the people round me cried out, 'King of the Forest wins! King of the Forest wins!' It was all over in a moment, and the Zephyr colt shot past the winning-post first. I should have won a couple of hundred if it hadn't been for that. But I shall make up for it all right on the Northumberland Plate. Christopher Sly's sure to win, don't you think so? All the prophets say that he can't lose. Look here!" and he pulled out a handful of letters and papers, and trembling with eagerness and excitement, made selections and read from them. "Hear what Pegasus says: 'Never in the annals of racing has there been such a certainty as Christopher Sly for the Northumberland Plate. The race is as good as over; and those who were fortunate enough to back the horse when it was at twenty to one, will have a rare haul. Indeed, the money is as safe as if it was in their pockets.' Here's Delphos: 'Christopher Sly has been especially reserved for this event; he is meant to win, and nothing can stop him. The race is a dead certainty for him!' Delphos ought to know, oughtn't he? They all say the same—all the prophets in the daily papers go in for him. What do you think? Don't you think he's sure to win?"

"It looks very like a certainty. If the odds were a little longer on him, I'd back him for fifty myself."

"You'd do right. I've got all sorts of odds about him—fifteen to one in one place. You can only get six to four about him now," said Alfred, exultantly. "But what does it matter about the odds if you're sure to win?"

"What do you stand to lose?"

"Oh, I don't know. I know what I stand to win. Over three hundred. I shall pay off what I owe then, and go in for something big."

"That's the sort!" cried Mr. Sheldrake, gayly, clapping the young fellow on the shoulder. "Nothing venture, nothing have. You're just the stamp of man to break the ring. When it's known that you can afford to lose a few hundreds, you must join the Clubs. I'll introduce you. I'd keep quiet till then, if I were you."

Alfred nodded and laughed; all trace of anxiety had vanished from his countenance. He became pressing in his advice to Mr. Sheldrake to back Christopher Sly, admired that gentleman's cigar-case and his diamond ring, and boasted of the gimcracks he intended to buy for Lily and himself when he received his winnings. By the time they had finished their brandy-and-water it was half past two o'clock in the morning, and when they reached the streets Mr. Sheldrake gave Alfred his card, and said he would be glad to see him at his office.

"All right, old fellow," said Alfred; "I'll come."

"And look here," said Mr. Sheldrake, hooking Alfred by the button-hole, "I wouldn't say much at home of what we've been speaking about. Wait till you make a haul. It's best always to keep these things to one's self." Alfred nodded acquiescence. "If you want a friend at any time," added Mr. Sheldrake, "you know where to come to; you'll find that what David Sheldrake says, David Sheldrake means."

They shook hands and parted, Alfred going his way, impressed with the conviction that Mr. Sheldrake was one of the best fellows in the world, and that gentleman going *his*, impressed with the conviction that he had found a fine tool to assist him in working into pretty Lily's favor.

"You've done a good night's work, David," said the modern man of fashion, communing with himself according to his favorite habit; "a very good night's work."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, Hanover Square, London, is the scene of numerous "marriages in high life." Recently one occurred which, from various circumstances of no importance to us Americans, excited more than ordinary interest among the fashionables of the English metropolis—the marriage of the Earl of Ilchester and Lady Mary Eleanor Anne Dawson, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Dartrey. Long before the arrival of the bridal party the church was completely filled; and perhaps our readers may feel some interest in the dress of a bride who was the attraction of so great a crowd, even if they know nothing of the bride herself. She wore a dress of rich white satin, trimmed with deep flounces of Brussels point lace, with jacket bodice trimmed with lace to match; a wreath of orange flowers and a flowing veil of Brussels lace, fastened with pearl and diamond stars. The jewels worn were all gifts from the bridegroom and from special friends: a pearl and diamond necklace and pendant and diamond ear-rings; a diamond bracelet; an emerald, ruby, and diamond bracelet; a pearl, ruby, and diamond bracelet; and a turquoise, diamond, and pearl bracelet. The bride also wore a blue enameled and diamond chatelaine and watch. The bride-maids, eight in number, were attired in cerise silk skirts, with white poplin bodice and tunics trimmed with white fringe and cerise silk; bonnets of white tulle and cerise ribbon, with cerise and white feathers and long white veils. Each wore a large gold locket, with the initials of the bride and bridegroom in pearls and rubies, surmounted by an earl's coronet, presented by Lord Ilchester on the occasion. The bridegroom was doubtless appropriately and elegantly attired, but no mention is made of that fact in the accounts we have seen. Covers were laid for one hundred and fifty guests at the wedding breakfast which followed the ceremony. A bride-cake formed a conspicuous object among the fruits and flowers which decorated the table. It was about four feet in height and six feet in circumference, with a temple on the top supported by Cupids. The base was relieved by medallions containing the monogram of the newly wedded couple, between which were drooping festoons of orange blossoms. The bride's presents are altogether too numerous to mention, being several hundreds in number, and a mere list of the most valuable occupies a couple of columns in the *Court Journal*. But among the jewels given by Lord Ilchester to his bride was a matchless necklace of black pearls, formerly belonging to the Empress Eugénie, consisting of thirty-three beads and one large pearl surrounded by brilliants. The bride's traveling dress—for the "happy couple" left soon after breakfast for the earl's residence in Dorset—was composed of mauve silk, trimmed with violet velvet and Carrickmacross guipure lace, with violet velvet polonaise, trimmed with the same lace; bonnet to match; with cloak and muff of Russian sable.

It is not amiss to be cognizant of all the "sure cures" of the ills to which flesh is heir, if we only bear in mind the principle of the adage, that "one swallow does not make a summer." Some people think that one cure reveals an unfailing remedy. Neuralgia is one of the horrors of life. A poultice and a tea made from the common field thistle is said to be a "sure cure." It is simple enough to deserve a trial. A martyr to neuralgia, having heard of a noted physician in Germany who invariably cured that disease, crossed the ocean and visited Germany for treatment. The leaves of the thistle were macerated, and used on the parts afflicted as a poultice, and a decoction made from the leaves was taken before each meal—a small wine-glassful being a dose. The patient was permanently cured.

A little more than a year ago the ladies of Philadelphia organized a Woman's Christian Association. They have purchased and furnished a private boarding-house for young women whose means will not admit of expensive boarding. Recently they have opened a dining-room where women and girls may obtain a substantial meal for a few cents. Among other plans for the future are an employment bureau, cheap lodging-rooms, and a sewing-school.

West Roxbury feels it to be too arduous and expensive an undertaking to belong to the "Hub," and so has declined the honor of annexation.

An English paper contains the following sarcastic advertisement: "Wanted, a general servant, in a small family, where a man is kept. The house-work and cooking all done by the members of the family. The gentleman of the house rises early, but prepares breakfast himself. All the washing is put out, and the kitchens provided with every comfort and luxury. Cold meat and hash studiously avoided. Wages no objection to a competent party. Refreshments and photographs exchanged."

One Professor Mantegazza, having discovered that ozone is largely developed by certain odorous flowers, recommends that in marshy districts, and in places infested with noxious exhalations, strong-smelling flowers should be planted around the house, in order that the ozone emitted from them may exert its powerful oxidizing influence. Flowers destitute of perfume do not develop ozone, and generally the amount of it varies in proportion to the strength of the perfume emanated.

The project for connecting the Black Sea with the Caspian is now attracting much attention in St. Petersburg. The canal carried through the proposed route would be 450 miles in length. Its cost is estimated at £11,000,000, and its completion would occupy six years.

A discoverer, to whom all bald-headed people must be eternally grateful, has just informed the world that hair may be planted in vacant lots on the cranium, just as cabbages are set out in a garden. The *modus operandi* is simple enough: thread needles with healthy hairs having the root attached, draw them through the epidermis so that the roots may be in the proper places, and cover the surface with linen until they take root and grow. That is all.

It is late for valentines, but we suppose the bachelor who received the following on St. Valentine's Day felt shy of showing it for a while. At length, however, feeling that it was too good to enjoy all by himself, he read it to a boon companion, and so it leaked out, as secrets will among men as easily as among women. Nobody will deny that this is a sensible valentine:

"Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?

"Who sets for me my easy-chair,
Fixes the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers *ready there*?

"Who regulates the evening fire,
Piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?

"When sickness comes to rack my frame,
And grief disturbs my troubled brain,
Who sympathizes with my pain?
NOBODY."

The valuable library of the late President Sparks has become the property of Cornell University. It is understood that the price paid for it is about $12,000. The "Sparks Collection" contains 6000 printed volumes illustrating American history alone, and numerous other valuable books and manuscripts.

An unextinguishable lamp has been invented for coast signals. The fuel of this lamp is the very water which puts out ordinary lamps. The lamp is a tin tube with a conical top, which is filled with some phosphide of calcium prepared by the inventor. When the lamp is plunged into water some of the phosphorus salt is decomposed, phosphureted hydrogen is given off, which mixes with the vapor of phosphorus and takes fire spontaneously. As long as the salt is there the lamp will continue to burn.

We can not feel that the operation is a pleasing one to contemplate—the replanting of a tooth—but the thing has been done, and is a triumph of surgical skill. When the tooth is loose and painful, with swelling at the gum, it is taken out, the diseased parts scraped from the roots, while the healthy portions of mucous membrane attached to the neck of the tooth are not removed. It is then washed in carbolic acid. The socket from which the tooth was drawn is also cleansed, the tooth replaced, and in many instances takes root, and in a fortnight becomes as serviceable as the other teeth. This is a remarkable illustration of vital force.

This is no new process. A letter is extant addressed by Washington to a friend who had some knowledge of this operation, asking his advice as to whether to submit to it. It will be remembered that Washington lost his teeth long before his death, as his later portraits testify.

New tints of the various colors are constantly being discovered; even the two thousand shades which have been produced by the dyer's art only indicate the effects that may be produced by a continual admixture of one tint with another. Among the forty or more shades of blue, scarlet, crimson, and yellow, there are hues which were wholly unknown a few years ago, and for which it has been necessary to coin an arbitrary name, as they resemble nothing previously known. Every little while the popular fancy demands a new variation, and colors must be mixed and blended until something entirely novel is produced. It may be pretty or otherwise—that is regarded as of comparatively little importance, provided it is the *style*.

Many abuses have crept into the hospitals of New York which have been found exceedingly difficult to correct. Subordinate officers, nurses, and servants are not always faithful to duty, and much suffering has arisen from improper food, uncleanly accommodations, and the inexperience of those to whose care the sick are committed. The ladies of New York are giving their attention to this matter, and there is a prospect of reform. Already a committee of thirty-two ladies has been appointed to visit Bellevue Hospital. One ward is assigned to each lady, and it is her duty to visit it at least once a week, and do all in her power to promote the comfort of the patients. Reports are to be made once a month. Many well-known ladies of this city are interested in this movement, and other committees will doubtless soon be formed.

There will be no occasion for people who have always drunk *enough* tea and coffee to increase the amount imbibed, even if the duty on these articles is removed. These beverages are, to most persons, merely luxuries in the first instance; by constant use they come to seem like necessary accompaniments to our meals. To some they are doubtless useful, and to many injurious. Every one should judge wisely for himself in reference to their use. But it is quite certain that a great many persons drink too much tea and too much coffee.

During a recent visit of the Grand Duchess Olga of Russia to the excavations at Pompeii a very important discovery was made in her presence. A tablet of Greek marble was found, upon which several figures were beautifully painted. Signor Fiorelli pronounced this slab to represent part of a scene of the ancient tragedy of "Niobe." Several bronze vases of great beauty were also found at the same time.

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PARIS FASHIONS.

[From our Own Correspondent.]

TO see the fashions this year one must go to the theatre and to the more political than social receptions of the Duc d'Aumale. It is scarcely probable that there will be any change in this respect until the time comes for all the citizens to disperse under pretext of the summer. It is announced that the Théâtre Italien will give a few representations next month as a prelude to its real opening at the end of September.

As to Paris proper, it is laboring to repair its disasters, and this in a quiet way. The Palace of Justice will be repaired in the course of the year. The Palace of the Legion of Honor is almost entirely rebuilt, without costing the state a cent, solely at the expense of the wearers of this decoration. The Hôtel de Ville, all the plans of which are preserved, will be reconstructed precisely as it was before: on investigation, it was found that the greater part of its walls remained intact. In a word, we are striving on all sides to efface the traces of the late vandalism, and, what is more, to efface them rapidly, in accordance with the French nature, which can not endure delay; to it whatever is put off is lost.

To correspond to the needs of the moment —austere pleasures, charitable gatherings, committees of beneficence and subscription —special fashions have been devised, fashions whose very elegance is significantly tinged with austerity. To give an idea of my meaning I will sketch a dress in preparation to be worn next month by a charming lady occupying a distinguished position, at a meeting to be held by a popular charitable association for the purpose of summing up the results of their efforts. The lady in question, who is as fair as a lily, will wear an under-skirt of white cashmere, trimmed with nine rouleaux of bright violet velvet, but of a light tint. The white cashmere over-skirt will have an extremely long train, but the fronts will be turned back in very wide revers, faced with violet velvet, and edged with gathered black lace. These revers are turned back far enough to meet, so that the lace forms a sort of cascade trimming for the back of the skirt. Mousquetaire waist of white cashmere, with basques and button-holes edged with violet velvet. Revers and wide collar of the same velvet. Black lace veil thrown over the head, and fastened on the left side with a spray of light violet wistaria.

It must not be concluded from this description that all the ladies on charitable committees pay equal attention to their dress; but in every association of this kind there are one or two elegant women, who play the part of ornaments, so to speak; and if they have not the talent for organization and the experience of their colleagues, at least possess a genius for collecting money, and a persistency which opens the purses of the most reluctant givers; for no one would venture to offer a niggardly sum to beggars in such attire. And thus frivolity itself in some ways can aid charity.

If people do not meet often now in the evening, they make amends for it in the morning. Day receptions, from four to seven o'clock, are much in vogue. Many ladies stay at home every day during these three hours; and this custom has revived a charming feature of French society which was fast becoming obsolete—I mean conversation. The delight of conversation, so exquisite, yet the simplest of all, is essentially French, for no other language is susceptible of those delicate shades of meaning, of those subtile, half-veiled allusions, wherein a word suffices to suggest whole pages, and to bring souls into communion as near as possible without the clumsy machinery of speech—in a word, of all that brilliant dust, as diaphanous as that on the butterfly's velvet wings, and which is wafted away in a breath, leaving only the remembrance of a deliciously intoxicating pleasure.

Would you like to see the interior of one of the *salons* where a numerous and brilliant circle gathers daily at these receptions? The drawing-room is furnished with that fanciful taste exacted by the fashion of the day: curtains and portières of antique tapestry, second curtains of satin placed under the preceding, and third curtains of white guipure placed under the satin curtains; cappadine chairs, English and American easy-chairs, Arabian, Chinese, Moorish, and Egyptian chairs, upholstered to match with ancient silk stuffs; a profusion of natural foliage shooting from every possible and impossible niche to mask and round the angles of the room; ancient and modern pictures; Persian porcelain; Turkish copper, Chinese porcelain and bronze; inlaid furniture—in a word, an infinitely varied museum, the inspection of which alone would suffice to occupy and interest the visitors. On a large square table a lunch is spread permanently. The Russian samovar keeps the water constantly boiling, and in readiness to offer an occasional cup of tea to the guests. In these receptions there is perfect liberty: a person can stay five minutes or three hours as she chooses. Full dress is carefully proscribed, and ladies appear in street suits, often of extreme elegance. Every one brings her quota concerning the topic of the day, which all the rest comment on. Politics is a favorite theme at these receptions; and the circle criticise, approve, condemn, and compare the present time with the past. But the real charm of these gatherings consists in the fact that every one is free to do as she pleases, and is forced to nothing, neither to dance, nor play, nor listen to music, nor applaud mediocre amateur vaudevilles or charades.

Among the elegant spring suits must be cited all those made of the exquisite green tints which have sprung up as if by enchantment—lizard green, serpent green, bronze green, and the whole family of olive greens. Sometimes these suits are composed of a skirt and over-skirt of faye; or the skirt is faye and the over-skirt cashmere of the same shade; or else the skirt is faye and the over-skirt of black cashmere, richly embroidered with silk of the same color as the skirt. The embroidery need not be wholly of soutache, which is often mixed with satin stitch embroidery, worked with silk.

Small capes like the dresses will be much worn this season; these round capes, which do not reach to the waist, form the complement of a spring suit for those persons who do not like to appear in the street with a tight-fitting waist. We will add that fichus and even bretelles of black and white lace are in preparation for the summer with the same design, and will be worn over high waists and tight-fitting casaques to veil the figure.

We see already in the wholesale houses that handsome old-fashioned fabric known as challie, which our mothers and grandmothers used to wear thirty or forty years ago. Most of these challies have white grounds with large, beautifully colored flowers. The following suits will show how challie will be used next summer.

Demi-négligé toilette. Challie skirt, trimmed with a pleated flounce. This skirt is furnished with a drawing-string arranged in such a manner that it may be quite plain in front, while all the fullness is gathered at the back so as to form a sort of voluminous tournure. Tight-fitting casaque of the same challie, trimmed with a pleated flounce.

A more elaborate toilette has a black silk skirt, pleated perpendicularly, and trimmed on the bottom with a band of black velvet set on in Greek lines. Casaque of challie, with a white ground and large purple-shaded flowers with green leaves, trimmed with a pleated flounce, surmounted by a band of black velvet. Black velvet sash and large black velvet bows draping the casaque.

Evening dress for spring and summer. Skirt of white silk, trimmed with narrow flounces, bound with one of the colors found in the challie—light green, deep green, light purple, deep purple, etc. Over-skirt of challie, with bows of white silk, bound like the flounces.

Now we must broach an important subject: crinoline is dying; we may say it is dead. Not that this is yet perceptible, for it is replaced by heavily weighted percale skirts, the back breadth of which is entirely covered with flounces, made of double material and weighted like the skirt. Some have adopted the half-crinoline, still furnished with steel springs; but these will not last long; steel springs are doomed. People are asking what shall be done with this immense mass of metal, and proposing that it shall be cast into guns against our next war.

Emmeline Raymond.

SMALL FRUITS.

ONLY those who have cultivated them are aware how much the smaller fruits, such as the strawberry, currant, gooseberry, raspberry, and the blackberry, add to the comforts of the household; for during the whole summer season, in their fresh state, they furnish a continued series of grateful and healthful delicacies, which by the processes of preserving and canning may be continued throughout the year. To those who cultivate them for sale they yield reasonable, and in many cases great, profits, especially in the neighborhood of cities and towns, and even the larger villages, in which they always find a ready sale; while their cultivation is less expensive, more simple, and the results much earlier realized, than in the case of the larger fruits.

These latter require a large area of ground for their planting, and therefore greater outlay of capital at the commencement, a thorough and experimental knowledge of the art of pruning and the various methods of inducing fruitfulness, and a greater outlay for proper fertilizers. Then, again, there must be a closer discriminating judgment in the selection of sorts suitable for the various markets to which they are to be sent, and the exercise of great patience in waiting for them to come into a bearing state; and after they have reached this, the continued exercise of the same virtue in bearing with the vicissitudes of the seasons, which so frequently cause unfruitfulness or

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Fig. 1.—Silk and Swiss Muslin Evening Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—Gros Grain, Tulle, and Lace Evening Dress.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II., Figs. 7 and 8.

Fig. 3.—Violet Silk Dress.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1-6.

Fig. 4.—Light Gray Poplin Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Figs. 1-8.—EVENING DRE

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We therefore especially small fruits, whether for , to our female friends; will find it a source of is a species of culture engage in, being interrious, and not encroachne needed for household

country nearly every vilvill have his little strawarrant bushes, and pererry bushes; but all so grass, or so neglected in e, that the crop of fruit

Wilson, the Triomphe de Gand, and Lennig's White.

The Wilson, or Wilson's Albany, as it is sometimes called, is a very large, dark crimson berry, acid but well flavored, with firm flesh, and bears transportation well, and hence is a good market berry. It is remarkably productive, and on this account frequently exhausts itself after bearing a full crop, and therefore requires that the beds should be frequently renewed.

The Triomphe de Gand is a very large, irregular-shaped berry, of a bright crimson color, with firm flesh of pleasant flavor.

Lennig's White is a large berry, with fruit nearly white, with a delicate blush when exposed to the sun; of a rich, sweet flavor; a vigorous grower, and moderately productive.

The best season for planting a strawberry bed is in the spring, although it can be done in August or September. In preparing the bed the soil should be well and deeply pulverized and rendered as friable as possible, and heavily manured with well-rotted barn-yard manure, and frequently a compost of this manure with good friable muck will be found very advantageous. The plants should be set out in rows three feet apart, and a foot or fifteen inches apart in the row, and a garden trowel used in planting them, so that the hole made in the soil shall be large enough to receive the roots without crowding them into a bunch. Care should be had not to bury the crown of the plant, as it is very liable to decay when placed below the surface of the soil, especially if the soil is heavy. After planting, the plants should be well watered, and the surface of the soil between the rows well mulched with leaves, straw, or coarse grass. This keeps the ground moist and cool, conditions which the strawberry delights in, and also keeps down weeds. The beds should be again mulched in the autumn *after* the frost has set in, covering the plants an inch or two to protect them from the bad effects of alternate freezing and thawing, only removing the mulching from the plants in the succeeding spring, and leaving it between the rows as before. All runners must be cut off, except a few on the rows between the old plants, thus providing for a second series of plants. The beds must be kept clear from weeds; and if the rows are occasionally—say two or three times during the summer—watered with liquid manure, the plants will be greatly benefited thereby. Under this system of culture a strawberry bed can be kept in good bearing for three or four years.

Of the Raspberries there are also a multitude of varieties, but few of which, however, have any permanent value. They are generally divided into four classes—viz., the Golden or White Caps, the Black Caps, the Purple Canes, and the Antwerps. The first three are varieties obtained from native species, and the Antwerps are of foreign origin. These latter are more or less tender, requiring protection in winter, and only succeed well on heavy soil; while the former are perfectly hardy, and succeed well on sandy soils, but are deficient in size and flavor to the foreign varieties.

Of the varieties obtained from our native species only those of the Purple Cane section are really worth cultivating, and of these the Philadelphia is the best; of the foreign sorts the best are the Clarke, Franconia, and Brinckle's Orange. The Philadelphia has medium-sized fruit of a dark red color, not very rich or juicy, with a pleasant sub-acid flavor; the canes grow strong and erect, and it is very hardy and productive. The Clarke has large, light crimson fruit, which is sweet and high flavored; the canes are strong; it is very productive, and is the hardiest of the foreign sorts, as it will stand the winter without protection in sheltered situations. The Franconia has large, dark crimson, rich-flavored fruit, but requires protection in winter, as does also Brinckle's Orange, which has large, orange-colored fruit of a very rich, delicious flavor; the canes are strong, of vigorous growth, and very productive.

The varieties of the native sections require to be planted in rows six feet apart, and the plants four to five feet apart on the row; the foreign varieties, not being such strong growers, may be planted in rows four feet apart, and three feet apart on the row. After the plants are planted they should be headed down to within two or three inches of the soil, which causes them to produce a much stronger growth the first season. The soil should be well enriched with good stable or barn-yard manure, and every spring a top-dressing of manure should be given, and lightly plowed under. During the summer the weeds must be kept down by running a cultivator between the rows, and using the hoe where that can not safely reach them.

After the fruiting season is over the canes which have borne fruit should all be cut out close to the ground, in order to let light and air among the growing canes that are to bear fruit the ensuing year. In the following spring these canes, as well as the lateral shoots, should be pruned back one-half or one-third their length. This will insure the better setting of the fruit, and greatly enhance its size. The readiest way of protecting the canes is to lay them lengthwise of the row, using a spadeful of earth on their ends to keep them in place, and then to cover them with three or four inches of soil, which can be done with the spade, or perhaps better with the plow where any quantity are grown. This covering of the canes should be delayed as late in the season as it safely can be, for if covered too soon they are liable to decay. In the spring a fork can be inserted under the canes, thus lifting them up; after which the earth can be drawn away from the plants with a hoe.

Among the different varieties of Blackberries the best two sorts are Wilson's Early and the Kittatinny; the former ripens its fruit very early, and matures its crop within two or three weeks, and is therefore desirable as a market berry. The fruit is very large, firm, and very sweet and rich; it is somewhat tender at the North and West. The fruit of the Kittatinny is also very large, deep black, firm, and sweet and rich in flavor; it continues ripening for four or five weeks, and is very productive, being also a strong grower.

The blackberry does not require as rich a soil as the raspberry, but it should be rather dry than moist; for if the soil is rich and moist, the plants will grow until quite late in the season, and this diminishes their hardiness. If the ends of the shoots are pinched off toward the end of August, it will check their growth, and make the canes ripen their wood more perfectly. The rows should be eight feet apart, and the plants five or six feet apart on the rows. Prune them in the spring with a pair of long-handled pruning-shears, or a long-handled pruning-hook, cutting out all the old canes that have fruited, and all small or weak-growing ones, leaving only the strongest, which should be headed back to four or five feet, and the lateral shoots shortened to a foot or sixteen inches.

The Currant is a very hardy fruit, and on that account is too often neglected; but it well repays any care and attention that may be bestowed upon it. In forming plantations the rows should be four or five feet apart, and the plants four feet apart on the row. A heavy soil is preferable to a light sandy soil; in either case it should be well manured and frequently top-dressed, as the currant is a gross feeder. It is also benefited by a heavy mulching, as it delights in a cool, moist soil. The best sorts are the Cherry or the Versailles, on account of the extra large size of the fruit; the Red Dutch, on account of its rich flavor combined with large size; and the White Grape, which is the best of the white currants. To these may be added the Black Naples for preserving purposes.

All the pruning necessary for the currant is to cut out from time to time such old wood as has borne fruit two or three years in succession, to shorten in the strongest shoots of the young wood, and to cut out any overplus of young wood, or suckers, that would prevent proper access of light and air to the interior of the plant.

The Gooseberry is not much used in this country as a dessert fruit, being chiefly used for culinary and preserving purposes. There are two classes, native and foreign, as among the raspberries. Our native varieties do not produce as large fruit as the foreign ones, but they are less liable to disease and mildew. The three best native sorts are the Downing, Smith's Improved, and the Mountain Seedling. The foreign varieties are almost innumerable; but among those that are known to succeed best in this country we would name Whitesmith, Green Walnut, Red Warrington, Golden Drop, Large Crystal, and White Walnut.

The gooseberry requires a deep, rich, moist soil, but does not like a cold, wet soil. The best manure is cow manure, which should be liberally applied; if other manure is used, it should be well rotted. They should have an open, cool, airy situation, such as the north side of a hill, if possible. The plants should be well mulched, and the soil have a top-dressing of manure every season.

They require the same pruning as the currant, only that the plants should be kept still more open to air and light. If large fruit is desired, they should be closely pruned; but if large crops are all that is needed, the knife may be less freely used.



5.—Silk and Silk Gauze Evening Dress.
r description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—Poult de Soie and Lace Evening Dress.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—Dress with Train hooked on.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 9 and 10.

Fig. 8.—Brown Gros Grain Dress.
For description see Supplement.

R YOUNG AND ELDERLY LADIES.

ity and quality. To have , the same care and at- them as is paid to the nions, cabbages, or any is done, the returns will we think, of equal imance of such of our readto enter upon their culti- some general hints and f the Strawberry.

uit are almost bewilder- new ones are continualic notice, and the older but few retaining their for any length of time. es, at present the most ally cultivated, are the

BRILLIANT LIGHT GREEN.

PFUNDHELLER announces the possibility of preparing a brilliant light green, which is of almost unexampled beauty and permanence, from the following substances. For every twenty pounds of the article to be dyed, whether cloth, flannel, yarn, etc., he takes half a pound of red prussiate of potash, and one pound of English sulphuric acid. These are to be placed, with the articles to be dyed, in a kettle of cold water, which is quickly to be

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brought to the boiling-point and kept there for an hour. The articles are to be frequently stirred around during this time, taken out, and three ounces of picric acid (and an ounce and a half more for a yellow shade, and less for a blue) added to the bath; and after a further boiling for a quarter of an hour the work will be completed. Wool will naturally need a little more of the application.

The placing of the fabrics in the kettle while cold is absolutely necessary to the success of the operation; as, if heat be applied previously, a deposit of Berlin-blue will take place, which will adhere to the kettle, and it will reqnire almost double the quantity of the red prussiate than would otherwise suffice.

A SONG ILL SUNG.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

DEAD thistles on the moaning wind,
Still sending forth their white-winged seeds;
Bare boughs above, dry leaves below;
A brook half choked with rotting weeds.
The scene and I too well agree;
This dreary day is kin to me:
'Tis Autumn in my heart as well,
But fain I'd dream of Spring.
"Dear Memory! wake for me again
The song Hope used to sing."

"Nay, wait! you have not caught the tune;
Hush! you are out of time:
And now you've changed the words, I miss
The sweetness of the rhyme.
Cease, Memory! try that strain no more,
The lay's old witchery is o'er!"
Ah! saddest of our Autumn thoughts,
The mocking dream of Spring,
As Memory vainly strives to wake
The song Hope used to sing!

POMPS AND VANITIES.

THE rector of St. Mary's threw himself on the sofa in a most disconsolate mood. He was young and handsome and unmarried, and Millicent Dunallan had given him back his troth only the night before.

Oh, how his heart ached—that heart that had so long been indifferent to the blandishments of the many eligible young ladies of his congregation! With what balmy indifference he had heretofore accepted slipper patterns, all the way from plain worsted to satin and velvet, elaborately braided or embroidered in the richest and softest colors! With what careless, gentle smiles he had received book-marks a yard long, in which romantic misses had worked so many hopes and fears! And as to dressing-gowns, he had a wardrobe full of them, of all shapes and colors. There was gray for meditation, blue for hope, and crimson for comfort. Smoking-caps also abounded in all variety of styles, from the Persian to the Japanese, although the rector never smoked. And so he had passed through several Christmas seasons unscathed, till Millicent came.

Millicent, stately and beautiful, with "sweetest lips that were ever kissed," and eyes that made one think of heaven, with great coils of golden hair wreathed about her head, with a smile that enchanted all who were thrown under its spell—yes, at last a look had conquered the man who at twenty-eight could say, "I have never yet seen the woman I should wish to marry."

The rector lived in his brother's house, and that brother, a wealthy merchant, was Millicent Dunallan's guardian. She was an orphan, and had come there at his desire, and that was how the rector met her; and his cool blood was stirred, to his own great astonishment.

"Do you call her handsome?" his mother had asked, indifferently, when, after a late dinner, he lounged into her room.

"Handsome!" he answered, with a short laugh. "No."

"They say she's a good Church-woman," Mrs. Regley went on, rocking in her cozy chair before her bright little coal fire; "still, I'm afraid she's a trifle worldly. No parents for years, you see, and she a rich girl. Her dresses are very costly, though very charming too. I'm rather surprised, my dear, that you don't call her handsome."

"Handsome! She's gloriously—almost divinely—beautiful," muttered Paul Regley to himself, as he sought his own room. "I never saw a woman to compare with her—never."

"Have you heard Miss Dunallan sing?" asked his brother, one day, as Paul was standing in the hall, preparatory to leaving for his church study. It was choir night, and he always made it a point to be present at rehearsals.

"No," he replied, pulling at his gloves. "I don't think she has sung since she has been here—at least, I didn't know," he added, with some confusion.

"Oh yes, two or three times, but you were away. You remember the night you were at Bentley's wedding? We had a treat. I don't know what to compare her voice to; its melody is perfect. She will probably run into the choir-meeting with Stella. That young lady fancies she can go wherever Uncle Paul does. Maybe Miss Millicent will sing."

Paul was in a tremor at this. It was more than likely, as his brother's wife was one of the choir.

"Pshaw! what nonsense!" he muttered to himself, when he found he had been holding the prayer-book upside down for the last five minutes, as, seated in his study, he listened for the pleasant voices that took the lead in merry chat as well as singing.

"There! Miss Craymer has opened the organ. I hope they will get on with the new leader. Hark! that's not Jenny's voice;" and he held his breath as he listened, and his heart beat faster. It was Millicent Dunallan's clear, bird-like soprano, ringing, flute-like, through all the arches of St. Mary's, echoing along the empty chancel, till it seemed like the voice of some angel, so clear, so triumphant, and soulful. How could Paul forbear to thank her! He made his way into the dimly lighted church, whose pillars stood like solemn ghosts draped in white, down the long aisles, into the choir seats; and Millicent's great violet eyes, timid, yet proud and trustful too, sparkled at the few words of commendation that fell from his lips.

"She is a rare jewel," said Paul to himself, "but, I fear, beyond my reach;" and forthwith, after the fashion of other men and lovers, began to torment himself.

But Millicent, though naturally a little reserved, was very gracious to him. Little Stella, his brother's only child, was an innocent and unconscious stimulant to his passion.

"Isn't Miss Millicent beautiful, Uncle Paul?" she often said. "Oh, I *do* love her so dearly! She's nicer than all the young ladies I know. Don't you think so?" And then she would repeat some little pleasantry, some trifling word she had caught as it fell from the ruby lips of Miss Dunallan; and, child as she was, would wonder at the flush in her uncle's face, or the warmth with which he kissed her.

The months passed on, and Paul fancied that Millicent was not averse to receiving his little attentions. They talked together in the sweet twilight hours, and she sang for him, while the moments, golden-footed, fled, till he was fain to tear himself away where sterner duties called. They often left the house together on the Sabbath, and the young maidens of St. Mary's looked coldly upon her, or lent their ears with forced attention when she sang; for it was evident to the lookers-on that the rector was very deeply in love, and that a stranger, scarcely more than a school-girl, had carried off the prize.

By-and-by it was rumored that the two were engaged. The rector had never seemed so handsome, so radiant, so perfectly happy in all his life before. Strive against it as he would, when he preached, Millicent's were the eyes for which he looked, hers was the praise he longed for.

"God forbid that my love become idolatry," he sometimes said to himself, as he caught sight of the fair, bowed head, on his entrance to the chancel, and then straightway forgot every thing but his love.

What more could he desire? Millicent was beautiful, accomplished, well educated, and devout. He would not allow himself to fear that she was proud and worldly as his mother had said; her face was as that of some sweet saint.

But the time of trial was at hand. Paul Regley was now to show the strength of his character, the power of his manhood, and the stability of his principles.

"How is it, Paul, about the down-town parish of Ascension?" his brother asked him one morning, as they sat at breakfast. His mother looked quickly up.

"I think I shall decide to take it," Paul answered, briefly. "They are in great need, and I like the field. It will give me plenty to do, and at present I am like a gentleman in retirement—very pleasant for a time, but irksome and unprofitable to one of my temperament."

Millicent's eyes met his; there was a new expression in their violet depths—a look that puzzled him till she explained it.

That was a week after.

"Are you really going to that poor, old-fashioned church down town?" she asked, when they were alone by themselves, little Stella's presence excepted. The child sat at the piano, playing her lesson over, and the sweet chords made a pleasant accompaniment to their murmured speech.

"Yes, I am really going. I decided some days ago, and have so signified to my bishop. It is a splendid field for labor."

"But look at what you leave," said Millicent, in a low, melodious voice; "I should think such a parish as this much more suitable for your gifts and graces," she added, in that sweet, caressing tone which made her every word musical.

"It seems so to my friends, perhaps; but I feel drawn toward old Ascension, and from the start I have coveted harder work. The schools, the poor, and the charities there will be more congenial to me than the pomp and fashion of St. Mary's. There's no denying, Millicent, that St. Mary's is somewhat given to pomps and vanities."

Millicent looked troubled. She was not prepared for any sacrifice—hardly knew the meaning of the word, in fact—dearly as she loved Paul; and she did love him, though as yet heart had only spoken to heart in mute but eloquent language. And presently they talked of other things, and Paul sent along the passionate tide of his love the words that had been so long burning within him.

"But if I am to be your wife, dear Paul," said Millicent, after a rapturous hour had flown, "you must give up Ascension and stay with St. Mary's."

"Give up Ascension, my love! I have accepted, and am already looked upon as the rector there. You surely could not ask me to go back of my word? It is as sacred as my plighted troth to you."

"But for *my* sake, Paul. I don't want to go to that parish," she pleaded, her beautiful eyes bewildering him. "Here I am at home, and so happy! I have made many friends here; I am getting more and more attached to the dear old church. It was there I first heard *you* preach, Paul; for *my* sake don't leave it."

"Dearest, it pains me to hear you talk so," said Paul, his heart and his courage sinking. "You surely would not charm me even from what I hold to be my bounden duty. If it is only the forming of new ties you dread, that will be soon accomplished. Hand in hand we will go together, and in our grand work forget our own petty, personal feelings. You will soon like it. Ascension is not quite as beautiful in its adornments as St. Mary's; but, for all that, it is a noble old church, and more suited to my taste."

Millicent looked pained. Little Stella had quietly glided from the room long ago. The rays of the moon, glorious in its fullness, stole in at the casement and revealed the face of the beautiful girl; its expression pained Paul beyond description. In vain she plied him with arguments; nothing, not even Millicent's sweetest smile, not even her tears, had power to change his purpose.

"Proud and worldly!" how the words rang in his ear; his Millicent—his angel of home that was to be: "proud and worldly!"

At last Millicent coldly arose, and, with shining eyes and trembling lips, pronounced the words that shut out hope from his heart.

"Millicent, my love! my love!" he reiterated, in a voice of anguish, "you can not surely mean it. So trifling a matter must not separate us. You are not yourself now; by-and-by you will revoke this cruel decision."

"I do mean it, Paul. From this time forth we are only friends;" and she swept out of the room.

He tried to think that she could not be in earnest, that this mood would pass away and leave her better nature a chance to assert itself. He was mistaken. She was coldly polite at the breakfast-table next morning, absent at lunch-time, and quiet and distant at dinner; so much so that it set every body, even the butler, to wondering what had happened.

It was at the close of that unhappy day he threw himself, sick at heart, upon the sofa in the west parlor, where they had so often sat together. Little Stella found him there, his face buried in his folded arms, and she came lightly forward and touched his hair.

As he started up, almost wildly, the child laughed. His soul had thrilled to the hope that it might have been Millicent, repentant.

"Why, Uncle Paul, how queer you look!" said Stella, a moment after, quite sobered.

"Do I? It's the fire-light, perhaps," he answered, wearily.

"Where's Millicent?" asked the child, accustomed to see them together.

"I don't know, my darling;" and then he held his breath, and Stella touched his arm softly, with an arch look.

Millicent had entered, thinking Paul had gone out, as was his wont on that particular day of the week. She came forward slowly, her soft, rich robes trailing along the carpet, and started at sight of Paul and Stella, both regarding her with intent eyes. Then she made a movement as if to return, but checked herself, walked quietly past them with a smile for Stella, not for Paul, and stood at the window at the further end of the room, her slender form perfectly defined, even in the fast deepening twilight shadows.

Stella turned her attention upon her uncle again. She felt uncomfortable. Something in Paul's eyes, as he caught the glance of Millicent, gave her a vague discontent, child though she was, and she fell to smoothing his hair and kissing him.

Millicent stood like a statue.

"Uncle Paul, won't you tell me a story?" coaxed Stella, after a pause.

"My little one, I'm all out of stories," said Paul, in a changed voice.

"But please tell me one of the old ones," the child pleaded; "only one, and I won't ask you for another. It's a long time since you told me the Rosa story. Ah, darling Uncle Paul, don't say no!"

"I have told it a hundred times, Stella," said Paul, anxious to be gone.

"No matter; come, begin—I'll help you," the child responded, gleefully. "You needn't say you were called out at a late hour one night, but begin where you saw the woman. What did she say?"

"She said she was dying," repeated Paul, listlessly.

"And a poor little boy—"

"A poor little boy stood sobbing at her bedside."

"But it wasn't a boy!" continued Stella, with renewed interest.

"No, it was a little girl dressed in boy's clothes. She had supported her mother by playing the violin on the street, and the dress was her protection—at least her mother compelled her to wear it, hoping it might save her from rudeness."

"And the mother had been a lady."

"Yes, once; years before."

"But she didn't die, after all."

"No; with proper nourishment and medical care, she recovered," said Paul, evidently talking with an effort.

"Then you found that little Rosa was a genius, didn't you, and got her to school, and dressed her up nicely? And that was years ago; and now she's a young lady, and we all think so much of her, don't we, Uncle Paul?"

"Yes, dear."

Millicent turned, swept softly by them like a shadow, and went out of the room.

"Uncle Paul, *I* love you dearly," said the sensitive child, watching the yearning look with which he gazed after the retreating figure.

"God bless you, little one!" he answered, in a broken voice.

"And you do look just like an angel in your white robes, in St. Mary's, on Sundays." She bent closer to him, till her innocent lips reached his ear. "Millicent said that once; *she* said you looked like an angel."

A heavily drawn, almost sobbing breath was the answer. Poor Paul! he had forgiven the impetuous girl; the flame of his love burned higher than ever.

Not long after that Stella ran into Millicent's room.

"There! I forgot!" she cried, in childish dismay, as she caught Millicent brushing a handkerchief over her eyes. "I ought to have knocked. Please forgive me, Millicent."

"You are always welcome, dear," Miss Dunallan said, gently.

"Do you know what ails Uncle Paul?" queried Stella.

Millicent lifted her head in her old, haughty fashion.

"*I* know!" she answered. "How can I tell, child? Your uncle has his moods, like other folks, I suppose."

"Oh!" and Stella turned her eyes toward the glowing grate. The light shone on her clustering curls, on the wise little face resting on one tiny hand. "I thought maybe you were displeased with him," she added, artlessly; "he *looked* so. But then I don't see how any one can ever be displeased with Uncle Paul. Did you hear him tell me that story?"

"I heard it between you," said Millicent, smiling at the recollection.

"I wanted you to;" and Stella clapped her hands gleefully. "Wasn't it good? He tells it better sometimes—how the room was so mean and plain and poor; and there was only a candle on the table, half burned out; and the little violin hanging at the foot of the bed; and no fire and no food; and the poor child herself in rags and tatters, though she was just as pretty as a picture then. You've seen her."

"I, child! when have I seen her?"

"Don't tell Uncle Paul I told you; she's Miss Craymer."

"Miss Craymer!" and Millicent looked at the child, her face quite changed.

"Yes, organist at St. Mary's; only think of it!"

Millicent did think of it. For a moment she was struck dumb. Miss Craymer! about whom she had thought so often, noting the delicate tints of the girl's complexion, the sweet refinement of her face; noting also that Paul always addressed her with almost studied formality; noting how the warm blood would come up in her cheek at sight of him; remembering how she had said to herself more than once, "That girl loves Paul Regley. Does he know it, I wonder?"

"Uncle Paul is *so* good!" spoke up little Stella, still studying the fire. "He does just such things all the time. *I'm* going to Ascension with him. *I* don't want to hear any body preach but dear Uncle Paul."

Millicent's cheeks flushed crimson; there was a choking feeling in her throat, and her lips were dry. Through and through her brain went echoing that name, Miss Craymer; and again she asked herself, Did Paul know it? Did he see the timid glance, the varying color? did he divine the quick confusion of her manner, or even the pains which she took to hide it? and might that not be one of the reasons why he was anxious to leave St. Mary's? Dear, self-forgetting Paul!

All at once there came over her an overpowering sense of this man's worth and grandeur of character. Was he not a prince among men whom she had refused because he would not yield to her in humoring her selfish whims? Oh, how the love, true, real, tempestuous, surged up in her heart just then! What had she done? Wrecked her life's happiness, perhaps. Paul had a right to despise her now; perhaps he would some time forget her; this sweet-faced girl might win him at last. And for a moment Millicent hated Miss Craymer furiously.

"Are you going in to rehearsal to-night?" asked little Stella, after a long silence.

"Yes; is it time?" And Millicent hurriedly threw on her wraps, telling herself that she must see Miss Craymer—not that she longed to meet Paul—longed to throw herself upon his bosom, and say, "I will go to the world's end with you, if you will only take me back."

So Stella and Millicent found their way into the organ-loft. Miss Craymer was playing, and Mr. Jackson, the long-bearded tenor, filled the church with his sonorous voice.

As Millicent entered, the quiet little organist turned, and their eyes met; but this time it was Millicent's glance that fell, her cheek that crimsoned, her bosom that heaved with an agitation not to be controlled, for Paul was there, standing very near Miss Craymer, and he hardly looked up.

Millicent was fit for nothing that evening. By fits and starts she was gay, but her usually steady voice was tremulous. Not once had Paul spoken to her, and always before he had sought her out, suggested here, commended there.

All the singers were talking about it, with whisperings and sly glances; but her heart was crying out, "Oh, Paul, Paul! I have lost you!"

So the time went on, and Millicent was too proud to take the first step toward reconciliation. Paul became the rector of Ascension, and was much of the day busy with his parish duties; so she saw him but seldom.

What was St. Mary's now to Millicent, with all its pomp and show, without Paul? A good man took his place, a man upon whose locks had fallen more than a sprinkling of the snows of age—the father of a whole pewful of children, little Stella said; and his voice was not musical, nor his manner graceful, though he was great in gifts. Millicent's old friends lost their charms; her splendidly bound prayer-book became hateful to her, and she often carried Stella's plain little morocco, which was a gift to the child from Paul.

"It seems to me Paul is never at home, even to his meals," said his mother, half fretfully, one

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day. "I wish he would marry and take a house down town."

"He is going to," said the merchant.

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Regley.

Millicent grew cold to the heart.

"I mean he is going down town," the elder son said, laughing at the consternation he had created. "I don't know about the marrying. I always said Paul would be the single man of the family. But he told me only yesterday that he was looking for a boarding-place. I'm sure I don't see where he will find one suitable in that part of the city, unless he goes to Mrs. Craymer's: she keeps a few boarders near the Park."

How like a dagger every word struck upon Millicent's ear! She left the room soon after, and in the privacy of her own apartment wept and struggled with herself.

"What *shall* I do? I can not lose him!" she cried, in agony.

This was on Sunday morning.

Presently Stella knocked at her door.

"Oh, Millicent!" she cried, as she let her in, "*won't* you go to Ascension with me? Uncle Paul can't come for me; he has an extra service. He said you wouldn't go to Ascension; but you will, won't you?"

"He said I wouldn't go?" queried Millicent, her heart throbbing hotly.

"Yes; I told him maybe you would take me, and he said no, he never expected to see Miss Millicent in Ascension."

"Well?" seeing that the child hesitated.

"Then he said, if he only might, or something like it, and looked *so* sad. But I told him yes, I knew you would; and you will, won't you? I don't like St. Mary's a bit," she added, with childish energy. "Won't you?"

"Yes, dear, I'll go with you," said Millicent, crowding down a great sob; and Stella was radiant. So Millicent quietly arrayed herself, feeling very humble, but, withal, more really happy than she had ever been in all her life before.

It was a little late, and the choir was singing as Millicent entered the old gray doorway, following the impetuous child to the minister's seat, near the chancel. Paul saw her, and a strange, sweet peace dropped into his soul.

"And a little child shall lead them," he thought, with a swelling bosom. He knew Millicent well enough to augur good from her presence. He did not look up when she rose from her knees, but more than one in that vast congregation thought that day what Millicent and little Stella had said—

"He looks like an angel!"

That evening he spoke to Millicent as they met in the hall.

"Will you go with *me*, Millicent, to Ascension?"

"Yes, if you will take me," she said, in a voice so low that he could just hear; and then he opened his arms, and she found her rightful place, for her head was pillowed upon his breast, and all the past was forgotten.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

How the Tichborne Claimant may yet get a Verdict.—Practical Joke on a Lord Chief Justice.—A Sham Queen's Speech.—The Secret of Mr. Gladstone's Popularity.—Effect of Bright's Absence from Parliament.—"Poor Miss Finch" and Thomas Hood.—An Infidel Duke.—Theological Anecdotes.

I DO not wish to write myself down a prophet, for whom there is little honor nowadays even in another country, but I *did* tell you that the claimant in the Tichborne case would be "bust up." He *is*. The Attorney-General, as though conscious of his short-coming in the cross-examination, and anxious to recover his reputation, has exploded that stout person very successfully. Nothing, in common opinion, can now get him a verdict unless that astute proposal, said to emanate from your own Tammany Ring, is carried into effect, of the jury buying up the Tichborne bonds, and deciding accordingly. The firm of Baxter, Rose, & Norton are already known among the wits as Baxter knows he's Orton. I am told that at a famous London hotel much frequented by your fellow-countrymen you may daily obtain a seven-and-sixpenny dinner for two guineas, and at the same time enjoy the advantage of dining with the claimant, who sits at the head of the table, and "twitches" throughout the repast—whether to music or not I was not informed. A very curious circumstance occurred during this trial. The judge (Chief Justice Bovill) received a note one day while sitting on the bench which evidently gave him much annoyance; he rose earlier than usual, and sought counsel of his brother judges in the next court. The letter that had been put into his hand was an official one, from Algernon West, the private secretary of the Prime Minister, and ran as follows:

"MY LORD,—I am directed by Mr. Gladstone to express his regret at the partiality you have thought proper to show toward the defendant in the Tichborne case, which is altogether unworthy of your high position, and to beg that in future you will repress your private convictions upon this subject.

"Yours obediently, ALGERNON WEST."

Now upon the face of it this missive seemed impertinent and absurd enough; only, unfortunately, "the people's William" had of late been so officious and meddlesome, and especially in the Collier case (of which you will hear enough in our Parliament), that neither Lord Chief Justice Bovill nor the other judges thought it by any means impossible that in the plenitude of his power he might have issued such a ukase. "Only," said Judge Wills, who is more cautious than a Scotchman, "it may be as well to send round to Mr. West's office and certify the fact before taking any practical measures;" which was accordingly done, with the result you will have anticipated. A judge's jokes are always successful, but this is the first instance to our knowledge in which a successful joke has ever been let off at a judge's expense.

Speaking of practical jokes, the *Pall Mall Gazette* had a very well imagined Queen's Speech the night before the real thing made its appearance in the papers, which deceived many simple persons. All the weak points of the ministry were confessed and apologized for as if by themselves. Of the Geneva arbitration it was said that owing to a "pardonable negligence" on the part of our Commissioners to the United States we had become liable for a sum of money which, "after all, would not exceed what the French were now cheerfully paying to their German conquerors." You should have seen our old gentlemen at the clubs when they read this and took it for Gospel! "What are we coming to? Is this a government?" etc., etc. And, to do them justice, they would have given the shirts off their backs rather than have found it true.

I write just as Parliament is about to meet, but it is the general opinion that the Prime Minister will have a very ugly time of it on many accounts, ranging from the Collier indictment down to the indirect *Alabama* claims; but he may at least reply to all antagonists that they are but dogs in the manger, since, however willing to turn him out of office, they are perfectly aware that they are not in a position to fill his place. It is certain, no matter how the papers may rail, and even what just accusations they may bring against him, that there is no man so "believed in" by the great bulk of the English nation as William Ewart Gladstone. He occupies in the political world very much the position which the late Charles Dickens enjoyed in literature. The philosophers, the critics, and the Gentlemanly Interest do not greatly admire him; but he has found his way to the hearts of the people. His very weaknesses—or what such papers as the *Saturday Review* (a journal devoted to the Gentlemanly Interest, though affecting both philosophy and critiesism) consider his weaknesses, such as his monstrous statement that even the unenfranchised laboring classes were "our own flesh and blood"—have endeared him to the masses, and will, I think, continue to do so, notwithstanding his notorious attachment to the nobility, which has caused some one to say of him that to see Gladstone shaking hands with a duke reminds one of Jacob wrestling with the angel. The most fatal fault in Gladstone is his total lack of geniality. He can say kindly things, and doubtless feel them in a general way, but personally he is cold as a stone. With Bright by his side, he could put himself *en rapport* with the House of Commons, and, like a cold-water pipe which runs beside a hot one, keep from freezing; but alone he has been a total failure as leader of the House. If any one should doubt the power of genius, let him consider our legislative assembly as it was last session in Mr. Bright's absence, and then compare it with what it used to be when his eloquence animated and his good sense controlled it. Not only did the ministry fall to pieces and become incompetent when he withdrew from it, but the opposition grew factious and obstructive as they never dared to be when "honest John" was in his place to administer his facers and put down "the colonels."

The critics—those who have failed in literature, as Disraeli calls them—are very jocose upon Mr. Collins's "Poor Miss Finch," which, I believe, appeared in *Harper's Weekly*. They poke their fun at the blind girl and the blue man after the manner that was to have been expected of them; but, curiously enough, none have had fun enough to suggest that the author borrowed his creation from Hood's "Tim Turpin." Probably, with the exception of his "Song of the Shirt" and his "Bridge of Sighs," Hood is not known to the critics. Tim was a blind man, who, "like Pyramus, cast a wall-eye" on the charms of a certain young person and married her.

"But just when Tim had lived a month
In honey with his wife,
A surgeon oped his Milton eyes
Like oysters with a knife.

"But when his eyes were opened thus,
He wished them dark again;
For when he looked upon his wife
He saw her very plain.

"Her face was bad, her figure worse;
He couldn't bear to eat,
For she was every thing but like
A Grace before his meat."

I suppose you have not been electrified across the Atlantic by the fact of the Duke of Somerset, K.G., writing a book against Christianity, but it has given us a great shock here. A duke's book is a duke's book with us, although there's nothing in it. It is very amusing to read how tenderly the leading journal treats it, divided between its respect for orthodoxy (since four-fifths of its readers are orthodox) and its natural tendency to bow to his grace's opinion. The fact is, that a dozen such advocates of infidelity would never do a tithe of the harm that is done every day by those who profess Christianity but are seen altogether to lack its spirit. Of the strange ideas that prevail upon this subject among a class of our population widely separated from Knights of the Garter, let me instance the following: A village clergyman of my acquaintance, visiting a parishioner suffering from a lingering disease, expressed to his wife a hope that she sometimes spoke to him of the future. "I do, indeed, Sir. Often and often I wakes him in the night and says, 'John, John, you little thinks of the torments as is preparing for you.'" Truly, as Byron tells us, "Some Christians have a comfortable creed." On the other hand, if a man should want to see our religious folks at their best—showing their true faith by their works—he may do so easily enough. Though the Duke of Somerset's statement that dogmatic theology is dying out even among the whilom orthodox, "the true Christ" was never so well known as now. Even the fashionable world holds many a Sister of Charity who spends time lavishly yet without waste in homes and hospitals. One of these was reading to a little patient the other day, in a hospital for sick children, the story of Joseph and his brethren. The child of seven years old, London born and London bred, listened in silence until she came to describe their putting the poor young man into the pit, when he exclaimed, "But please, ma'am, where were the p'lice?" One more theological story and I have done. Mr. Smith and Mr. Jones married two twin sisters so alike that it was difficult to distinguish them from one another. Mr. Smith died, but Mr. Jones lived on, a prosperous barrister. Mr. Brown, a friend of both couples, having just left Mr. Jones making a speech to a crowded court, goes down to the Crystal Palace, and meets, in the tropical department, Mrs. Smith, whom he very pardonably mistakes for her sister. "It is very hot here, Mr. Brown," says she. "Yes, madam, but not one-half so hot, let me tell you, as where your husband is!" R. KEMBLE, of London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

That adoration which a young man gives to a woman whom he feels to be greater and better than himself is hardly distinguishable from religious feeling. What deep and worthy love is so—whether of woman or child, or art or music? Our caresses, our tender words, our still rapture under the influence of autumn sunsets, or pillared vistas, or calm majestic statues, or Beethoven symphonies, all bring with them the consciousness that they are mere waves and ripples in an unfathomable ocean of love and beauty; our emotion in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence; our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery.

Is it any weakness, pray, to be wrought on by exquisite music? to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being past and present in one unspeakable vibration: melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-learned lessons of self-renouncing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your present sorrow with all your past joy? If not, then neither is it a weakness to be so wrought upon by the exquisite curves of a woman's cheek and neck and arms, by the liquid depths of her beseeching eyes, or the sweet childish pout of her lips. For the beauty of a lovely woman is like music: what can one say more? Beauty has an expression beyond and far above the one woman's soul that it clothes, as the words of genius have a wider meaning than the thought that prompted them: it is more than a woman's love that moves us in a woman's eyes—it seems to be a far-off mighty love that has come near to us, and made speech for itself there; the rounded neck, the dimpled arm, move us by something more than their prettiness—by their close kinship with all we have known of tenderness and peace. The noblest nature sees the most of this *impersonal* expression in beauty (it is needless to say that there are gentlemen with whiskers dyed and undyed who see none of it whatever), and for this reason the noblest nature is often the most blinded to the character of the one woman's soul that the beauty clothes. Whence, I fear, the tragedy of human life is likely to continue for a long time to come, in spite of mental philosophers who are ready with the best recipes for avoiding all mistakes of the kind.

The first sense of mutual love excludes other feelings: it will have the soul all to itself.

Love is such a simple thing when we have only one-and-twenty summers and a sweet girl of seventeen trembles beneath our glance, as if she were a bud first opening her heart with wondering rapture to the morning. Such young unfurrowed souls roll to meet each other like two velvet peaches that touch softly and are at rest; they mingle as easily as two brooklets that ask for nothing but to entwine themselves and ripple with ever-interlacing curves in the leafiest hiding-places.

How is it that the poets have said so many fine things about our first love, so few about our later love? Are their first poems their best? or are not those the best which come from their fuller thought, their larger experience, their deeper-rooted affections? The boy's flute-like voice has its own spring charm; but the man should yield a richer, deeper music.

Our love is inwrought in our enthusiasm as electricity is inwrought in the air, exalting its power by a subtile presence.

The man who awakes the wondering tremulous passion of a young girl always thinks her affectionate.

There are various orders of beauty, causing men to make fools of themselves in various styles, from the desperate to the sheepish; but there is one order of beauty which seems made to turn the heads not only of men, but of all intelligent mammals, even of women. It is a beauty like that of kittens, or very small downy ducks making gentle rippling noises with their soft bills, or babies just beginning to toddle and to engage in conscious mischief—a beauty with which you can never be angry, but that you feel ready to crush for inability to comprehend the state of mind into which it throws you.

We look at the one little woman's face we love as we look at the face of our mother earth, and see all sorts of answers to our yearnings.

Love has a way of cheating itself consciously, like a child who plays at solitary hide-and-seek: it is pleased with assurances that it all the while disbelieves.

It is generally a feminine eye that first detects the moral deficiencies hidden under the "dear deceit" of beauty.

A melody strikes us with a new feeling when we hear it sung by the pure voice of a boyish chorister.

No story is the same to us after a lapse of time; or, rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

Melodies die out, like the pipe of Pan, with the ears that love them and listen for them.

So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory: we can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom or rode on our father's back in childhood; doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long-past mornings is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot; but it is gone forever from our imagination, and we can only *believe* in the joy of childhood. But the first glad moment in our first love is a vision which returns to us to the last, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recurrent sensation of a sweet odor breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite touch to tenderness, that feeds the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair.

Do we not all agree to call rapid thought and noble impulse by the name of inspiration? After our subtlest analysis of the mental process, we must still say that our highest thoughts and our best deeds are all given to us.

There is a sort of fascination in all sincere unpremeditated eloquence, which opens to one the inward drama of the speaker's emotions.

The existence of insignificant people has very important consequences in the world. It can be shown to affect the price of bread and the rate of wages, to call forth many evil tempers from the selfish and many heroisms from the sympathetic, and, in other ways, to play no small part in the tragedy of life.

All honor and reverence to the divine beauty of form! Let us cultivate it to the utmost in men, women, and children—in our gardens and in our houses. But let us love that other beauty too, which lies in no secret of proportion, but in the secret of deep human sympathy. Paint us an angel, if you can, with a floating violet robe, and a face paled by the celestial light; paint us yet oftener a Madonna, turning her mild face upward and opening her arms to welcome the divine glory; but do not impose on us any æsthetic rules which shall banish from the region of Art those old women scraping carrots with their work-worn hands, those heavy clowns taking holiday in a dingy pot-house, those rounded backs and stupid weather-beaten faces that have bent over the spade and done the rough work of the world—those homes with their tin pans, their brown pitchers, their rough curs, and their clusters of onions. In this world there are so many of these common, coarse people who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philosophy, and frame lofty theories which only fit a world of extremes. Therefore let Art always remind us of them; therefore let us always have men ready to give the loving pains of a life to the faithful representing of commonplace things—men who see beauty in these commonplace things, and delight in showing how kindly the light of heaven falls on them. There are few prophets in the world, few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities: I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellow-men, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy. Neither are picturesque lazzaroni or romantic criminals half so frequent as your common laborer who gets his own bread, and eats it vulgarly but creditably with his own pocket-knife. It is more needful that I should have a fibre of sympathy connecting me with that vulgar citizen who weighs out my sugar in a vilely assorted cravat and waistcoat, than with the handsomest rascal in red scarf and green feathers—more needful that my heart should swell with loving admiration at some trait of gentle goodness in the faulty people who sit at the same hearth with me, or in the clergyman of my own parish, who is perhaps rather too corpulent, and in other respects is not an Oberlin or a Tillotson, than at the deeds of heroes whom I shall never know except by hearsay, or at the sublimest abstract of all clerical graces that was ever conceived by an able novelist.

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WAKING UP.

WAKING in the morning may be one of the most delicious or the most painful sensations of life. To wake from a dreamless, refreshing slumber, with the sun shining brightly in the room, and the fragrant breeze floating in through the half-opened window, and the consciousness that a new day is beginning which shall bring the fruition of a long-expected pleasure—what can be sweeter than this? But the waking from feverish, broken slumbers—which, nevertheless, have in part effaced the sorrow which is in waiting to crush one as soon as he becomes conscious of its full significance—is the sorrowful antithesis. How different the waking of the young girl on her bridal morning and that of the widow on the dawn after the night that has bereaved her of her loved spouse! The sweetest waking of all, perhaps, is that of the child. To him each morn is like a new birth. He opens his eyes on a fresh world which shall bring him undreamed-of joys and unexpected experiences. Every thing is new to him in this world to which he is a stranger: the change of the seasons, the budding of the flowers, the rapid recurrence of household traditions, which are hackneyed to his elders, but full of mystery to him. How charming he looks in this lovely picture, so full of the grace of childhood, with his clear-cut eyes trustfully opened to the light, his golden head pillowed on his chubby hand, and his rosy lips half parted with a smile! Such a picture recalls the dreams of infancy, and those first impressions which may be buried deep, but are never forgotten.



WAKING UP.

FALLING ASLEEP.

IN striking contrast with "Waking Up," we have the beautiful picture, "Falling Asleep." In the first, the rosy child opens his eyes on a new world, all the mysteries of which he has yet to explore. In the second, the aged woman, having finished her course, falls asleep over the open pages of her cherished Bible, and enters into her rest, at the close of day, just as the setting sun streams in through the window-panes, and the tide ebbs out at the same time with her parting breath. Her waking up will be in a new life whereof we have all heard, but which none have seen, save with the eye of faith, and where we hope she will be indemnified for all her past toil and sorrow.

RULES FOR COLOR.

CONSIDER, when choosing a color for any purpose, where it will have to be seen, in what quantity, and in what substance. If you are going to paint a ceiling with it, choose a tint lighter than you mean it to appear; for a ceiling is always in shade, and a very dark color will be in that position hardly distinguishable from black. If you mean to veil it with white, choose a brighter, deeper tint than that of the unveiled trimmings which you may intend for it, as it will otherwise not match them. If for dress or furniture, consider the material: a yellow which looks gorgeous in satin is detestable in cloth; a pale tint which in flannel would look like dirty white may in a rich silk or fine cashmere have the most elegant effect. Never put green and red *of equal intensity* in juxtaposition; although these are complementary colors, there is no more disagreeable mixture. A pale dull sea green goes admirably with a rich crimson or Indian red; a pale dull red with deep green, but they *must* always be of very different intensity to look well together, and are always difficult to mingle pleasantly. Turquoise, the antique yellow-blue, mixes very sweetly with a pale green; ultramarine, being a red-blue, almost lilac in the shadows, is horrible with green. Pure pale yellow is a very becoming color, and will harmonize with purple; with blue the contrast is too coarse.

Of course every color can be made beautiful and becoming to the face by being cunningly arranged and relieved. It may always be done by mixing it *into* another color. You may select a color which partakes of another, *i. e.*, is not too pure—even a shot-color (many shots are most beautiful)—or you may put other colors with it. Do not place blue and yellow together in pure colors; let the blue be a pale yellow-blue. Do not place orange and yellow near together unless they are *intentionally* mingled in one mass, and it requires some skill to do this well.

The best way is to look at models of coloring. Or go to the flowers. You can have no better tutors; all the books on art and manuals of color will never teach as well as they. In a flower containing strong contrasts, such as purple and white, for example, you will generally find a third tint placed between the two, in however small a quantity. A warm color usually divides two cold colors, or a cold color two warm ones, or the two are *mingled into* a third tint at the junction. For instance, see this tulip, whose petals half-way down are of the brightest red, and the base of the calyx white; these colors are softened into one another by a streak of purest ultramarine, and so perfect is this combination that one can conceive nothing beyond it. See this sweet-william blossom—the centre white, or nearly, the edges darkest crimson. There is no blue between them, but the uniting color is *pink*. You can distinctly trace the narrow band of blue-pink, which takes away all hardness from the junction. Orange is mixed into white with pale yellow, or pink, or green veins. Blue flowers seldom lack a touch of warmer color—lilac, pink, or yellow—to relieve their coldness; white ones are softened with yellow, greenish, or pinkish shadows or veins.



FALLING ASLEEP.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]

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DOLLY VARDEN HOUSE DRESS.

THIS pretty costume has a trained skirt of crimson and white striped faille, trimmed with a deep gathered flounce, which is scalloped on the under edge. Over this is worn a Dolly Varden polonaise of blue and white striped faille, sprigged in the white stripes with red roses and green leaves, and edged with a ruche of white ribbon, with a blue ribbon through the middle. Low bodice of white silk, with blue silk bows, over a pleated fichu of white tulle. A bouquet of red roses and buds and green leaves is set on the right side of the waist. Red roses and blue ribbons in the hair. Necklace of pearls looped on a blue ribbon.

THE CARY HOME.

A SHORT time since, through the kindly offices of a lovely old Quaker lady of this city, and the courteous response of the present inmates of the home of Alice and Phœbe Cary, I was enabled to visit the interesting locality.

The house where these two noble women lived and worked, and where the elder of them died, is in East Twentieth Street. It is an unpretending structure of yellowish brick, containing three stories besides attic and basement, and has a small bay-window, in proportion with the size of the building, opening from the parlor upon the street.

Entering the doors, although its former owners had "died and made no sign" farther than the appointments of this household temple, one would involuntarily exclaim, "A poet's home!"

The frescoed walls are low, the hall and stairway narrow; but there is a glamour over all, the effect enhanced by the rich light which greets you, streaming from back to front of the shallow house through the gorgeously stained oval pane that from the stair platform looks down to the front-door with its great iris eye.

There are a few rural pictures in the hall—oxen, horses—these quietly munching their cud, those plowing the furrow.

On the right hand of the entrance stands the parlor, whose hospitable door has so long and habitually opened to circles of the élite, not fashion's, necessarily, but fame's; whose walls have echoed the brilliant repartee, the touching, tender sentiment of friendship or more general philanthropy, the sober and earnest and deep thought, the general kindly interchange of ideas—congenial mind responding to mind—of gifted hostesses and gifted guests.

The carpets are shorn of their first brilliancy, and bear otherwise the impress of the many feet that have gathered there; and the entire aspect of the furniture is as of that divested of its new stiffness, and having been kept for comfort and use. The "cunning" little sofas, each fitted as if it had spontaneously grown in its little recess, bear the look of having more than occasionally upheld sympathetically the languishing frame of some toiler in wearing brain-work—the cushions likewise, the luxurious deep chairs likewise.

Speaking of these latter reminds me of two reception-chairs that were pointed out to me in this parlor where we are supposing ourselves to be. One was cushioned in green velvet, the other in blue. "This was Alice's, the blue," said our informant, "and the green Phœbe's. Now in the library, where stand the counterpart of these two, the order is reversed—the green was Alice's, and the blue Phœbe's. Thus they went all their devoted lives, differing in almost every thing, yet so blending their differences as to convert them into most perfect harmony."

A large circular table, inlaid in mosaics of wood all bearing their natural colors, occupies the centre of this room. Numerous paintings in gilt frames adorn the walls. Delicate vases are reflected from the mirror-backed *étagères*. A few books are scattered here and there, three of which I will note. They lie together on a little stand that occupies the bay-window, heavily draped in satin curtains of green. One of these is an annual, "From Year to Year," edited by the Cary sisters jointly, and may be remarked as being the only one of the literary works of either visible any where below stairs.

Then comes Whittier's volume, "The Ballads of New England," illustrated, and presented in his own handwriting thus:

"TO ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY—

"Who from the farm-field singing came,
The song whose echo now is fame,
And to the great false city took
The honest hearts of Clovernook,
And made their home beside the sea
The trysting-place of Liberty—
"From their old friend,
"JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"*Christmas*, 1869."

The last of the trio is a little, fancifully gotten-up folio bound in green and gold—a gold ring on the fair white of its title-page; this is "The Golden Wedding," and was given, as we are autographically informed, "To Phœbe Cary, with the kind regards of Joseph and Rebecca W. Taylor," the parents of Bayard Taylor.

On either side the bay-window, and accommodated by the broad embrasures of the same, stand, in their Gothic and gold and illuminated frame-work, two pictures—once altar-pieces of some famed old church in Milan—each about three feet high. They represent, on field of gold severally, two angels in attire of the gorgeous red and blue so well known in ecclesiastical decoration; one playing on a dulcimer, the other on what is to all appearance an accordion of the modern fashion. In antique lettering, and in black letter, is written beneath on the one tablet Psalm cl. 3, and on the other the succeeding verse of the same.

We cross the hall to the library opposite. Here are arranged in two cases the larger number of the books once owned and read by the sisters—over a thousand volumes—which have recently been disposed of for the benefit of a relative in the far West.

The back windows of this room are of stained glass, and, like those on the front, are draped in heavy hangings.

Midway the wall opposite the library cases hangs—first, a square, gilt-framed, old-time portrait of the father of Alice and Phœbe Cary, a venerable gentleman arrayed in a superfluity of broad, limp, shirt collar—untrained evidently, but turning itself back from the neck. The face bears gentleness and great benevolence.

On either side of this are suspended oval pictures—in oil, as this is—of the sisters. The portraits are by Blondel; are not of note as paintings, but are interesting as representations of two gifted women.

Between the front windows is the Cary coat of arms in an elaborately carved walnut frame; and to the left the picture of Madame Le Brun, the famed French artist, from an original painted by herself, which now hangs in the Florentine Museum.

My note of introduction had said:

"I want you to see *all*, even the bed Alice slept on, which was so attractive to my eye, and where I have so often beheld her in an agony of suffering, yet sweetly, patiently awaiting the good sleep vouchsafed to her after a weary pilgrimage."

The request was graciously complied with, and I was escorted up stairs into the room, with its desk by a sunny window—the same which a friend once named "Alice Cary's workshop." On the shelves of this half desk, half book-case, were most of the volumes published by the sisters from time to time, among them, "Poems and Parodies," by Phœbe Cary; "Clovernook Papers," first and second series, by Alice; "Clovernook Children," "Hagar: a Story," "Poems," by the same, and one or two books edited jointly by the two sisters.

Over the fire-place hung one of Alice's favorite pictures, "Early Sorrow." Pressed mosses, sea-weeds, and autumn-tinted forest leaves formed, with their frames, some of the other adornments of this apartment, while beyond the silken curtains shading the alcove was the little bedroom where the owner so long suffered and prayed and thought and penned her inspirations—and finally died.

There, during two or three years of invalidism, the poetess, in the intervals of her malady, received her friends, gladdened them with her delightful talk, and inquired of them, with eager interest, of humanity outside and its doings. A devoted friend of both sisters says: "A few months before Alice died she sent for me, and from that time I was often with her for hours together. She welcomed especially those friends who talked of the every-day things of life. Sweetly human, she saw people and things in the light of her clear mind as they really were."

What a pretty and artistic taste in the arrangement of this little alcove room! The one window with its curtain, the bedstead of rose-wood, with band of coral-color and arabesque of gilt, looking for all the world as if designed and built to fit that very recess it occupied. At the bed's head hung a Cupid, a fine French engraving, the gift of Mrs. Horace Greeley, who had brought it from Paris; and at the foot a picture on which it is said the suffering woman loved to rest her eyes, because it reminded her of her young days and early home. It is one of Rosa Bonheur's maiden efforts—a farmer plowing his oxen down the furrow. One may almost fancy Alice Cary's poetry to have imbibed its healthy savor from the fresh loam of the newly upturned earth and kindred natural surroundings that breathed their inspiration into her forms of thought on the outset into life.

Across the entry are Phœbe's apartments, the counterpart of these—the alcove for the bed, the desk at the window, where she worked her brain-work, and the little womanly articles scattered around that make all seem attractive. On her desk lies a copy of the book, "Hymns for all Christians," designed for and in constant use in the Church of the Strangers, compiled by the rector, Dr. Charles F. Deems, and herself. On the fly-leaf of the volume is written, "To Alice Cary: presented by her loving sister and brother, Phœbe Cary and Charles F. Deems.

It is a well-known story how her star of life went out, suddenly and unexpectedly to those who knew her best; they could not, in the nature of things, comprehend the shock her well-balanced mind had sustained in the contemplation of Alice's protracted siege of suffering, and finally in the separation from one who was almost literally her other self.

Phœbe Cary was bright, witty, full of life, always ready with something apt and amusing. Not a great while before her death she was riding with a friend to Greenwood. Conversation turned, through her influence, on the sombre associations with which death and the grave were habitually invested, the lugubrious character of inscriptions chosen to surmount the gates of cemeteries, and kindred circumstances.

"Come to think of it," said Phœbe, "of these latter, one occurs to me just now as more fitting than any thing I've ever seen in use."

"What is yours?" the friend inquired.

"Down with the dust!" was the answer.

The Sunday evening reunions at the home in Twentieth Street, where the literary and other



DOLLY VARDEN HOUSE DRESS.

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friends of these two young women loved informally to gather, were a well-known institution among their set in New York.

How they came here from the far West, years ago, on the second marriage of their father; came to the house which was their home so long to reside with a married sister; how the sister died, leaving them heirs to her interest in the property; how they labored; how they received by-and-by, at their father's death, their patrimony—about fifteen hundred dollars each—seem to be matters well understood as worthy of record.

The snows of the last winter spread the pure funeral pall for Alice Cary's burial. Amidst a shower of feathery flakes, on St. Valentine's Day, the honored remains were taken to the Church of the Strangers, and thence to Greenwood.

Shortly after, when a friend paid a visit of condolence to the surviving sister, she remarked, "I am not going to mourn for Alice; she had suffered so intensely and long that death was a happy release. There is work to do, too, and I intend to occupy my thoughts with it. Here are all Alice's papers and letters. I wished Mr. Greeley to take them, and write a biography; but he says no, that I must do it." And with characteristic vigorous determination she labored for a short season, unconscious herself of the undermining blow she had sustained. But the effort was too much for her; in a few weeks she broke down utterly, and died at Newport, among strangers, of a broken heart.

One can scarce realize on visiting the home now, so warmly human is the aspect of every thing, that its Lares and Penates are fled, and that a few weeks will see it dismantled of its belongings, and passing into stranger hands. It is for this reason that we have thought it well to preserve a faithful and minute record of a home which was dear to so many, and which can not fail to be of interest to all who knew and loved the names of Alice and Phœbe Cary. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HASCA.—To leave a good home and attempt to earn your livelihood in the hope of increasing your matrimonial chances is about the wildest scheme we ever heard broached; yet not so mad, we suspect, that it has not entered other brains than yours. Do not swell the great army of women who are struggling to gain their bread, but stay at home and endeavor to compensate by mental for what you lack in physical charms. Remember that the most beautiful are by no means always the most winning.

DIANA.—There is certainly no impropriety in saying "your daughter" to a lady, though we think "Miss Smith" or "Miss Kate" would be in better taste.

CHARLOTTE.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to Harper & Brothers, New York.—We can not recommend any nostrum for purifying the blood. You had better consult your physician.

C. H. M.—We know of no better work on etiquette than the "Bazar Book of Decorum."

JOCKO.—Address the Central Park Commissioners, who will probably be glad to add your monkey to their collection.

MYRTLE GREEN.—The title of Prince of Wales was first conferred by Edward I. on his infant son, afterward Edward II., after the English conquest of Wales, since which time it has been the distinctive title of the heir-apparent to the English throne. It is customary in most nations to distinguish the heir to the crown by some such title; for instance, in Russia, he is called the Czarowitz; in Spain the Infanta; in Germany, of old, the Crown Prince, and now the Prince Imperial; in France formerly the Dauphin, then the Prince Imperial; and next, no one knows what.

WILHELMINA.—The simplest Æolian harp is formed of seven waxed strings, graduated in thickness, attached to pegs and fastened in the window. There are other more elaborate devices.

M. C. J.—St. Valentine was a somewhat mythical saint, who was accustomed to give good counsel to lovers.—Leap-year parties are very amusing in small communities, where people are sufficiently well acquainted with each other to prevent the necessary familiarity from being regarded in a censorious light; but in large cities many reasons why they may be deemed objectionable will suggest themselves. It requires considerable nerve, for instance, for a young lady to invite a semi-stranger to a party and play the cavalier to him during the whole evening, as the etiquette of leap-year would require.—Philopena is of German origin.

H. R. P.—The Hoosic Tunnel connects Connecticut and Massachusetts, and is built through the Hoosic Mountain.

MRS. J. W. V.—See our remarks on old coins in a former number.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.—The lady precedes the gentleman in going down stairs, and *vice versa*. It is not necessary to shake hands on being introduced; but you should rise. If you desire a gentleman to call again, you should certainly invite him to do so when he takes leave.

INQUISITIVE BRIDGET AND OTHERS.—We have neither time nor space for replies to irrelevant questions.

E. J. H.—We wish to say once for all that we do not undertake to give prescriptions in this column, or to furnish further information concerning cosmetics than is given in other parts of the paper. Henceforth we shall take no notice of such inquiries.

ASHES.—The word ashes is a collective noun, which may be used either in the singular or plural, according to the structure of the sentence. "Upwards" employed in the sense you quote signifies "more than."

MISS G. M.—It is not well to be too punctilious concerning questions of etiquette; and you might have accepted the invitation to a party from a lady whom you had met at a friend's house without insisting on the formality of a call from her. Preoccupied people often waive conventional ceremonies, and life is too short to lay much stress on them. On the other hand, if you sent your regrets, you were not obliged to call, unless you desired to continue the acquaintance.

MRS. H. W. S.—Get a black cashmere talma with a hood for your spring wrap. For description see New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V. Make your cambric wrapper by Sacque Wrapper illustrated in *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V.

MRS. J. T.—For braid stamping see advertisement of a fancy store in late numbers of the *Bazar*.

T. E. L.—Bonnets are most suitable for brides, but the new spring round hats can scarcely be distinguished from bonnets, so you can wear them with propriety. As the bride is not in full dress, the family should wear bonnets also. The gray silk suit with polonaise is very appropriate.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We have not given patterns of first short clothes for infants. However, the patterns of long clothes will answer if you shorten the skirts, as many mothers do.

MRS. W. M.—Get pattern of Plain-basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. The corresponding *Bazar* will tell you about quantities and trimmings.

JENNIE T. B.—You will need a polonaise to complete your suit. The dress does not need any alteration. Get a light gray cashmere polonaise, or else a Dolly Varden of foulard or of fine chintz. See descriptions and illustration in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V. If you do not like polonaises, get an over-skirt and talma cape of black cashmere, or else of lighter green silk.

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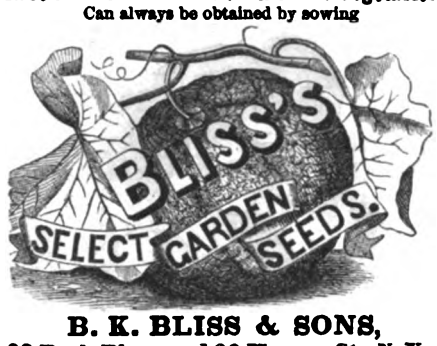
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Vol. V.

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ADJUSTMENT.

MAUDE (*to the Colonel from India*). "Uncle, why don't you wear this Chignon on the Top of your Head?"



TOO CRITICAL.

BESSIE. "Listen, Laura:

'The rose is red, the violet's blue,
Carnation's sweet, and so are you.'

There! isn't that *beautiful*?"

THAT SLY PUSS, LAURA. "Yes, Dear! Only I don't think he's very Complimentary to say you are 'Blue,' is he?"

FACETIÆ.

MOST people have heard of a dead wall, but a correspondent writes to say he has actually got a living room in his house.

SIGN LANGUAGE!—A San Francisco paper is put out of benevolence by a little fun at its expense, and says: "We regard the atrocious correspondent as an infernal fiend, a false-tongued midnight monster, a red-handed assassin, a thief, a he school-marm, a fraud, a ghost, and an unpleasant person! We esteem him a pea-green demon of the steaming pit, with a cotton-wood tail, eyes in his sides, and a cork neck studded with hot door-knobs! If there is any thing worse than this, we think him that."

CULINARY MEN.—How to serve a dinner properly: eat it.

ANOTHER ONE.—If a dinner could speak, what would it say?—Give me none of your jaw.

N.B.—Though a good dinner may not always agree with yourself, it will generally make you agree with your host.

Recently a gentleman at a parlor reading, who has the usual high opinion of his powers that all those exhibiting individuals seem to have, was evidently unaware that a cold detracted somewhat from the delivery of poetry, and was, in consequence, thus facetiously reported by a local paper: "Oh, bud this is dice! How we love widder—add the beaudiful sdow—the riggig the berry bells—the log icigles od the cordices—add, as 'Jacked' so fidely eggzpresses id,

'The frozd upod the widder-pade'—

all cobbide to redder this, the widder seasod, the bost charbig, lovely, add beaudiful of all the seasods."

THE DENTIST'S MOTTO—"I spare no pains to make the operation satisfactory."

Needy farmers, like some poets, are partial to an acre on tic(k).

The name of his Majesty the King of Siam is as follows: Pra Bat Somdetch Prabaramain Taramaha Chulalonkorn Klao Pra Chao Pen Din Siam. One would fancy a penny-a-liner had spun it out for him.

A dumb man recently went to law with a deaf man; the latter, of course, was the deaf-endant.

HIS OBJECT.

A doctor was called in to see a patient whose native land was Ireland, and whose native drink was whisky. Water was prescri bed as the only cure. Pat said that it was out of the question: he could neverdrink it. Milk was then proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk. The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, and on the table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but flavored strongly with whisky.

"What have you here?" said the doctor.

"Milk, doctor; just what you ordhered."

"But there is whisky in it: I smell it!"

"Well, doctor," sighed the patient; "there may be whisky in it, but milk's my object."

Looked at one way, anti-vaccination ought to be pitted.

"CHAMBER MUSIC"—Baby.

Why is an empty cabin like a bird of the poultry class?—Because it is a chanticleer (sh anty clear.)

CLOSE QUARTERS—A washerwoman's.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

We observe that our contemporaries, with scarcely an exception, supply their readers with cookery. All periodicals are alike in this respect. They may appeal to the head or the heart, but they attack them through the stomach. In order not to be out of the fashion, we offer our readers a few perfectly original recipes:

Stewed Chestnuts.—Take a quart of chestnuts. If the grocer objects to your taking them, you had better pay for them to prevent litigation. Borrow a stew-pan if you haven't got one. If you have got one, don't lend it. Put the chestnuts into it, and stew them. Accounts can be cooked in the same way, *à la financière.*

To Mince Beef.—Half a pound of oyster-shells, two ounces of slate-pencil, a pound of isinglass, half a gallon of mock-turtle soup, candied peel to taste. Put them all in the frying-pan, and place it in the oven with a quick fire. As soon as it begins to boil turn it out, spread it on the paste-board, go over it gently with a rolling-pin, and cut it into squares. Or, another way: put the above-named ingredients into the copper, full of cold water; light the fire, and throw into it half a pound of best gunpowder. This will save a good deal of trouble in serving up.

Roast Hare.—Take a nice clean gridiron; rub it gently with garlic; pour into it a pint of clear cold water, and put it on the fire to simmer. Next catch your hare, and get it shaved at the nearest barber's: this is easier than plucking it. As soon as the gridiron boils, hire a cook, with a good character from her last place. Tell her to roast the hare, and get out of the kitchen as quickly as you can.

To Roast Potatoes.—Take several potatoes, peel them, wash them, and put clean collars on them. Then with a hard pencil write on them "murphies," "taturs," and such other opprobrious epithets as occur to you; then throw them away.

Soup for Invalids.—To a pint of warm water add three table-spoonfuls of cod-liver oil, shake them until they are thoroughly incorporated; take a clove of garlic that has been steeped for some twenty-four hours in senna tea, and shred it into the liquid. Season with rhubarb and magnesia. Some add force-meat balls of the same size, and of the same materials, as antibilious pills. Brown with a salamander, and serve up.

Welsh Rabbit.—Skin it and truss it, or, if you can get it, trust from the nearest poulterer's; open the head and take out the brains, which chop up with a leek, and replace; boil it gently in a Dutch oven, and serve on toast.

To Make Tea.—Take two or three good birch brooms, mince them before a brisk fire, get up early next morning and go into the next house while the servant is sweeping the carpet, collar the tea leaves, and go; brush them over with a weak solution of soot. For green tea substitute verdigris for the soot. Mix well, and then brew with milk and sugar to taste.

PROVERBIAL.—Fiery men are easily put out.

Why is a man happier with two wives than with one?—He may be happy with one—it is not impossible; but he is nearly sure to be transported with two.



"ECONOMY."

WHY HAVE AN EXPENSIVE HAT OR BONNET, WHEN A SLIGHT ALTERATION OF THE COIFFURE WILL SUFFICE?



A BROAD HINT.

BABY (*solemnly: he has been left at Grandmamma's for a few hours, and begins to find it rather "slow"*). "Gran'ma, I wasn't to eat too much Plum-cake!" [*Grandmamma feels the rebuke, and rings the bell.*



SEVERE ON THE PIANISTES.

COUSIN LIZZY. "I don't think, Cousin Joe, we were Waltzing in Time."

COUSIN JOE. "Think so? Perhaps not, if you were Keeping Time to the Bass, as I know I was Keeping Time to the Treble."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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LADIES' HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.—[SEE PAGE 218.]

Fig. 1.—GREEN POPLIN HOUSE DRESS. Fig. 2.—SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, WITH FRENCH BLOUSE, APRON OVER-SKIRT WITH WATTEAU POSTILION, AND WALKING SKIRT.

[Cut Paper Patterns of Fig. 2, Sleeveless Sacque and Cape, with French Blouse, Apron Over-Skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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LADIES' SPRING HOUSE AND STREET DRESSES.

See illustration on first page.

Fig. 1.—GREEN POPLIN HOUSE DRESS. This dress is made of olive green poplin, with no trimming in the back, but with four flounces in front, surmounted by three bias folds of black gros grain, which extend upward on each side to the middle of the skirt, and are finished at the ends by a covered black silk button. Green poplin polonaise, edged with a row of sharp points of the material, headed by a fold of black gros grain. Similar folds simulate on the polonaise a basque-waist, trimmed with fringe. Flowing sleeves of the material, lined with black gros grain, worn over close sleeves with the same trimming.

Fig. 2.—SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, WITH FRENCH BLOUSE, APRON OVER-SKIRT WITH WATTEAU POSTILION, AND WALKING SKIRT (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This pretty spring suit, which we have been permitted to copy from a model just imported by Messrs. THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co., is made of gray mohair, trimmed with diagonal stripes of the same material. The sleeveless sacque and cape present the effect of a double talma, and will be the favorite spring wrap. The popular French blouse will be found a most comfortable and convenient summer waist, and the over-skirt with Watteau postilion is one of the most graceful of its kind. The walking skirt is trimmed with the fashionable kilt pleating of striped poplin, three-quarters of a yard wide. The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches bust measure. To take the size, pass a tape measure entirely around the body, under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest. No other measure is required. If the size is an uneven number of inches—for instance, thirty-seven—send for thirty-eight inches, and take the seams deeper than allowed in the pattern. The quantity of material is estimated for a person of average size—thirty-four inches bust measure.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises four articles—sleeveless sacque and cape, French blouse, apron over-skirt with Watteau postilion, and six-gored walking skirt.

SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE.—This pattern is in three pieces—front, back, and cape. The sacque is perfectly loose and quite short. The front, bottom, and opening in the back are trimmed with a side pleating an inch wide, headed by a bias band two inches wide, edged with a narrow fold. The cape is about an eighth of a yard shorter than the sacque, and is trimmed in the same manner. The neck is finished with a standing band of the material, cut in small scallops.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 3¼ yards.

Extra for trimming, 1½ yards.

FRENCH BLOUSE.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, back, sleeve, and cuff. The front is fitted by two darts on each side, and is cut high in the neck, and closed to the waist line with buttons and button-holes. The back is wide and loose. The back is cut with the longest and the cuff with the shortest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. The blouse is cut with about four inches extra width below the waist line, and the seams under the arms and in the back are left open therein to the waist. The coat sleeve is finished at the wrist with a deep cuff, seamed on the outer edges. The trimming is like that of the sacque. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you when sewing it in. The lines of perforation show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms of the sacque and blouse, and where to take up the darts in the blouse and on the shoulders of the cape. Baste up and try on wrong side out before sewing, and if alteration is needed take up more or less in the seams. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulder and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 2½ yards.

APRON OVER-SKIRT WITH WATTEAU POSTILION.—This pattern is in five pieces—front, side gore for the front, back, side gore for the back, and Watteau postilion. Cut the front, back, and Watteau postilion with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Join the seams of the front and side gore, the side gore for the back, and straight breadth according to the notches. Then lay seven pleats turning upward between the notches of the back edge of the front gore, making the length of the seam nineteen inches. Lay six pleats in the front edge of the side back gore, four turning upward and two turning downward, commencing seventeen inches from the top of the gore for the first pleat, which is one inch deep, and the second one two inches; then the remainder is laid in four pleats and joined to the front gore. The skirt is draped in the back by two tapes seven inches long, which are tacked to the belt and at each seam in the back on the single perforation. The front is held in place by tapes at each side near the bottom, which are tied under the back breadth. The bottom of the skirt and postilion is trimmed with an inch-wide ruffle. A bias band of the material three inches wide trims the front breadth, one four inches wide the back breadth, and one two inches wide the Watteau postilion. The latter is laid in a large box-pleat at the middle of the back, according to the notches at the top, and joined to the belt. A tape four inches long is tacked to the belt and at the single perforation. A quarter of an inch is allowed for seams in this pattern.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 6 yards.

Extra for trimming, 2 yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—front, two side gores, and back breadth. Cut the front and back breadths with the longest straight edges laid on the fold of the cloth to avoid a seam. Put the pattern together by the notches. A narrow tape is tacked through the middle of the kilt pleating, about thirteen inches from the top, to keep the pleats in place.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 7 yards.

Extra for kilt pleating, 12 yards.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1872.

☞ THE Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY take pleasure in announcing that they will shortly commence the publication of

DORÉ'S LONDON

in MONTHLY EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENTS to the WEEKLY, each containing many MAGNIFICENT ILLUSTRATIONS by the greatest master of the picturesque, accompanied with interesting and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by BLANCHARD JERROLD. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out GRATUITOUSLY with HARPER'S WEEKLY; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY the Publishers will send out gratuitously a RICHLY ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a great variety of fresh and interesting reading matter.

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the new and elegant Sleeveless Sacque and Cape, with French Blouse, Apron Over-Skirt with Watteau Postilion, and Walking Skirt, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent, by the Publishers, prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents. For Full List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 231.*

☞ *Our next Pattern-sheet Number will contain a rich variety of Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Spring Walking, House, Visiting, and Evening Dresses; Confirmation and First Communion Dresses; Spring Mantelets, Paletots, Jackets, etc.; Irish Guipure Collars, Scrap-Bags, Sewing-silk Cases; Card Cases and Presses; Tablets, Embroidery Designs, etc., etc.*

THE LOVE OF DRESS.

THERE seems to be a prevailing opinion that love of dress is almost entirely a feminine fault—if fault it is, for we hold that it is only an exaggerated virtue. It is always part of the play, moreover, to ridicule the fashions for ladies; but is there any thing more absurd, to an impartial beholder, than the vicissitudes of masculine garments—than the variation from immoderately long-skirted coats, that had no better excuse for being than trains, to the jaunty cut-away that makes its wearer look as if he had met with the same accident as the little woman who fell asleep on the king's highway? Are paniers any greater mistakes than the attenuated breeches of to-day? Are not the rattans of nimble, able-bodied young men as rich follies as the girls' ear-rings? We do not doubt but John pays as much regard to his toilette as Jane; ask his tailor and haberdasher, and then compare notes with her dress-maker and milliner. Will John wear round-toed boots when square toes are the style, any sooner than Jane will eschew heels? Is he not quite as particular about the cut, the fashionable shade, of every garment he puts on as his sister? Perhaps he requires less time to attend to these things; yet that is an affair of temperament, of habit, and education; he is just as much in love with the result as she is, and perhaps, if Jane had any thing pleasanter to do, she might follow his example even here. Are not John's companions the young men who patronize the same tailor as himself? Isn't friendship with him often in danger of degenerating into an affair of broadcloth and fine linen? Did you ever surprise him at the opera with a lady in fitch furs and last year's bonnet, or without an over-skirt and ruffles? Wouldn't he, in truth, experience a disagreeable sensation if he were obliged to walk a square with such an underdressed dowdy body, as if he must apologize to every passer? Yet, for all this, he has a soul above such foolishness—we know it to be a fact; but custom and Mrs. Grundy have so warped trifles that they assume the character of essentials: they have corrupted his judgment. We acknowledge that the love of dress has, in many cases, grown out of all proportion, has become a blind infatuation; but is it not a natural instinct, arising from the desire to please, to attract? and is it not also the love of beauty, suborned, perhaps, to selfish ends, but capable of crystallizing into its abstract form, if need be? Few of us realize, perhaps, that it is the same impulse, perverted to be sure, which sends us to gaze at the pictures of the great masters, at delicate curves and dimples wrought in marble; that entices us to listen to voice and violin, to the melodious day-dreams of the composers; the same impulse that lures us out of bed to behold a sunrise, or a sky across which the Northern Lights shake their dazzling lances; that carries us across seas and continents in the teeth of danger and difficulty to enjoy the glories of nature and art—a very virtuous impulse, this love of beauty, capable of drawing souls from earth to heaven, if we do not degrade it to the level of flounces and furbelows till it has lost the power to look beyond the low horizon of vanity and selfish pride. Somebody says that there doesn't seem to be so much time as there used to be; but is it not the exactions of dress which dissipate the hours? There are so many ruffles to stitch, so much exaggerated trimming, that, in spite of our labor-saving machines, labor is not saved, but squandered; time is not economized; and instead of following the old fairy tale, and making straw into gold, we transpose the process, and spin the golden moments of to-day into straw. Yet few of us are brave enough to appear in last year's costumes, unless necessity compels, and then we do it with an apologetic air, hoping at least to be overlooked, uncomforted by the apostrophe to

"poor Sue's bonnet—
More eyes look in it than ever look on it."

And, after all, there are few things more pathetic than the efforts of feeble purses to grasp at the fashions. Every body wants to dress and to seem as prosperous as her neighbor, and therefore we have a great deal of wasted talent, bad taste, and a want of fitness between people's situations in life and their appearance; therefore we have Bridget in a white satin hat and undarned stockings and gloveless hands, and Patrick in a silk beaver and patched brogans.

When we first met Thalia, a dozen years or more ago, her touchstone was "style." This thing was or was not stylish; this person had no style. You would have thought that style was nothing less than one of the cardinal virtues, if it did not comprehend them all; that to be stylish was the greatest height to which a human soul could aspire. What was our astonishment, therefore, when Thalia crossed our path again, to hear her still harping upon "style!" Had nothing nobler employed her thoughts all these years, gained her affections, demanded her homage? Was she still the slave of style? And we—how nearly have we ransomed ourselves from the inordinate love of dress?

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Snow.

MY DEAR IRA,—I sat at my window the other morning watching the snow falling. There is no more beautiful spectacle. We know that mud and chill will follow, and that all the purity will disappear; but how delicate and soft it is! If you say that it is sure to end in filth, I ask you if you have no pleasure in to-day's warm sun because it is a "weather-breeder," and there may be rain to-morrow? Through the night the snow had been falling. There was the whispering at the window which is sure to awaken the sleeper like an echo of unheard music. He wonders at first if he catches the rustling sweep of the ghostly train of some long-dead and famous lady. But the soft penetrating sound of the casual whish of snow-flakes against the glass wholly arouses him, and he is conscious of the silent storm which is covering the earth with whiteness. Then the rustling whisper becomes a lullaby. Old songs and melancholy verses and long-vanished faces pass through his mind, and he sleeps again like a child whom the nurse hushes.

As I sat at my window I observed that every flake seemed to add visible increase to the mass. The door-steps and the copings of the windows were lightly powdered and rounded. The twigs and boughs of the shrubs in the inclosure at the corner of the street, and of the trees in the square, were all softly enlarged. All the piles of dirt were heaped beautifully out of sight. The broken stones and uneven bricks of the side-walks disappeared, and every where a level pavement of the purest marble was laid in the street. I knew that the dark yards were filled with purity; and when a young friend came to ask me to drive in his sleigh to the Park, I went with him as gladly as if he had asked me to go to fairy-land. We reached the Park, and the chiefest of all architects and engineers had arrived before us. The wind and the snow had wrought the most perfect sculptures. The whole Park was carved and laid in spotless marble; and as the clouds broke and the sun came out, the exquisite shadows of the trees upon the snow were mosaics more marvelous than those of the Vatican.

It was magic beyond the story-books. The dull old fellow whom Puss in Boots outwitted might swell to an elephant or dwindle to a mouse, or the more engaging master might tap the wall and draw what wine he would; but which of them all, by the touch of an airy wand, flexible as a wavering veil, could enchant the whole earth and produce a fresh creation? But it was magic only, and it would not last. For a little while I dwelt in a marble city. It was the imperial boast of Rome justified in an hour. Uncleanness vanished, and as I looked upon the lost purity of the world renewed, I wondered if the same enchanting spell had touched the inhabitants, and if they also were purified like their dwelling-place. Those miserable pitfalls in the daily pavement of life, those sharp stones upon which we trip and fall and bruise ourselves and others, those dark holes of suspicion and mean jealousy—are all these also smoothed away by some great snow-fall of charity?

I asked myself this question as I made my way through the deep snow the next morning. It was not an untimely question, for I was pushing toward the church door. As we knocked our shoes and rubbed the snow off upon the mats, we all spoke of the great storm, and I think that most of us regretted it because of the dirty water that was sure to follow. "That is the worst of snow," said one of the sweetest of the singers in the choir at Saint Rainbow's, "that it is beautiful only for a day, and disagreeable for many days." But, on the other hand, there was also the young lady who thought that the snow-storm was "so nice," because it made sleighing. And sleighing was "so nice" also. When I asked her what she thought of the church itself, the Cathedral of Saint Rainbow, she said that she thought it was very nice indeed; and as for the excellent rector, he was the nicest preacher she had ever heard. "But you think the snow is nice, don't you, Mr. Bachelor?" she asked, as she turned to go into the church. "Yes, my dear young lady, as nice as a new napkin."

It was a stranger who came into the desk; and as he knelt, covered with the white robe, and buried his face in a white handkerchief, it seemed to me as if he were somehow covered with snow. What does it hide? my inquisitive fancy asked. There might be a rent in his coat, and we should not know it. There might be a ghastly sore upon his breast, but we should not know it. Evidently it snows in the vestry, and he comes out enchanted. When he began to read the service there was a singular tone in his voice. It was not winning; but it was cold, artificial, and what I suppose would be called sanctimonious, and it was very smooth. It is most remarkable, I said to myself, but this voice seems to be a light snow-fall also, and it conceals under chill propriety the real tone and expression of the man. If I were a friend of that gentleman I would try to melt that snow. I would say to him that no tone is so commanding and persuasive as that of sincerity. I would urge upon him that no tone is so becoming for the most sacred service as one which is not formal or artificial, but simply natural. The divinest truth artificially spoken is the man in the iron mask—a royal prince hopelessly imprisoned.

Presently he ascended the pulpit and began to preach, but still it was a snow-storm. He spoke of the foibles which might probably be charged with truth upon the congregation at Saint Rainbow's, where we are all comfortable people, so that his sermon seemed to be almost a special plea for little sins. His glittering rhetoric covered them as delicately and prettily as the snow smoothed the holes in the street and the piles of rubbish. Our peccadilloes suddenly became graceful and pleasing, as I had seen the ash-barrel opposite my window transformed by the snow into a broken shaft of pure marble, most agreeable to the eye of taste. The preaching had a kind of enchantment like that of the snow. The soft whining words fell like flakes, and our laziness and idleness and careless selfishness were rounded out and purified into minor graces. Had this preacher been moralizing upon the snow also? Had it seemed to him a symbol of sophistry? Had it occurred to him that if nature with a flake of snow can make ash-barrels beautiful, a preacher with a touch of rhetoric may make foibles comely?

But surely, I said to myself as I walked

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homeward, meditating what I had heard—surely there is a kindliness in the snow, however cold it be. Is it not a gentle charity to destroy the squalid impression of that broken ash-barrel, and to give my eye and mind an object of beauty and of grace, though it be but for an hour? The wind, indeed, disenchants it. One scornful puff and the broken shaft of pure stone is gone. The sun looks steadily at it, and lo! as the lady sank into the serpent before the philosopher's eye, so the old ash-barrel emerges from the shapely marble. Is it generous to remember only that the snow melts and that the beauty of the ash-barrel is but for a day? That of the dew-glittering daisy is not for so long, but those diamonds of a morning hour are the most resplendent in the world.

And there is a splendor and a beauty of the snow which is permanent. Do you remember in your climbing about the Bernese Alps ascending from the valley of Grindelwald to see the Rosenlaui? Do you recall that perfect pyramid of pure snow against the blue sky? And if next summer you should go again, or even if I, who recall that scene, as I saw the Oberland from the Weissenstein, far and far away, should see it once more with these eyes, it would be substantially unchanged—the perfect pyramid of June snow would still be drawn upon the blue sky. And so at sunset, as you sit in August upon the terrace at Berne, those evanescent hues of mingled violet and pearl that flush and fade along the horizon, at which you gaze in wonder and delight, and which are among the immortal memories of travel—they are the beauty of unmelting snow—snow that no gale blows away, nor any sun of midsummer can dissolve.

Yet over what sharp crags and awful gulfs and dark precipices and bald barrenness of jagged rock, if that soft mantle were removed, does that snow not spread its eternal beauty and charm! And how often some sunset hour of musing is like that August terrace at Berne, and the faults and failures of the past, our own and those of others whom we knew, are veiled by charity, as those bare, angry crags are muffled in violet snow! In the memory of some of my old school-fellows there is one boy whose figure, I suppose, is always that of a passionate, headstrong youth, who in a sudden gust of fury drew out his knife and fatally stabbed a comrade. His own remorse and the general horror at the deed ruined the boy, and he died early, crushed and broken-hearted. I have heard some of my old companions in the pulpit, and this instance was the point of many a fervent exhortation, so that the boys of a later generation learned to shudder at the picture of one of my old school-mates.

But I think that there are others who remember that boy with tender sympathy, who recall that with all this ungoverned passion there were generosity and nobility, and that the promise of his life, if only he would command himself, was the fairest of all. That mad act and the ruin of a life that followed are, therefore, covered in memory with forgiving pity. They know, perhaps, that what ruined him was the terrible lesson that helped them. They owe to that unhappy lad some of the chief happiness of their own lives, and feel that in that sense he died for them, and that his sorrow was their salvation. Through the twilight of long years, therefore, while to some the rough, bald, splintered crags, hard and forbidding, are alone visible, to others the pure snow of a charity humane and ennobling softly obliterates those angry peaks, and fills the evening heaven of memory with an eternal beauty. As I watch the snow from my window, and see the miracle which it works upon the ash-barrel, I remember the other snow that flushes sharp Alpine peaks with distant glory, and therewith the snow-like charity that may cover the whole world with the purity of sympathy and forgiveness.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE SPRING SUIT.

THE cut paper pattern of a stylish spring suit illustrated on our first page is being made up in all the soft woolen materials worn for spring, and in piqués, linen, thin batiste, and grenadine for summer. The sleeveless sacque with a cape has the effect of two capes, and is the wrap known as a double cape, or talma. In our illustration this garment is shown of the dress material; but the same pattern is also used for wraps of cashmere, or of light gray or brown cloths, that will be worn with a variety of costumes. Such a wrap of black cashmere or drap d'été of some light neutral tint, lined throughout with thin lining silk, and trimmed with guipure lace or cords and fringe, will be useful throughout the summer in this climate.

For warmer latitudes, where a wrap is not needed, the sacque and cape are dispensed with, and this pattern still affords a complete suit, consisting of a French blouse with Watteau postillion and two skirts. We have already described this blouse with fronts trimly fitted by two short darts, and a loose wide back without side forms, but gathered into shape by the belt that passes over it. Readers not familiar with this corsage are puzzled by its added length below the taper of the waist, but they will soon find that its basque-like ends pass over the hips out of sight under the dress skirt. This makes a far more comfortable waist than the old-fashioned blouse, or infant waist, gathered to a belt, and it is also less likely to tear under the arms when they are lifted. When putting on the suit, begin with the blouse, then the skirt, and it will be readily adjusted. This simple corsage, lined with ordinary muslin (soft Wamsutta, for instance), is excellent for spring woolen goods; for washing fabrics, such as linen, piqué, and batiste, it is not lined, but shows a prettily trimmed corset cover beneath; black or colored grenadine blouses, or other fabrics that do not wash, are lined with thin lining silk of their own color. The front is buttoned to the throat, and the trimming most used for this waist is a pleating, ruffle, or band passing up each side of the front and around the neck to outline a vest. Close-fitting coat sleeves are most suitable for blouses; but these are now diversified by very fanciful pleatings below the elbow, and cuffs of various shapes. The coat sleeve in our pattern is buttoned outside the wrist, and has a reversed cuff widening toward the hand, giving the effect almost of a flowing sleeve. Many coat sleeves are cut off half-way between the elbow and wrist, and finished by a thick kilt pleating held together at the ends by a few stitches to prevent it forming a flowing ruffle. This sleeve matches kilt-pleated skirts. The belt for the blouse is separate, usually bias, lined with stiff wigging, and is often piped at the edges; again it is formed of four narrow overlapping bias folds. The Watteau postilion described elsewhere is a pretty finish to the waist, giving the effect of a basque rather than of a sash.

The graceful over-skirt has stylishly wrinkled front widths well held in position by tapes tied behind under the back breadths. It can scarcely be looped too high on the sides, but is very slightly draped behind.

In the suit our artist used for a model the lower skirt is striped mohair, gray and white, and bias bands of the stripes are used for trimming the solid gray of the rest of the garment. It is just as well, however, to have the whole suit of a solid color, as the kilt pleating on the skirt is then more effective. The engraving represents very deep kilting with the heading concealed by the upper skirt; this is the most stylish plan, but it makes the skirt so heavy, and requires so much material, that many ladies object to it, and use instead one or two narrower rows of pleating. The heading for these is a simple bias band an inch wide. Only the top of the kilting is now sewed to the dress skirt; it hangs thence loosely, but will naturally adhere to the skirt. The pleats are pressed flatly their entire length, and caught together underneath.

Correspondents who have asked how to make black alpacas for spring will find this an excellent model. It is also appropriate for black grenadines made over black silk. A lovely buff batiste suit just imported is of this pattern, but is differently trimmed. Edging the skirt is a side pleating a finger deep, upon which falls a gathered straight flounce a quarter of a yard deep, embroidered with oak leaves and headed by two standing frills, also embroidered. The over-skirt, in many wrinkles and well tied back, has a single deep flounce like the embroidered one on the lower skirt, and these wide flounces on upper skirts promise to be popular. The French blouse is not lined, but buttoned with large thread buttons, and ruffled to outline a vest. Coat sleeve with a pleated fall, headed by a gathered ruffle. The price of this costume is $80.

MISSES AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

Imported suits for young girls and misses are in small plaids or stripes of color with white, made with a simple polonaise and cape. The shape of the polonaise is similar to that of the Dolly Varden illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V., but is far less bouffant. Many are not draped at all, but hang in deep folds behind to the end of the skirt. The cape is a plain round talma falling just to the elbow, and ruffled like the trimming on the polonaise. Deeply kilted skirts, with over-skirts simply hemmed, and a plain basque, are much worn by school-girls. Furnishing houses are preparing Dolly Vardens in abundance for young ladies. For smaller girls the summer suit will be the princesse dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 25, Vol. IV. This is a Gabrielle with pointed over-skirt, and is made up in piqué, with elaborate braiding and inserted bands of embroidery. Loose, low-necked, short-sleeved Gabrielles of white muslin, ruffled, will be worn over spring poplins and hair-striped silks by little girls; also the same garment is shown in summer silks with scalloped edges, beneath which pleated muslin frills appear. The latter garment, with a high-necked shirt-waist of white muslin or linen, makes a very pretty dress. Handsome dresses of last season that are now too short for growing girls are lengthened by scalloping the edge of the skirt in leaf scallops, and putting underneath a side pleating of the same material, if possible, or else of a darker shade.

BOYS' CLOTHES.

The kilt suit will be retained for boys not yet in trowsers. For warm days in spring the skirt will be of small plaids, usually black and white, cut bias, and laid in thick kilt pleats. The front is left plain for a short space, and trimmed with two or three rosettes. This kilt is buttoned to the belt of a shirt-waist of pleated muslin. The jacket, made with a vest, is of white piqué. For summer the entire suit is of piqué. The child's drawers must not be long enough to show; part of the bare limb is seen above the long sock. The shoes are buskins that cover the instep, or else slippers with ankle-ties. The cap is a Scotch cap of straw, with rosette and band of black velvet.

Boys just in trowsers wear dark blue or gray cloth suits with the Alexis blouse, belted, double-breasted, and fastened with steel bullet buttons. The pantaloons reach to the knee, and buttons are placed up the outer seam. These are for boys from four to six years old, and cost about $10. Jackets for larger boys invariably have vests and knee-pantaloons. Garibaldi trowsers, or Zouaves, are losing favor. Pretty suits of brown cloth have roundabouts deeply faced in front with silk. Very jaunty suits are of striped cloths, black with faint white lines; the jacket is the English walking coat with long waist and short slashed back, with the buttons behind set wide apart.

The prettiest suits in preparation for summer are the new English sailor suits. Readers of *Harper's Weekly* will recall a late picture of the family of the Prince of Wales, in which are two handsome boys in sailor suits. Furnishing houses have copied these suits for American boys to wear next summer; and it is already quite the fashion to cut young America's hair to droop over the forehead in the way worn by the Prince's boys. These suits, of dark blue twilled flannel, consist of a shirt and knee-pantaloons. The blouse is simply a sailor's shirt put on over the head, and instead of being belted, a rubber band is run in the hem to hold it in place around the waist, and this band is elastic enough to let the garment be pulled off over the head. The shirt is long enough to droop over the hips in true sailor fashion; it is not open down the front, but is cut very low at the throat, and finished with a large sailor collar. A pocket is on the left breast. Two thick white cotton cords trim the collar and the cuffs. A striped black and white linen shirt-waist is worn beneath, and a black bow is at the throat. Cords and six white buttons trim the outside seam of the pantaloons. Price $7 to $10.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

NILSSON was popular in Syracuse. No doubt about it. Among the out-of-town people who came to hear her was a bevy of girls from Wells Female College at Aurora. Only those who were in the class of vocal music were allowed to be of the party. They desired to be, and were, presented to the warbler. As they took leave of the object of their admiration they were affected to tears. One pretty girl, evidently "far gone," was heard to exclaim, "I can't see NILSSON, but *I kissed her trunk!*"

—From what exceedingly diminutive acorns the most elevated oaks do grow was illustrated a few evenings since at the *Aldine* dinner, when Mr. BAYARD TAYLOR, alluding to Mr. R. H. STODDARD, said that his acquaintance with the latter commenced twenty-four years ago, when they were both so unknown, so modest in their means and their necessities, that whenever they met in front of Tammany Hall each usually shared his pea-nuts with the other, and when either got a dollar in advance of his expenditures he treated the other to oysters and ale—which took place once in about three months—and those banquets were always accompanied with profound disquisitions on the poets of all ages. They knew a great deal more then than they have ever known since—at least that is what TAYLOR says now.

—Mr. WILLIAM EVERETT, son of EDWARD EVERETT, has gone to live in the Holmes House at Cambridge, and thither taken his father's library. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES was born in it, and General WARREN rested there on his way to Breed's Hill, where he was killed.

—The first man in England who enjoyed copyright money was Dr. HAMMOND, rector of Pennshurst. His book was called "Annota on the New Testament."

—It is positively settled that the historian FROUDE comes here to deliver three lectures next autumn—one in New York, one in Philadelphia, one in Boston.

—THOMAS NAST and ALBERT BIERSTADT have been proposed as honorary members of the Academy of Fine Arts in Pesth. When elected they will become perfect pesths.

—MARIO's daughter CECILIA is to be married some time this month to Mr. GODFREY ROBARTS PEASE, of London.

—During the journeyings in Europe of the Emperor of Brazil he has spent $900,000, and, having touched that figure, now goes home to economize, and utilize, if possible, some of the new and useful things that have fallen under his observation. Of all modern monarchs he is, perhaps, the simplest and most sensible.

—Senator TIPTON, of Nebraska, presents a fine specimen of the diversity of occupations in which a man may successfully engage in this country. He is now fifty-five years of age. His early life was spent on a farm. In 1840 he graduated from college; was admitted to the bar in 1844; went to the Ohio Legislature in 1845; thence to Washington, where for three years he was a government clerk; removed to Nebraska and became a member of the Territorial Legislature; studied theology, and served during the rebellion as chaplain of the First Nebraska Infantry; was elected to the United States Senate in 1867, and re-elected for the full term of six years in 1869.

—HENRY DICKENS, son of C. D., has recently graduated with high honors at Cambridge, England. His father had high hopes of him from his boyhood. The eldest daughter of DICKENS, Mrs. COLLINS, lately sent a water-color picture to the exhibition in London, and it was at once accepted as a work evincing great talent.

—Dean STANLEY, who delivered the eulogium on the historian GROTE at the funeral in Westminster Abbey, is a person of middle age, rather slight frame, thin hair, small, colorless face, small gray eyes, thin lips, and his face slightly whiskered on the sides. His face is thoughtful and intellectual, and his clear, well-poised mind gives him that assurance and self-possession which carry with them much weight. His words are not thunder which startles, but lightning which cleaves. He makes but few gestures, but every word and sentence has a point and a pith which interests, and makes you wish he would only pause and repeat it all. His style is so transparent, his words so chaste, his logic so unanswerable, his spirit so bold and fearless, that you are charmed into admiration, not so much of the speaker as of the speech, the truth, the thought of the hour.

—JONATHAN CLARK LEWIS recently died at Buxton Centre, Maine, aged ninety-two years and nine months. He was appointed postmaster of Buxton under the administration of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and at the time of his death was the oldest postmaster in the United States. A twin sister survives him.

—Mr. JOHN ALBERT BRIGHT, the eldest son of JOHN BRIGHT, is now in New York, and says that his father's health is such that he is not likely to resume his place in Parliament. Young Mr. B. will make a tour to the West and South before returning to England.

—Among the persons belonging to the Japanese embassy just arrived, is that little chap "Tommy" who was here thirteen years ago, and who was the star infant of that troupe. He is now a well-grown, intelligent young man, second secretary of the embassy, and his actual name is KEDJIRO NAGANO. "KEDJ" will be quite on his old stamping-ground in New York, and will doubtless find out some of the youngsters with whom he used to go careering about town.

—Madame KIENE, a Frenchwoman who made herself famous by devotion to the wounded during the siege of Strasburg, and who is now employed in the ticket office of the Vincennes Railway, received recently the Iron Cross from the Empress of Germany in recognition of her brave services. She returned the decoration, saying: "I can not accept a distinction from a sovereign who invaded, burned, and sacked my native town. If in tending my compatriots I was able to do some good to the Germans, it was because in the face of suffering I could not make any difference of nationality; and I am content with the approbation of the conscience of a Frenchwoman who could never understand cruelty against the vanquished, against the suffering, and against women and children."

—Dr. WADHAMS, the new Catholic bishop elect of Ogdensburg, is a native of this State, and left the Episcopal Church in 1845. ARTHUR CAREY said of him: "His soul is tender and truthful enough for a monk of St. Bernard."

—ROBERT COLLYER meditates a return to his old trade. The professors and students of Cornell University have sent him $2000 for a horse-shoe to be made by his own hands, $500 to go to the Michigan sufferers, the balance toward rebuilding his church in Chicago.

—Among the foreign notabilities present at the great thanksgiving service in St. Paul's, London, on the 27th ult., was Bishop STEVENS, of Pennsylvania, who was the recipient of especial honors from his Episcopal brethren.

—From the fund given by Mr. PEABODY to the city of London buildings have been erected in which nine hundred families are now accommodated.

—Lady Mayo, widow of the late Viceroy of India, is to be created a peeress in her own right.

—Among the editorial fraternity from out-of-town who are at present visiting New York may be named Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, one of the ablest journals of the country.

—Mr. BANCROFT has sent $6000 to Harvard for the Kirkland Scholarship, which will enable some bright member of the Senior class to travel a year in Europe. This $6000 pays in advance for three years the yearly sum which Mr. G. B. promised.

—BISMARCK will positively resign unless his old monarch gives him permission to nominate a sufficient number of members of the Upper House to carry the law on the inspection of schools in that chamber. What a lively spectacle it would be to see Prince B. in opposition to the government!

—Mrs. YELVERTON, who was not a success in this country as a reader, *is* a success in Hong-Kong, where she draws crowded houses, made up mainly of Englishmen, with a few votaries of the Stars and Stripes.

—The Pope is proving his liberality rather lavishly, having presented 40,000 francs to the recently appointed Italian bishops.

—Senator WILSON, of Massachusetts, addressed the people of Great Falls, New Hampshire, a few days since, where he said: "I was born here in your county. I was born in poverty. Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my home at ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me eighty-four dollars. A dollar would cover every penny I spent from the time I was born until I was twenty-one years of age. I know what it is to travel weary miles and ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil. I remember that in September, 1833, I walked into your village from my native town and went through your mills seeking employment. If any body had offered me eight or nine dollars a month, I should have accepted it gladly. I went down to Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to Newmarket, and tried to get work, without success; and I returned home, weary but not discouraged, and I put my pack on my back and walked to the town where I now live and learned a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot that toiling men have to endure in this world, and every pulsation of my heart, every conviction of my judgment, puts me on the side of the toiling men of my country—ay, of all countries. I am glad the working-men in Europe are getting discontented and want better wages. I thank God that a man in the United States to-day can earn from three to four dollars, in ten hours' work, easier than he could forty years ago earn one dollar, working from twelve to fifteen hours. The first month I worked after I was twenty-one years of age I went into the woods, drove team, cut mill-logs, wood, rose in the morning before daylight and worked hard until after dark at night, and I received for it the magnificent sum of six dollars! And when I got the money, those dollars looked as large to me as the moon looked to-night."

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Necessaire for Sewing Utensils.

To make this necessaire, which is covered with maroon satin, two box-shaped pieces of card-board of equal size are required. Each of these pieces is made of a circular piece of card-board four inches and seven-eighths in diameter, and a card-board hoop seven-eighths of an inch wide and sixteen inches long. Both parts are covered with shirting, and then overseamed together. On the outside and inside of the rim of each half of the necessaire thus formed paste a bias strip of satin an inch and three-quarters wide. Cover the flat side of each card-board half on the outside with a raised cushion of wadding, cover the latter with a piece of satin six inches and a half in diameter, and on this cover stretch maroon silk round cord crosswise as shown by the illustration; in doing this always pass the needle through the card-board hoop, and carry on the cord on the inside of the card-board to the point where the needle is again passed through the card-board to the outside. On the inside of the rim of one half of the necessaire paste a card-board hoop an inch and a quarter wide covered with satin; in closing the necessaire the upper edge of this hoop underlaps the other half of the necessaire. Cover the inner surface of each flat side with satin lining, which is quilted together with wadding in diamonds with maroon silk, and pasted on the card-board. On the outside of the rim of both halves of the necessaire paste a double strip of satin folded on both sides, which is ornamented with gray silk braid, and in point Russe with maroon silk, as shown by the illustration. The handle of the necessaire, and the small rosettes which cover the ends of the handle, are made of similar strips of satin. At the bottom of the projecting rim of one half of the necessaire fasten a circular piece of card-board four inches in diameter, and covered with satin, which is furnished with ribbon bands for holding the sewing utensils, as shown by the illustration. Finally, sew the halves of the necessaire together. A button and elastic cord loop serve for closing.



NECESSAIRE FOR SEWING UTENSILS.

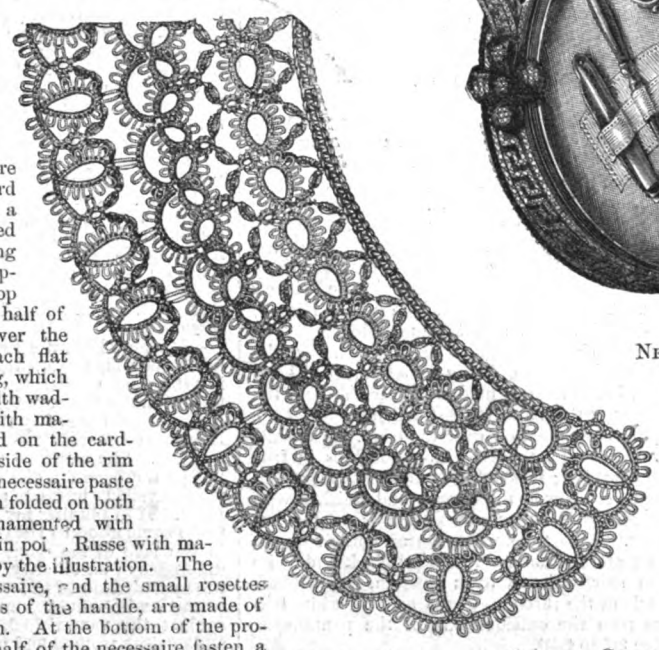


Fig. 1.—TATTED AND CROCHET COLLAR.

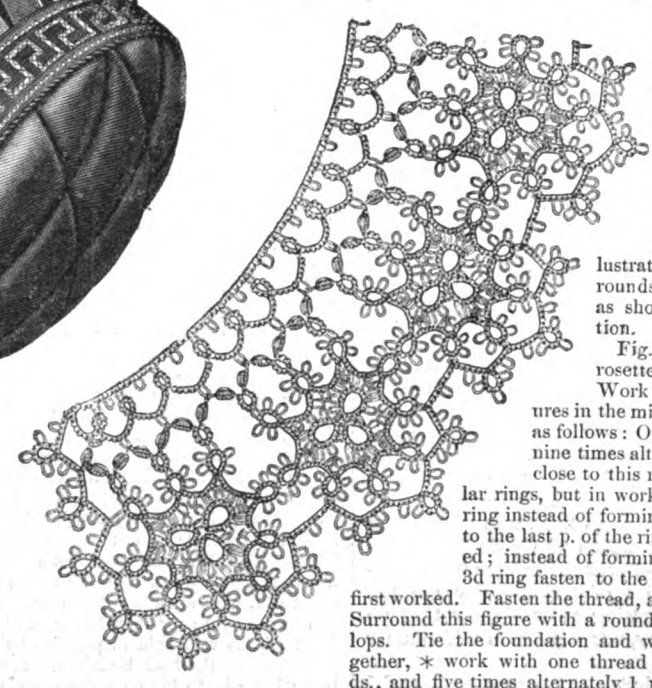


Fig. 2.—TATTED COLLAR.

Tatted and Crochet Collars, Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE collars are worked with tatting cotton, No. 80, and with two threads (shuttles).

Fig. 1.—Work, first, the rings and Josephine knots on the upper edge of the collar with one thread as follows: * One ring of 1 ds. (double stitch—that is, one stitch left, one stitch right), ten times alternately 1 p. (picot), 2 ds.; then 1 more p., 1 ds.; turn the work, and close to this ring work 4 Josephine knots: each of these consists of 6 stitches right. Fasten the thread to the 6th p. of the ring just worked; turn the work, and repeat from *. After working every following ring fasten the thread to the 6th p. of the preceding ring.

2d round.—With one thread only work 2 Josephine knots, fasten the thread to the first ring in the first round where the row of stitches is closed, 2 Josephine knots, but between these leave a thread interval of a quarter of an inch. * Turning the work, work 1 ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds. Turn the work, 1 Josephine knot, then 1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the 6th p. of the next ring of the preceding round, 4 ds.; 1 Josephine knot, and repeat from *. Work the other corner of the collar to suit the first corner. 3d round.—Tie the foundation and working threads together, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 2 ds., seven times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; then 1 more p., 1 ds.; turn the work, and with the working thread only work 1 ring of 2 ds., and seven times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; instead of working the fourth p. fasten the thread to the first Josephine knot of the second round. Close to this ring work a ring similar to the one just worked. Turn the work, and on the foundation thread work 1 scallop of 1 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding scallop, 2 ds., and six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; finally, 1 more p., 3 ds. Turn the work, and with the working thread only work 1 ring of 2 ds., three times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; fasten to the middle p. of the preceding ring, then 2 ds., and three times alternately 1 p., 2 ds. Turn the work, and on the foundation thread work 1 scallop of 3 ds., six times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; finally, 1 more p., 3 ds.; turn the work, and with the working thread only work 1 ring as before, but instead of forming the fourth p. fasten to the middle p. of the 2d ring of this round, and to the thread between the 3d and 4th Josephine knot in the 2d round. Close to this ring work 1 ring of 2 ds., three times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; fasten to the p. of the next ring of the preceding round, 2 ds., and three times alternately 1 p., 2 ds. Turn the work, and on the foundation thread work one scallop like the scallop worked last. Finish the collar as shown by the illustration. Crochet two rounds on the upper edge as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—First work the rosettes of this collar. Work the three-leaved figures in the middle of each rosette as follows: One ring of 2 ds., and nine times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; close to this ring work two similar rings, but in working each following ring instead of forming the first p. fasten to the last p. of the ring previously worked; instead of forming the last p. in the 3d ring fasten to the first p. of the ring first worked. Fasten the thread, and cut off the ends. Surround this figure with a round of rings and scallops. Tie the foundation and working threads together, * work with one thread only one ring of 2 ds., and five times alternately 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds., fasten to the second following free p. of the next ring of the three-leaved figure, 2 ds., 1 p., 2 ds.; turn the work, and twice alternately 1 ring and 1 scallop as before, but in working the scallops instead of forming the middle p., fasten to the 5th and 7th p. of the same ring to which the previous scallop was fastened, then repeat from *. At the end of the round tie the ends of the thread together and cut them off. Join the rosettes as shown by the illustration. For the upper edge of the collar work with two threads one round as follows: on the foundation thread always alternately 4 ds., 1 p.; finally, 4 more ds. In connection with this round, and going forward, work on the foundation thread 1 p. and 4 ds.; turn the work, and with the working thread only work 1 ring of 3 ds., fasten to the next p. of the preceding round, 3 ds.; * turn the work, and on the foundation thread work one scallop of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds. Turn the work, with the working thread only work one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the second following p. of the first round, 4 ds., and repeat from *; at the end of the round work one scallop of 4 ds., then fasten the ends of the thread and cut them off. Join the rosettes with the scallops of the round just completed as follows: fasten the thread to the picot of the first scallop in the last round (upper corner of collar), 2 Josephine knots, * turn the work, 1 ring of 4 ds., fasten to the middle p. of the next ring of a rosette as shown by the illustration (the rosette is held upward), 4 ds., turn the work, 1 Josephine knot, fasten to the p. of the next scallop, 1 Josephine knot, repeat from *, observing the illustration. On the front and under edge of the collar work with two threads one round of scallops and rings as shown by the illustration, thus forming a pretty edge trimming, which completes the collar.

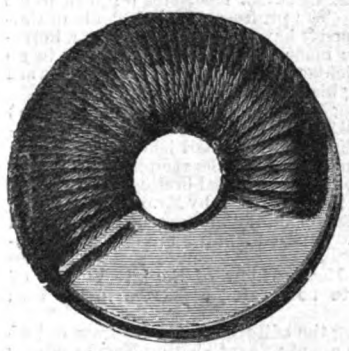


Fig. 3.—MANNER OF MAKING WORSTED BALL FOR TASSEL. FIRST DETAIL.

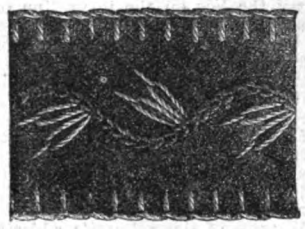


Fig. 2.—SECTION OF TRIMMING OF WORK-BASKET.—FULL SIZE.

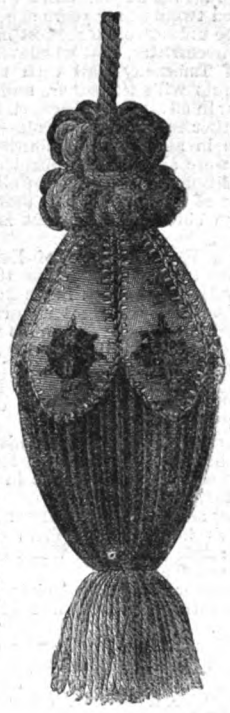
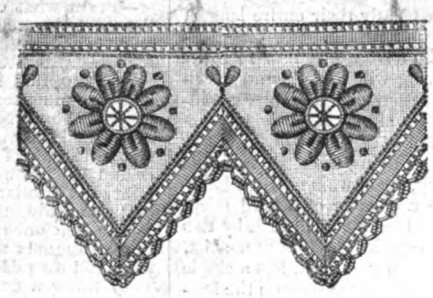


Fig. 1.—TASSEL FOR WORK-BASKETS, CURTAINS, ETC.



BORDER FOR LINGERIE. WHITE NEEDLE-WORK AND POINT LACE BRAID.

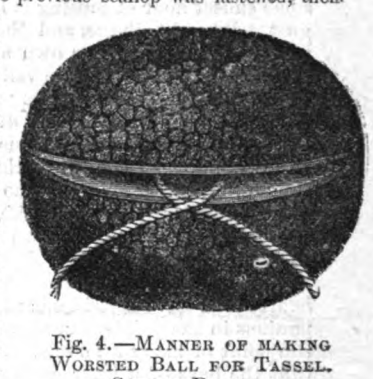


Fig. 4.—MANNER OF MAKING WORSTED BALL FOR TASSEL. SECOND DETAIL.



Fig. 2.—TASSEL FOR WORK-BASKETS, CURTAINS, ETC.

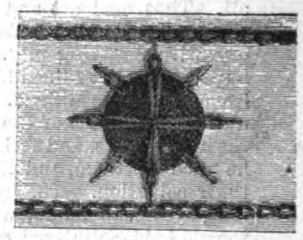
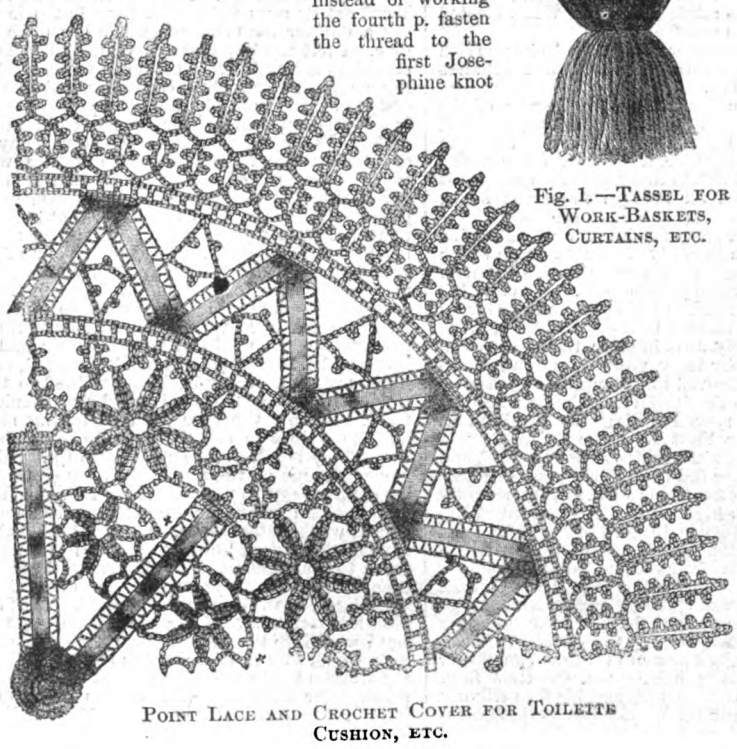


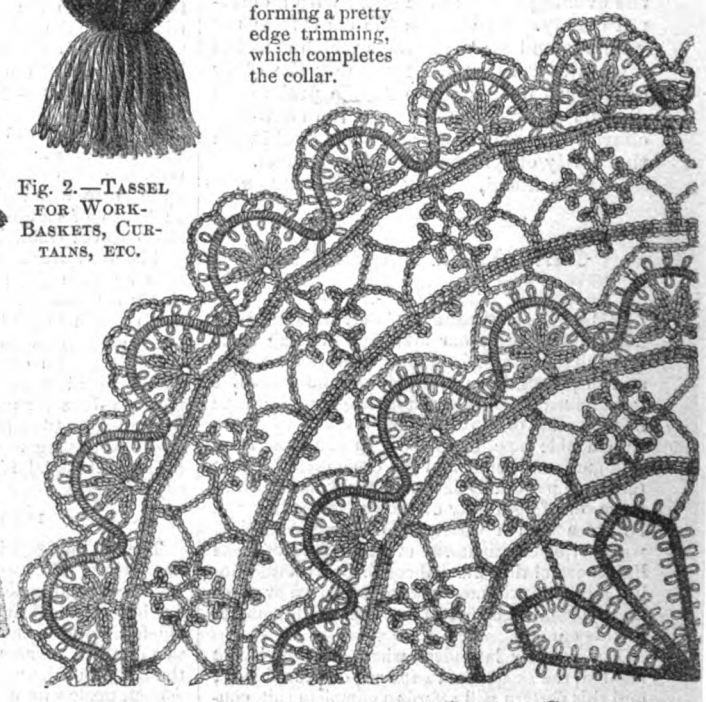
Fig. 3.—SECTION OF TRIMMING OF WORK-BASKET. FULL SIZE.



POINT LACE AND CROCHET COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHION, ETC.



Fig. 1.—WORK-BASKET WITH STAND.



MIGNARDISE AND CROCHET COVER FOR TOILETTE CUSHION, ETC.

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Cover for Sofa-Pillow—Gold or Silver Embroidery, Figs. 1–5.

THIS cover, which Fig. 1 shows reduced in size, is worked with gold thread, gold bullion, gold cord, gold braid, and coarse yellow saddler's silk on brown velvet. Fig. 2 shows the centre of the design, Fig. 3 a section of the border which surrounds the centre, and Fig. 4 one corner. The leaf and flower figures on Figs. 2 and 4 are worked on coarse linen, with an interlining of card-board, cut out along the outlines, and applied to the foundation; the stems, vines, and sprays between the design figures, and the border shown by Fig. 3, are worked directly on the foundation. For the trellis-like parts, first work long stitches of floss silk in a close succession of rows, on these stretch saddler's silk crosswise, and at the intersecting points work small cross stitches. The gold braid on the border is fastened on the foundation with a cross seam of silk; instead of this border the one shown by Fig. 5 may be used. The lines of points and the dots are underlaid thickly. The illustrations show the material to be used for the separate design figures. Directions for working in gold and silver embroidery were given on page 452 of *Harper's Bazar*, No. 29, Vol. II. This design may also be worked in silver embroidery, or with saddler's silk in satin stitch.



Fig. 2.—CENTRE OF DESIGN FOR SOFA-PILLOW COVER. GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.

Corners for Album-Covers, Cushions, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

THESE corners are suitable for ornamenting album and prayer-book covers, chalice covers, cushions, etc. They are worked with gold or silver thread, and similar cord, or else with silk cord and saddler's silk on a foundation of cloth, velvet, or silk.



Fig. 1.—CORNER OF COVER FOR ALBUMS, CUSHIONS, ETC. GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.

Border for trimming Lingerie.

See illustrations on page 220.

THIS border is designed for trimming all kinds of linen. It is worked on cambric, nansook, or fine linen. The star-shaped figures and the button-hole stitches which join the point lace braid with the foundation are worked with white embroidery cotton, and the wheels and edge with fine thread, in the manner shown by the illustration.

Fig. 5.—SECTION OF BORDER OF SOFA-PILLOW COVER.—GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.



Fig. 1.—COVER FOR SOFA-PILLOW.—GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.

silk, in two shades, in the design shown by Fig. 2; the red strips are bordered one-eighth of an inch from the outer edge with chain stitch rows of black saddler's silk. Besides this, circular figures of black velvet, ornamented in point Russe embroidery with red silk, are applied (see Fig. 3). On the upper edge of the lid set small tabs of double red cloth; these tabs are ornamented in velvet application and point Russe embroidery with red filling silk, button-hole stitched on the outer edge with black sewing silk, and trimmed at the point with a red worsted tassel each. The seam made by sewing on the tabs is covered with a strip of card-board an inch wide, which is covered with black velvet and with red filling silk. A circular card-board plate covered on both sides with red cashmere forms the bottom of both baskets; the latter are lined with cashmere. Trim the work-basket with coarse red and black worsted cord and tassels, which are made from the description given in the following article.

Tassels for Work-Baskets, Curtains, etc., Figs. 1–4.

See illustrations on page 220.

THESE tassels may be made of any size or colors, to correspond with the article which they are designed to trim. The originals are five inches and three-quarters long, including the lower tassel. To make the tassel shown by Fig. 1 make of a strip of thin card-board a tube two inches and a half long, which is a quarter of an inch in diameter at the opening. Cover this tube first with wadding, so as to make it oval in shape, and then with a bias strip of black velvet seven inches and a quarter wide, which is gathered closely on the upper and under edge. Baste the gathers together on the under side in the middle of the velvet, in order to keep them in place. On the form thus covered stretch red saddler's silk taken fourfold by means of a long bodkin, which is passed through the tube; the silk threads always come between two pleats of the velvet (see Fig. 1). Through the tube of the tassel slip a piece of red worsted cord five inches and three-quarters long, to the under (knotted) end of which a tassel of red Saxony wool an inch and a quarter long is fastened, and the upper end of which should project from the tassel. On this cord fasten 5 leaves made of double red cloth and a card-board interlining, as shown by the illustration, button-hole stitched on the outer edge with red silk, and ornamented with black velvet application and point Russe embroidery of red silk. The seam made by setting on the leaves is covered with a tassel of red worsted loops, on the middle of which similar worsted is wound as shown by the illustration.

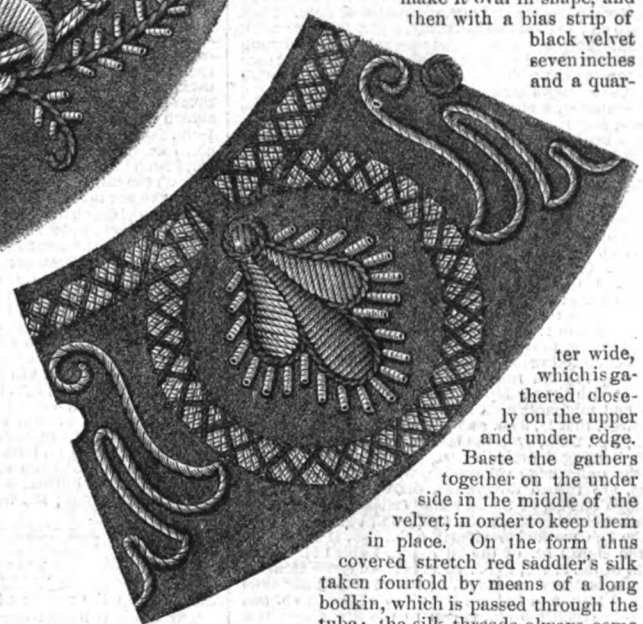


Fig. 3.—SECTION OF SOFA-PILLOW COVER.—GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.

The tassel shown by Fig. 2 consists of black worsted balls and red cloth points. To make the balls take two circular flats of pasteboard of equal size, which are furnished with a round hole in the middle. Lay these flats on each other, and wind several layers of black worsted closely on both (see Fig. 3). Then cut through all the layers on the outer edge of the flats, wind worsted thread several times about the middle between both flats (see Fig. 4), tie the

Work-Basket with Stand, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 220.

THE stand, which is 28 inches high, is made of black stained bamboo cane bars and light Spanish cane bars as shown by the illustration. A round basket ten inches in diameter and four inches high is fastened on the top of the stand. The rim of the basket consists of two hoops of light Spanish cane, which are joined by short bars of black-stained cane. The lid is made of light and black cane, as shown by the illustration. Two bars of Spanish cane fastened crosswise on each other are set in the lower hoop of the basket; a handle of bamboo cane is fastened to the upper hoop. A smaller basket is set in the stand at the bottom (see illustration). Through the framework of both baskets red cloth and black velvet strips an inch and a quarter wide are braided. The black strips are button-hole stitched on the outer edges, and ornamented in point Russe embroidery with corn-colored saddler's

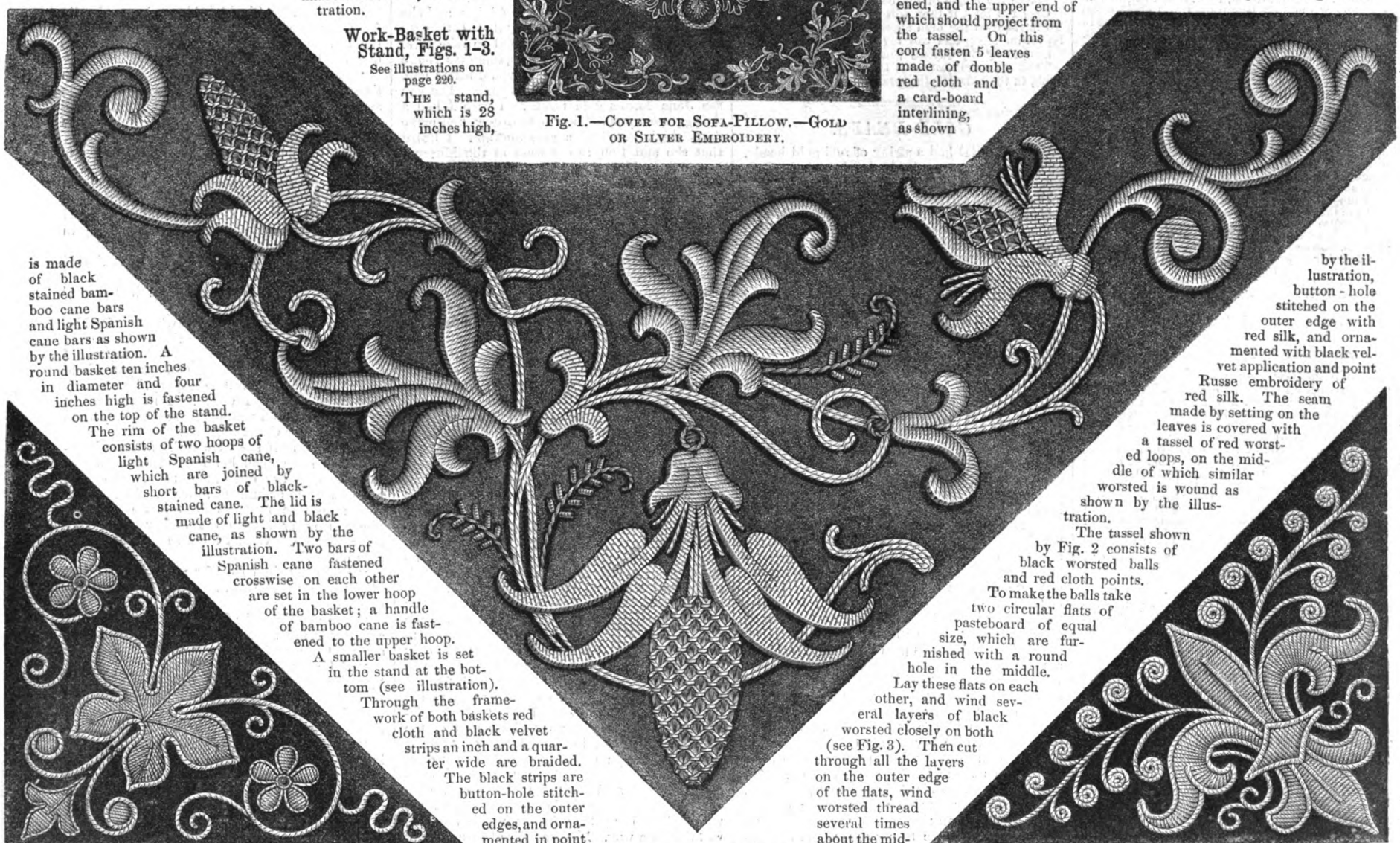


Fig. 4.—CORNER OF SOFA-PILLOW COVER.—GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.

Fig. 2.—CORNER OF COVER FOR ALBUMS, CUSHIONS, ETC. GOLD OR SILVER EMBROIDERY.

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ends of the thread tightly together, draw the worsted tassel out of the flat sides, and cut it round with a pair of scissors. The balls of the tassel are of various sizes, as shown by the illustration; the lower (oval) part consists of one large and two smaller balls, which are pushed close together on a thread strand (the small balls on both sides of the larger one), and then cut oval. The oval and the larger ball of the head of the tassel are ornamented, as shown by the illustration, with red cloth points embroidered with black silk, the ends of which are fastened with long stitches of red silk; the cloth points of the oval are underlaid with a narrow card-board hoop. Fasten the balls on each other, and on the top of the tassel set a loop of red worsted braid, and on the bottom a tassel of red worsted.

Mignardise and Crochet Cover for Toilette Cushions.

FOR this cover make a mignardise star of eight loops, each loop counting twenty-three rings on the outer edge, and sew the loops together in the middle of the star. Then crochet with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80, as follows: 1st round.— * 1 sl. (slip stitch) on the middle ring of the next mignardise loop, 11 ch. (chain stitch), 1 tc. (treble crochet) on the third following ring of the same loop, and 1 tc. on the opposite ring of the next mignardise loop; work off both tc. together, throwing the thread over once, 11 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round.—On each st. (stitch) of the preceding round 1 sc. (single crochet), fasten the thread. Now take another piece of mignardise, and on one side of it work the 3d round, as follows: 1 sl. on the next ring of the mignardise, * 18 ch., fasten to the next ring; to do this drop the st. from the needle, pass the needle through the ring from the upper to the under side, and draw the dropped st. through, 4 ch., fasten to the ninth of the 18 ch., + 4 ch., fasten to the second following ring, 4 ch., fasten to the same ch. as before; in doing this always insert the needle in the upper vein of this ch., repeat four times more from +, 2 ch., fasten to the sixth of the 18 ch.; this forms one figure of six leaflets and one mignardise scallop. Then work 5 ch., 1 sl. on the next ring, 3 ch., turn the work so that the scallop is turned upward, and the wrong side of the work lies uppermost, work the next three rings on the other side of the mignardise together with 1 sl. (these rings afterward come in the hollow between two scallops), 2 ch., drop the last of these from the needle, and then draw it through the next two rings of the mignardise opposite each other, 1 ch.; then, going back, work sl. on the 5 ch. just worked, drop the last sl. from the needle, turn the work so that the scallop is turned downward, and the right side of the crochet-work lies uppermost; then draw the dropped st. through the sl. which was worked on the last ring at the other side of the mignardise. Now work 3 ch. and 1 sl. on the next ring; repeat from *. Sew the end of the mignardise together at the end of the round. On the ch. and sl. which form the upper edge of this round work the 4th round all in sc. Work the 5th round on the rings at the other side of the mignardise as follows: * 1 sc. on the first free ring of the next scallop, four times alternately 5 ch. and 1 sc. on the second following ring, 1 ch.; repeat from *. In working the 6th round join the middle part of the rosette with the scalloped edge formed of crochet leaflets and mignardise. Crochet as follows: 2 ch., * 1 p. (picot, that is, 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of these), 6 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., drop the last st. from the needle, and then, holding the middle part, the star, so that the sc. on the outer edge (2d round), where the fastening is done, are turned downward, draw the dropped st. through one sc. of the 2d round (after this always the eighth following st.), 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the fifth of the 6 ch. worked previously, 3 ch., 1 p., 11 ch., fasten to the eighth sc. of the 2d round, 1 ch., 1 sl. on the ninth of the 11 ch., 7 ch.; repeat eleven times from *. Having fastened to one sc. of the 2d round, and then worked 1 ch. and 1 sl. on the ninth of the 11 ch. last worked, crochet 6 ch., fasten to the first ch. of this round, crochet 7 ch., turn the work, fasten to one sc. of the 4th round, and crochet 1 ch. and 1 sl. on the fifth of the 7 ch. last worked. Then crochet, going back on the finished half of this round: * 5 ch., 1 sl. on the third ch. before the next p. turned downward of the preceding half of this round, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the second following ch. after the same p. turned downward, 3 ch., 1 p., 3 ch.; fasten to the eleventh sc. of the 4th round, 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sl. on the middle of the 3 ch. before the last, 1 ch., 1 sl. on the third ch. before the next p. turned downward in the preceding half of this round, 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sl. on the second ch. after this p., 3 ch., fasten to the eleventh sc. of the 4th round, 1 ch., 1 sl. on the sixth of the 8 ch.; repeat from * to the end of the round. Finally, 1 sl. on the st. which was fastened to the first ch. of this round; then fasten the ends of the thread. 7th round.—1 dc. (double crochet) on the middle st. of the second ch. scallop of a mignardise scallop in the 5th round, * 5 ch., 1 dc. on the middle st. of the following ch. scallop, 3 ch., 1 p. downward (crochet 4 ch., drop the last st. from the needle, insert the needle in the first of the 4 ch., and draw the dropped st. through), 4 ch., 1 p. downward, 4 ch., 1 dc. on the middle st. of the third following scallop of 5 ch.; repeat from *. 8th round.—On each st. 1 sc.; then fasten the thread. With the assistance of a new piece of mignardise work a circle of scallops in the 9th to 11th rounds, like the circle in the 3d to 5th rounds; this circle, however, must count twenty-nine scallops. After finishing it join it with the middle part of the rosette by means of the 12th round, which is worked like the 6th round, but counts twenty-one picot figures. The fastening is done as shown by the illustration.

Point Lace and Crochet Cover for Toilette Cushions, etc.

THE original is made of point lace braid and twisted crochet cotton, No. 100. If worked with coarse material, this design is also suitable for a tidy. First sew four pieces of point lace braid three inches and a quarter long together in such a manner that they cross each other in the middle and form a star of eight rays, and hem down the edges on the ends of the braid a quarter of an inch wide. Then crochet the 1st round. —* 8 sc. (single crochet) on the end of the next piece of braid, 2 ch. (chain stitch), 1 p. dw. (that is, 1 picot downward; to do this crochet 4 ch., drop the last stitch from the needle, pass the needle through the first of the four ch., and draw the dropped stitch through), 1 ch., 1 p. (that is, 1 picot upward—crochet 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of these: all picots designated by p. only are worked in this manner), 5 ch., 1 p. dw., 6 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the open-work side of the piece of braid (the point marked × on the illustration), 7 ch., pass over four bars of the open-work piece of braid, twice alternately 1 sc. on the edge and 5 ch., with these pass over three bars, then 1 more sc. on the braid, 14 ch., fasten to the middle st. (stitch) of the ch. scallop before the last; this fastening is done throughout the work by dropping the last st. from the needle, passing the needle through the st. on which the fastening is to be done, and drawing the dropped st. through. Crochet, going back on the last 5 ch., 1 sc., 1 sdc. (short double crochet), 1 dc. (double crochet), 1 sdc., and 1 sc.; then 5 ch., fasten to the next ch. scallop, and going back on the 5 ch. work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., 1 sdc., and 1 sc.; thus two leaflets are formed; 9 ch., fasten to the third of the 6 ch. which have been crocheted between the last two picots, 20 ch., fasten to the second of the 5 ch. between the middle two picots, and going back on the last 8 of these 20 ch. work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 4 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., then 9 ch., and passing over the last of these, work on the remaining 8 ch. 1 sc., 1 sdc., 4 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc.; this forms two leaflets. Like the latter work five more leaflets, then on the 9 ch. before the first of the seven leaflets worked until now work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 4 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., and 1 sl. (slip stitch). This completes one of the larger star figures of eight leaflets. Now work 7 ch., then on the 6 ch. after the last of the small leaflets worked in the beginning of the round work 1 sl., 1 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc.; then 6 ch., pass over the last of these, and going back on the remaining 5 ch. work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., one more leaflet like the preceding, and on the 6 ch. before the first of the five leaflets worked until now work 1 sc., 1 sdc., 1 dc., 1 sdc., 1 sc., and 1 sl. This completes one of the smaller star figures. Crochet 3 ch., then 1 sc. on the side of the next piece of braid at the point opposite the sc. worked last on the side of the first piece of braid, 3 ch. scallops separated each by 1 sc. like the opposite scallops, in doing which fasten to the two free leaflets of the small star figure; then 3 ch., 1 p. dw., 2 ch., fasten to middle of 7 ch. leading from small to large star, 3 ch., 1 p. dw., 4 ch., fasten to next leaflet, 1 ch., 1 p. dw., 2 ch., 1 p., 2 ch.; repeat from *. 2d round. —* Twice 4 sc. separated by 1 p. on the next 8 sc. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 p. dw., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 5 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 5 ch. (counting from the beginning), 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the 3 ch. before the last, 1 ch., 1 sc. on the second of the 5 ch., 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 sc. on the middle of the first 3 ch. of this round. This forms a figure of three connected picot leaflets. Crochet 2 ch., fasten to the next free leaflet of the larger star figure, then four times 4 ch., 1 p. dw., 4 ch., and fasten to the next leaflet; then 3 ch., 1 p. dw., 3 ch., and repeat from *; in future, however, fasten to the first leaflet to the right of the three-leaved picot figure as shown by the illustration, and at the end of the round also to the free leaflet of the first picot figure; finally, work 1 sl. on the 1 sc., and fasten the thread. Now take the point lace braid, baste it in points as shown by the illustration, fasten the ends on each other, and on one side of the points crochet the 3d round.—* 10 sc. on the next fold of the point of the braid, 12 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the side edge of the braid, 3 ch., 1 p. dw., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the opposite side edge, 3 ch., 1 p. dw., 3 ch., fasten to the ninth of the 12 ch., 3 ch.; repeat from *. In the following (4th) round join this circle of points with the finished (middle) part of the rosette, as follows: * 1 dc. on the next sc. of the preceding round, 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third (third following) st., 1 ch., fasten to the middle leaflet of a three-leaved picot figure of the 2d round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., twice 2 ch. and 1 dc. each on the third st.; then 1 picot leaflet of 2 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., fasten to the next ch. scallop of the 2d round as shown by the illustration, 1 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., and 1 sc. on the first ch. after the last dc. of this round; then 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., twice 2 ch. and 1 dc. each on the third st., 1 p. of 5 ch., with the middle of these fasten to the next ch. scallop of the 2d round as shown by the illustration, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 ch., fasten to the same ch. scallop of the 2d round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 ch., fasten to the next ch. scallop of the 2d round, 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 1 ch., 1 p. of 5 ch., with the middle ch. fasten to the same ch. scallop of the 2d round (see illustration), 1 dc. on the third st., twice 2 ch. and 1 dc. each on the third st., 1 picot leaflet like the preceding, which is fastened to the next ch. scallop of the 2d round as shown by the illustration; then 1 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 2 ch., 1 dc. on the third st., 2 ch.; repeat from *. Work the 5th round on the other side of the braid points like the 3d round, but before each picot figure work 12 ch., and after each picot figure 11 ch. In the 6th round work always alternately 1 dc., 2 ch., with these pass over 2 st. of the preceding round. 7th round. —1 sc. on the next dc. of the preceding round, * 5 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 3 ch., 1 p., 1 ch., 1 p., 2 ch., 1 sc. on the fourth of the 5 ch., 3 ch., 1 sc. on the second following dc.; repeat from *. 8th round.—* 1 sc. on the middle of the 3 ch. of the next picot figure, 5 ch., eleven times alternately 1 p., 1 ch.; 1 sc. on the fourth of the 5 ch., 3 ch.; repeat from *. The centre of the cover is finished by a button, which is covered with sc. in coil-shaped rounds; the wrong side of the stitches is turned outward.

EMILY.

SCROLLED in the annals of republic Rome,
Thy name patrician ever proudly stands;
And proud were they to whose parental hands
The angels gave thee, darling of their home!
Proud will he be who, in the days to come,
Shall bear thee thence, the pillar of his life,
Henceforward his alone, his wedded wife,
Binding two human lives in mystic tome.
And proud thy humblest vassal: proudly we
Before the magic of thy beauty bend,
Only too blest if thou wilt condescend
To let us own thy high supremacy.
So let me stoop and vow my fealty;
Swayed by thy queenly presence, hear me swear
Thou art more beauteous than that goddess fair
Who, in the olden myth, sprang from the foamy sea.

GOLD BEADS.

JANE FORD had a string of real gold beads, and they so completely dazzled Lizzie Caxton that she lay awake half the night wondering how she could possibly come honestly by such an adornment. Now Lizzie was a sewing-girl at a dollar a day, and gold beads do not grow on every tree. She paid half her week's wages for board, and the other three dollars bought her clothes, paid for washing, and the fuel she burned evenings; for she always left Madame Bias's at seven o'clock. In truth, there didn't seem much surplus with which to purchase gold beads, for somehow or other money always dribbled away in Lizzie's hands like water through a sieve; for one must have under-clothes and stout shoes, and a best gown for Sunday, though it should be only black alpaca, and a hat in the fashion, and a shawl for every day to save the best cloak, and water-proof and umbrella and rubbers; and there were car fares in bad weather, and medicines, and something for her seat in church, and the mission-box; and, oh dear! six dollars seemed like such a fortune when she held it in her hand on Saturday night, but, like fairy gold, it went such a very little way! Any one who has had to pay in hard-earned cash for every needleful of thread and every button will readily understand why Lizzie was in despair before the question of gold beads. And somehow gold beads she must have; it seemed absolutely imperative. She had seen others resplendent in ear and finger rings without a sigh: it was reserved for Jane Ford's gold beads to give Lizzie a pang of desire. How becoming they were! How they would set off her rich color, and lend a sparkle to her hazel eyes, and make the white column of her throat more apparent, and—and—perhaps if she looked her best, if any thing should give her an air of prosperity and fashion, Lon Lovell might prefer her to Jane after all, as he had once seemed to do. Ah, what a heart-ache his defection had given her! And she fondly fancied that a string of gold beads would set all right again, would serve as a talisman, would give to her glance the fascination of Jane's. At least if Lon were to be lost, it should be through no fault of hers: she wished to do her best to eclipse Jane. And her mirror told her that she only needed Jane's luck in wages, that fine feathers make fine birds—never once guessing, in her narrow experience, that Lon wasn't worth the trouble she was taking for him; that a heart so fickle could never yield the repose and reliance that she craved. The very first morning she had seen Lon walking to church with Jane Ford gave her such a shock that for half an hour she had stood like one in a trance, with a curl wound about her finger; and she could never recall the thoughts that possessed her during that time; she only knew that it was like a bleak frost falling in early spring, when buds begin to start, and blighting all the promise of the year, making a famine in the land. Ever since that time she had lived under a cloud, as it were, trembling at every unwonted sound, at every knock or footstep, daily expecting some explanation, some overtures toward reconciliation on Lon's part, utterly unable to accept the fact of his abandonment, till it became like an ache which, from being long borne, seems to be a part of one's existence, and in no wise alien.

But sunrises and sunsets had multiplied, and Lon had failed to appear with any peace-offering of tender apologies; he had simply behaved as if it were the most ordinary and trifling thing in the world to be on with the new love before he was off with the old; as if hearts, like footballs, were elastic, and did not mind hard knocks. When Lizzie put her needle aside and folded Madame Bias's work away, it was with an infinite sense of loneliness, thinking that another day had vanished, and nothing had happened to mark it as sweeter than the rest.

Lon had always been used to meet her on the way home, usually under the old stone archway at the foot of the street, and now she never passed beneath it without a trembling certainty that he would join her there, without starting at every shadowy outline, and yet pursuing her way on the other side more lonely, more desolate than before, from the fading away of a precious hope.

Once, indeed, when the twilight deepened and a few faint stars leaned out of heaven, she really did meet him under the old stone archway. There he was waiting for her! How her heart bounded and rejoiced! Oh! why had she ever upbraided him? why had she not been patient? She might have known that God would not leave her comfortless, that He was more kind to her than she could comprehend, that He had only deprived her of Lon for a little while that she might more perfectly appreciate the sacred sweetness of love, its ineffable satisfaction, its depth and breadth! Words of welcome were shaping themselves on her lips; all her pulses throbbed to the tune; in fact, she had for the moment quite forgotten that he had ever been to blame, that he had neglected her at all! All at once the half-uttered words gasped and died in her throat—he passed her without a look, and it was Jane Ford whose arm he drew within his own, and to whom he murmured some half-tender nothing. The revulsion of feeling was so intense that for the instant Lizzie fancied she was dying; she reeled and leaned against the masonry for support, till one of madame's girls overtook her.

"How you frightened me!" said this Samaritan. "Are you sick?"

"I had a faint turn, that was all: give me your arm, if you please."

"Madame's work-room is so stifling, and she is so cross," said the other, "that I thought my own head would split. I had to take Mrs. Serge's flounces off twice. Madame says you're falling off in your work, Liz; you'd better look out, or it will be a pretty how d'ye do. Did you see Jane Ford's gold beads? I wish *I* had a string; don't you? They're so dressy, and make folks think you had a grandmother. I heard that she and Lon Lovell were at the Museum last night. She looks mighty fine when she has on her bettermost clothes, but the girls do say that she paints! Here we are! Sha'n't I come in and fix you some camphire? it's awful good for dizzy spells and all-overish sort of aches."

"No, thank you; I shall get on very well now. Good-by." There was no drug that could medicine poor Lizzie's pain; only time was capable of softening it; and who, in the first frenzy of sorrow, regards such alleviations with any thing like pleasure? Time works miracles; but how? Through our own infirmity, by virtue of our forgetfulness, not by remedying the cause. One survives the blow surely, but who can estimate its effects on the constitution and temperament? So Lizzie was left to work out her problem alone, and at first no solution seemed possible; her love was so much a part of herself, so interwoven with every heart-beat, that at first it appeared utterly beyond her power to dissolve the partnership. How was she to do without that which had been her daily inspiration, which had sustained her through up-hill work? How many times she resolved to be strong, to give him up once and forever—when he was no longer hers to resign—to be brave, and make no more ado! She knew that every tear she shed, every sleepless night she spent, made the distance greater between them, inasmuch as they clouded and defaced her beauty; but all the same the tears fell, the heavy nights wore on to weary mornings; she resigned him to-day only to long for him inexpressibly to-morrow. But what could she do at single combat with fate?

Now Lizzie was not so silly as really to believe in the power of gold beads to work miracles; but did they not constitute part of the witchery which had infatuated Lon? At least they were pretty; and why should she not deck herself in finery, and perhaps attract her love to his true orbit? Why not match charm with charm? Therefore Lizzie went to work with a will, and, as every body knows, where there's a will there's a way. Madame Bias had no longer reason to complain of her—only once, when Lizzie made a mistake in cutting, madame remarked, briefly, "This must come out of your wages, Miss Caxton," which made things so much harder. But difficulties only appeared to sharpen her faculties and quicken her energy. She had thought so much of the beads that they already assumed a factitious value; she had a sort of superstition that it would bring ill luck to give them up; moreover, it would seem to argue an infirmity of will; and in the mean time the pursuit diverted her mind, gave her something to think of besides her trouble. She worked like a Trojan; she took in extra sewing after her day at Madame Bias's was over, and sat up late and rose early. She had really no idea how much the gold beads would cost, but she calculated that after saving fifty dollars she might give herself the pleasure of dropping into the jeweler's and pricing them. And why should she not spend her hard earnings in beads, if she pleased, rather than in dry-goods and millinery? When our comforts drop away or desert us, don't we seek out others? And if Lizzie expected to find her happiness in gold beads, was she less wise than we?

You may depend upon it that it was a long, long time before her hoard reached the required amount, that she pinched in her fuel, and boarded herself on oat-meal porridge, with a pint of blue milk for dessert on Sundays; for the idea of saving had become a kind of mania with her. She met with serious discouragements, to be sure, in the shape of pickpockets and fire, but at length the day arrived when her week's wages made up the sum. All Saturday, while she fluted and piped and gimped the silks and velvets and cashmeres, she was thinking about asking for a vacation on Monday, and spending the morning in selecting her beads, and she was somewhat surprised, withal, that the prospect gave her no greater satisfaction, that her pulses did not quicken in view of the pleasure. And after the beads—what? Was she one jot nearer Lon's heart than in the beginning? Had she not met him day after day, week in and week out, and passed with a nod that had never once ripened into "A pleasant morning," or "I hope I find you well," or a hand-shake? Would gold beads make amends for golden hopes postponed—nay, strangled?

"But would not they be better than nothing?" asked Roxy, who was trimming a silk with thread lace at her elbow.

Lizzie started and rubbed her eyes: had she spoken her thoughts? "What, the gold beads?" she asked, not quite awake yet.

"Gold beads indeed! You hear with your elbows, Liz. No, diamonds in the rough: we were speaking of coals."

"Oh, they are twelve dollars a ton; they come higher still by the basketful. Isn't it odd, if you can afford to buy a lot of any thing, you get it cheap, but if you're so poor you must buy in dribblets, you pay more for the privilege."

"Yes, we were just wondering if we couldn't raise some money to buy coals for poor Miss Wade. You know she was a real born lady, as good as any body once; she taught painting, and went among folks that were folks. But her eyes gave out one day, and she had to begin to spend her savings, and now she hasn't got a dollar to bless herself with. She's out of every thing, and as proud as Lucifer, and won't hear of the Home."

Lizzie let Mrs. Shoddy's blue velvet train slip from her hands upon the floor. "So poor as that!" said she, beneath her breath. "Where does she live, Roxy?"

"She *stays* at No. 8 Starvation Lane, up three flights. Such a looking hole! Goodness sakes, Liz Caxton, what are you doing?"

"Tell madame that I was obliged to leave while it was daylight, if you please."

"But don't you know that Mrs. Shoddy wants her dress to-night?"

"Mrs. Shoddy must wait;" and Lizzie closed the door after her, and picked her way through Starvation Lane, mounted the stairs that rocked under her, and found old Miss Wade lying in bed to keep warm.

"I've come to take you home with me," said Lizzie. "Can you walk?"

"If you're one of the ladies from the 'Home,' I can't."

"No, I am one of the girls who sew for Madame Bias. I've got a nice room of my own, where I am often very, very lonesome; and I heard of you, and thought perhaps you would like to come and keep me company."

"Bless you, so I would. I never thought of it before;" and without more ado they went off to Meander Court together.

Lizzie felt as if she were really at housekeeping when she spread her light-stand for a tea-table, toasted her bread, and made the coffee, adding a plate of jumbles in honor of her guest, whose appetite frequent fasts had sharpened. She had never known the luxury of playing hostess before. Wasn't it quite equal to wearing gold beads?"

"And what shall I do for my board?" asked Miss Wade, the spirit of independence still flickering.

"You shall keep the fire blazing, if you please, and water my mignonette, and put the tea to steep. Oh, we will be happy as larks!"

"If I only had my eyes," she made moan, "what pictures I would paint! I would paint you. They say I could have the cataracts removed for fifty dollars; but, law sakes! they might as well ask five thousand."

"Can it be done?" said Lizzie. "I never knew—"

But the next week she asked Dr. Hyacinth on her way home from work, and the upshot of it was, a day was set for the operation.

"Now, my dear," said Miss Wade, "I've got a trifle for you—a *souvenir*, as the French say; and when my eyes are all well, if I don't

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see it about your neck I'll just leave you and go to the Home out of spite, or out clear-starching. I used to wear it when I was young like you: it belongs to youth. It was my great-great-grandmother's. I hid it away in the straw bed when I was down in Starvation Lane, for fear folks would make me sell it, and somehow that didn't seem genteel to do. You see I've got some scraps of sentiment left, for all my beggary: it would have been equal to selling one's birthright. But I'll give it to you—that's a different thing; you've been a friend indeed. I should never have seen the light of day but for you; and if you refuse to take it, I shall sell it to pay my board." And she pulled from her pocket a necklace of gold beads, like little suns, each one a solid globe, wrought to the last degree of perfection, as you may have seen Chinese balls of ivory, till they appeared to be nothing but gold bubbles of exquisite designs, through which the sunlight passed in and out.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Lizzie. "It is a sin to take them!"

"A fiddlesticks! Let me put them round your neck this instant. There, you shall be married in them! How becoming they must be! I know that you have a beautiful soul, and that always casts a reflection on the face. Now hush. If you make a fuss, I shall take them to the jeweler's, and break my heart! I should leave them to you in my will, any way—you couldn't help that—but I'd rather see them on your neck, child. They make me young again. Every bead has its history. When I was all alone in the cold and dark, I used to lie awake nights and count them like a good Catholic; and this bead would bring back the day I was twenty-one, and wore violets in my hair, and danced half the night with—well, no matter; and this other reminded me of the songs I sang in summer twilights, rocking on the tide and dipping my fingers in the waters of the bay; and this other—it brings me face to face with one who called the necklace his blessed rosary. Heigho! I should beggar your patience if I told you all!"

And so Lizzie wore gold beads; but did they afford her the thrill of joy she had predicted for herself? Doesn't our imagination lend more than half the charm to those things which we would fain possess?

However, the cataracts were removed from Miss Wade's eyes, and Lizzie took care of her through all the gloomy days of uncertainty and bandages, taking her vacation from Madame Bias's, and discovering that she had as great a vocation for nurse as for seamstress; while Dr. Hyacinth came and went, somewhat oftener than was needful, thought his patient. "I hope it isn't in order to swell the bill," she grumbled. But when Lizzie one day found courage to ask for the bill, the doctor frowned splendidly in answering, "I am already paid. You will oblige me by not referring to it again. It has been a great, a positive pleasure: you surely do not wish to rob me of it? I do not have so many."

"You? I thought you had every thing you wanted."

"Oh, *did* you? Why, I want something now, this minute, that I never expect to have. What do you think of that?"

"I think that you are not the first one."

"Perhaps you can sympathize with me, then?"

"Yes—no, no; I don't recall any thing I want very much just now," positively.

Lizzie was thinking how at dusk yesterday, when she had gone out to the grocer's, just beneath the old stone archway the string of her gold beads, rotten with age, gave way, and sent the dazzling globes tumbling into the mire; how as she stooped to gather them another face leaned out of the shadow, another hand met hers.

"Let me help you find them," said Lon Lovell's voice. "How many were there?"

"Thank you; there were twelve," Lizzie had answered, without more emotion than if she had been speaking to Madame Bias. "There, three, nine, twelve; yes, they are all here. How kind of you!"

"Lizzie, Lizzie!" he had called, following as she moved away, "don't be in such a hurry; stop and speak to a fellow a moment. I know I don't deserve it, but—"

"Why not? I'm glad to see you, Lon. What else do you want me to say?"

"I don't want to dictate. If you don't say any thing of yourself, it wouldn't be any good for me to put words into your mouth. Only if you could forgive me, Lizzie—"

"Oh yes, Lon, I forgive you heartily."

"And that's all, I suppose?"

"All? Why, no, Lon: I wish you well."

"Well away, perhaps? It wouldn't give you any pleasure now, would it, to have me tell you that I can't get over loving you, Lizzie? Would it?" He had drawn nearer, and put his hand on her arm while he spoke; and she had been silent for a moment, asking herself the same question.

"Oh, Lon, don't ask me," she had cried then; "don't say it. Hush! hush! Say good-night, please;" for in that moment she had found him no nearer to her heart than the little boot-black that brushed her by; his touch aroused no responsive thrill, his late assurance found no echo. She had suffered without him till he was no longer necessary as a part of her life. Thus having dismissed Lon Lovell, Lizzie returned to Dr. Hyacinth, whom she had left unceremoniously standing, hat in hand, leaning against the wooden mantel, as if he were waiting for something—waiting for his adieux, perhaps.

"Perhaps," she said, taking up the thread where she had dropped it—"perhaps you will get what you want one of these days; or it may be you will survive the desire."

"You are consoling! But I mean to ask for what I want first, Miss Lizzie!"

"Yes? That's a good way. What isn't worth asking for isn't worth having, they say."

"To be sure:

> 'He either fears his fate too much,
> Or his desert is small,
> Who dares not put it to the touch,
> To lose or gain it all.'

Miss Lizzie, I want you! Will you be my wife?"

"Dr. Hyacinth, I never thought of it."

"But it isn't too late, I hope?"

"But I am afraid of you—a little."

"I'm glad of it, for then you won't dare to say me 'Nay.'"

And so Lizzie lost her heart, but not the gold beads, since fate is not so hard as we fear; and if it does not always accord us our wish, it makes amends in unexpected ways, denying us only those things whose value we overestimate and survive.

SOME TOILETTES AT WASHINGTON.

A BEAUTIFUL evening dress in the gay circles of the capital was one worn by Mrs. General Butler—a thick white silk, the front and side breadths covered with black thread lace, which was met by a deep flounce behind extending up the side to the waist. This lace was of the rarest design and finish, the pattern of flowers exquisitely shaded and grouped, and drawn to their minutest detail, so that even the dew-drop on the tip of a closed bud was to be seen. A parure of brilliant corals, carved to a miracle in antique heads, and set in quite as marvelous a wrought-work of gold, completed this superb toilette. Another remarkable dress worn by the same lady was of dark blue Genoese velvet, the accompanying ornaments being of that Genoese gold which is spun and woven like silk into the most fragile floral shapes, each great bell so delicately wrought that a finger could crush it, while a golden rose, almost rivaling that given to Eugénie by the Pope, constantly trembled on its spiral stem in the hair.

Señora Roberts, the Spanish minister's wife, appeared at a reception in a charming dress. It was of white silk, covered vertically from the waist to the feet with broad puffs of tulle, and between the puffs, radiating from the belt, were long sprays of spring flowers and leaves and grass. With the bodice and the hair decorated by the same flowers, and with her diamonds and her dark luxurious beauty, she had the appearance of spring-time itself—not our pale northern spring, but as the season might be impersonated in the rich lands of the sun.

Mrs. Kate Sprague, whose domestic duties confine her much at home, wore at the Japanese reception a very striking toilette. The under dress was of straw-colored satin, embroidered with black in shadowy wreaths of flowers; the over dress was open, and the front breadths were turned back upon it, showing their lining of black brocade; and the whole was trimmed with black lace and a heading of ostrich tips. The throat, slightly square, was adorned with a deep Marie Stuart ruff of very rich white lace, and the beautiful brown hair was worn in the massive coils and braids which Mrs. Sprague has never varied to please any of the eccentricities of fashion.

A lovely dress worn by a young lady, Miss Snead, of Kentucky, was of white tulle, trained and flounced, and embroidered in sprays of pink flowers, the over dress being of pink and white silk of that fabulous old brocade whose possession is almost a patent of nobility, as indicating, the gossips say, the existence of grandmothers. The half-low corsage was draped with plain tulle, and a shoulder sash, whose great bows behind were fastened with pink roses resembling the spray in the dark hair. The ornaments were of milky amber, and the whole dress might have been worn by one of the ladies in a Watteau painting. The same young lady wore at a masquerade this winter an extremely original dress representing the Genius of Red Tape. It was composed of the regulation colors—red, white, and blue—and the various portions of the drapery were chained and festooned with ells of the legal ribbon, secured at intervals with huge Treasury seals of red wax. The buttons of the dress were seals of the State Department, with the motto "Festina lente," and revenue stamps and scrip made ornamental scroll-work, while coin was fettered in chains of silver pieces about the wearer's wrists. From the waist depended various documents—such as an application for a clerkship in the Game of Twenty Questions, with characteristic indorsements from prominent men, and H. G.'s certificate of the applicant's agricultural proficiency; another one on which might be read, "An act to amend an act to amend an act entitled an act—ad infinitum—for man's delusion given;" another was a claim, referred to a committee, referred back, indorsed with half a score of journeys from department to department, and finally disallowed. The liberty-cap was gay with colors and mottoes; a little picture of the White House at one side bore the legend, "It's a long lane that has no turning;" of the Capitol, on the other, "The mills of the gods grind slowly;" and all the whims and isms of the day were in her train, with mottoes of good-natured satire. The breastknot was an immense locket labeled as the "Cinder-cate," being a real cinder from the burned notes, the brilliant arseniate and copper hues of which were but little dimmed by the lace envelope which held it, and which was made fast again by the Great Seal, one of the peculiar properties, apparently, of this Goddess of American Liberty imprisoned in Red Tape.

Mrs. General Cram, of Detroit, has worn this winter one of the most distinguished dresses ever seen in society. The low corsage and petticoat were of white satin, garnished with point lace; the over dress was a court train of emerald green velvet, dropping in great folds from the shoulders, and trimmed with the same lace as the dress. The hair, of premature silver white, singularly contrasting with the dark eyes and rich color of the young face, was drawn back over cushions, and surmounted by a spray of green velvet leaves and a nodding snow white plume; and, with diamond necklace and ear-rings, the effect was very magnificent.

Another striking dress was worn by Mrs. Senator Ames: the under dress of white corded silk trimmed with swan's-down, but the over-skirt made wholly of the material of the Roman scarf, and a large scarf of the same brilliant hues knotted under the left arm. The jewelry was of Roman gold. The dress, combined with the dark eyes, golden hair, carnation color, and dazzling beauty of the wearer, was extremely picturesque.

Madame Freyre, wife of the Peruvian minister, wore, at a party given by her, a Parisian dress of one of the new combinations of tints—rose and garnet; the skirt of the rose-colored silk ornamented with the garnet velvet, the train of garnet velvet opening from the front, and the shading of the two being so delicately blended as to seem only like the deepening of a single tint.

Madame Borges, of the Brazilian embassy, wears a visiting dress of royal purple velvet, the panier formed by half-yard-wide satin ribbon brought round and tied behind in large loops; the bonnet of the same velvet, with feathers of a lighter tint; and the jewelry of amethysts inlaid with diamonds in sprays of flowers.

Madame Garcia, of the Argentine embassy, being in mourning, wears a street suit of black velvet, garnished with jet and bugle passementerie; and Lady Thornton a blue stuff suit, with hat of a darker shade.

An exceedingly pretty street costume for the morning is worn by Mrs. Eugene Hale, Senator Chandler's daughter. This consists of very dark green velvet, mingled with silk which appears to be of a lighter shade by reason of its lustre. The basque and over-skirt are trimmed with deep embroidery and knotted fringe; and the hat, which is the feature of the dress, has the appearance of being only one knot of velvet, with revers of the silk which lines the ends drawn back to fall behind, and held in the centre there with a great crushed rose and drooping bud. Although very elaborate, the effect is quite careless and simple.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE old landmarks of New York city are gradually disappearing. Among the few relics of our city's early history the old North Dutch Church, at the corner of Fulton, William, and Ann streets, has long been an object of interest and almost of veneration. More than a hundred years ago it was built; public services were first held in it in May, 1769. During the Revolutionary war, while the city was in the hands of the British, the North Church was used as a hospital, and also for storage. The interior of the building was much damaged, the pews and pulpit having been torn away. It is said that the pulpit was carried over to England in a British ship, and was finally placed in an English country church. The two cannons which stand within the church inclosure, on William Street, were fired when the British fleet attacked the city. A curious bit of history pertains to one of them. During the bombardment of New York a red-hot ball was thrown into a neighboring street, where was a blacksmith's shop. The smith—so the story goes—seized the ball with a tongs, and with a sledge-hammer welded it into the mouth of the cannon, where it still remains. The "Fulton Street prayer-meetings," which originated in this building, have awakened the interest of the religious community all over the country. And now the prospective tearing down of this old church, even though the money invested in it and the land upon which it stands may be more usefully appropriated, will cause many regrets among those who cherish memories of old times.

The snow blockade on the Union Pacific Railroad has been at times this last winter, according to report, four hundred miles in length. This is in a country that has but a sparse population, and which to a great extent is almost treeless. The snow in the Rocky Mountain region is fine and hard, and drifts into banks almost as solid as rock. There is a great difference between the building of snow-sheds in a country where timber is plenty and in one where there is none; and to clear a track of four hundred miles, when the snow will yield only to the pick, is no easy matter.

A small quantity of carbolic acid is recommended to be used in whitewash and in paste for laying paper-hangings. It will repel cockroaches and all other insects, and also neutralize the disagreeable odor consequent upon the decomposition of the paste.

The last report of the Sanitary Inspector on the sanitary condition of this city reveals the fact that disease is engendered in some of the most elegant and fashionable quarters of the city from the defective sewerage.

"I have noticed," remarks some sensible observer, "that a well-bred woman never hears an impertinent remark." That is a kind of discreet deafness which is well worth cultivation. There are scores of things every day uttered by those about us which, if taken in at the ear and thence into the mind, will disturb the temper and lessen the happiness. It is not worth while to hear all the ill-natured remarks made about your household, your business, your children, your dress. Cultivate the art of not hearing disagreeable and scandalous remarks.

A workman in Colt's armory, Hartford, was recently barbered in an unexpected manner. He was possessed of a very long floating beard, and while at work upon a small lathe one day he felt something "tickling" his beard. Looking down, he saw that some of the longest hairs were touching the lathe. Quick as a flash they caught in the lathe and wound him up, and before he could think, the machine was neatly turning out the inside of his nose. He saved himself from being further operated upon by a fearful pull, which resulted in the loss of a handful of beard about a foot long, and thick enough for a lady's "switch."

A good story is told in Washington of a genial young gentleman, unwilling to omit recognition of an acquaintance, who at a wedding reception lately caught sight of a gray-whiskered and rather stately person, and being satisfied by inquiry of his identity, immediately edged along to his side.

"Good-evening," said he, extending his hand with cordiality. "I'm delighted to see you! I believe we haven't met since we parted in Mexico."

"I really fear," said the gray-whiskered magnate, "that you have me at an advantage."

"Why, you don't recollect! But then I was very much younger," said the other, "when with my father in Mexico."

"And, to tell the truth," said the older gentleman, "my remembrances of ever having been in Mexico are very indistinct."

"Excuse the question," said the young man, rather desperately: "are you not Sir Edward Thornton?"

"By no means. I am Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"A thousand pardons!" and the discomfited youth moved away.

But a few nights afterward, at another reception, his eye was similarly caught, and the edge of his mortification having been worn off, he could smile at his mistake, and he accordingly made his way once more to the side of a gentleman with gray mutton-chop whiskers, and after a word or two on the weather and the scene, he suddenly said,

"That was an awkward thing of me the other night, when I took you for old Thornton."

"And who do you take me for now, may I ask?" said his companion.

"Why—why," said the embarrassed young man of society—"you told me you were Judge Poland, of Vermont."

"On the contrary, my name is Thornton," was the rather annihilating response; and the young man at this day calls it a case of diabolic duality.

A singular story appears in the English papers concerning the disappearance of one Mr. Bauer, business agent at Moscow of Messrs. Blews, of Birmingham, contractors to the City of Moscow Gas Company. It appears that Mr. Bauer desired to have a personal interview with his employers, and wrote from Riga to that effect about the middle of January. Subsequent letters indicated that he passed through Berlin and Hamburg *en route* for England, that he actually arrived in London, and was about to go to Birmingham. Early in February a singular letter was received from him, indicating that he had a few years ago joined some society, by which he found himself compelled to perform some deed against which his "whole soul revolted," or die. He had chosen death, and wrote to his employers only by "special grace" before that event. Accompanying this letter was the following brief note:

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"SIRS,—The foolish author of the inclosed brief has informed you right; he is dead. Our safety forbids us to send you your property—to wit, some papers, which have been burned. We are, Sir,

"A SUFFICIENT NUMBER."

Nothing has been heard of Mr. Bauer up to this writing; and the query is, does his letter indicate the real facts, or is he suffering from temporary mental aberration, or has he fallen into the hands of other unscrupulous persons?

Nice is crowded with Parisians and foreigners of all nations. Many distinguished persons are there, among whom, prominent on the race-course, are the Baron and Baroness Rothschild, and the Prince and Princess Metternich. The *Court Journal* says: "The Princess Metternich, who bears fashion with her wherever she goes, wore at the races a costume, immensely puffed out behind, of lilac satin, richly embroidered with silk of the same color. A parasol of a lighter shade of the same hue covered a patch of charming flowers, which formed a bewitching bonnet. Her boots had heels of due length—a veritable pair of little crutches—on which, however, she moved nimbly and gracefully, and on the instep was a bow of lavender ribbon, with a jewel in the centre."

Again and again dreadful accidents occur from the use of kerosene and benzine, and yet people seem to be as careless as ever concerning these articles. A young German girl in Newark was, one evening not long ago, removing some spots from a garment with benzine. The bottle of fluid was near the stove, and a sudden movement of the girl's hand overturned it. She was immediately enveloped in flames. She frantically rushed into the street, calling for help; but before her blazing garments could be extinguished she was hopelessly burned. And yet, doubtless, the next person who happens to want to take a spot from a garment will not hesitate to do it in the evening, near a fire, or a lighted lamp, or a blaze of gas. Every individual believes in his own exceeding carefulness.

The City Sanitary Inspector has caused the horse-railroad cars on the various lines to be examined; and although the developments are somewhat disgusting, it is to be hoped that the final result of the inspection will be beneficial to the passengers in the cars. On most of the car routes—there are a few happy exceptions—the ventilation of the cars is very imperfect, the straw used is filthy, and the cushioned seats and backs are in a most uncleanly condition. It is believed that the offensive condition of many of the cars is especially conducive to the spread of disease. The seats used in public conveyances should be of such a kind that they can be frequently and thoroughly cleansed. Otherwise they become nests for infectious diseases and vermin of all kinds.

One of the briefest of theological love-stories relates to the marriage of Robert Hall. He made up his mind that he would marry his servant. So he went into the kitchen and said,

"Betty, do you love the Lord?"

"Yes, Sir," said Betty.

"Betty, do you love me?" he next asked.

"I hope so, master," she answered, and they were happily married.

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Ladies' and Children's Walking and House Dresses, Figs. 1–5.

Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT. The skirt of this suit is trimmed with a wide box-pleated flounce, which is bound narrowly on the upper edge with the material. On each box-pleat are black silk cord loops and a tassel. The over-skirt is draped on the sides, and trimmed on the bottom with knotted black silk fringe and braiding. The paletot is thinly wadded, and lined with lustring, and is trimmed with gros grain rolls and lace. The vest fronts are set under the fronts, and are closed with buttons and button-holes. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with a long trailing spray of roses with buds and leaves, and tied with black gros grain strings.

Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD. Frock of Scotch plaid poplin. Paletot of light gray velours, trimmed with gray fur and cord bands and buttons. Black velvet beret, trimmed with fur and cock's feathers. Trowsers of black velvet, and leggings of dark gray tricot beaver.

Fig. 3.—GRAY CASHMERE DRESS, braided with gray silk cord. Passementerie buttons and cord loops serve for closing. Blue crêpe de Chine cravat bow with ends. Black velvet bow for the hair.

Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. Both dress and mantelet are of blue cashmere. The skirt is trimmed with a kilt-pleated flounce of the material. The over-skirt and mantelet are scalloped on the outer edge and bound with blue silk. Felt hat, trimmed with folds of velvet and gros grain, and with a gros grain bow on the right side. Gray krimmer muff.

Fig. 5.—FAWN-COLORED SILK DRESS AND BLACK VELVET PALETOT. The dress with double skirt is trimmed with bias strips of brown velvet edged on the sides with narrow folds of the material. The paletot is embroidered with black silk cord, and trimmed on the bottom with wide black lace. A tassel is set on the pointed hood, which is lined with gros grain. Black felt round hat, trimmed with black velvet, feathers, and a tulle scarf.



Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN WALKING SUIT. Fig. 2.—SUIT FOR BOY FROM 3 TO 4 YEARS OLD. Fig. 3.—GRAY CASHMERE DRESS. Fig. 4.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 6 TO 8 YEARS OLD. Fig. 5.—FAWN-COLORED SILK DRESS AND BLACK VELVET PALETOT.

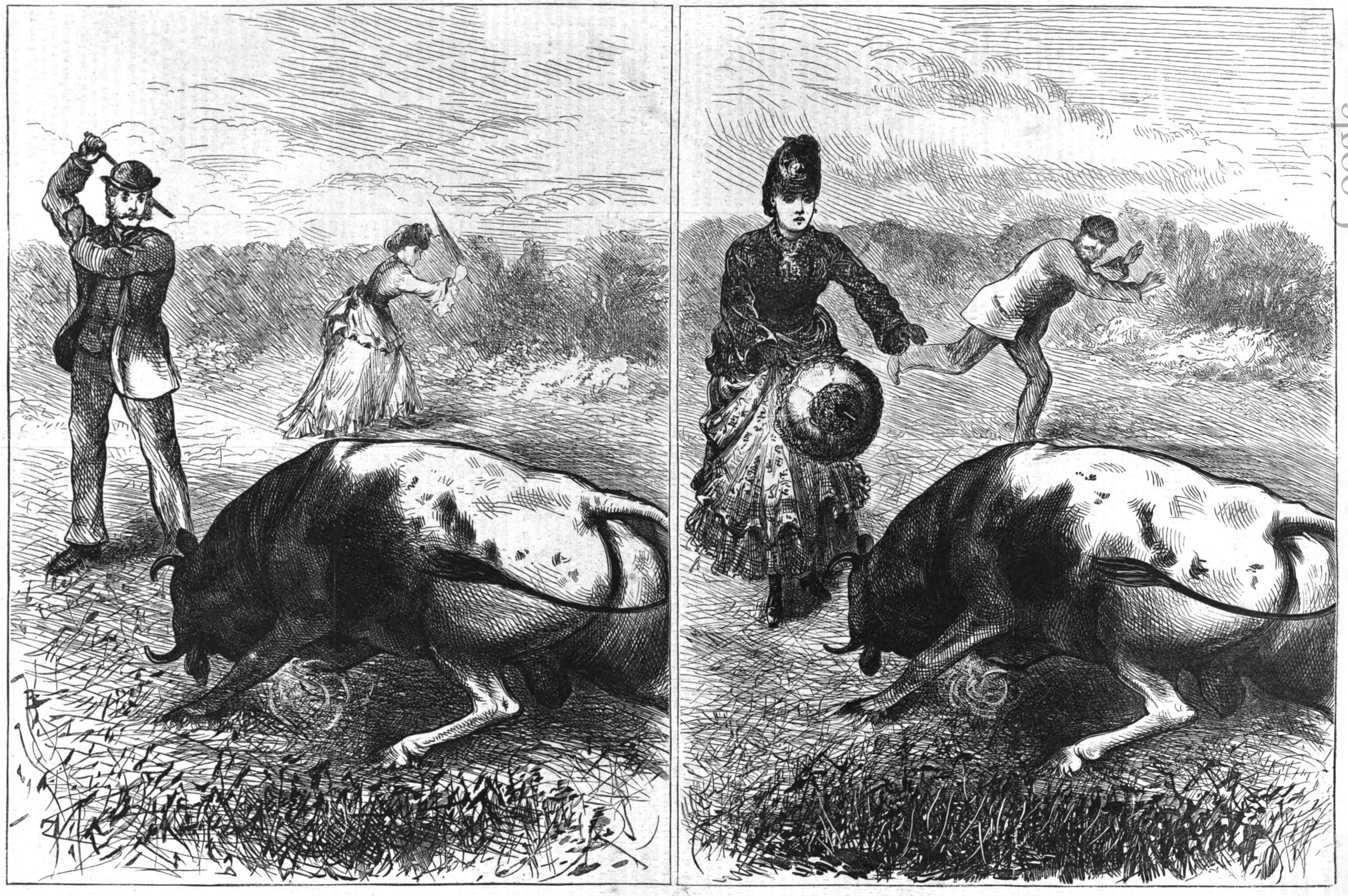
FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S WALKING AND HOUSE DRESSES.

COLOR IN ROOMS.

TOO much can not be said against the pale, glossy, or white papers so much in fashion for drawing-rooms and boudoirs. They are ruination to any material, to any picture hung upon them, to any complexion. The same must be urged against white ceilings, and still more against white carpets. A pale carpet not only destroys every thing in the room, but it visibly decreases the size of the room—pictures simply disappear. A light ceiling may pass unnoticed, since we have got out of the habit of ever looking upward in a room, owing firstly to the glare, and secondly to the certainty of there being nothing to see; but a light floor can not be forgotten. It forces itself on your attention whichever way you turn, casts up unpleasant reflected lights upon the polished legs of chairs, and destroys the colors and forms of all the furniture by its own obtrusiveness. Once, having purchased a curious carved cabinet of light oak, made in the sixteenth century, and brought it home to my white drawing-room, I experienced an unaccountable sense of disappointment on seeing it in its place. I found it only half the size I expected. I found the carving more trivial, the color more dull—the whole thing an eye-sore. I could not, for a time, understand how I had been deceived into spending money on it. I mourned over my empty purse, and decided, not without feeling rather small, on selling it again without boasting about it to my friends. About that time I conceived a plan of covering the walls of my drawing-room with some very dark tapestry which I possessed, and did so, just before my cabinet's destined departure. When all was done, behold! my eyes were opened, a sudden light flashed upon me. To my astonishment, against the darkened walls my cabinet once more became its former self. Never had I supposed that oak could "tell" against brown, but it did so; it rose in height, it spread in breadth, the color brightened, and the carving seemed to be under a spell—to move and live! I hardly recognized my lamented bargain now that it was going away. And then I saw at once that the whole thing was owing to the altered background; and I have waged eternal war against pale walls ever since.

Let me entreat those who are about to redecorate their dwellings, if they do not make over to one of these artistic firms the entire responsibility of so arduous an undertaking, at least to study their works and rules, and follow them as far as they can. It is not more expensive to paint one's rooms with some warm tertiary color, here and there stenciled with some standard pattern (procurable for a few cents at any decorator's) in a darker or lighter shade of the same color, or an opposing color, *not too vivid*, than to paper it with some shiny monstrosity; rather the reverse—it is a good deal cheaper. Neither is it more difficult to make a wall dark in color half-way up, and the higher portion a delicate hue, the contrast united by a broad border, stenciled or in paper, combining both colors. It is not more expensive to have one's ceiling washed with a purple, or any other soft-colored wash, than to have three coats of white paint and then varnish laid on it; and no one, understanding any thing about art, will fail to see at once the superiority of the one effect to the other. Doors, too, should never stand out in staring contrast to the walls. The square form of a door is not a pretty one; and even a door with a rounded top, which is a much better form, is generally spoiled by not being carried up to the cornice. Doors should be tall, and should match, *in effect* if not in color, the walls and ceiling. Doors may with good effect be touched slightly with gold or with paler shades of their own color, or painted in the panels with devices, according to the owner's taste.

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ACT I. COMEDY OF MARRIED LIFE.—[DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.] ACT II.

A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS IS SUPPOSED TO INTERVENE BETWEEN THE ACTS.

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THE FLOWN BIRD.

ONCE a singing-bird was mine,
And I gave him tenderest care;
Fruits and seeds and crystal drink,
Golden sun and flower-sweet air.

At my coming leaped his song
Like a fountain from his throat;
Lightest word of mine he met
With his mellow, gleesome note.

One sad day, his door ajar,
Forth he flew o'er hill and glen;
Long I've kept the empty cage,
But he comes not back again.

Sometimes from the summer fields
Sounds a sweet and distant song—
Notes I feel, with heart of pain,
To my own lost bird belong.

Once a precious love was mine,
And I gave to it my life;
Round it heart and brain and soul
Clung with sweet, persistent strife.

To my darksome night it brought
Summer sunrise, heavenly cheer;
Through my silent days it made
Under-tones of music clear.

But one deathful day a door—
Opened by a careless fate—
Let my love fly far away,
And my life waits desolate.

Sometimes from the outer world
Sounds a sweet and distant song—
Notes I feel, with heart of pain,
To my own lost love belong.

HOW IT WAS DONE.

PLUMP Mrs. Chester was in tears. It was a rare combination—contented, jolly Mrs. Chester and those salt-water globules indicative of woe; and Cousin Jemima in the doorway stood as if transfixed as she inquired, "What is the trouble?"

Mrs. C. dashed away the tears, and replied: "I suppose it's nothing worth crying about; but it does trouble me so to have Robert find fault and 'hen-hussy' about the house that I am often at my wit's end how to live without harsh words, and those I have always vowed should never be between us. I could bear it better were it myself alone who suffered, but the poor dear girls—he seems delighted to thwart them in their favorite plans, and with almost constant fretting about trifles makes them so unhappy;" and again the bright eyes were filled with tears.

"I have noticed Robert's peculiarities," replied Cousin Jemima; "and as you have broached the subject, will confess that I have studied the case carefully, and believe I can propose a remedy."

"Oh, do tell me it!" cried Mrs. Chester, "and if your remedy proves a success, I shall be one of the happiest of women."

While they are discussing the proposed reformation with many nods and smiles, we will take a further survey of the domestic economy.

The reason of Mr. Robert Chester's peculiarity of temper was the amount of petting bestowed on her darling son by Mrs. Chester the elder, causing him to cherish the idea at an early age that himself and his will should be the governing principle of any persons or circumstances about him.

It naturally followed that as he came to man's estate these governing powers were exercised to their full extent, and as Mrs. Chester No. 1 was of the meek stamp, whose will, providing she had any, was completely merged in the strong one of her husband, domestic ties only increased the difficulty, and rendered Mr. Chester more overbearing and selfish.

Three daughters had blessed their union, when Mrs. Chester, in a very subdued manner, took leave of life, without even consulting her liege lord concerning the propriety of the measure, being, by-the-way, the first independent step she had ever been known to take since her marriage; and Mr. Chester, much shocked by the conduct of his wife, as soon as propriety would admit, wooed and won another to take her place—a lady as unlike his first choice as one could well be.

As "new brooms sweep clean," Mr. Chester during the honey-moon allowed his wife the use of her faculties undisturbed, and great harmony prevailed; but as the novelty of the situation wore away his former habits were resumed, and, at the time our story commences, he seems to consider her an unruly being, whose will must be broken, and whose thoughts must run in no channel but that in which he sees fit to direct them.

His daughters, who were now young ladies, and fond of society, beaux, and new dresses, found this domestic rule especially irksome; and if Cousin Jemima's plan proved successful, it would be a blessing to them as well as to Mrs. Chester, whom they dearly loved.

"Wife," said Mr. Chester, in injured tones, at dinner, "here is this roast underdone again! I think I have told you often enough to have it remembered that I prefer my meat *cooked*, not merely seared over."

"Here, Bridget, remove the meat to the kitchen immediately!" said Mrs. Chester, briskly. "I am surprised that you should bring a roast to the table in such a condition;" handing the platter to Bridget as she spoke.

As Mr. Chester watched the tempting brown crisp disappearing through the door his hunger got the better of his dignity, and he roared, "Bring that back here! A pretty way to cheat a hungry man out of his dinner!"

"But, my dear," mildly urged Mrs. Chester, "you see the meat is perfectly raw, and it is unsafe to eat it."

"It's no such thing," replied Mr. C., irefully. "I tell you the meat is well enough."

"Well, well, bring it on, Bridget," said Mrs. Chester, resignedly. "I see we are to be immolated on the altar of an underdone roast. If we all die from the effects of it, no doubt the neighbors will call it the will of Providence;" and she drew a deep sigh.

Mr. Robert looked at her as if expecting to see symptoms of insanity, but said nothing; and presently Jennie, the eldest daughter, broke the silence by saying, "Mother, there is to be a grand picnic down by the bend, next week, with boat-rides, swings, croquet, and every thing delightful, and Harry Winny has invited Nell and me to go. Can we?"

"Ask your father," was the laconic answer.

"Father, can we go?" continued Jennie, with a disheartened look.

"No!" emphatically replied Mr. Chester, catching joyfully at an opportunity of showing his authority. "I hope I can provide better employment for my daughters than running about to picnics and such folderols as some others do"—eying his wife furtively to note the effect of his words.

But Mrs. C. took up the thread of his remarks with animation, saying, "Certainly you can not go! Picnics, at the best, are improper places for young ladies to attend, and as your father very properly remarks, you had much better be at home with your knitting. If any one but Harry Winny had invited you, it would be different; but now you had better give up all thoughts of going."

"Indeed, madam," said Mr. Chester, balancing a bit of potato on his fork, "may I inquire what are your objections to Mr. Harry Winny?—a young man in whose care I can trust my daughters without a fear. That he is to be their escort is the only palliating circumstance in the case."

"Oh, I've nothing against him," replied Mrs. C., "only—" and the unfinished sentence left a world of meaning unexpressed. "But, as you say, my dear, it is very foolish for the girls to be running about when there is so much useful employment for them at home."

"I'm not so sure of that," replied he. "Young people need rest and recreation, and my daughters shall not be cooped up at home while others of their age are enjoying themselves, and they shall go in spite of your objections"—with a triumphant look at Mrs. C.

"Oh, if you insist upon it, I suppose they must go," said Mrs. Chester, hastily suppressing a dimple which threatened to appear in her cheek; "but they've nothing fit to wear, and we can not afford them new suits."

"Please don't decide the matter so hastily, madam," replied Mr. Chester, blandly, persuaded that he was annoying Mrs. C. "What kind of dresses do you need, Jennie?"

"Oh, buff linen would be just the thing," replied Jennie. "Mary and Lute Martin have got the loveliest suits off a piece at Durea's; but then we *can* wear our old muslins," she added, regretfully.

"And you *must!*" said Mrs. Chester, decidedly. "The suits would cost at least twenty dollars made up, and we can not afford it."

"Allow *me* to become the judge of that, will you, Mrs. Chester?" replied her spouse, serenely. "I want my girls to look as well as others in their position, and I consider myself best qualified to regulate the family expenses;" and taking out his pocket-book, he counted out the required sum—an amount which heretofore had only been granted after a long siege of teasing, pouts, and tears.

Mr. Chester, now in a remarkably good humor, finished his dinner without discovering that the butter was too salt or the pudding too fresh—an oversight duly commented on in Mrs. C.'s soliloquy, as in her chamber she reviewed this, the first trial of her new system of reformation.

The next day at dinner Mr. Chester's face assumed its usual expression before a storm, and as he carved the turkey, with his nose upturned, the vial of his wrath was opened. "Onions again, after my repeated requests that the dressing be seasoned without it; but that is all the respect to my wishes I meet in *this* house."

"Bridget," cried Mrs. C., "bring a dish and spoon immediately, and remove all the dressing from the turkey."

Bridget came, and while she obeyed the order, her mistress continued: "I'm sure I have given my orders forcibly enough to be obeyed, and if this occurs again, I can not—"

"Don't scold the servants, madam," interrupted Mr. Chester. "A little judicious oversight from you would soon correct these mistakes."

Bridget removed the last morsel, and, as she was leaving the room, muttered audibly, "An' there's not a bit of onion so big as a fly's eye in the whole dinner. Mayhap ye've got an onion up yer pryin' ould nose, that ye smill the odor so plainly."

"Does she tell the truth?" asked Mr. C., ignoring the last clause of the offended Biddy's remarks.

"I suppose she does," replied Mrs. Chester: "at least my careful supervision of its concoction failed to reveal any."

"Why didn't you tell me so, then?" inquired he, beginning to look sheepish.

"Why, you said there was, and it was not for me to dispute you," replied Mrs. Chester, with a lamb-like look of submission. "It's a wife's duty to believe what her husband says, even if she *knows* it isn't so; but you can tell Bridget to bring it back."

"Indade and small good it would do yez," said that worthy, entering at the moment, "for it's lying at the bottom of the waste-pail, it is, this blissed minute."

The conversation flagged perceptibly after this scene, and Mr. Chester munched his dinner in silence; and though he could but acknowledge that he had been cleverly punished, he felt like blaming every one but himself for the loss of the best part of his dinner.

At tea-time, company being present, Mr. Chester strove to look on the bright side of things, and appear particularly amiable, but Mrs. Chester scolded the servants and reproved the girls in a manner which greatly astonished Mr. Robert. Toward the last of the meal he ventured to remark, as he helped himself to a slice of cake, "I think, Mrs. Chester, this cake is not *quite* done. I see a slight soggy streak in it."

"Oh, that *stupid* cook!" ejaculated Mrs. C., spitefully, as she took the plate and rang for Bridget, who soon appeared. "Put your piece back, dear," said she to Mr. Chester, who complied rather than risk a scene, for she was evidently in no mood to be trifled with. "And now take this stuff to the pantry, and bring me the plate in the right-hand corner, third shelf."

"Third shelf, mum?" inquired Bridget.

"Third shelf, I said," replied Mrs. Chester, severely. "I know what you were going to say, my dear," she continued, sweetly, to Mr. Chester, who was about to make a remonstrance, "but we can not endanger our lives eating uncooked food.—Ah, yes, that is the one," said she, as Bridget reappeared; and Mr. Chester beheld with horror a plate of dry gingerbread in the place of his favorite "white mountain."

By the merriment in the parlor after Mr. Chester had gone down town, we are certain that an explanation ensued; and in his counting-house Mr. C. pondered the matter seriously, and came home fully resolved to administer a husbandly reproof to his wife; but on his arrival Mrs. Robert was snugly tucked up in bed, and, apparently, in no condition to appreciate his eloquence, as she snored most naturally and melodiously before he reached the secondly of his discourse.

Six months after, Mrs. Chester and the girls were seated in the parlor, busily engaged with their work, when Mrs. Chester observed, "It affects my conscience wofully at times to think how I have deceived your father, and acted a double part."

"But, dear mother," replied Lizzie, the youngest daughter, "never was acting productive of more good. With a few more trials of your reform system, father will become a model husband and father. But I wonder if he never suspects that you are not the tyrannical wife and mother you appear?"

"Indeed, I do not think he has a suspicion," said Mrs. Chester, with a sigh; "but I shall be so happy when I can lay aside the mask, and be my natural self again."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Lizzie. "I could hardly keep the secret the day you reproved us so fiercely for wearing trains, and half a dozen things father was just aching to scold us about, if you hadn't taken the words out of his mouth, and run on so glibly that finally, in very desperation, he took our part and defended us so bravely."

"He never thinks of finding fault with the culinary arrangements *now*," said Jennie, "for fear of seeing his dinner vanish bodily; and it is such a relief!"

"The last time he ventured to be agreeable in that direction," replied Lizzie, "was the day we had those splendid warm biscuit for tea that he is so fond of, and he found a bit of soda half as big as a pin-head in his first one, and commenced in his old strain."

"If I remember rightly, the unfortunate biscuit went flying out of the basement window before he could collect his wits and recall the remark," said Jennie, laughing heartily at the recollection; "and he was forced to make out a meal with stale bread, which he detests."

Dropping in a few months later, we find that Mr. Chester has been ill, and now sits propped up in his arm-chair watching his little wife as she flits about in the performance of her various duties. "Do you know," he suddenly exclaimed, "that you have seemed more like your olden self for the last week than at any time since the first of our married life?"

"Have I not seemed natural to you all the time, Robert?" replied Mrs. C., kneeling by his side.

"N-n-no, not really," stammered Mr. Chester.

"Did you think that I was acting my real self when I scolded you and the girls, and made myself a nuisance generally?" asked Mrs. Robert, earnestly, laying her hand on his arm.

"Why, yes—I supposed so, of course," replied Mr. C., a new idea seeming to strike him. "You don't mean to say that you have been acting a part all this time?" he exclaimed, lifting his wife's face and looking earnestly in her eyes.

"I mean to say, dear husband, that I came to your home, and found that you made yourself and family unhappy by a habit of constant fault-finding, which too often merged into harshness toward your children and me, and I have only striven to show you the same faults in myself, hoping that, when you saw me as others saw you, you would recognize the likeness, and abandon the habits I imitated."

"And this is the meaning of dry gingerbread for company, and divers like experiences?" said he, soberly.

"Yes, Robert," answered the little wife, tearfully. "Will you forgive me for deceiving you?"

But Mr. Chester was evidently busily reviewing the past; and after a long silence he took the plump little hand in his, as he said, with much feeling, "Will you forgive me, dear wife, for giving you occasion to use such deception?" And as he read his answer in her eyes, he continued, "God helping me, I will profit by the lesson, and finish the good work you have begun."

A year has passed, and Mr. Chester has not been forgetful of his promise; but if at any time he returns to his old habits, Mrs. Robert has only to say, "Bridget," in peremptory tones, and he recovers his lost ground immediately.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The *Alabama* Claims and Lord Ripon.—Education among the Aristocracy.—The Attorney-General's Accident.—The mysterious Disappearance of Mr. Bauer.

THE *Alabama* question is now the one absorbing topic. It will be very difficult to explain to you the general feeling of this country with respect to it without offense, and yet, most assuredly, no offense is intended by any party, strong enough to be called so, among us. To say that the idea of "indirect damage" being charged for never entered into the public mind is less than the truth. It never entered, so far as I know, into the private mind. If the Commissioners themselves were informed of it when in the United States, they clean forgot it during the voyage home; it was blown out of their brains by the sou'westers. Of course there are some mischievous persons who say we have been overreached. That is not the right term, of course, but it is certain that we have been outmanœuvred in diplomacy, and I can tell you why. We are still—whatever you may hear to the contrary—an aristocratically governed people. Men are here born to greatness more often than they achieve it. We have even coined a phrase to excuse our nobility when they are manifestly incompetent for some important post that has been thrust upon them. Should they show direful ignorance in spelling, good manners (for that is not a natural attribute with them), or arithmetic, we have a satisfactory explanation to offer: "Well," we say, "he may not be this, that, or the other" (all of which his position demands of him), "but he has a great deal of 'administrative talent.'" Now the English Commissioners, deputed to settle with yours one of the most important questions of modern times, consisted mainly of this class of persons. So great was Gladstone's love of lords that he must needs select one of them (notwithstanding that the nobleman in question had already proved his incapacity as a public man) as the chief of this legation. But why Lord Ripon? you will ask. I will tell you. At our general elections it is usual at the Reform and Carlton clubs, the head-quarters of our respective political parties, to make a whip—send round the hat, in short—toward defraying the expenses of the various Whig or Tory candidates for Parliament. At the last election his lordship put the largest contribution (it is said £10,000) into the hat; and in acknowledgment of his generosity the Premier, who would probably, however, have chosen some noble swell without much reference to his wits, at all events, selected him as Chief Commissioner. What goes to prove that Gladstone, at least, must have been ignorant of the existence of these "indirect claims" is that he absolutely made Lord Ripon a marquis on his return home, in recognition of his able services—a thing which even the Premier durst not have done had he been aware what had been the result of his mission. Well, we pitted this titled nincompoop, a baronet of second-rate abilities, and an Oxford professor—doubtless well up in international law, but not accustomed to deal with clever men of the world—against some of your best intellects, men who have made their own way in life, and to whom statesmanship is something more than a mere means of passing away time. Was it wonderful that you outwitted us, and sent these amiable diplomatists home without the slightest idea of the extent of the obligations to which they had committed themselves? What many contend, however, is that no man merely foolish, and not downright idiotic, could have come away with such a false impression if the matter had been set before them in a straightforward manner. Lord Ripon has been made a marquis—a fact, I repeat, that is incompatible with his having any knowledge of the claim for indirect damage, though by no means incompatible with his having been made a fool of; but he will never be known by any other title among us than Lord Ripon of Washington. In America you see only our "traveled thanes," that portion of our titled classes who have some tastes beyond hunting and pigeon-shooting, and may consequently have formed a higher opinion of their intelligence than they deserve; it is only their fellow-countrymen, who are acquainted with their—well, their "administrative talents," that know what they are. Flattered from their cradles, and with no incentive to study (since they are born with all man ordinarily desires even to honor), it is only a few of them who can boast of sufficient learning to matriculate at the university. At Trinity College, Cambridge, where they most do congregate, there is an examination of all under-graduates yearly, according to the result of which the young gentlemen are arranged in classes from one to eight. There is, however, a ninth class, which has no number, but is headed *not worthy to be classed;* and until he gets to that the reader of the Trinity list would be under the impression that the college scarcely boasted of a title. The ninth class, however, glitters with noble names, like a page out of Debrett or Burke, and from it, in after-years, are chosen the men to fill our chief political situations. It was not without truth as well as wit that when our Mr. Clay, the whist-player, proposed among the "fancy franchises" an educational test, it was replied that that would be an ultra-democratic measure indeed, since it would exclude the aristocracy.

Talking of wit, Mr. Hawkins, Q.C., has sup-

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plied some excellent jokes to the already ten-days-long oration of the Attorney-General upon the Tichborne case, which would otherwise have grown wearisome enough. The latter gentleman succeeded to his office from that of Solicitor-General through Sir Robert Collier's elevation to a higher sphere; and venturing the other day to make some strong remarks as "head of the bar of England" upon the opposing counsel, he was met with the contemptuous rejoinder that he was only in that position by accident. "Yes," whispered his too familiar friend, who had hitherto reserved his jokes for his own side, "and by a *Colliery* accident."

Whether the "Very Extraordinary Story," as the *Times* sensationally heads it, of the disappearance of Mr. Bauer shall turn out to be merely the vagaries of a lunatic, or the mysterious vengeance of a secret society, is still doubtful. I hesitate to give you my own opinion on the subject, because I once formed a most ingenious and subtle theory upon a similar case (that of the "absquatulation" of the Rev. Mr. Speke), which turned out to be wholly wrong—a great contribution to psychological inquiry wasted; and I never shall forget (after the true explanation appeared, but not before) my sense of obligation to the editor of the leading journal, who declined to print it. One would naturally like to believe that in a metropolis such as ours, which boasts of no more mysterious societies than that of the Odd-fellows or Foresters, a secret council sits in permanence, according death to persons who are about to marry without their consent, for *that* is supposed to be Mr. Bauer's crime; but there is something about his letter, supposed to have been written on the eve of certain death, which makes me a little incredulous. "My luggage has already been destroyed, I believe; for they will make short work about me." It strikes me as unnatural that a man who is really on the point of being put to death should write about the contents of his portmanteau. Again, the mysterious inclosure says, "Our safety forbids us to send you" (that is, the supposed dead man's employer) "your property—to wit, some papers, which have been burned." The solicitude of murderer and murdered respecting luggage is certainly remarkable, and would do honor to the manager of the traffic department on any railway. Then, on the other hand, what a really striking signature is that of the supposed murderers, "A Sufficient Number!" It has a certain "creepy-crawly" effect, the production of which upon the human mind any sensation novelist might envy. "We are not numerous," it seems to say; "we do not pretend to cope with the armies of tyrants, or even with your Metropolitan Police; but for all practical purposes, such as wiping out a dangerous enemy, or making an end of a disloyal member of our confederation—and that without fear of discovery—we are a Sufficient Number." Your correspondent being constitutionally nervous, you will perhaps excuse him from pursuing this subject further.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

SABRES AND SKIRTS.

A SHORT time ago, while conversing with a prominent general of the United States cavalry, he asked how it was that women could wear for a lifetime all their clothing suspended from the waist, while the soldiers could not endure the weight of a sabre, even for a few days, when it was attached simply to a belt, although the sabre is less in weight than the bulk of women's skirts. And he gave it as his experience that a sabre carried in that way at first seemed only a trifling matter, but in a few days it caused an unendurable fatigue, seemed to take the very life out of them, and produced permanent disease at a most rapid rate. He also stated that it was because serious injuries followed so rapidly that straps were ordered to be attached to the belt so that the weight could be borne by the shoulders.

Similar testimony as to the inability of men to endure any weight or pressure at the waist is given by many surgeons who served during the late war. One, who had much experience among the Zouaves, stated that when they first entered the service some portion of their accoutrements were worn attached to a belt simply; but so rapidly was a permanent and distressing injury produced, and so many were the strong men thus lost to the army, that they too were obliged to obviate the difficulty by attaching straps to the belt.

Now among modern civilized nations men are physically the strongest, and soldiers are picked men, as those that have any defect are not admitted into the army; and yet it is the accepted testimony that the strongest of the race can not endure any pressure at the waist. Yet women wear it for a lifetime, and if any one doubts that they suffer equally disastrous results he has only to accept the testimony of those considered indisputable authority, and also to make what observations and inquiries he can for himself.

There is evidently some cause at work that makes woman's period of vigor a short one. All know that in modern civilized nations, as a rule, women fade sooner than men, and this is always assigned as a reason why women should marry men older than themselves. Statistics show that as many women live to grow old as men; that they fade sooner is sufficiently accounted for by this pressure at the waist, without any other cause whatever.

The serious results produced by it are, first, loss of the *bloom* of health; then of the feeling of vigor; then comes the weak back, which is simply debility of the muscles that surround the body and serve to maintain its erect position; and then follows permanent disease. Few are the women not in some one of these stages. Nor is it possible to avoid all these evil consequences by observing other laws of health, or by any amount of out-door life.

Walking, the most healthful exercise, is injurious with any weight at the waist. That is why a woman usually returns from a walk fatigued instead of refreshed, "and sickens with the very means of health."

The natural dread of looking faded and old should induce women to avoid as much of this weight as possible. Though with woman's dress it can not be entirely laid aside, there are various little ways by which it can be very materially lessened, and just in the proportion that it is lessened will the freshness of youth be retained.

These various ways do not consist of any peculiar costume. It is human nature to aim at beauty in dress, even at the expense of health and long life, and this beauty is chiefly what we are accustomed to, for who so grotesque as one arrayed in peculiar or obsolete styles? Therefore all who do not court notoriety dress *à la mode*. But in two persons arrayed equally in the height of the fashion there may be a difference of many pounds in the weight suspended at the waist. And it is as to the manner of avoiding these superfluous pounds that a few practical directions will be given, relating chiefly to the making of dresses.

First, do not weigh the skirt down with linings. There is no end to the dresses one sees overloaded in this way, and that, too, without any discrimination as to whether the material is heavy or light. The skirt will be lined throughout with paper-muslin, then with wigging to the depth of one-third of the skirt, then there will be a narrow facing besides. Now almost all this can be dispensed with, wigging from a quarter to half a yard in depth alone being all-sufficient. This change will not only be no detriment, but a decided gain in the appearance of the skirt, as, not being dragged down by its own weight, it will stand out more gracefully. Also all linings of flounces, ruffles, and bands used in trimming can be omitted. Though much used, they are not necessary, and it is very seldom the dress will not look just as well without them.

These changes will save the labor of the dress-maker and the strength of the wearer, for the absence of all these linings makes more difference in the weight than one would suppose.

Besides this actual lightening of the material, there is another point that can hardly have too much stress laid upon it. The skirt of the dress should invariably be firmly attached to the waist. This places the weight on the shoulders, and prevents the incalculable evils that otherwise result. A good work would be accomplished if women could be induced to follow this one suggestion only; for this is an ounce of prevention that is worth more than many pounds of cure. The skirt and panier, instead of being made open behind, can be made open in front, the first seam to the left, and then both can be firmly tacked to the basque. In the same manner the skirt can be attached to the polonaise.

These few directions can be easily followed, and will not interfere with any fashion, and by attending to them dress-makers can prove themselves the best physicians.

For persons already sensitive to the weight of their clothing the lighter fabrics should be selected, and the less elaborate styles of trimming.

One should also take heed to the number and kind of muslin skirts worn. Heavy muslins should never be used for this purpose, the lighter ones being much more comfortable. And as the least weight possible is desirable in walking, the plainer skirts should be worn, and not the heavier flounced ones. Leave those for house wear exclusively.

Now, if these few simple directions for lightening the load—a little here, and a little there—seem inadequate, remember the Scotch proverb, "Many a little makes a muckle," and also that it was only proposed to mention those that would not interfere in the least with the prevailing styles; and remember, too, that as it was the last *feather* that broke the camel's back, so many a woman may be saved if she observes these little precautions.

PEONIES.

THESE plants are not at present very fashionable in this country, and our nurserymen and florists do not, therefore, pay much attention to importing the new varieties originated of late years in Europe, more particularly in France and Belgium, where great attention is given to their cultivation, as they are a favorite plant for ornamenting lawns and shrubberies, in which they have a grand and imposing effect. Their cultivation is very simple and easy, as all they require is a rich loamy or clayey soil; in sandy soils they do not succeed so well. With the exception of the tree peony, they are perfectly hardy, and that with its varieties is hardy in the latitude of New York; but north of that it requires protection by strawing it up during the winter season.

There are five species of herbaceous peonies which produce double-flowers; these we proceed to notice.

Pæonia tenuifolia.—This species grows about sixteen or eighteen inches high, the leaves are most delicately cut, resembling fennel leaves; the flower, of the double variety, is of a deep crimson color, the outer petals shell-like, not reflexed, but turning in toward the centre of the flower. It is a very beautiful variety, entirely free from the coarse appearance which some persons see in these plants. It should be in every flower border, as it blooms early—that is, in April and May.

Pæonia officinalis.—This is the old well-known peony of our grandmothers' gardens, and well merits a place in those of the present day. There are six double-flowered varieties, viz., the double scarlet, the double purple, or anemone-flowered, the double rose-colored, the double striped, the double flesh-colored, and the double white. Some hybrid varieties, with double-flowers, have also been produced by crossing or hybridizing it with other species. They all bloom in May and June.

Pæonia paradoxa.—This is the Rose de Sérani of the French; generally the flowers of this species are smaller than the preceding species, and are very curious, the outside or guard petals are recurved, and the centre ones are tongue-shaped, frizzled, or crisped, recurving toward the centre, resembling tufts of fringe. This species and its varieties are readily distinguished from the preceding by their glaucescent foliage. They bloom in May. For a selection of six distinct varieties we would name: *Amarantescens sphærica*, a large amaranth-colored flower; *Erigone*, dark crimson, centre petals delicately cut; *Proserpine*, exterior petals violet-red, those of the interior short, ligulate, recurved, and of a dark brown color; *Pulchella plena*, petals fimbriated, intermixed with some that are entire—color, violet-red; *La Brilliante* has large cherry-red petals; *Anemoniflora elegans*, exterior petals large, cup-shaped, the centre ones ligulate—color, delicate rose.

Pæonia humilis.—There is only one double variety of this species; the outer petals are large, the inner ones small and very numerous—color, violet-red: a pretty and curious plant, blooming in May.

Pæonia albiflora.—This is the well-known Chinese peony, of which the three original double-flowered varieties were *P. humei*, with very large purplish rose colored flowers, blooming very late; *P. fragrans*, violet rose colored, and very fragrant; and *P. whitleji*, white, with the centre tinged with yellow, and sweet-scented. These three varieties still retain their place in all collections, notwithstanding the great number of new varieties which have been originated by cultivators. So numerous and distinct are these varieties that it is difficult to select nine of them to add to the above three to make a collection of twelve choice varieties. We, however, recommend the following: *Amabilis grandiflora*, outside petals flesh-colored, inner petals delicate straw-colored; *Buyckii*, outside petals recurved and rose-colored, the inner petals salmon-colored; *Chrysanthemiflora*, outside petals light straw-color, interior petals somewhat deeper in color; *Festiva maxima*, globular in form, very large, pure white, the inner petals sometimes edged with carmine, fragrant; *Louis Van Houtte*, compact form—color, bright violet-red; *Modeste-Guerin*, globular form, very large—color, bright rose; *Queen's perfection*, flowers of extra size, having the appearance of one flower within the other—color, pale blush; *Rubra triumphans*, color, bright crimson-purple—fragrant; *Victoria tricolor*, exterior petals pale rose, centre petals pale straw-color, here and there tipped or splashed with carmine. These varieties bloom in June and July.

Pæonia moutan, or the tree peony, grows as a small shrub three to four feet high, and is one of the most beautiful of shrubs, to be grown singly or in groups of three or five together, on a lawn. They should never be crowded in with other shrubs of larger growth, as then the symmetrical form which they otherwise assume is destroyed. North of New York city they should be protected from the severity of the winter by being strawed up, or by other similar protection. The varieties are quite numerous, but unfortunately some of them are not very vigorous growers. We therefore, in selecting six varieties, have reference to this, and recommend such as are of robust growth. *Banksii*, an old variety that still retains its place; exterior petals rosy blush, centre ones violet-purple. *Arethusa*, light rose, shaded with purple; a very large flower—fragrant. *Alba variegata*, outside potals blush white, interior ones shaded with purple. *Gumpperii*, bright rosy pink; flowers of large size. *Kochlerii*, large flowers of a dark rose-color. *Schultzii*, a finely shaped flower, carmine shaded with rosy lilac, fragrant.

While peonies can be removed or transplanted without much risk, yet it is desirable to let them remain undisturbed as long as possible, manuring the soil around them every autumn. If disturbed they do not bloom well, and the flowers are small and not fully double; but if allowed to remain undisturbed they get stronger every year, and flower very freely, producing flowers of immense size.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CURING BEEF OR PORK.—If the meat is nice, this recipe can not fail. We have never known any one dissatisfied with its results who had tried it. For pickling one hundred-weight of beef, pork, or hams, take six gallons of water, nine pounds of salt (half coarse, half fine), three pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, three ounces of saltpetre, one ounce of potash. Put the above ingredients into a clean pot or kettle, and let it boil, being careful to take off the scum as it rises to the surface. When the scum ceases to rise, take the liquor off, and let it stand until it is *cold*. Have your meat previously salted for three or four days, to draw out the blood. Remove it to a clean vessel, and pour on it the cold brine.

MRS. POYSER'S STUFFED CHINE.—Prepare a nice stuffing of light bread crumbs, seasoned to the taste with sage, salt, black pepper, and a dash of Cayenne. Select the large, broad end of the chine and the most fleshy side, gash it well all over, pressing within as much of the stuffing as possible, and then covering the top with what is left. Place it in your stove-pan or oven, as the case may be, with a pint of water. Dredge with browned flour, and bake. Serve up without gravy. To cook in this way, the chine must be fresh, not salted. This is a most appetizing dish, hot or cold, but especially good cold, eaten as a relish for hot biscuits for tea or supper during the winter season.

In broiling steaks or fish the dripping fat is very apt to blaze up and smoke the meat; this can be remedied by sprinkling a small portion of salt on the coals.

(Continued from No. 11, page 191.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

"THE TRUE TITIAN COLOR."

HE went by the meadow path to which he had been directed, hugging the hedges, which grew high above him, rich in honeysuckle and dog-roses, fox-gloves and fern. A delicious walk. He had no sense of loneliness; forgot all about Augusta Vallory and Acropolis Square; forgot to dream his ambitious dreams of future success; forgot every thing but the perfumed air about him, and the cloudless blue sky above his head. He had nearly two miles to walk, but to this tired dweller in cities it was like a walk in Paradise. Though he had not very long been released from the regimen of a sick-room, he felt no fatigue or weakness, and was almost sorry when a turnstile let him out of the last meadow on to a little hilly common, in the midst of which stood Kingsbury church—an unpretending building with trees about it.

The service was conducted in a quiet, old-fashioned manner. That ancient institution, the clerk, was in full force; the number of the hymn to be sung was put up in white movable figures on a little blackboard for the convenience of the congregation. The sermon was a friendly, familiar discourse, practical to the last degree, brightened by homely touches of humor now and then; a sermon which might fairly be supposed to come home to the hearts and minds of a simple rustic congregation.

While the hymns were being sung Mr. Walgrave looked about him. He had taken his place at the end of the church, near the door, in the shadow of the little gallery, and could see every thing without making himself conspicuous.

Yes, there was the Titianesque head of hair; he recognized it in a moment, though he had only caught that brief glimpse through the parlor window. A girl stood in one of the high pews about half-way down the centre aisle; a tall, slender figure, in a lavender muslin dress and a straw bonnet, under which appeared a mass of red-brown hair. He had no opportunity of seeing her face during the service.

"I dare say she has the complexion that usually accompanies that colored hair," he said to himself—"a sickly white, pepper-castered with freckles. But if one dared guess by the turn of a woman's head, and that great knot of glorious hair, one might imagine her pretty."

One did imagine her pretty; or at least one was curiously eager to discover the fact. When the sermon was over, Mr. Walgrave contrived his departure so as to leave the church side by side with Grace Redmayne. He saw her glance shyly at him, evidently aware of his identity.

She was very pretty. That sweet, fair face, which was actually by no means perfect, impressed him with a sense of perfect beauty. It was so different from—from other faces he knew, had such a tender softness and womanliness. "A face to make a fool of a strong man," he thought. "Happily I was never in love in my life, and have a convenient knack of admiring beauty in the abstract. If I were a painter, I should be rabid to have that girl upon canvas," he said to himself. "What a Gretchen she would make!"

He walked at a respectful distance from her as they crossed the common, but ventured to overtake her at the turnstile.

"Miss Redmayne, I think," he said, smiling, as he fell back to let her pass into the meadow.

"Yes," she replied, with a little timid inclination of the graceful head, and blushing vividly.

This was quite introduction enough for Mr. Walgrave.

"I have been to hear your worthy rector: really a charming old man—such a relief after the people I have to listen to in town! And your church is a delightfully rustic old place. The benches are rather hard, and your charity children make a somewhat objectionable noise with their boots. If they could be put away in an upper loft somewhere, like Eutychus, only warranted *not* to fall down, it would be better."

Miss Redmayne smiled, yet felt a little angry with him for what she considered a sneer at Kingsbury church. It seemed as if he looked down upon all her surroundings from some inaccessible height which he occupied ever so remote from her. The notion was a foolish one, no doubt, but it pained her.

He went on talking of the church, the sermon, the children, and anon began to question his companion about Kingsbury and the neighborhood—what scenes and places round about were best worth seeing, what walks he ought to take; and so beguiled the way by this converse that the Sunday afternoon journey home, which Grace was apt to consider rather a weary business, seemed shortened.

She told him about Sir Francis Clevedon's place.

"You will go to see Clevedon, of course," she said. "It is not a show place—not shown to strangers, that is to say; but as you know Mr. Wort, you would have no difficulty about seeing it."

"I have seen it—once," he answered, rather absently; "but I wouldn't mind going over it again. A fine old house, with noble surroundings. Rather a pity that it should go to ruin, isn't it?"

"I think it will be restored soon," Grace answered, hopefully; and then went on to tell the stranger all about Sir Francis Clevedon, and the probability that his kinswoman's timely demise would place him in a position to occupy the old house.

Mr. Walgrave listened with so moody a brow that Grace stopped suddenly by-and-by, wounded to think that her talk had wearied him. He

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was not even conscious of the stoppage, but walked on for some minutes lost in thought, until, awakening all at once from his reverie, he turned to her abruptly, and began some new subject, talking to her of the farm, her aunt and uncle, her cousins, her singing.

"I hope I didn't disturb you," she said, when he paid her some compliment about "Kathleen Mavourneen." "I am very fond of music, and it is my only amusement; but if I thought it disturbed you—"

"I beg to be disturbed like that every evening, though I don't suppose it will materially advance my legal studies. And so you are fond of music? Of course I knew that, after hearing you play and sing: there is a touch and a tone that can only come from the soul—not to be taught by a music-mistress, teach she never so wisely. Were you ever in London?"

"Never," answered Grace, with a sigh.

"Then you have never been to the Italian opera, nor to any of those concerts which abound in London. That is a loss for any one so fond of music as you are."

He thought of all the loss in this girl's life—a life destined to go on to the end, perhaps, buried among green fields and farm-yards. Here was a waste of rare flower-like beauty and a sensitive, sympathetic nature!

"Poor little thing!" he said to himself, compassionately; "she ought to have been born the daughter of a gentleman. It seems a hard thing for such a sweet flower to be thrown away. She will marry some great hulking farmer, no doubt—one of those raw-bred lads who carried my portmanteau up stairs, most likely; marry him and be happy ever after, not dreaming of having missed a brighter life."

They walked on by the high tangled hedge in its glory of honeysuckle and wild roses. The barrister felt the very atmosphere a delight after London, and "society," and hard work, and the thralldom of a sick-room.

"It is a very sweet world we are born into, after all," he said, "if we only knew how to make the most of it."

His own particular idea of making the most of life hitherto had been to bring himself to the very edge of the grave by dint of sheer hard work—work that had for its motive power only a selfish solitary man's ambition to push a little way in advance of his fellows. To-day, amidst this fair rural landscape, which in its tender pastoral character was more familiar to him on the canvas of Creswick or Linnel than in actual fact, he began to feel almost doubtful as to the soundness of his views, to meditate even whether it might not be better to take life easily, let Fortune come to him at her own time, and take his fill of honeysuckle and dog-roses—honeysuckle and dog-roses, and innocent girlish society like this, which seemed only an element of the pastoral landscape and the summer afternoon.

He found himself talking with unwonted animation presently—talking of himself, as a man is apt to do when his interlocutor is a trifle beneath him in status—talking pleasantly enough, but with a dash of egotism, of his solitary life in London chambers, his professional drudgery, and so on—with a little descriptive sketch of London society.

Very speedily he discovered that he was not talking to a beautiful inanity. The girl's bright face flashed back every gleam of brightness in his talk. She had a keen sense of humor, as well as of poetry, this country-bred lass; had read a great deal of light literature in the tranquil idleness of orchard and garden; had read her Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray, her Byron, Tennyson, Hood, and Longfellow, not once, but many times, and with a quick, appreciative mind.

"You remind me of Pendennis," she said, smiling, when Mr. Walgrave had described his bachelor life.

"Do I? I would rather remind you of some one better than that selfish, shallow young cynic. Warrington is the hero of that book. But I suppose a solitary man, working for his own advancement, always must seem selfish. If I had a flock of hungry children to toil for, now, you would think me quite a sublime character."

"I don't see why ambition should be selfish," Grace answered, shyly. "I respect a man for being ambitious, energetic, industrious, though I am so idle myself. There is my dear father, who has gone out to Australia to make a fortune: do you think I don't admire him for his courage, though it is such a grief to lose him?"

"Of course you admire him; but then he is working for *you*—he has a motive outside his own existence, and a very sweet one," added Mr. Walgrave, in a lower key.

"He is working as much for Brierwood as for me; more, indeed. He is so proud of his good old name, and the house and land that have belonged to the Redmaynes for nearly 300 years."

The stranger's face darkened a little.

"Yes," he said, moodily; "even in these philosophical days there are men who are proud of that kind of thing. 'What's in a name?' One man drags a time-honored title through the gutter, and squanders a splendid fortune in unmanly frivolities; another works like a slave to create for himself a name out of namelessness. Fools both, no doubt."

They were at Brierwood by this time, and parted at the garden gate in quite a ceremonious manner. It was almost an adventure for Grace. She felt her heart beating all the faster for it as she ran up stairs to her own sunny room, with lattice windows, and great beams across the ceiling—a room in which men and women had slept when James I. was king.

There was an odor of dinner in the house when she went down stairs presently, with a little cluster of red roses at her breast, and a carefully arranged collar. A duck made his last stage of existence unpleasantly obvious to those who were not going to eat him—his vulgar savoriness refined just a little by the perfume of a cherry tart. There was an unwonted bustle too, and Aunt Hannah was darting about the passages, flushed and snappish, superintending the movements of "the girl," who came along with her eyes fixed, and her breathing stertorous, and a dish grasped convulsively in her clumsy hands.

This Sunday afternoon tea-time was wont to be the very quietest hour in all the course of life at Brierwood. Uncle James dozing over his newspaper; Aunt Hannah dispensing the tea-cups, with an open Bible before her; the two young men crunching lettuces audibly, like rabbits, and consuming great wedges of bread-and-butter, afraid to talk much lest they should be accused of profaneness and Sabbath-breaking. How many such a summer Sunday afternoon Grace had endured, sitting by the open window, turning the leaves of her hymn-book idly, and looking at a stray flower shut in between the pages here and there, to mark the place of a favorite hymn: "Sun of my soul" and "Jerusalem the golden!" Not unhappy afternoons, only blank and empty, in which her soul had longed for the wings of some strong sea-bird, that she might fly across the world and join her father in his rough colonial life.

So to Grace Redmayne the little bustle attendant upon the stranger's dinner, even poor Sarah's scared face, and Aunt Hannah's snappishness were not unpleasant. This confusion was something out of the beaten track; she forgot that it was an affliction to have a lodger. Aunt Hannah came in to tea presently, grumbling at the ways of people who wanted their dinner when other people were thinking of their supper.

"I dare say Mr. Walgrave would dine early on Sunday if you asked him, aunt," Grace said, while Mrs. James was pouring out the tea. "He seems very good-natured."

"Stuff and nonsense, child! what do you know about his good nature? Seems, indeed! You've only seen him through a window: how can you tell what he seems?"

"I saw him this afternoon, coming home from church. He spoke to me, and walked with me a little, and he was very pleasant."

Mrs. James looked thoughtful, not to say displeased. She had Mr. Wort's warranty for the lodger's steadiness; nor was Mr. Walgrave in the first flush of youth, or distinguished by that debonair manner with which women are apt to associate the idea of danger. Still it would not do for him to be dancing attendance upon Richard Redmayne's daughter. No familiar acquaintance between those two could be permitted.

"How far did he walk with you, pray?" Mrs. James inquired, severely.

Grace blushed. It was the most foolish thing in the world, of course, since she had not the slightest cause for blushing; but to be taxed so sternly about such a trifle brought the hot blood into the fair young face.

"He overtook me at the stile, and came home through the fields."

"He walked all the way home with you, then. What do you mean by 'a little?'"

"I couldn't help his walking beside me, aunt, and talking a little, if he pleased. I couldn't be rude to him, when he was so respectful—just as if I had been a lady of his own rank."

"I don't know how your father would like your taking up with strangers," said Aunt Hannah.

"I don't know how my father would like your taking lodgers," answered Grace. And Mrs. James quailed for a moment with a guilty sense that, in her economic arrangement, she had taken a step which Richard Redmayne—as proud a man as ever trod that Kentish soil—would have considered an outrage upon his race.

"Come, come!" exclaimed Uncle James, "you two women are always squabbling. Where's the harm, if the lass gave a civil answer when the gentleman spoke to her? You wouldn't have her run away from him as if he was a dragon going to eat her. I like a girl that can speak up bold and frank. The gentleman's a gentleman; we've got John Wort's word for that; he wouldn't offer to bring any one here that wasn't."



"'MISS REDMAYNE, I THINK,' HE SAID, SMILING."

"He'd no call to follow Grace home from church," said Aunt Hannah, subdued but not silenced.

"He didn't follow me, aunt," cried Grace, indignantly; "what can put such notions into your head? He was at church and I was at church, and we had to come home the same way."

"Ah!" sighed the matron, "I suppose you know best; but you don't go to afternoon church next Sunday."

The object of this discussion came sauntering up to the open window presently, socially disposed, and began a friendly conversation with James Redmayne about the aspect of the country, and such homely matters as might be supposed to interest the agricultural mind. Grace drew back into a corner of the room, and opened her hymn-book; but though she did honestly try to read some of the sweet familiar verses, her ear was distracted by the languid voice of the stranger—a voice so unlike common Kentish voices.

It was the family custom to spend Sunday evening, and every idle evening, more or less in the garden; and of course the stranger's advent was not entirely to change the common course of things. James Redmayne took his pipe and tobacco-jar; the young men carried a table and chairs under the cedar; and presently they were all sitting there in the usual fashion, only with Mr. Walgrave hovering near them doubtfully, still talking agriculture with the farmer.

"Fetch Mr. Walgry a arm-chair, Charley," James said to his son; "perhaps he'd like to smoke his cigar among us, in a homely way."

"I should like nothing better," said Mr. Walgrave; "not an arm-chair, though, Charley; any chair. May I really smoke my cigar, Mrs. Redmayne? You won't object to an extra weed?"

Mrs. James glanced at the flower border, with some vague idea about groundsel and shepherd's-purse.

"Lord bless you!" exclaimed her husband; "she don't mind tobacker; she's used to it, like the eels. Sit down and make yourself at home; and if you ever drink any thing as vulgar as hollands-and-water, I can offer you the genuine article."

"Thanks; there is nothing better than hollands; but I have to preserve a strict regimen."

"You're in one of them blessed rifle corpses, I suppose," said Mr. James, to his niece's shame.

"I beg your pardon, no; I mean to say that I am allowed to take nothing stronger than sherry and soda-water."

"That's what I call cat-lap," remarked the farmer; and again Grace blushed. That Tunbridge Wells education of hers had made her sensitive about these trifles.

Mr. Walgrave took his seat among them, and lighted his cigar.

"I am very glad to make myself at home in your pleasant family circle," he said; "for, in spite of all that has been said about solitude in the midst of a crowd, and that kind of thing, I think a man who finds himself among green fields best knows the value of his fellow-man's society."

The sun went down behind a screen of lime and sycamore, and all the western sky changed from gold to crimson and from crimson to purple, while Mr. Walgrave sat smoking and talking under the old cedar; Grace was seated a little way off, on the other side of her cousin Charley's ponderous figure. Little by little the conversation drifted away from agriculture, and also from James Redmayne, who could not keep a very tight hold upon any discourse soaring above crops or markets, or humble local politics. Little by little the talk became entirely between Mr. Walgrave and Grace, the girl answering shyly now and then, and at intervals hazarding some timid utterance of her own thoughts.

It was Aunt Hannah's invariable practice to indulge herself with a nap on Sunday evening. On every other evening than Sunday she was brisk and active, vigilant and wakeful to the last, although on every other day she got through three times the amount of work. But the Sunday work, the church-going, and the best-bonnet wearing, the Bible-reading, and the general state and ceremony of the day, conduced to slumber, and it was as much as Aunt Hannah could do to keep her eyes open for half an hour after tea. To-night Mr. Walgrave's quiet talk, with intervals of silence every now and then, as he smoked his cigar meditatively, watching the transient glories of the sky, had a peculiarly soothing effect; and Mrs. James, who had intended to keep a sharp eye upon her niece and the lodger, slumbered sweetly, with her hard-working hands crossed upon her smart silk apron, and her cap ever and anon nodding gently.

They had it all to themselves, Grace and the stranger. Wandering alone in some primeval forest, they could scarcely have been more lonely.

Mr. Walgrave compared this evening with many other Sunday evenings which he had spent of late years, since he had begun to be a successful man—a man of some mark in his particular line: Sunday evenings with friends who were "at home" on that evening; Sunday evenings in the spacious drawing-rooms of Acropolis Square, enlivened by Bach and Handel; Sunday evenings in faster company at Richmond or Greenwich, with the same dinners, the same wines, the same kind of talk for ever and ever. How much pleasanter it was to sit under the cedar, in that rose-scented old garden, while Uncle James and Aunt Hannah snored peacefully, and a sweet girlish face looked at him out of the summer dusk! Man is by nature egotistical. It was pleasant to talk so freely of himself, and his own feelings and fancies, with an instinctive consciousness that he was admired and understood; to be the central figure in the group, and not one of a herd. He did not take the trouble to analyze his sensations just yet; but by-and-by, when the Redmayne family had wished him good-night and retired, carrying their belongings with them like a gypsy camp—by-and-by, in the summer silence, when he walked alone under the stars, smoking his final cigar, he told himself that he had never in his life been happier.

"Arcadian," he said to himself, "but soothing. I suppose, after all, that really is happiness—to rest from labor, to turn one's back upon this crowded world and all its complications and artificialities; to live one's own life for a little, without ulterior object of any kind. What a pretty girl that is! And so intelligent too; with a nature so much above her surroundings! A pity: some day she will find this farm-house life too narrow for her—the hulking farmer-husband too dull and uncouth."

He thought of Grace Redmayne a good deal, as he smoked that last meditative cigar—first, because she was really the only person worth thinking about at Brierwood; and secondly, because he had been surprised to find so bright a creature in such a place. He thought of her, and compared her with other women he had known, not at all to the advantage of those others. And later in the night he had strange dreams, in which Grace Redmayne's image appeared amidst the wildest confusion of places and circumstances—a sweet young face, lily-fair, a bright young head crowned with hedge-row flowers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WHO WILL MY HUSBAND BE?

WHO WILL MY HUSBAND BE?

THERE is no passion more universal among mankind than the desire to pierce the depths of the future, and know at a glance what time has in store for us. One phase of this passion is graphically depicted in our picture, which represents the interior of a cottage in Alsace—that land to which recent events have attached so strong an interest. Three pretty girls, in the picturesque costume of their country, are breathlessly solving that all-important problem, who their future husbands will be. To know this they have had recourse to the black-art, though their means of divination are simple enough. A wooden tub, filled with water, is placed on the floor; into this each damsel pours a spoonful of melted lead through the ring of a key, and reads her fate in the forms assumed by the cooling metal. If the mass is gnarled and misshapen, alas for her! he is sure to be some surly, crabbed churl, who will make her life miserable. If it is smooth and unmarked by any special feature, he will be an honest fellow, with whom she may expect fair sailing through life. But when the metal cools in those fanciful frosted shapes which lead is capable of assuming, in which the heated fancy can discern palaces of silver and glittering landscapes and fairy princes clad in sheen, then the fortunate damsel may look for a young Apollo, who will lay beauty and fortune at her feet, and make her envied by all her companions. When the magic metal holds such mysteries concealed, is it any wonder that the group should stand with bated breath as the hands of the clock approach the witching hour of midnight; while their aunt, who is skilled in deciphering the hieroglyphics, bends over the tub, and their mother leans against the door, an amused spectator of the scene? But this spell can not be wrought on any common night; and here, again, authorities disagree as to the true date. The mountaineers of Alsace insist that it is the eve of St. Matthias, the 24th of February, while the dwellers of the valley maintain the tradition that the spell, to be valid, must be tried on the vigil of St. Andrew, the 30th of November. In most parts of Germany

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the eve of St. Sylvester, the last night in the year, is held sacred to such enchantments; while in other places Midsummer-eve, the eve of St. John, and the eve of St. Mark are severally regarded as endowed with mystic virtues, and singularly favorable for reading the future. Faith is, in any case, the ingredient most needed, perhaps, to work the spell; but this faith is strong all over Alsace, where the tub of water is held as a sacred utensil, and is as much consulted as was the tub of Mesmer by the court ladies in the times of Louis XVI., while at the same time it is a useful household article. And however much we may smile at such superstitions, it may be well to remember that there is a vein of poetry and symbolism underlying them all, and that an intelligent knowledge of their origin might win indulgence for their degeneration into seeming absurdity.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. SCOTT.—Your check silk will make a pretty over dress, but it is not a Dolly Varden fabric, inasmuch as it is not of a chintz pattern.

MRS. H. S. H.—Steam your velvet, and draw the wrong side over a moderately hot iron.

FANNIE.—As corduroy is all cotton, it should be well washed in soap-suds, and stretched out smoothly to dry. It must not be ironed.

MRS. H. V. S.—Make your summer silk by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. White Victoria lawn and striped satin jean will be worn for walking suits.

A. B. F.—It is said striped barèges will be fashionable next summer.

QUERY.—Polonaises *are* worn in the house and for evening; but, every thing considered, the plain basque with apron over-skirt will be the most useful model for your black silk. The two skirts are convenient in summer to wear with white linen blouses or with dressy muslin sacques.

MRS. A. T. C.—Black grenadine will probably be more worn than at any previous season. It is a useful, becoming, and stylish dress.

R. H. L.—White muslins are almost the only material used for infants' clothes. For useful hints on the subject you should order *Bazar* No. 35, Vol. IV. It will be sent you from this office on receipt of ten cents.

TWENTY-THREE MILES OUT.—When you next go to town to buy worsteds, beads, etc., take with you the *Bazar* containing the picture and description of the article you intend to make, and if the people who keep the fancy store know their business they will tell you how much you will require. At least, they do this in New York stores.

MRS. J. A.—Thanks for your hint that an elastic cord slipped through the loop of a hair switch and passed around the head will lighten the weight of a heavy braid; but our correspondent wants to know how to lighten the color of her braid.—The French blouse extends underneath the belt of the dress skirt. Our plain-waist house dress pattern is about the same thing. A Watteau bow is one placed just below the back of the neck. The ends hang below the waist.

MRS. L. C. W.—Read answer above to "Query."

MRS. B. W. A.—Read reply to "Query." Gray cashmere would be pretty for you as light mourning, though black dresses with white neck-ties are quite as stylish.

RUTH.—Make your striped silk by Vest-Polonaise Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 52, Vol. V. Trim the brown silk with graduated ruffles to simulate a court train.

GRIEF.—We know of no better way for a very fickle person to become steady and persevering than for him to resolve to pursue a single aim, and to keep his resolution.

DISTRESS.—You will find the information you seek in a former *Bazar*.

G. A. C.—Our earnest advice to you is to let all lotteries and similar swindling devices alone. If you persist in investing in them you will deserve the inevitable reward—the loss of your money, and your self-respect with it.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—We have never heard of a key to "Charles Auchester," and such would be needed to answer all your questions concerning the identity of the characters represented with real personages. It is a morbid curiosity that seeks such counterparts for the creations of fiction.

ANTOINETTE.—A letter addressed to her Majesty Queen Victoria of England would have no difficulty, we think, in reaching her palace, there to be opened by one of her secretaries; and we doubt whether the superscription "Private" would save it from such fate. This would probably be also the case with the other letter you mention.

KITTIE KROOK.—Most of your queries are based on mere historical traditions, which we have not time to investigate. Thanks all the same for your kind appreciation of past favors.

A READER.—The Packer Institute is in Brooklyn.

ALMA HARDING.—We do not know any thing about the private history of Fanny Fern, nor should we feel at liberty to divulge it if we did. The public has no more right to intrude upon the confidence of a writer than a man has to pry into the business of his obscure neighbor.

M. A. G.—An unmarried lady should not address a gentleman as "*My* dear Sir," unless he is very old and she too. It should be "Dear Sir," or "Dear Mr."

A CONSTANT READER.—To give the dates of the births, marriages, and deaths of all the sovereigns you quote would transform our paper into something like a royal family record. You can find the information you desire in any good modern encyclopedia, to say nothing of many English almanacs.

F. E. P.—The *Bazars* needed to complete your volume will cost $2 62.

BLUE-STOCKING.—All MSS. should be addressed to Harper & Brothers, who will inform you as to their fate. We have not room to answer questions concerning them in this column, which is devoted to queries of general and not individual interest.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Any good French dictionary will give you the pronunciation of the words you quote.

MRS. C. H. B.—It is an evidence of good taste, if not of a great mind, to be concise in speech, to use terse Anglo-Saxon words, and to enunciate clearly and distinctly, without drawling.

NELL AND BESS.—A gentleman may call on a friend visiting the town where he lives without waiting for a special invitation from her hostess. If he has been invited to call, and has neglected to do so, a second invitation would be too pressing.

EMMA.—It is not the custom of any newspaper to vouch for the advertisements in its columns.

M. E. B.—Double skirts will *not* be done away with.

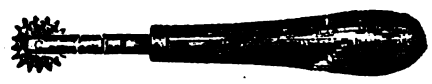
INQUIRER AND OTHERS.—Washington's birthday is *not* a legal holiday throughout the nation, never having been so declared by Congress; hence the United States courts, the departments, and public offices are open on that day. Several of the States have within the last few years, by special acts, declared it within their boundaries a legal holiday. Among them is the State of New York. Chapter 370 of the "Laws of 1870," being "an Act to amend an Act entitled 'An Act to designate the holidays to be observed in the acceptance and payment of bills of exchange and promissory notes,'" enacted that the first day of January, the *twenty-second day of February*, the fourth day of July, the twenty-fifth day of December, and any day appointed or recommended by the Governor of this State or the President of the United States as a day of fast or thanksgiving, "should, for the purposes in the title of the act designated," be treated and considered as is the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday; and when either of those days shall occur on Sunday, the following Monday shall be deemed a public holiday, etc. This makes the 22d of February a legal holiday in this State.

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LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	" 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	" 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with Pleated Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt	" 52

Vol. V.

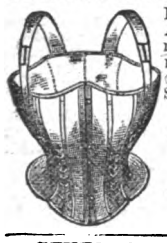
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FACETIÆ.

How is it possible to pick your teeth, when you have to take them as they come?

THE PLACE FOR A BOIL.—The last subject discussed by the Virgilian Debating Society was, "If you had to have a boil, where would you prefer to have it?" The unanimous decision of the members was, "On some other fellow."

A BOW IDEAL—Cupid's.

What's the difference between a cup of tea upset on a child's bed and sudden death?—One is spilled on the cot, the other is killed on the spot.

A LITTLE LOWER—A calf.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Mrs. Partington is anxious to know whether this Don Juan question between England and America has any thing to do with poor Lord Byron.

HARD TO PLEAS—Refusing to hear them.

There is no end of cats in the Isle of Man, because they have no tails.

When a little girl puts a night-cap on the kitten, does she do it on pur-puss?

Why is a mongrel always a deformity?—Because a part of it is cur-tailed.

Why are the French an anomalous race?—Because, in spite of their importunity, they can't import *unity*.

We are informed by a contemporary that "a clergyman and his servant narrowly escaped serious injury by a gas explosion at the parsonage on Sunday; both had their whiskers and eyebrows burned." We believe we may add that they have entered into a mutual agreement not to look for a leakage of gas with a lighted candle again. "In the event of an escape of gas," says an Irish friend of ours, "if you must go with a lighted candle, it is always best to send somebody else!"

A SINGING CLASS—Bull-finches.

LUCKY DAYS.

The day for this sort of weather—Some *Sun*-day.
The day for the county courts—*Sum-mon*-day.
The day to select a wife—A *Choose*-day.
The day to marry on—*Wed*-nesday.
The day to take your baby out—(O)-*f-a-ther's*-day.
The day for a quiet dinner at your club—When it's *Fry*-day.
The day to keep a civil tongue in your head if you happen to be at home—*Satire*-day.

A HARD CASE—An oyster's.

THE MOST ANNOYING THING OUT—The hip-joint.

HOBSON'S CHOICE.

ETHEL. "Isn't it sad, Arthur? There's the drawing-room cleared for a dance, and all the dolls ready to begin, only they've got no partners!"

ARTHUR. "Well, Ethel, there's the four gentlemen in my Noah's ark; but they don't look as if they cared very much about *dancing*, you know!"

A QUOD-WRANGLE—A row in jail.

AN UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

"A friend in need's a friend indeed!"
This really is great trash;
For I've a friend, and he's in need,
And always wanting cash.

Quakers are never sworn friends: they won't swear.

OUR BANE AND ANECDOTE ARE BOTH BEFORE US.—A theatrical man of experience was remarking to a friend how great an attraction a showy spectacle introducing real water had with the public. "Ah!" chimed in the other, "that's because people see so little 'real water' off the stage!"

Does it hurt a joke to *crack* it?

BRUTALLY TRUE.—What is near to every American's heart?—His stomach.

A BURST OF ELOQUENCE—An exploded idea.

"Mrs. Miffin," said a visitor, "Emma has your features, but I think she has got her father's hair."

"Oh, now I see!" said the dear little Emma; "it's because I have papa's hair that he has to wear a wig!"

HOW TO CONSUME TIME—Eat *dates*.

VERY MODEST.—The editor of a country paper, having received a bank-note detector, returns thanks, and modestly asks for some bank-notes upon which to test its accuracy.

LABOR IN VEIN—Working in a coal mine.

SENTENCED.—When we read the interminable sentences of some writers, we can not help thinking that their readers are in danger of being sentenced to death.

THE CHEAPEST WINE YOU CAN DRINK—The wine of other people.

HIGHLY IMPROPER.—A musical young lady says that a composer may very properly make overtures to any body. Very true, my dear young friend, and composers avail themselves of the privilege: often enough they make *overtures by scores*.



SCENE AT A LEAP-YEAR PARTY.

"HERE, MR. PRETTYMAN, AS YOU'RE GOING TO LEAD THE GERMAN TO-NIGHT, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING SUBSTANTIAL!"

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

[In accordance with the wishes of numerous correspondents, who say they have never met with any recipes like ours before, we give a little more space to cookery.]

Poor Man's Soup.—Take as much water as you like. Put it in a saucepan, if you have one. Flavor with the recollection of the taste of any kind of meat. Add salt and pepper to taste, provided you can get them. If not, it is better taste to go without them. You may, if you like, chop up any green stuff you have and add to the mixture, but some think this wasteful. If it is not convenient to boil it, it can be eaten cold. It is usually served up on a door-step, and eaten with the fingers. Some epicures obtain it ready-made from the pump, with a garnish of east wind.

Scotch Mutton Broth.—Procure a bag-pipe. Cut the bag into strips and boil them for a twelvemonth, more or less, until they become tender. Add a little Scotch barley, or oatmeal, but don't use *both*, or you destroy the national character of the dish. Serve in soup-plates with fiddle-pattern spoons.

Beef Tea.—Every body knows the ordinary beef tea, which is served up with cream and sugar. Our recipe will supply a cheap and strengthening beef tea, eminently suited for giving to the sick poor, and for other charitable purposes. Look about till you find some old beef bones. The neighborhood of a dog-kennel is not a bad place to search. Procure a one-cent ball of string; cut it into three-feet lengths; tie the bones to the end, and suspend them for an hour or so in a bucket of clear cold water. When all the nourishment has been absorbed from the bones, give the broth away. The bones will do quite as well again. If no bones are procurable, and you have beef in the house, hold it over the surface of the bucket until enough goodness is extracted from the meat.

Macedoine of Whelks.—Take of pounded sugar half a pound, ripe gooseberries one pint. Amalgamate gently in a mortar. Then boil a dozen large whelks, chop them up, shells and all, with onions and capsicums. Fry them over a slow fire, adding the sugar and gooseberries by degrees. Sprinkle with Cayenne pepper, and garnish with sippets dipped in neat's-foot oil. Then dig a hole in the garden, and bury the lot, and never go near it any more.

To Boil Whiting.—Take your fish. Put them in a saucepan with some water. Place the pot on the fire, and ask any friend to sit by it and tell you when it boils.

Bubble and Squeak.—Procure a copper stew-pan, the larger the better. Arrange with the nearest water-works for as much of their best as will fill the vessel. Make up a roaring fire, and set the stew-pan of water on it, and keep it there till it boils. That's the bubble. Next ask your husband or one of your children into the kitchen, and prevail on him or her to put the three first fingers of the right hand into the water. That will probably be the squeak. If it isn't, we give it up.

To Boil a Hand of Pork.—This is an absurdity. Every body knows that pigs have pettitoes, not hands. Pig's fry is a more sensible dish. For that you must get pigs and fry them, of course.

Economical Puff Paste.—Look out for a bill-sticker who is putting up posters for "The Great Dunce," or "The Unrivaled Snob," or any other lion comique. Procure a tin cup, and help yourself out of his can when he isn't looking. If you don't think this strictly moral, look about for an honest bill-sticker, who, having sold his bills as waste paper, is going to empty his paste down the nearest gully-hole. He will let you have some for a small consideration.

Rice Pudding without Eggs.—Make a rice pudding in the usual way, but don't put any eggs in it. There is no other way of doing it that we can see.

Rhubarb Tart.—Procure some rhubarb at the apothecary's. The powder form is preferable. Add a little white-wine vinegar. If that does not make it tart enough, throw in a little tartar. This is a wholesome diet for children in the early spring.

Bullock's Heart.—Procure a bullock. Take out the heart, and throw the rest away. Put the heart in a tin baking dish, and send it to the baker's. When it comes back you had better serve it as you did the rest.

A young lady need not be very hard up when she's *pouting* her lips.

A man who has had his leg broken by a patent flax-carder says that mash-shin-ery is the most appropriate name that could be given to the darned thing.

Rosambeau, a French actor of note, was once playing at Anjou, when the curtain rose to a single spectator. The actor stepped forward and addressed the audience:

"My dear Sir, did you come to see the play, or to see Rosambeau?"

"To see Rosambeau," was the prompt reply.

"Well, I am Rosambeau. Don't you think we shall enjoy the evening together much better at the neighboring café than if you compel me to play to you, who should be a man of wit, in a piece which is a poor one at best, and in which, contrary to my usual custom, I am only ordinary?"

"Certainly I do," replied the audience, "for I hurried my dinner to get here in season: we will go and finish it."

And they did.

A California politician says that the path of rectitude has been traveled so little in that State of late years that it has all run to grass.

CONVENIENT.—A lady, hearing the remark that the storm-signal was set, inquired what that meant; and being told that the Signal Department now watches the weather, and telegraphs in advance all over the country, replied, "Now isn't that convenient for washer-women!"

A genuine lion is sauntering around San José, California, and the citizens are keeping remarkably good hours.

A countryman in Savannah observed a gang of negroes at work in the streets, each wearing a ball and chain. He asked one why the ball was chained to his leg.

"To keep people from stealing it," said the darky. "Heap of thieves 'bout here."

TO CANNIBALS.—A missionary does not taste like dog, although he is frequently a black retriever.

A DOLLAR-OUS CASE FOR MEN OF CENTS—The *Alabama* case.

ALPHABETIC RIDDLES.

What letters do we like green?—P's.
What letter is most useful to cattle?—A.
What letter speaks for yourself?—I.
What letter smacks of honey?—B.
What letter suits sailors?—C.
What letter should drivers use?—G.
What letter is most refreshing?—T.
What are the above letters for?—U.

TO THE MINT AUTHORITIES.—If money makes money, is it liable to be indicted?

HEAVY READING—A ship's log.

The following is a genuine dialogue which occurred recently in one of the public schools of this city:

TEACHER TO SCHOLAR. "What gender is mouse?"

SCHOLAR. "Feminine."

TEACHER. "Please give the masculine gender."

SCHOLAR. "Rats."

During the war an Irish peasant, who was posted with a musket on duty, and had wandered a little out of his position, was accosted by an officer with, "What are you here for?"

"Faith, your honor," said Pat, with his accustomed grin of good humor, "they told me I am here for a century."

"Matilda, what animal comes down from the clouds?"

"The rain, dear—Augustus."

A case was being tried before a Presbytery not long ago, when the counsel for the defendant urged the plea of moral insanity. A venerable presbyter said:

"Mr. Moderator, this disease of moral insanity seems to me to be identical with what the older theologians, in their unscientific way, call *total depravity*."

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

A newspaper advertisement calls for a plain cook, able to dress a little boy five years old.

When a man has tried every thing and found it will not answer, let him go where there is an echo and try that.

Hudibras calls matrimony a perverse fever, beginning with heat and ending with frost.

Some one describes a philanthropist as a man who loves all mankind and neglects his own family.

While resident at the village of Box, in Wiltshire, Coleridge lodged at a grocer's, and discovered one day, to his dismay, that his room lay over a barrel of gunpowder. Expostulation with the owner of the house not prevailing to remove the dangerous article, Coleridge prepared to remove himself. The servant-maid, who venerated their eccentric guest, now entreated him to reconsider his determination.

"Do you think, Mary, I can sleep in a place where I am in momentary danger of blowing up?"

"I thought, Sir," said Mary, "that it was the shot, and not the powder, that hurt people."

"So should I think, Mary, were I a little bird."



A VALENTINE TRAGEDY.

HEAD OF SELECT ESTABLISHMENT (*awfully*). "Miss Mary Caroline Psyche, *this* was found under your Pillow." (*Reads.*) "'I do avow that I am thine: oh, wilt thou be my Valentine?—From your Spooney Cousin, G.' *Spooney* Cousin! Odious Vulgarism! What will become of you—indulging in such Perilous and Disreputable Practices?"

MISS PSYCHE. "Please, Miss Bacboard, a *Spoon* is included in the List of Articles required by Pupils coming to this Establishment."

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 14.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

HOW SHALL WE FURNISH THE PARLOR?

MY friend Mrs. Carleton was, at the time of our first acquaintance, only recently married, and had come to the neat but very unpretending home prepared by her husband for their future residence. It was a two-story cottage, with a small plot of ground about it, quite new and uncultivated, and was not entirely paid for when they came to occupy it. Like many a newly married couple, they were to begin in a small way, say at the bottom of the ladder, and work upward toward independence, perhaps absolute wealth. Their capital was, an excellent occupation for the husband, good health and industrious habits for both. These would certainly be sufficient, if well managed, to support them well and provide for the future, notwithstanding their growing wants.

My friends the Carletons knew what was comfortable and tasteful, and to obtain it at as little expense as possible was their chief aim. The young husband, in addition to a superior business education, was a natural mechanic, expert with tools, and took an active hand in seeing that his house was conveniently planned, as well as built with no waste of labor or materials. As for the furniture, there were few articles provided—none at all beyond the barest necessities, because the house itself had absorbed all his capital, and the little parlor stood waiting the convenience of its owners in all its pristine emptiness. But this could not be long permitted; and since money was scarce, and cabinet furniture high in price, some cheaper substitute must be invented, which ingenuity and taste must dictate. Seats were the first consideration; and hence a pair of long boxes, two feet high, two feet wide, and six feet long, were easily made in the evenings by our hero, the lumber of which, strong and substantial, cost very little, being obtained from dry-goods boxes at the neighboring stores. Casters were placed upon all the corners for a trifle more, and then came Mrs. Carleton's part of the work, which she gladly set about.

Having measured the boxes and ascertained how much material would be required, she purchased enough coarse brown muslin to cover the top, sides, and ends, and several bundles of refuse cotton batting. A parcel of clean straw proved useful also, and a paper of gimp tacks, with a small carpet-hammer, completed the preparations. The straw was first spread evenly upon the tops of the boxes, but not allowed to come too near the edges. Next the cotton was laid over as smoothly as possible, and a layer of it extended quite over the sharp edges. The muslin came next, and was laid over all so as to be smooth, and cover entirely. Beginning at one of the broad sides, it was now tacked closely along over the edge of the box, and as soon as the first side was done the opposite one was finished in the same way, only adding the precaution of drawing it tightly down, putting the tacks about two inches apart wherever used. After this the ends were done in like manner, and in case the stuffing appeared unequal in any part, it could easily be regulated before the whole was fastened down. The sides needed only a thin sheet of cotton before being covered with the muslin, and the edges were made to extend over and conceal the first row of tacks. At the bottom the nailing was done entirely on the under side, so as to be out of sight.

When both boxes were covered, they needed square, hard pillows to stand upright along the wall, and these served as backs to the divans or sofas, as they had now become. All was now ready for the outside covers, and had our ambitious friends been richer, a handsome reps or damask would have been chosen. As it was, a pretty, neat, and bright-colored chintz was selected, with binding to match as nearly as possible. When finished the two divans, which had not cost a quarter as much as even common sofas, were as beautiful, and answered quite as useful and ornamental a purpose. The pillows, stuffed only with fine shavings packed in tightly, were as hard and firm as if filled with expensive curled hair.

The next thing was to procure some chairs, and as a beginning four shabby second-hand ones were converted into very genteel-looking affairs by being covered, backs and all, with chintz to match the sofas. Mrs. Crœsus, the millionaire's wife just around the corner, by-the-bye, has her elegant brocatelle furniture covered up in the same way to protect it from danger of soil and wear, and I wonder who but herself could tell the difference between her chairs and those of my managing friends! With the former it is a measure of economy and expediency, as certainly as with the latter, although the rich lady acts from choice, and her neighbor from necessity. So wags the world, and so do extremes meet everywhere. Mrs. Carleton tells me that when they grow rich, which they certainly mean to do some day, she will cover these same sofas and ottomans with some elegant material: but will she ever feel as free to use them as she now does? Or, if still protected by the chintz, will her visitors know any difference in their value? But this is a digression.

The ottomans which were added to complete the Carletons' parlor furniture were merely boxes stuffed and covered to correspond with the sofas, and then a table or two, bought second-hand, and nicely cleaned and varnished by the lady herself at a very small expense, furnished the parlor quite sufficiently for the present. The carpet was a good ingrain, but the colors were bright, and corresponded admirably with those of the chintz furniture covers. Then plain curtains of simple muslin were in better taste than more costly ones would have been, and produced an excellent effect. A few engravings in home-made frames were hung around the apartment, and added much to the appearance. In course of time other little ornamen



Fig. 1.—CRÊPE DE CHINE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VI., Fig. 24.

Fig. 2.—IRISH GUIPURE CROCHET COLLAR.—[See Page 236.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 25.

Fig. 3.—TULLE AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Fig. 26.

Fig. 4.—SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE FICHU-COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Fig. 27.

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articles were manufactured, until the once bare and unfurnished parlor came at length to be one of the best appointed and most tasteful little drawing-rooms to be found, not excepting even the luxurious and costly ones of Mrs. Crœsus herself. Of course the curtains and draperies, carpets and *bijouterie*, of the latter were of the most gorgeous description; but there was a stiffness and grandeur prevailing there which excluded freedom, while in the atmosphere of my friend's house was always to be found that true home feeling which is beyond all value to its possessor, and which breathed a welcome to every one who entered.

O SOFT SPRING AIRS!

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

COME up, come up, O soft spring airs,
Come from your silver shining seas,
Where all day long you toss the wave
About the low and palm-plumed keys!

Forsake the spicy lemon groves,
The balms and blisses of the South,
And blow across the longing land
The breath of your delicious mouth.

Come from the almond bough you stir,
The myrtle thicket where you sigh—
Oh, leave the nightingale, for here
The robin whistles far and nigh!

For here the violet in the wood
Thrills with the sweetness you shall take,
And wrapped away from life and love
The wild rose dreams, and fain would wake.

For here in reed and rush and grass,
And tiptoe in the dark and dew,
Each sod of the brown earth aspires
To meet the sun, the sun and you.

Then come, O fresh spring airs, once more
Create the old delightful things,
And woo the frozen world again
With hints of heaven upon your wings!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1872.

DORÉ'S LONDON.

☞ THE publication of this magnificent PICTORIAL SERIAL will be commenced in the SUPPLEMENT sent out without extra charge with HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 13. Each number will be adorned with many beautiful and interesting illustrations by DORÉ, the greatest living master of the Picturesque in Art, with entertaining descriptions and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by BLANCHARD JERROLD. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out GRATUITOUSLY with HARPER'S WEEKLY; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ *A Cut Paper Pattern of a new and elegant Marguerite Dolly Varden Walking Suit, with Cape, will be published with our next Number. For Full List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 247.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a Double-sized Pattern Sheet, with Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a rich variety of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Wrappings, Water-proof Cloaks, House, Street, and Evening Dresses, Passementerie and Crochet Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Fancy Articles, etc.; with a brilliant array of literary and artistic attractions.*

BARBARIC BEHAVIOR.

THE correspondents of the daily press, who perform the functions of the modern Iris and Mercury, send out to the world some singular accounts of the social proceedings among the gods of our national Olympus—accounts which lead us to think that reform in that direction, at least, would not come amiss.

In touching upon them, for a brief instant, we will not pause at that travesty of polite life which makes it incumbent upon a cabinet minister's wife not alone to forego the privacy of home, and throw her house open to all those travelers who choose to see her parlors among the other sights of the capital, but which obliges her to spend the greater portion of every day during the season in hunting for them at their obscure addresses, to such extent that one lady had this winter two thousand persons on her list whom etiquette required her to visit in person, if she could find them. All that, and such as that, is a local affair, which must regulate itself in time, and will do so whenever any lady of the cabinet finds the independence to assert herself, and to dispense with the fiction that her labors of that sort have any thing to do with her husband's grasp of power.

But what becomes a matter of more general interest, since it is a matter of general scandal, and capable of doing us serious national damage, is the behavior of guests at the public entertainments in the place. This appears to have reached its climax of offense at the reception lately given at Washington by the Japanese embassadors at the Arlington, and to which only officials and people of importance were invited.

Whether the people of importance transferred their cards of invitation to people of vulgarity—a fact the possibility of which is an awful hint of prevalent bad manners—or whether the native American contempt of color came to the surface, and the guests felt that any behavior was good enough for the occasion, is not known; but from a distance it looks very much as if, however it came about, the people of vulgarity had it all their own way.

The Japanese, it is understood, have come to our land on errands of immense importance: errands destined, if successful, not only to enlighten millions of semi-civilized islanders—to enlighten them in such wise that their curious skill and aptitude, joined to our larger and bolder ideas, may produce marvelous and undreamed-of results—but destined also to give to our own country the monopoly of a vast and rich commerce. The embassadors themselves are men of rank, wealth, and much education; they speak some English, more French, and one or two of them are graduates of European universities, it is said; the reverential Oriental nature is seen in their lowly bows, and their manners are the very extreme of courtesy, the perfection of dignity and self-respect. Their chief member addressed to our Congress a brief speech, which the listeners declared unrivaled for eloquence since the days of KOSSUTH. "Tell the ladies," said he to his chargé d'affaires on another occasion, "that though I am deaf and dumb to their language, I have eyes!"

One would suppose it evident to all that it is for our interest as a country to please and propitiate such people as these, with all their opportunities behind them, and to give them the highest possible opinion of the social life which is, after all, supposed to be the flower of all our arts and sciences. And this, we learn, is the way that it was done:

The embassadors having invited their guests, and being in the act of reception, before a third of those arriving had been presented the supper-rooms were invaded and almost as instantly stripped. These rooms had been very magnificently decorated; the table glittered with silver and gold and glass and flowers; a central ornament, four feet in height, was a mass of the most brilliant blossoms; floral pyramids of less dimensions extended up and down the table; and hand-bouquets of exquisite fragrance interspersed all the rich and varied dishes. From the chandeliers hung artificial bunches of grapes, nectarines, and small fruits in confectionaries, with other dainties, bonbons, and tiny standards, till what with lights and sparkle and color, the whole scene was superb, and the table was by far the handsomest—so said the old habitués of society—ever seen in Washington.

But in the twinkling of an eye, and before one-half the guests had seen the table at all, every hand-bouquet had been appropriated, and the larger masses of flowers had been seized upon and torn in pieces, till not a blossom remained; the decorations dependent from the chandeliers were rent away; and as one of the Japanese gentlemen themselves, seeing the general havoc, stepped up to obtain for the lady beside him a tiny Japanese banner hanging there, a uniformed officer in the service of the United States took his sword from the scabbard and hacked and hewed away with it indifferently in a vain attempt to sever its thread and bring it down for the person beside himself, till he knocked off one of the glass globes of the chandelier and shattered it in splinters about the table.

When RED CLOUD and SPOTTED TAIL and their party were regaled by our authorities, they only quietly poured into their blankets that which had been given to them, and which they could not take away otherwise; but far from them was any indiscriminate grab of dainties or decorations! And remembering them, and contrasting their conduct with that of the late guests of our own race at the Arlington, we are led to wonder if we have been mistaken in supposing the social graces to be the offspring of civilization rather than of the savage state. Certainly, in view of such occurrences as the spoliation of the Japanese supper-table, we think the representatives of the Mikado, sailing eastward from their meridian as they did to find us, have some justification in turning the tables, and considering that we, rather than they, are the Eastern barbarians.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Little Poems.

MY DEAR MAY,—When you asked me the other evening if I liked to read while I was traveling, and I told you that I always read little poems upon my travels, you smiled as if you wondered what I meant. But it was simply true. As the train flies along I hold my book, and my eyes wander from the rhyme to the landscape, and the one interprets the other. Yet, as I have often told you, we are always upon the road. At this moment you and I are fellow-travelers, and as I sit quietly in my room and talk to you, we are every moment moving forward upon our journey. If we were traveling together for a thousand years, there would still be new poems for our reading. New, but only as the poets themselves are so, for there is always a secret, subtile resemblance, and their various notes are but different strains of the same music. The subjects are much the same, and the treatment is not wholly dissimilar. Life and love and death; war and ambition and glory; heroism, devotion, and self-sacrifice—these are the themes as old as the world; and we understand one singer because we understand all.

How could I comprehend Achilles and Ajax upon the "ringing plain of windy Troy" if I did not know them here in America? What would Helen seem to me, and the gay Paris and King Menelaus, if I did not personally know them? The only difference between my friend Superba and Helen of Troy, or Juliet of Verona, is that Helen had a Homer and Juliet a Shakespeare, while Superba has neither. But she is still the key to Homer and Shakespeare; and when I read of the Greek crusade to avenge the woes of Helen's husband, or of Juliet's glorious passion, I think of Superba, and I understand it all. Therefore, dear May, it is not necessary to hold a book in your hands if you would read little poems. You need only look out of the window, or into the neighboring house, or the church, or the opera, to read the sweetest poems that were ever writ—poems as fresh and beautiful as spring flowers.

Then poems may be carved or painted, surely, as well as written. I hope that you read the poetry of Keats sometimes, and that you remember his ode to a Grecian urn. It is itself an exquisitely sculptured urn, and even more than that, for it is delicately flushed with color. When you read the poem you see the figures carved upon the urn, and beyond them again you see and feel the pure Greek scene. There are priests ready to slay a heifer lowing at the skies. There are youths piping. Do you listen? Can you hear?

> "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
> Are sweeter."

The urn is as perfect a poem as the ode. If you saw it with your imagination you would hear what the poet sings. And was not the scene itself which the sculptor carved as much a poem as the urn? Was it not because he too was a poet that he felt the beauty of the scene, and with tender skill fixed the fleeting charm in lovely form? The poetry was there; it needed only the eye and the ear and the heart to see and feel and sing it.

Thus all that we read in the most enchanting little poems we have already seen or felt or known. And so I say that it is not new to us. It is already familiar. It is as old as human life and the human heart. Do I like to read when I am traveling? Dear lady, I am only too happy when I can. As a Mohammedan mosque is adorned with sentences from the Koran, so life is a perfect temple covered all over with little poems. We can not always see them nor read them. There is a mist or a blindness that often conceals all. But it lifts suddenly, it dissolves, you know not why, and there are the long vistas and the lofty arches of the temple illuminated every where with song. And if it is not in your street or in the next house to-day, it is nowhere and at no time. For we can not see the true poetry of the long wandering of Ulysses if we are blind to that of the traveler down Broadway; and we do not really see poetry in Hero setting the light for Leander if we do not recognize it in Jane Smith leaving her handkerchief carelessly in the window for John Jones to see as he comes up town.

Poetry, my dear young lady, is not in a strange costume or in a distant time. Pictures, like Mr. Cole's "Voyage of Life," or "Past and Present," are not more romantic, and are they half as poetic as Fichel's "Last Supper of the Guard," or one of Frère's or Boughton's glimpses of the homely French life of to-day? Out of the heart are the issues of life; and Sir Philip Sidney—no more a gentleman than many of your acquaintances—said, with the same feeling, "Look in thine own heart and write." Yes, I read little poems whenever I can. This very day I read one: one that I have been daily reading for some time; one that Homer and Shakespeare and all the poets have seen; one that all the story-tellers are never weary of quoting; a little poem that none of us are ever weary of reading, and whose music haunts us perpetually and sings us into happy dreams.

For some days in my afternoon walks I have observed Jessica coming out at about the same hour, and moving in the same direction. Out of the stern brick house she suddenly appears, and I think of a faint pink blossom emerging from a rough apple-tree. She does not look up and down the street. She has no air of being observed. There is no conscious pride as she descends the steps, no pomp of apparel. But with a sweet grace of humility she quietly walks along, and I follow—follow. I confess it, dear May, that modest, sober figure, gliding noiselessly, allures me more surely than the Sirens drew Ulysses. The sunshine is soft as I follow, the air is pure. It is a world of moss-rose buds and violets, of innocence and melody, as I watch that gentle lady unconscious of my watching. Presently I see—but I know that she has seen him before me—I see Lorenzo, with his handsome face blooming with youth and happiness, advancing to meet her. I fear that she will turn with him, and that I must lose them. But no: he turns with her—is it because if they turned homeward the walk would be shorter?—and still I follow on.

The first day that I remarked them he walked by her side, but she did not take his arm. But when a few days had passed, no sooner had he turned, upon meeting her, than somehow her arm was lying in his, and he took her hand to place it there. The first days I was not near enough to hear what he said, yet I could have heard had I been a thousand miles away. "Good afternoon, Miss Jessica!" Those were the words. I am sure of them, and they are very simple. But such music and poetry she never heard before. As they walked on I knew what exquisite eloquence flowed from his lips. "What a beautiful day," he said—that peerless poet and orator; "what a beautiful day! How pleasant to walk at this hour!" Nightingales in rose gardens never sang such heavenly music as these words seemed to Jessica. I knew it; but she did not turn. I saw only that modest, sober figure gliding along the street. Her eyes, I was sure, for I know her habit, were cast down. But now and then she turned to him and looked full in his face with that candor of perfect trust with which every Jessica looks at her Lorenzo when first she finds him.

Was it impertinent in me to follow and observe these young people? Dear May, I was but walking with them in the public street. I saw but what every body beheld who passed—a young man and a young woman taking a walk. By-and-by they turned a corner. Yes; I turned also; but so far behind that other persons were between us. I hope it was not a fatal offense to wish to read that little poem until the book was closed for the day. And it was closed for me when they reached her door. Slowly, more slowly, they walked as they came near it. Again I heard without hearing what he said: "Shall you walk again to-morrow afternoon, and in the same direction?" This was the music that penetrated her heart with forewarned happiness. He did not say that he should meet her. But his tone, his look, his deference; they were like a full-choired song of Solomon, "Come away, my love, my fair one!" They stopped, and he put out his hand. Hers met it, and he said good-by. She did not linger nor look back. Stop! as she closed the door she necessarily turned. He raised his hat above that manly face. He smiled and bowed. But he could not see the exquisite blush of delight—which I saw without seeing, as I had heard their talking without hearing; and the next moment the pink blossom had vanished, and only the rough bark of the tree remained.

I was not surprised when I saw her arm laid in his a few days later. It was but another stanza in the little poem that I was reading in my daily walk. I was thinking of it when I told you that I always read little poems upon my travels. How many hundreds of such you may read in one day's journey through the city! And in this one there is nothing new. It is as old as Eden, and its music still makes the world a Paradise. There are poems of a different strain that a traveler may read, but deep under all there is the same music. There is Una, whom in the days of Lent I also meet. She too walks quietly along with a little book in her hand, going to the church while the bell tolls for vespers. She awaits no Lorenzo, nor is any human voice so sweet to her as that of the clergyman reading the service. In vain Lorenzo and Romeo and Leander

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linger at the church door to see a smile of invitation. It is only a smile of greeting that they see—sweet, star-like, remote, as of a nun from a lofty tower; but it is no more than that. Her heart is full. Or does she only think so, and will some Abelard suddenly appear to Heloise?

They are all little poems, dear May, and they are to be read upon all sides. For love and devotion are the themes of all the poets, and love and devotion are forever fresh and forever renewed. If I am reading a sonnet of Shakespeare, or some old ballad of youth and love, and looking out of the window see Jessica coming out to meet Lorenzo, or Una modestly hieing to prayers, I close my book and walk out to meet them, for I would rather see poems than read them; and the living rose and lily are more beautiful to me than the fairest flowers pressed in a book.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

BLACK COSTUMES.

DURING the penitential season of Lent, and for the ceremony of Confirmation, black costumes are most worn. Scarcely an atom of color is now seen with these, as bright silk neckties are giving place to simple white frills of lace, muslin, or tulle, and the most stylish hats are entirely black, without the gay feather tip that has relieved them all winter. The materials are rich black silks and cashmeres for handsome toilettes, mohair and alpaca for serviceable suits. Deep kilt pleating on the skirt, not laid in stiff folds, but hanging easily, like that shown in an illustration in the last *Bazar*, is the prevalent trimming; other skirts have the front breadths covered to the knee with five or six narrow bias ruffles, while the back has a single deep flounce, straight, gathered, and edged at top and bottom with narrow ruffles; large bows of the silk with bias raveled ends are set in the side seam to hide the joining of the flounces of different widths. The upper part of the dress is either a most bouffant polonaise or else a basque and over-skirt having similar effect. It is evident that large tournures will remain in favor, as there are various new devices for giving increased fullness to the back of over dresses: for instance, a graceful plan for making the Marguerite polonaise more bouffant is to widen its front breadths, extending them in folds high across the back of the tournure, where they are tied in a large bow with ends; again, this favorite polonaise has the side form of the back separated from the skirt and tied below the waist in an immense double bow. We have spoken often of kilt pleating forming the lower part of the skirt; but the latest caprice abroad is an upper skirt formed in a great measure of pleats laid kilt fashion. The sleeves of basques and polonaises usually have cuffs, more often pointed toward the hand than turned back from the wrist. The prettiest cuff is a sort of concave shape, with a little scarf passed around the hollowed part and tied in a bow on top. It is held smooth by a stiff lining, and is finished at the edges by two piping cords.

WHITE SUITS.

White suits for young communicants, graduating dresses, and for both street and house wear, are being made at the furnishing houses. Swiss muslin is chosen for dressy suits, Victoria lawn and undressed piqué, with the satin-like stripe called the Yosemite stripe, for general wear. The most useful over dress for these suits is a bouffant polonaise, as it may be worn effectively over black or colored silks as well as with the white skirt that completes it. White polonaises are made without lining, and many are finished by a small talma reaching only to the elbows. The trimming is side pleating headed by bands of embroidery. When polonaises are not used the waist is a French blouse, and the front part of the upper skirt extends over the back breadths, giving the effect of a pleated postilion. The skirt is trimmed very high with from one to three rows of side pleating.

SIMPLE BUFF LINENS.

Very tasteful buff linen suits for morning shopping and short excursions in the summer are so simply made that the plan can be easily carried out at home. The skirt is of ordinary walking length, trimmed with two straight scant flounces so deep that when sewed on they cover two-thirds of the skirt, the top of the upper one coming just below the hips. The upper edge of the flounces is gathered on a cord, while the lower has a three-inch hem, in which long deep scallops are cut and finished by the narrowest possible edge of Italian Valenciennes. Worn with this is a loose belted sacque trimmed like the flounces, and just long enough to slightly overlap the upper flounce. When well adjusted, this gives the appearance of a blouse-waist and a third flounce on the skirt. A round collar finishes the neck, and a small talma, open up the middle of the back, scalloped all around, and edged with lace, is added for the street. This suit is very effective, and is commended for its simplicity, that will make it easy to "do up."

ELABORATE BATISTE SUITS.

More expensive suits of the wiry thin batistes are made with elaborate polonaises, and have side pleating for the trimming. A good model has three rows of side pleating on the skirt, each row two finger-lengths deep, the pleats laid very small, pressed flatly, edged top and bottom with narrow Valenciennes, and held on by a straight band half an inch wide stitched on an inch below the top. The polonaise is a very bouffant Marguerite, held together in front by bows of the batiste, edged with lace, and the skirt is trimmed by three narrow side pleatings. A Watteau bow with long ends is made either of black velvet ribbon or of the batiste, and placed in the back.

DOLLY VARDEN SUITS.

Ladies who object to the gay chintz colors of regular Dolly Vardens will find at the furnishing houses summer suits that retain the pretty fashion of this garment without its pronounced brightness. For instance, there are cambric and percale suits with skirts of white ground striped with black, while the polonaise is white strewn all over with black flowers. The trimming is a broad stripe of black percale with white braid, of open, lace-like pattern, laid on its edges. The skirt has the inevitable kilt pleating, a wide row at the bottom edged top and bottom with black, and two or three narrower rows above. A pretty effect is given the polonaise by putting a deep triangular facing of the material inside the front of the skirt, and turning it back *en revers*, as in the picture of the veritable Dolly at her looking-glass shown in *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V. Buff percale suits with black stripes on the skirt and black flowers on the polonaise are made in the way just described; also gray suits with white stripes and flowers.

The Dolly Varden organdies, with pale buff, pea green, or black grounds covered with gay flowers, are among the most effective of the chintz-figured fabrics. These organdies hang softly, and their pale transparent grounds look very pretty over black silk dresses. When made in elaborate fashion, and trimmed with two ruffles of the material, they cost $35.

SUMMER SILKS.

Summer silks with white grounds and a stripe of color, black, blue, or green, are made with demi-trained skirts and Watteau polonaises. Many such skirts have the Spanish flounce sewed on at the knee to form a graceful demi-train, after the fashion shown in the Dolly Varden house dress illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. In one model of blue and white silk the dress skirt is cut off in deep leaf scallops and bound, while underneath is sewed the wide Spanish flounce; sometimes this flounce is covered with a succession of narrow flounces. The Watteau polonaise is in favor for these light silks. As hoods are fast being restored to favor, the upper part of Watteau pleats is now turned over, faced with silk, and caught by bows to form a sort of hood. Basques of such dresses have the front in vest shape, with the edges simply finished by two piping cords, while the back has fanciful postilions laid in many fan-shaped pleats; a bow without ends is set on at the end of the waist. When intended for the house only, the skirt is trimmed tunic fashion, and has an apron trimming instead of an entire over-skirt.

SICILIENNE MANTLES.

Sicilienne cloth, also called faille cashmere, is used abroad for spring wraps. It is a soft, glossy, repped fabric, lighter than cashmere, and more suitable for warm weather. It is much sought after here by lovers of variety who are tired of cashmere.

FRENCH POLONAISES, MANTLES, ETC.

Among the latest importations are black cashmere polonaises, with two small round capes elaborately braided with white in lace patterns. These are to be worn over kilt skirts of black silk. A brown cashmere polonaise imported for a brown silk skirt has the back forming a pretty slashed basque, and the front belted. The skirt falls open in front, and is draped far back on the sides. Tassel fringe, a bias silk band, and a row of curled soutache are the trimming. An over dress to form part of a traveling suit is a small talma, with French blouse and over-skirt, made of nun's serge of pale gray. The walking skirt is to be furnished here. Folds and fringe are the trimming, and a monk's hood completes the talma. Single talmas of black cashmere, having hoods, and very richly braided, are sold at wholesale houses for $35. A good deal of finely cut jet is found among French passementeries. Three hanging cords, swinging in a curve from the left shoulder to the back of the mantle, are seen on stylish wraps. The Watteau fold remains in favor on various garments, and will probably be more generally worn than it has ever been.

Light cloth mantles for spring are trimmed with braid, fringe, and gimps of darker shades. Elaborate hand-made trimmings, the work of poor sewing-girls, seem to have gone entirely out of fashion. The sleeveless sacque with cape, the double talma, and the single talma are varied in many ways for these cloth wraps. A few sacques are seen, but the cape is the popular garment.

For information received thanks are due Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; THOMSON, LANGDON, & Co.; and WILSON & GREIG.

PERSONAL.

HENRY WARD BEECHER, in a recent lecture on Wall Street, delivered in Boston, said: "I have buried four generations of men from Wall Street in twenty-five years. Wall Street is a dunghill of mushrooms. There is a vast growth of men in every single year, and every year they are trampled down in hosts. I know but one or two men in that period who have been able to make permanent gains, and hold their gains. And they didn't do it by speculation: they added other means of accumulation, which were the foundation of their stability; and I believe that all the men there are trying to be rich in uncanny ways, and trying to be rich without paying for what they get."

—It is to the personal credit and great pecuniary advantage of Miss ANNA C. BRACKETT that she is paid the highest salary—$2500—paid to any lady teacher in the United States. She is at the St. Louis Normal School.

—That peculiarly Western man, JOAQUIN MILLER, says of Queen VICTORIA: "In Whitehall I first saw the Queen of England—a sad and silent woman, whose virtues, charities, and simplicity have challenged the admiration of the world; a woman who has turned from the allurements of courts to educate her own children; a woman always clad in uncompromising black; who never wears hoops, nor water-falls, nor false hair. She deserves a crown for this, if nothing more."

—CHARLES READE loves the American journals, takes six of them, and says they far exceed the English papers in point of news. He keeps them on file, and occasionally finds a plot in one of them for a novel.

—It is pleasant to know that, in his new edition of the "Life of Dickens," Mr. JOHN FORSTER withdraws all his charges against our friend Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of the Philadelphia *Press*, and one of the most accomplished literary men of the day.

—Attorney-General BARLOW—the youngest man who has ever been elected to the position in New York—was one of two "first scholars" in his class at Cambridge, who came out so nearly alike that no discrimination was made in their rank, but two first parts were assigned of equal rank and honor.

—General O. O. HOWARD has applied to be placed on the retired list. He has participated in twenty-three battles, and lost his right arm, and deserves to be retired with the full instead of the half pay of his rank.

—Mr. FRANCIS SKIDDY, one of the most prominent merchants of this city, has become interested in the Gallego Mills Company, of Richmond, Virginia. The company will shortly commence the erection of a mammoth cotton factory on the site of the Gallego Mills, which, when completed, will be the largest cotton mills in the United States.

—Good Mister and Mistress ROBINSON, of New Haven, recently celebrated their golden wedding, at which were present the bride-maids and groomsmen who officiated at the wedding fifty years ago.

—It may be consolatory to our people to know that the King of Siam, who recently visited the Viceroy of India, is a very small, placid-looking man, who dresses in European fashion, with knee-breeches and stockings, and lives like a European in all respects.

—On Friday, the 8th of March, the President of the United States and Mrs. GRANT were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia. In the new and spacious mansion recently erected by Mr. C. on Chestnut Street he will have abundant room to indulge in his proverbial hospitality, and entertain "with ample grace and honor" the bright and notable personages of the country.

—Mrs. LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, who has been on a visit to Jean Ingelow at her London home, says she is a buxom, fine-looking woman, somewhere near her forties, with an abundance of soft brown hair, which she winds in a graceful fashion of her own about her well-shaped head. She has bright, dark eyes, and a lovely, changing color, which comes and goes on her cheeks at the slightest provocation. She is shy, delicate, and reserved, and has a true English aversion to being looked at, and a horror of being written about. She believes the English government to be the best on earth; and yet she is regarded as a sensible woman.

—WILLIAM STETSON is the name of a gentleman who died a few days since in Rochester, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty years and eight months. He had been married sixty years, and during the whole of that period had never been separated from his wife more than three days at one time, and had never missed eating the Thanksgiving supper with her.

—Lieutenant FREDERICK GRANT is to have a right jolly reception from the students of the University of Berlin in June. They will give him a banquet and lager.

—Hon. JOHN BIGELOW is living finely and hospitably in Berlin, giving dinners and other entertainments, and deporting himself generally as becometh a good BIGELOW.

—The Rev. ROBERT EVERETT, D.D., of Steuben, New York, has been presented with $1100 by his Welsh friends throughout the country. He is now in his eighty-first year, and for more than thirty years has edited the *Cenhadwr* (Messenger).

—J. A. SUTTER, the California pioneer and gold discoverer, is now living in Litiz, Lancaster County, poor, and crippled with rheumatism. He is sixty-nine years old, and without means of support. The California Legislature has just given him a pension of $250 a month for five years.

—The Rev. PETER CARTWRIGHT still lives, and in delirium manifests the old fire and habit—preaching and praying in the highest tone of his voice.

—The body of JOHN BROWN marched rapidly along the other day in London, when the Queen was returning to Buckingham Palace after a drive in the Park. Mr. BROWN, who is the Queen's favorite groom, was so fortunate as to arrest the Fenian O'CONNOR when he assaulted her Majesty, and for that service has been awarded a gold medal and an annuity of $125.

—General MEAGHER's son has been appointed to, and has accepted, the cadetship placed at his disposal by Colonel ROBERTS, M. C. from this city. He had previously declined it.

—A curious will has just been presented for probate in England. Sir THOMAS PHILLIPS, a few days before his decease, bequeathed Thirlestane House, together with the wonderful library which literally fills that large mansion, to his youngest daughter, Mrs. FENWICK, for life, with remainders to her children. The bequest is encumbered with a condition of unprecedented singularity: Sir THOMAS strictly enjoined that neither his eldest daughter nor her husband, nor any Roman Catholic, should ever enter the house.

—Prince FREDERICK CHARLES of Prussia, now traveling in Egypt and Nubia, will, after his return, make a visit to the United States. The Emperor has had several caucuses with Mr. BANCROFT (one of his prime personal friends) on the subject, and the journey has been definitively agreed upon. The Prince is now in the full flush of manhood, being forty-four, and has from boyhood been in the army. He is one of the ablest of Germany's generals. On taking command of the First Division of the Prussian army against Austria, in 1866, and in ordering the attack on the forces of the enemy, he said to his men, "May your hearts beat toward God and your fists on the enemy!" His services in the campaign against France were conspicuously brilliant, brave, and successful. It may interest the young lady readers of the *Bazar* to know that he is a bachelor.

—Baron LIEBIG, at Munich, is quite easy of access to Americans, and loves to talk of America, where his scientific theories have found such wide and successful application. In manner he is quite hearty, and in person well preserved, for although seventy, he does not look over fifty-five. He admires our public schools, saying that "no ignorant people can support a republic."

—ISELLY, an Italian photographer, has succeeded in taking submarine views.

—Some of the books that formed the library of our original Quaker, WILLIAM PENN, were sold a few days since at auction in London.

—Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, one of the great lawyers of England, is a very religious man and the compiler of a hymn-book, and he is a delightful orator. He is tall and thin, with just a slight stoop, his face is feminine in its refinement and delicacy, his voice is exceedingly sweet, his accents singularly pure, his manner persuasive, and his arguments show that the stores of his intellect are great.

—Miss KELLOGG is said to have a larger repertoire than any living prima-donna. She is letter and note perfect in twenty-five operas, in most of which she has sung with success.

—The ex-Emperor NAPOLEON has sold to the Western Union Telegraph Company the property on the corner of Broadway and Dey streets, known as the old Franklin House, for $840,000. A few years since it was bought for him by Dr. EVANS for $480,000. It may be remembered that soon after the ex-emperor's flight from Paris and arrival in England we stated that he had ample means on which to live in luxury. This statement was persistently denied by his adherents, who asserted that the fortune of the ex-empress was all upon which the couple had to subsist. The truth is, he is the actual owner of a large amount of property in this city, besides holding several millions of dollars in the public funds and stocks of other countries.

—The Duke d'Aumale, who fondly hopes to be King of France, but may not, exacts at his receptions the strictest monarchical etiquette. Recently one of the invited having comfortably seated himself, the duke went up to him smilingly and asked for the latest medical bulletin about the illness that prevented his guest from standing.

—The Brazilian Emperor is in high feather with the authors and artists of Paris, going about among them just like any other "man with a hat on," and even gone so far as to run over to Nahant, in Berry, to pay his respects to George Sand. The potentate writes fairly himself, hence the fondness for people given to that sort of thing.

—The ex-Emperor of the French goes frequently to London from Chiselhurst quite unnoticed, generally lunching at the Army and Navy Club, of which he is a member. The Prince Imperial is a close student; up at six in the morning, and after breakfast sets himself to study with his young friend CONNEAU until ten. Then, accompanied by his tutor, he goes up to the University College, in London, where he regularly follows a course of instruction every day till three o'clock. Returning at four, he rides or walks with his mother. After dinner, at ten o'clock, he goes to his little bed like a good boy, and has an honest, square sleep.

—Lord Northbrook, who succeeds the late Earl Mayo as Governor-General of India, is a member of the family of BARINGS, and is in the very prime of life, being forty-six years old. Early in life, through family influence, he became secretary to Sir GEORGE GREY, then one of the ministry. He subsequently held similar appointments under other ministers, being successively at the Home Department, the Board of Trade, the India-Office, and the Admiralty. In 1857, when only thirty years of age, he became Lord of the Admiralty. In 1861 he entered the War Department as Under-Secretary. Soon after he was appointed Under-Secretary for India, and for more than three years took a prominent part in the management of England's vast dependency. From this department he passed to the Home Department, remaining there from 1864 to 1866, when he became Secretary of the Admiralty. Afterward he was made Under-Secretary for War. Lord Northbrook is popular with the liberal party, and his appointment will probably receive the approval of the English people.

—The Princess STROZZI, at a recent fancy ball in Florence, wore a dress so heavy with jewels and gold damask that, as soon as her guests had all arrived, she was compelled to adopt a lighter costume in order easily to get about.

—The Boston *Post* mentions, but does not name, a printer of this city who recently committed suicide. No one "justifies" the deed, which might have been done if he had been cast away in Boston.

—It is at last positively settled that PAULINE LUCCA (Baroness Von Rade), the famous primadonna, comes to this country next autumn, under the management of Mr. HENRY C. JARRETT (NILSSON'S confidential agent), to appear in opera during the season of 1872-73. Mr. JARRETT will organize an entirely new company to support the LUCCA, with MAX MARETZEK at the front.

—In one of Miss MITFORD'S letters to Mr. JAMES T. FIELDS she says, "I have known many rich people in my time, and the result has convinced me that with great wealth some deep black shadow is as sure to walk as it is to follow the bright sunshine. So I never pray for more than the blessed enough for those whom I love best. And very dearly do I love my American friends—you best of all—but all very dearly, as I have cause. Say this, please, to Dr. PARSONS and Dr. HOLMES (admiring their poems is a sort of touch-stone of taste with me, and very, very many stand the test well), and dear BAYARD TAYLOR, a man soundest and sweetest the nearer one gets to the kernel, and good, kind JOHN WHITTIER, who has the fervor of the poet ingrafted into the tough old Quaker stock, and Mr. STODDARD, and Mrs. LIPPINCOTT, and Mrs. SPARKS, and the Philadelphia poetess, and dear Mr. and Mrs. W——, and your capital critics and orators. Remember me to all who think of me; but keep the choicest tenderness for yourself and wife."

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Irish Guipure Crochet Collar, Figs. 1–6.

THIS Irish guipure collar, which is shown arranged on the figure on the first page, consists of a foundation and lace, and is made of separate figures, which are crocheted with fine twisted cotton on a foundation of coarse knitting cotton, and set together with chain stitch scallops and picots. The figures which are oftenest repeated are shown in full size by Figs. 2–6. Work the remaining figures of the collar, which differ somewhat in shape, in a similar manner, observing Fig. 1. For the rosette figure shown by Fig. 2, beginning in the middle, make a foundation of 18 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and then crochet * 2 sc. (single crochet) on the next 2 foundation st. (stitch), 12 ch., pass over the last of these, and going back on the remaining 11 ch. work 11 sc.; repeat eight times from *; finally, fasten to the first st. with 1 sl. Thus nine ribs are worked, which form the veins of the leaves. Lay on a strand of coarse knitting cotton taken fourfold for a foundation, and on this crochet all around the veins, thus passing the needle through the under veins of the ch. and through the sc., one round of sc., in doing which widen in the requisite manner at the point of each vein, and in the hollow of the leaves work 1 sc. each on the middle ring; begin this round with the 1 sl. on the ring, and fasten the leaves of the rosette together, as shown by Fig. 2, by means of a p. (picot) of 4 ch. Ornament the centre of the finished rosette with a wheel. For the four-leaved figure shown by Fig. 3 make a foundation of 8 ch., close these in a ring with 1 sl., and then crochet * 2 sc. on the next 2 ch., 10 ch., pass over the last of these, and going back on the remaining ch. work 9 sc.; repeat three times from *. Then lay on a fourfold thread of cotton for a foundation, and crochet on the four veins in a similar manner as in the rosette, but work 3 or 4 sc. only on the under end of each vein; before and after these sc. 2 sdc. (short double crochet) each, and for the remainder work dc. (double crochet) on the foundation. After finishing the four leaves crochet on the cotton strand in sc. to a length of an inch and three-quarters, cut off the strand, lay the end in a loop as shown by Fig. 3, and fasten the threads on the wrong side. For the spray shown by Fig. 4 work each of the three-leaved figures separately, in connection with their respective stems, like the four-leaved figure shown by Fig. 3; the stems are sewed together on the wrong side. For the spray shown by Fig. 5 make, first, a foundation of 22 ch. for the two lower leaves of the three-leaved figure, which is worked separately; pass over the last ch., and going back on the remaining ch. work 21 sc., and fasten the thread. The ends of this rib form the veins of the two lower leaves; the latter are crocheted like the leaves of the preceding figures; 3 foundation st. must remain free between these leaves on one side of the rib. After finishing the second leaflet turn the work, and without cutting the working thread work together the first 4 st. of the first leaflet and the last 4 st. of the second leaflet from the wrong side with 4 sl., and in connection with this work on the right side first the vein, then the border of the third leaflet. In working the stem the figure thus finished is joined with the latter, as shown by Fig. 5; the end of the stem also forms one leaflet, the vein of which has first been worked separately. Fig. 6 shows a full-sized leaf figure of the lace; these figures are furnished with picots on the side, which afterward come on the outer edge of the collar, each picot consisting of 8 ch., as shown by the illustration. Having worked the requisite number of separate figures, observing Fig. 1, baste the foundation figures in the order shown by Fig. 1 on a piece of linen or enameled cloth cut from Fig. 25, Supplement, in one piece, and join the figures by means of a net-like foundation of ch., picots, sc., and dc., worked with very fine cotton. The picots are worked in various sizes. For each of the smaller picots crochet 8 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 8 ch.; for the larger picots work 8 ch., 1 dc. on the fifth of these 8 ch., 4 ch. and 1 sc. on the first of the 8 ch. The figures for the lace of the collar (the lace is not set on the foundation until the latter is completed) are joined in a similar manner. Having finished the foundation and lace, separate both from the foundation, and edge the foundation of the collar all around, and the lace on the upper edge only, with a scalloped round, which is worked from left to right, as follows: 1 sc. on the outer edge of the net, 11 ch., pass over half an inch of the outer edge, * 1 sc. on one of the ch. scallops to the right, 4 sc. on the last 3 of the ch. just worked, 8 ch.; repeat from *. Now crochet one round of sc. on the ch. of the preceding round.—Finally, join the foundation and



TATTED ROSETTE FOR LINGERIE, ETC.



Fig. 1.—IRISH GUIPURE CROCHET COLLAR.—[See First Page.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. VII., Fig. 25.

Fig. 2.—CROCHET FIGURE FOR IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.



CROCHET ROSETTE FOR TIDIES, ETC.

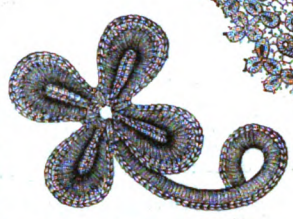


Fig. 3.—CROCHET FIGURE FOR IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.

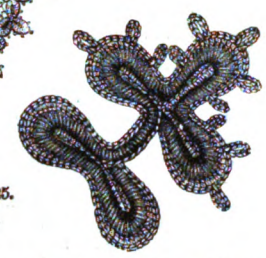


Fig. 6.—CROCHET FIGURE FOR IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.

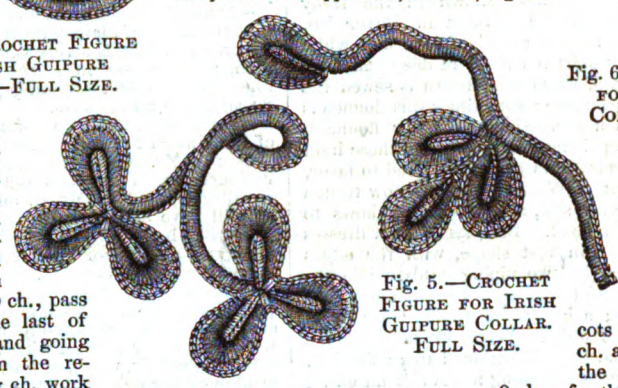


Fig. 5.—CROCHET FIGURE FOR IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR. FULL SIZE.

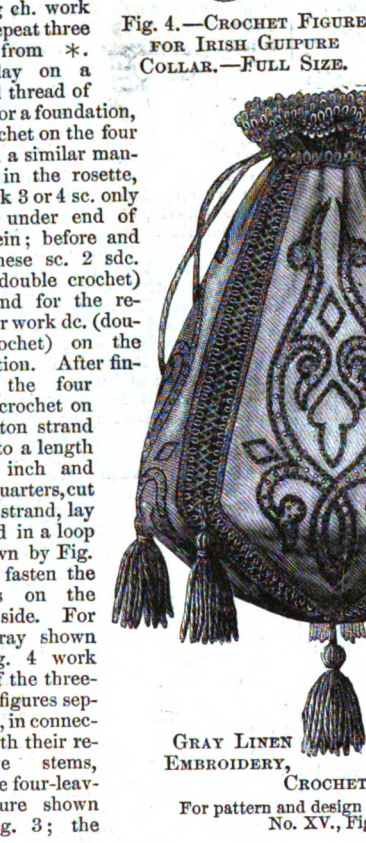


Fig. 4.—CROCHET FIGURE FOR IRISH GUIPURE COLLAR.—FULL SIZE.

GRAY LINEN SCRAP-BAG. EMBROIDERY, TATTING, AND CROCHET.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 40.

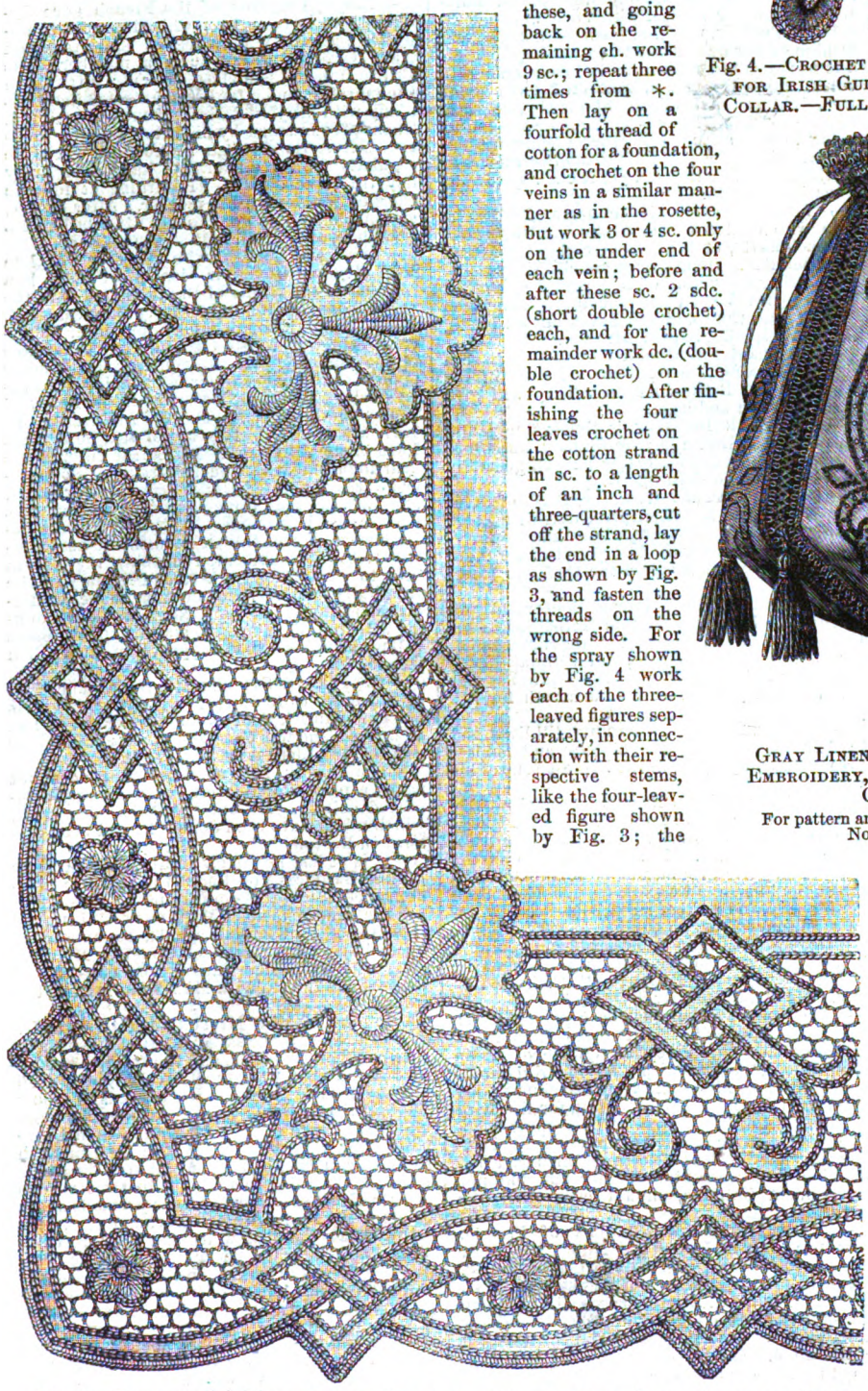


Fig. 1.—BORDER FOR TABLE-COVERS, CURTAINS, ETC.—JACONET APPLICATION AND LACE.

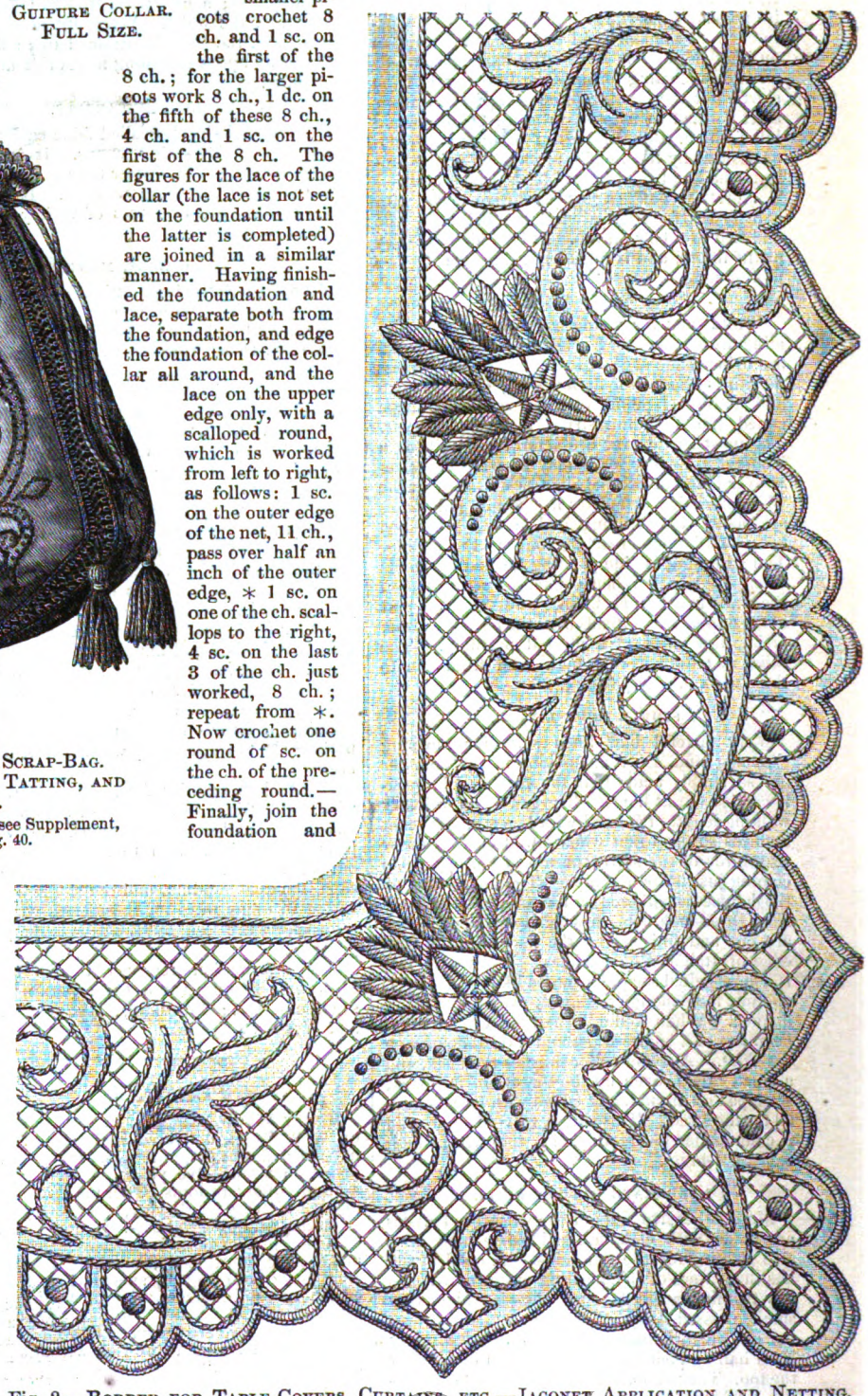


Fig. 2.—BORDER FOR TABLE-COVERS, CURTAINS, ETC.—JACONET APPLICATION AND NETTING.

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lace of the collar with one round of ch. and sc., working always alternately 1 sc. on the edge of the foundation, 1 sc. on the edge of the lace; between these always 3 ch., and pass over 2 st. of the relative outer edge with the ch.

Embroidered Tablets.

THESE tablets have two covers of thick card-board, covered with gray gros grain embroidered with dark gray sewing silk, and edged with fine silk cord of a darker shade. Fig. 41, Supplement, gives one-half of one cover, with design. The six leaves of parchment between the covers are also cut from Fig. 41, Supplement, but somewhat smaller than the pattern. Sew the leaves between the covers, and on the upper and under part of the cover fasten the ends of a piece of silk cord ornamented with silk tassels and steel beads, as shown by the illustration; this cord is finished at the top with a steel bead. On the side edge at the top of the front part of the cover set a loop of elastic ribbon, and on the side edge of the under part of the cover fasten a band of double silk interlined with paper, which is designed to hold the lead-pencil.



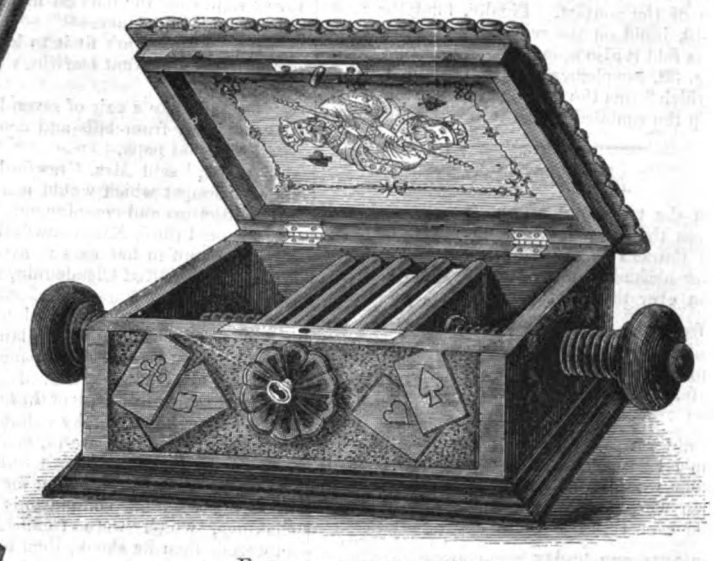
EMBROIDERED TABLETS.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 41.



CASE FOR SEWING SILK, THREAD, ETC.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XXII., Figs. 68 and 69.

Case for Sewing Silk, Thread, etc.

THIS case is made of maroon silk, lined with lustring of the same color, and embroidered in chain stitch with maroon saddler's silk in two shades. Fine maroon silk cord edges the case, and a button and cord loop serve for closing. To make the case cut, first, for the main piece one piece of thick paper ten inches and a half long and seven inches wide, and round off the corners slightly on one end; this piece is laid in an outer fold a distance of two inches and two inches and three-quarters from each straight end. Cover the paper on the outside with silk, which has previously been basted on net and embroidered as shown by the illustration. Cover the paper on the inside at the rounded end, which is intended for the flap, with silk four inches and a half wide, which has previously been embroidered in the design given on Fig. 29, No. XII., Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 3, Vol. V. For all the partitions, which are in one piece, cut of stiff paper one strip forty-eight inches and a half long and six inches and seven-eighths wide, which is covered on one side with lustring. Lay this strip (bringing the side covered with lustring uppermost) in folds as indicated on Fig. 68, Supplement, which gives a section of the partitions, laying the material in inner folds along the dotted lines, and in an outer fold along the straight line. Then paste the paper together at both sides of the straight line so that both inner folds come together. This forms the first partition; the remaining seven partitions are made in a similar manner, each following one, however, should be a quarter of an inch higher than the one preceding it; the under edge of all the partitions forms an even line with the under edge of the first partition. The last partition is three inches and a half high. Pay no attention to the free ends of the strip for the present. Cut both soufflets of muslin, silk, and lustring from Fig. 69, Supplement, bind them on the upper edge with silk ribbon three-eighths of an inch wide, and lay the soufflet for the right side of the case (bringing the lustring side uppermost) in inner folds along the dotted lines partly indicated on Fig. 69, Supplement, and in outer folds along the straight lines; the soufflet for the left side is laid in outer folds along the dotted lines and in inner folds along the straight lines. Fasten in the soufflets in such a manner that one partition comes in each pleat of the soufflet, bringing the lowest partition in the shortest pleat, as shown by the illustration.



EMBROIDERED CARD PRESS.
For design see Fig. 3, Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 12, Vol. V.

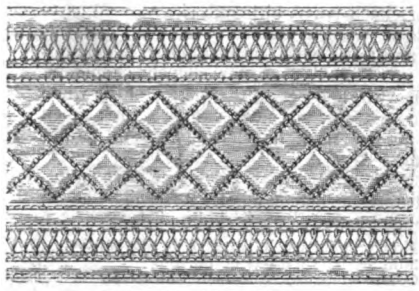
Besides this, join the soufflets and partitions on the under edge with a coarse silk thread, which is passed through all the pleats and partitions at the point indicated by ● on Fig. 69, Supplement, and paste each soufflet along the front side edge, which is an inch and seven-eighths long, and the back side edge, which is three inches and a half long, on the free side edges of the same length of the part which forms the partitions. Paste the outer covering, which is embroidered, on the case, first pasting the previously unnoticed front edge of the pocket to the first inner fold, on the straight end of the covering. The free back edge of the pocket to the next inner fold is pasted on the other end of the covering, so that the embroidered flap, which is four inches and a half wide, remains free. Finally, edge the case with fine silk cord, and set on a button and loop.



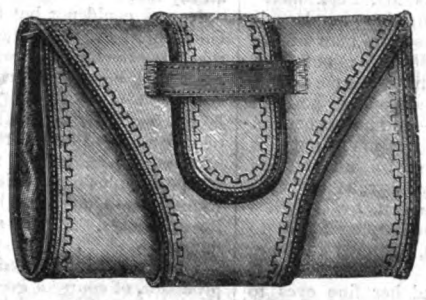
RIBBON AND CANE KNITTING-WORK CASE.

Case for Visiting Cards, Postage Stamps, etc.

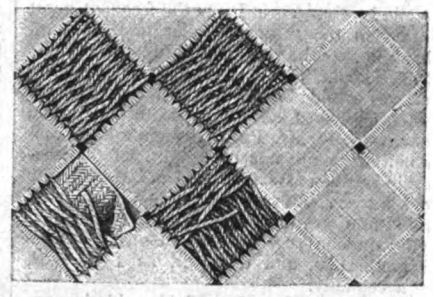
To make this case cut of stiff linen, of fine gray linen, and of maroon silk one piece each from Fig. 39, Supplement. Baste the stiff linen under the silk, and stitch both pieces on the silk side with maroon silk along the straight and the dotted line given on the pattern. Ornament the piece of gray linen in half-polka stitch and point Russe with maroon silk as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern, sew on a band of



SECTION OF TRIMMING FOR LINEN COLLAR AND SLEEVES WITH RAISED SQUARES. FULL SIZE.—[See Page 240.]



CASE FOR VISITING CARDS, POSTAGE STAMPS, ETC.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 39.



MANNER OF MAKING RAISED SQUARES FOR COLLAR.—[See Page 240.]



Fig. 1.—RED CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.



Fig. 2.—RED CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 13 and 14.

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double maroon silk, as indicated on the pattern and shown by the illustration, and baste this piece on the piece of stiff linen. Fold down the threefold material on the inside along the dotted line, and join this folded piece on both sides with the back by means of soufflets of double maroon silk. Each soufflet consists of a straight double strip of silk, folded on the upper edge and doubled lengthwise, which is sewed into the case so that the lengthwise fold comes between the front and back of the case, and forms the middle of the soufflet. Finally, bind the case with silk braid on the outer edge. In closing the case fold it also along the straight line given on Fig. 39, Supplement; then lay the narrow part, which forms the flap, once around the case, and slip the rounded end of it through the band.

FORGOTTEN.

UNDER the trees that afternoon,
Across the meadows and down the lane,
Sloped the sun to the west full soon,
Never a shadow nor cloud of pain:
Do you ever think of it now?

How fresh the breeze from off the sea,
Bending the bluebells before our feet,
Bearing perfume from hill to lea!
O life, it seemed never so sweet:
Do you ever think of it now?

What did we say? I can not tell—
True love is very silent sometimes;
But your words I remember well
When we parted there beneath the limes:
Do you ever think of them now?

Only a year ago to-day,
Yes, only a year ago; and yet
The golden light has passed away,
The summer sun has forever set:
Do you ever think of it now?

Dead is the past, and evermore
Dead is the love you whispered that day;
Dead, alas! are the hopes I bore;
Dead is my life; yet I only pray
That you may not think of it now.

THE YOUNG PROFESSOR.

MARY FAY was the dearest friend of my youth—a school-mate by accident, but an intimate by election—and we went through the perilous Scylla and Charybdis of school-girl intimacy without wrecking either self-respect by quarrels, or each other's respect by sudden revelations of unworthiness; we reached the perilous height of nineteen years without loss of confidence. Alas the day!

While in New York I was the frequent guest of Mary in the rather peculiar household of which she was the real head, although not yet out of school. She was an heiress; and her house was presided over at one end of the table by Mrs. Crawford, a very beautiful and young widow, and by Mr. Peck, her guardian, who was neither young nor beautiful. Of the relationship between Mrs. Crawford and Mary I only saw what seemed very proper — a woman of thirty-three presiding over the destinies and playing duenna very mildly to a girl fatherless and motherless, and doing it, as I thought, most acceptably.

Mr. Peck, a soft-spoken, flabby elderly gentleman, had ever been my utter abhorrence; but when I came to invite Mary to my own home I soon learned that it was a foregone conclusion that Mr. Peck must come too. Mrs. Crawford I was most happy to invite, for she was my own charming friend. No woman ever knew so well how to treat a very young girl. She neither ignored me nor patronized me. She never mentioned how much I had grown, or how like I was to my father and mother. She understood that morbid consciousness of youth which suffers so keenly under the thoughtless real contempt, but so-called kindly patronage, which older people extend to those younger than themselves. A young person on the verge of manhood or womanhood should be treated as an equal, with scrupulous politeness, and with a constant recollection of one's own youth, its partial knowledge, its imperfect experience, and its extreme sensitiveness.

I had another friend, of the opposite sex, whom I admired as much, perhaps more, than I did Mrs. Crawford. This was Alfred Clendennin, the "young professor." I was not in love with him myself, at least I thought not, nor was he in love with me; but I wished Mary to love him and marry him out of hand. I have never known why Mary did not tell me that she had met him, and that they had had a very decided flirtation. It was the first break in a golden confidence; but she perpetrated that crime, and allowed me to introduce him to her, and to have the mortification of finding that my office of mutual friend was a sinecure.

That is the poorest side of female friendship. The moment a man comes along, off goes L'Amitié, sober, well-behaved little god, and in comes L'Amour, with all his antics, and there are mutual misunderstandings and dishonest withholdings of confidence, and coolnesses and recriminations, and your female friendship is like a dryad, "all up a tree." Alas the day!

We live, I think delightfully, in one of those villas of which there are so many near our large towns; you may call it Hartford, or New Haven, or Providence, or Ithaca, or Utica, or Albany, as you please. I call it Urania, because we were very starry and learned there, and owned a university, of which, of course, the young professor was the bright particular planet. And we had large, comfortable, modern rooms, broad piazzas, beautiful prospects, and pretty grounds. Near enough to the town to enjoy its society, far enough to escape its gossip and its inconveniences.

I wish I could describe Mrs. Crawford as she came down stairs the first evening of her arrival. Cool, light-haired, regular-featured, she looked like Eugénie, late empress. Papa, who had never seen her before, fell in love at first sight, and presented her a piece of holly, which she artistically pinned to her blue dress, *à la bouquet de corsage*. The effect was charming.

Mary, who had preceded her by a day, stood at a table arranging the study lamp.

"Wanted, a self-adjusting lamp warranted to throw light over the darkest moments of human depression," said Mary.

"I hope they won't fit it to kerosene, it is so dangerous," said Aunt Darwin, who did not take a joke readily.

"I should like a pair of seven-league boots to take me away from bills and complaints of the servants," said papa.

"And I," said Mrs. Crawford, "should like an ear-trumpet which would enable me to hear only witticisms and compliments."

"I should think Mrs. Crawford would require cotton to stuff in her ears to avoid hearing the latter," said Alfred Clendennin, the young professor.

So he knew Mrs. Crawford too! And why did Mary blush and turn the lamp so high that the chimney went off with a bang like a pistol?

"That reminds me," said Mr. Peck, who was devoted to conundrums, "of the following: 'Why is a swallow like a smoky chimney?' Ha, ha! rather apt, Miss Margaretta, eh?"

I was always Mr. Peck's immediate victim. He presumed on my affection for Mary, and deluged me with his conundrums and his hand-shakings, which were tremendous; first he squeezed, then he shook, then he vibrated from side to side, then he squeezed, then he released the injured member, red, aching, and fatigued. My father and mother had yielded to my request in the matter of inviting Mr. Peck and Mrs. Crawford somewhat reluctantly; but when Mary, whom they both knew and loved, declined coming unless her friends, whom she said stood to her in place of father and mother, could be asked —they being sensitive about her leaving their protection, and she feeling that they should be asked —of course my parents relented. Papa was not a suspicious man, but Mr. Peck was not of his style, nor does any elderly gentleman like to have a guest foisted upon him. Mrs. Crawford began at once by winning every one by her charm. With papa she was gentle, learned, and courteous; with mamma, confidential, feminine, and domestic; with Aunt Darwin, literal, prudent, and devoted to knitting. Perhaps such excessive powers of conformity would have alarmed a more suspicious family, but it delighted us, and even made us swallow Mr. Peck.

"Such business talents as Mr. Peck has!" said Mrs. Crawford, clasping her hands admiringly. "He is, as you see, a man of the people, uncultivated and self-made; but such talents! He has taken my little fortune—for I had almost nothing when I accepted the position I hold in dear Mary's family—and he has been in Wall Street with it, and he has made me, not rich, you know, but very well off, and he has grown rich himself, and Mary's fortune has turned twice over—yes, I assure you, *twice over*—since Mr. Peck, promising her dying father to guard her as his own child, assumed the care of her and it."

And Mrs. Crawford turned her fine eyes to heaven as she lauded Mr. Peck. I looked out the window at this modern Midas, who was shaking hands violently with the gardener. Perhaps my face expressed the disgust I felt, for Mrs. Crawford put her white hand on my shoulder and said, laughing, "You have a very expressive face, my dear Margaretta. You must learn to conceal your emotions, and you must not always judge by appearances."

I had, with the delicious romance of early friendship, arranged this Christmas party. I had brought Mary and her suite to my dear home on purpose that she might meet the young professor. Was it not a shock to find that they had met before; that Mrs. Crawford had a sort of ownership in him; that these women with whom I had lived on such terms of intimate friendship for a long time should have thus kept from me their knowledge of and acquaintance with my own townsman—a person of whom they had heard me speak a thousand times? But friendship has such trials! I, at least, did not deserve it, for I had asked nothing better than to marry Mary to Alfred Clendennin, and to retire myself to a life of single blessedness (for where could I, rather a pug-nosed girl, ever hope to find another young professor?), from which I should emerge merely to say, "Bless you, my children!" at the end of the chapter. Alas the day!

Now this evening, the first of the visit, during which Mary stood by the lamp and endeavored to arrange it, was the Capua of my hopes. I found to my infinite distress that Mary and the young professor had met before. Alas the day! When I said, "Mr. Alfred Clendennin—Miss Mary Fay," I saw them bow coldly and formally, but evidently as if the ceremony were a useless one; and I saw, moreover, that there was something which Mary had not told me.

Me, her confidante! Well, dolls are stuffed with sawdust, indeed!

She, however, told me before we went to bed that she had met Alfred Clendennin at Long Branch during the summer, and did not much like him.

For the first time in my life I distrusted Mary. To not like the young professor was to be indifferent to truth, honor, sense, and beauty. I would not wrong Mary by a suspicion.

The next evening we had a large party. The élite of the university, of course, and a dozen country families. It was very still for half an hour, and we talked of the weather and the state of the roads. Every one was very cold in the unusual exposure of low necks. But mamma, the genius of hospitality, caused hot coffee and punch to circulate pretty freely, and the Urania string-band, shut up for the time being in the butler's pantry, commenced a lively dancing tune. About the time the president and the new English professor arrived we were quite gay, and Mary looking perfectly resplendent in a gold-colored silk and scarlet geraniums—she lighted up the room. Mrs. Crawford was not in her greatest beauty; her cold pure toilette was just then too suggestive of the snow outside.

The young professor asked me to dance, and we stood up opposite the English professor and Mary. Mrs. Crawford and Mr. Peck, my brother Tom and one of the beauties of Urania, formed their vis-à-vis. We backwarded and forwarded, did "cavalier seul," "ladies chain," "hands across," and all the mild lunacies of the cotillion as danced in country parishes. I could not help saying to my dear admired young professor,

"Mary looks well, does she not?"

"Gloriously beautiful — tropical," said the young professor, rapturously.

After supper, when the rest of us looked flushed, and Mary's orange and crimson a little heavy, how gloriously Mrs. Crawford shone out with a pale and silvery light, like the full moon after a blood-red sunset!

She was a woman! a woman to go to Venice with, to sail on calm lagoons under those storied palaces. I do not think you could have referred to a legend that Mrs. Crawford would not have been before you. Music, pictures, all had in her their great interpreter, for she was a sympathetic and profoundly poetical nature. Every gifted man felt himself understood for the first time when Emily Crawford listened to him, and every poor young fellow just beginning life felt that his early buds of enthusiasm and hope and ambition were going to unfold into hundred-leaved roses beneath that warm and beautiful smile. How unconscious and natural she was! and how mamma would arise from a talk about cookery with her with a conviction that there never had been such a puddingist as Mrs. Crawford since Mrs. Glasse wrote the immortal recipe, "First, catch your hare!"

Mrs. Crawford caught her hares apparently without effort. If she was a coquette, she disguised it, and attempted to suppress it. If she was an actress, she was a successful one. I believe she could not help being fascinating to all sorts and conditions of men, and she felt when she was with you all the cordiality she expressed. I believe these universally fascinating women are as good as other people; and it is very generous of me to say so, for they have been in my way all my life.

Now I could not but feel when I saw Alfred Clendennin drawn to the side of Mrs. Crawford that Mary's chances were getting small by degrees and beautifully less, for you may safely say that a man of twenty-seven is more apt to be fascinated by a beautiful and clever creature of thirty-three than by the untutored loveliness of nineteen. Your old fellows find the rather unripe yet blushing apples the fruit to set their waning teeth on edge, but your younger man loves ripeness. My pet scheme seemed to be in danger.

I had one trifling comfort. Our new English professor, of course a great lion, fell in love with Mary at first sight, and danced with her perpetually. He even resisted the president's loud call that "the sleigh was ready." It seemed to convey no idea to the dull English brain of Mr. Majoribanks. He paced the room calmly, listening to Mary, gazed fondly at her blushing cheek, and through his spectacles blinked blandly at the whitest of shoulders.

At length the president got furious, and catching the enamored professor by the arm, informed him again that "the sleigh was ready."

"Ah, you mean—oh, that it is, ah—time to be going? Oh, to be sure; thousand apologies —ah, to be sure, oh, ah—certainly, quite ready. Is it really—oh, ah, quite so. Good-night! good-night!"

And so, in a whirlwind of oh's and ah's, Mr. Majoribanks, charming learned man and perfect gentleman, left us; was torn from the tropic to the frigid zone, from American loveliness to an American winter, from beauties to buffalo-robes, and, poor man, to the president's wife and daughters.

Mr. Peck, dreadful man, rushed after him to shake hands, and he departed with that last of our institutions forced upon him.

We were reading Browning one morning in the library, and admiring the skill with which "My last Duchess, painted on the wall," is managed—for in it a man unconsciously describes himself—when Mr. Peck rushed in with one of his conundrums. He was very fond of conundrums, and was forever following up his hand-shakings by the question, "My dear madam, have you heard, 'What goes up the chimney and over your head, and never leaves the room?'" or some such stuff.

This day he had a French one, and was proportionately elated.

"My dear madam, have you heard this little thing, so neat, so French—

"'Mon premier est le premier de son espèce,
Mon seconde n'a pas de seconde;
Comment puis je dire mon tout?'"

Bah! I had just got the party arranged to my liking, when this marplot must burst in with his tiresome conundrums. We were in the library, the best room for love-making in this country, and I had brought the Browning reading round to "In a Gondola." The party, except Mary, Alfred, and myself, had dispersed. I had just made some Machiavelian excuse for retiring myself. The explanation would have come, Alfred would have committed himself, all would have gone well, and we should have been saved all further trouble, but for

"Mon premier est le premier," etc., etc.

The philandering of Alfred over Mrs. Crawford was thus not interrupted. I do not so much blame her. She could not help measuring swords with a woman younger and more beautiful, with whom she saw that the young professor was really in love.

Women of Mrs. Crawford's disposition are somewhat pitiless—and perhaps all women are —after the cheek has refused to respond to the heart, toward those whose blood mounts tempestuously with every passing emotion; and to a woman of her attraction the homage of men came unasked.

Alfred Clendennin had evidently fallen into that pitfall, digged deep for him by a fascinating woman, into which men are so apt to fall if there is some obstacle between them and their wishes. With Alfred it was pride which stood between himself and Mary—the pride which many a man has felt before this of wishing to be all in all to the woman he loves, and in no pecuniary sense her pensioner. He had lived with books and not with people; he was not fitted to cope with a woman of the world, and so fascinating a one as Mrs. Crawford. Although he knew that he loved Mary, he did not, after what had passed between them, and with the feeling that she would rather resign than take on any glory from a marriage with him, dare to follow her more closely. He was miserable, and he found Mrs. Crawford always a consoler. To him, as to every educated American, the professor's chair was a throne; he could not, he would not, resign it; he would rather starve. He was happy enough in it, too, till he fell in love. But could he ask a gay young beauty to share six hundred a year and a professor's house at Urania? Had he not seen at Long Branch how fond of pleasure she was, and how men courted her? how much delight she seemed to take in a life of luxurious ease? Had not Mrs. Crawford dwelt on Mary's fondness for society, her love of dancing; all that gay life of a New York belle which the wife of a young professor must resign? So reasoned the distracted young man; and meantime flirted, to ease his spirits, with Mrs. Crawford.

Mary was distrait and unhappy. A gloom hung over the Christmas party. The snow had disappeared; the weather was mild and pleasant for a Northern winter. We had not the usual excitement of sleighing, so we tried a horseback expedition. Any thing was better than this terrible in-door melancholy. Alas the day! I thought I would never scheme again.

It was a beautiful day for the season, and even Aunt Darwin did not interpose an objection to the horseback party, although she advised us to wear large woolen mufflers over our "Brown's hats," and to tie what she appropriately denominated an "ugly" over our shapely shoulders. Aunt Darwin had passed that period of life when cold freezes not, nor does exercise tire; when pretty figures must be shown—ay, and pretty faces too.

Mr. Peck saw us off, although we were gauntleted before he had a chance to shake hands; but he shouted after us, undaunted,

"'Mon premier est le premier de son espèce,
Mon seconde n'a pas de seconde;
Comment puis je dire mon tout?'"

which, as the answer is "adieu," was, for once in a way, appropriate for Mr. Peck. We had the usual poor nags of a country livery-stable, varied by one or two good ones from our own. Mary rode her own beautiful well-trained mare "Zaidee," but Mrs. Crawford was mounted on an ill-conditioned beast, whose antics became somewhat troublesome. After an hour's struggle with this animal, Mrs. Crawford, who was a timid horsewoman, sent Alfred Clendennin back to ask one of us to change with her. Mary immediately volunteered. She was an excellent horsewoman, and rather enjoyed conquering a vicious beast.

Mrs. Crawford was accordingly lifted into Zaidee's saddle, and Mary mounted the cast-off steed. All went well for a time, but my heart misgave me as Mr. Majoribanks and Mary disappeared over the brow of a hill on a sharp trot. Poor Tom, who had suffered a chronic heart-ache for three weeks, and had a boy's love for Mary, followed them. He had a young colt of my father's, and rode with a boy's daring.

It was a short enough time, Heaven knows, when he rejoined us, pale as death, his horse in a foam. Mary had been thrown! Mr. Majoribanks said the horse had had an ugly fall, and seemed to know nothing more. He had lost his spectacles, poor man, in attempting to help her, and was as helpless as only the extremely near-sighted can be.

We carried the poor insensible girl to a neighboring farm-house, laid her on the bed, bathed her head, wept over her, and sent poor Tom for the carriage and mamma.

Before she regained her consciousness Mrs. Crawford and the young professor rode up. Alfred threw appearances and disguises to the winds, and knelt by her bedside, upbraiding himself with folly, heartlessness, and I know not what besides.

Mrs. Crawford, who had that enviable temperament which never betrays itself, no matter what is going on underneath, proved to be worth all of us put together, and soon brought Mary to consciousness.

We got her home, bruised and broken. Of course the Christmas party dispersed. Alas for human constancy! As Alfred Clendennin put Mrs. Crawford into the carriage, I heard him murmur, "Do write to me; you remember those pretty lines:

"'Kind messages that pass from hand to hand,
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history,
In which we feel the pressure of a hand—
One touch of fire, and all the rest is mystery.'"

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Mr. Peck went off weeping over his beloved ward's condition, but did not forget to say, as he wrung my hand, "My dear miss, have you ever heard this: 'Take away my first letter, take away my second letter, take away my last letter, and I remain—the same?'" He did, indeed, remain the same!

Mary's hurts were not serious, but she was compelled to remain quietly with us for some time, while Mrs. Crawford went back to "inevitable engagements," and Mr. Peck, of course, to business, Wall Street, and to turning every thing to gold. There is no wind that blows nobody any good; so we accepted this bereavement. And I must say, as I witnessed the growing renewal of twilight talks between Mary and the young professor, I began to have hopes. But I met him coming out of the library one day, after a long talk with her, so depressed and chop-fallen that, in answer to my inquiring face, he took me into a side parlor and told me that Mary had refused him utterly.

Mr. Majoribanks, the English professor, became a very constant visitor about this time, and there was no doubt of his reasons for so doing. Mary's brilliant eyes, delicate figure, small hands and feet, a complexion which varied with every emotion, her white teeth, "like a flock of sheep on Mount Hebron, in which there is not one wanting," were the themes of Mr. Majoribanks's ceaseless commendations. He found the little American had reading, too, and thoughtfulness. She was neither flippant, nor ignorant, nor vulgar; in fact, Mr. Majoribanks found that beautiful and educated and clever women pertain to no country, but grow up here as well as in the more congenial air of Great Britain. Perhaps he knew all that before. At any rate, he fell in love, deeply and truly, and there was no shilly-shallying; it was a straightforward piece of work.

Mary did not care for him in the least.

"Handsome girls of nineteen are mighty careless about getting married," said Aunt Darwin, who thought to marry a cultivated, well-born Englishman was the very height of human aspiration. "Well, she will grow more fastidious and less attractive, and then she will be sorry." And Aunt Darwin drew comfort from the idea.

Mary went back to her city life and her gayety, but her letters breathed a perturbed spirit; lovers came and went, but there was no engagement. It seemed to me that the feeling between her and Mrs. Crawford was not so cordial as it had been, and as if some trouble were looming in the air; but although we were all still friends, and although the same mysterious attraction and repulsion went on, there was no further love-making between Mary and the young professor. Time went on, and we began to remember that Mary's twenty-first birthday was approaching. She having by this time become a very dear and frequent inmate of our family, it was not strange that she should talk business to papa sometimes.

"So you will step into a very fine fortune, my dear," said papa.

"I suppose so," said Mary. "Do you know, I have no idea how much. Mr. Peck can never tell exactly. I know poor papa left me a very large fortune, and Mr. Peck has doubled it, he says. But his investments are constantly changing, and I can not ascertain exactly."

"And have you no other trustees—no other friend with whom to advise?" said papa.

"No," said Mary. "Mr. Peck had papa's unbounded confidence, and he, of course, has mine. I sometimes wish I knew more of business; but my twenty-first birthday comes next month, and then I must know every thing."

My father made a journey to New York about this time, and I have heard since that he did then what he never did before or since—he inquired into another man's affairs.

Mr. Peck had a high business reputation, was considered an inordinately sharp and very successful man. He was known to have the care of this large fortune, and was said to have garnered it well.

It was a quiet June day when the storm burst. We were all sitting in that library where Mary had become so familiar a figure, when a telegram was handed to papa.

"Mr. Peck and Mrs. Crawford have left me, and my whole fortune has disappeared. MARY FAY."

Dated her twenty-first birthday!

It was not long before papa and I were with the poor crushed and distressed girl. She had felt ominous suspicions, but the truth was far from her. That Mr. Peck had been curiously non-committal, generally disagreeable, and very queer, of course had been patent; but that the woman who had been so intimately associated with her—the woman so elegant, so refined, so apparently the soul of honor, should have been simply the confederate of a scamp, was a terrible blow. She did not know what poverty meant, but she did know what the betrayal of such a confidence was, and it crushed her to the earth.

It was a great and terrible shock. We brought her home with us; we tried to soften it; we talked with fluent tongues of the future which might be opened to her, for she would not hear of dependence.

Mr. Peck and Mrs. Crawford were traced to Europe, where, I suppose, they are now, living comfortably on the wrecks of Mary's fortune. No extradition treaty could reach them; it was of no use: Mr. Peck had simply gambled away the bulk of Mary's fortune, and had reserved the rest to console himself and Mrs. Crawford. Probably at some European watering-place a tiresome old man tells conundrums, and a showy woman catches unwary fish with her still attractive manner.

And had Mary's lot been that of many women, what length of weary days would she have spent fighting that great battle of fortune, so hard for women! But two men came to the rescue.

Mr. Majoribanks, excellent and honorable gentleman, came to papa and proposed for Mary in the most formal terms, and then to herself in words so sincere, so manly, I wonder any woman could resist.

He was refused by this little ungrateful beauty, who did not know what was best for her.

Then came Alfred Clendennin, with his six hundred a year, and he told her that he should keep asking until she said yes. Not a word about Mrs. Crawford!

There was a long explanation here, and it proved to have been Mrs. Crawford's influence which had caused her to "blow hot and cold" all through their acquaintance. I can not excuse the young professor for flirting with Mrs. Crawford as he did, except that "men will do so;" and I think he has been sufficiently humiliated in finding out what she really was.

They were married in the dear old library, where we read "My last Duchess," and it was the prettiest wedding I ever saw. Mary looked like a duchess herself, and all would have been perfect only Mr. Majoribanks would not come—poor dear Mr. Majoribanks!

Alfred has been promoted, they have more than six hundred a year, and papa has found a small fragment of Mary's fortune which has escaped Mr. Peck.

The most curious result of all this is that Alfred can not bear the English professor, for whom his wife has a great respect and friendship; but she is too generous to say a word to him about Mrs. Crawford.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

I DO not know whether it is that fashion is making its way into politics, or that politics is invading the domain of fashion; but the fact is that since the moment when the pure royalists, dating from before 1789, and those who are less pure, and who date from 1830, began to agitate, concert together, and promulgate more or less liberal manifestoes, we have witnessed the rise of a new style of hair-dressing, called the Orleans, and which seems likely to take the place of the latest chignons, dubbed the Empire. This new style of wearing the hair, which, indeed, somewhat resembles that in vogue in 1830, presages a revolution—at least in fashion. It is composed of a simple figure eight set horizontally, thus ∞, on the top of the head, and made of a thick braid of hair. A knot of ribbon, or else a small blue or white cockade, on the right side when it is white, the symbol of the pure royalists, the adherents of Henri V., and on the left side when it is blue, the symbol of the Orleansists. But this is not all: one change always brings many others in its train, and the suppression of the chignon causes the cruelest uncertainty with respect to bonnets. It is a pity to return to the crown and cape of old, but, on the other hand, it is impossible to leave the back of the head bare, since the hair is all drawn up to form the figure eight on the crown, and which at most can only end in a few curls that do not fall below the nape of the neck. But Dame Fashion is fertile in devices; while she tears down with one hand she builds up with the other, and one symbol calling forth another, she associates with the hair dressed in the royalist fashion a bonnet trimmed with a large Alsatian bow. In this way every thing is satisfied—novelty, politics, and hopes for the future; and finally, this bow is large enough to satisfy appearances, and gradually to sever women from the chignon.

The same work is accomplished in another part of the feminine toilette. Inflated dresses are no longer in vogue, and crinoline, the emblem of the empire, is doomed to total extinction. It is only tolerated for a time on condition of being cut in two perpendicularly, the front half being cast aside, and the steel springs being preserved only in the back. Such is the fiat to which the most rebellious are forced to conform. The fanatics of the new régime go still further, and only wear large tournures with weighted skirts.

A great many Fusion costumes are being made for the spring. The following will serve as a type: White foulard skirt trimmed with a wide flounce of bright blue foulard; *on* this flounce is set a second flounce of white foulard, a third narrower than the preceding, and cut in sharp points on the lower edge. The flounces are surmounted by a narrow ruche of white foulard. White foulard over-skirt edged with a bias fold ten inches wide of blue foulard. Sash of broad blue ribbon, tied on the left side in a bow with large loops. One end of the bow is long and fringed, while the other end is very short, and cut in a point, without fringe. Plain waist with long sleeves of blue foulard, trimmed with a white foulard fichu. The cuffs of the sleeves are likewise of white foulard. This is a type of these dresses, which are varied infinitely to suit tastes and circumstances.

Many ladies are unwilling to wear tight-fitting waists and basquines in the street without something to conceal the figure, and in this they are quite right. For such persons pleated fichus of crêpe de Chine, black or white lace, black silk, or the material of the dress, are in preparation. These fichus are trimmed with bows; some are nothing more than scarfs; then for the same purpose there are low-necked capes reaching no lower than the waist, and designed simply to veil the bust.

Embroidery continues very much in vogue. Gray, white, and black grenadine suits are embroidered with dots of one or more colors. Sometimes the embroidery is wrought in several shades of the same color; the darkest is placed at the bottom, where the design is the broadest, and as it ascends becoming narrower and lighter in shade till it reaches white. I have seen a costume of this kind in black crêpe de Chine. The design was composed of immense dots on the lower edge of the polonaise, embroidered with violet silk. The second row of dots was smaller, and the violet of a lighter shade, and so on to the last row of tiny white dots. The polonaise, with a small cape, was worn over a black silk skirt, trimmed with several narrow flounces of black crêpe de Chine, the lowest one of which was embroidered with large dots of dark violet silk, the next with smaller dots of a lighter shade, and so on.

The rich spring silks are of the strangest and most undecided tints: greens that look like blues, and blues that might be mistaken for greens; browns verging on a curious golden tint; mouldy grays; discolored pinks—in a word, a whole gamut of singular shades, of colors which are not colors, and which are associated, to weaken them still more, with white organdy flounces, pleated and surmounted with narrow ruches. In fact, the present hybrid state of France, the wavering of the deputies, and the undecision of the government are faithfully represented in the colors in which fashion has chosen to array the feminine portion of the nation.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE great International Exhibition in Vienna, which will be opened May, 1873, is certainly the chief topic of thought and conversation in Viennese society, although as yet the enterprise has not attracted any general attention in this country. A few facts concerning the preparation made for it will not be uninteresting to our readers. The gigantic building for this exhibition will be, in fact, *three* buildings—the chief exhibition building, nearly 1000 yards in length, the machine-room, 970 yards long, and the art gallery, which will have a wall surface for picture-hanging of over 7000 square yards. The shape of the building is not easily described, but in the centre there will be a large circular space surmounted by an immense dome, 87 yards in height and 113 yards in diameter. It is stated that the alterations which it will be necessary to make in the streets and buildings of Vienna on account of the exhibition will quite transform the appearance of the north and northeastern parts of the city. Five new bridges over the canal have been contracted for, new streets laid out, new hotels and lodging-houses are being built, and every possible preparation is to be made to accommodate the crowd of visitors expected. The Vienna Exhibition is intended to be on a larger scale than any former exhibition, and to give better opportunities for obtaining information by a comparison of articles, and of testing their value by trials and examinations of various kinds. Practical tests will be applied to every description of machinery. During the time the exhibition is open—from May to October of 1873—there will be in the vicinity a fine show of wild and domestic animals, horse-races, and pleasure-trips on the Danube for those who like; and there will be lectures and public discussions upon social, industrial, scientific, and artistic subjects by distinguished men. Altogether, the Vienna Exhibition seems to offer many attractions.

Via Tritone is the first street macadamized at Rome; lava footways are being laid down on each side for the accommodation of foot-passengers; but as they are level with the street, they do not excite very lively anticipations of comfort in the minds of those who are ever and anon arrested in their progress along Via Condotti by carriages drawn up on the same flat footways. Indeed, *trottoirs* are generally understood in Rome as places for gossiping.

The young Prince Imperial is a busy youth. He rises at six in the morning, and at seven commences study with a young friend and his tutor, continuing it until ten o'clock. After his breakfast, which is nearly an hour earlier than that of the family, the Prince, accompanied by his teacher, leaves the house for the University College, in London, where he regularly follows a course of instruction every day till three o'clock. Returning at four, he mounts on horseback or joins his mother in a walk. After dinner he bids his parents good-night, about ten o'clock—always kissing their hands—and retires to his room. From time to time the Prince visits the monuments, the museums, and the military and industrial establishments of London and its vicinity.

On the occasion of the recent evening reception of the Japanese embassy in Washington the extensive supper-tables were very beautifully ornamented with a profusion of flowers, pyramids of candied fruits, and small flags of America and Japan. There were ices in all shapes, creams of all kinds, jellies, charlottes, cake, chicken, salmon, lobster, coffee, chocolate, etc., etc., but no wines. It was noticed that the Japanese ate very sparingly.

"Oliver Twist," the first volume of the "Household Edition" of Charles Dickens's works, published by Harper & Brothers, will make a handsome addition to any library. Printed in clear type, finely illustrated, and beautifully bound in green and gold, it will be a convenient and attractive companion for leisure hours. It seems wonderful that such a volume can be offered to the public for one dollar. The book in paper covers costs half as much. It contains twenty-eight illustrations. Other works of Dickens will soon be issued in the same edition.

The private reception of the Brooklyn Art Association was a brilliant and tasteful affair. The new Art Building connects with the Academy of Music, and on this occasion both buildings were filled to their utmost capacity. Pictures, music, flowers, and appreciative guests combined to form a most successful entertainment. The pioneers of American art were well represented upon the walls, as well as modern American and foreign artists. The crowd was great, but there was more comfort than is sometimes experienced in crowds, the reason of which was the prevailing absence of full dress. On this subject a Brooklyn paper thus expressed itself on the day following the reception:

"Why on earth, at a crush like that of last night, any young woman of even mediocre intelligence can, with malice prepense, to embarrass her escort and infuriate herself, drag a couple of square yards of silk or something equally fragile behind her, passes the comprehension of the average man. There were very few such young persons present last night, and they paid the just and proper penalty for their folly by getting severely trod on and otherwise punished through the very clothes their lack of taste induced them to put in competition with the pictures. If there is an occasion on which the flashy experiments of the modern dressmaker ought to defer to a higher and purer standard of taste, it ought to be an art exposition, when the results of thorough education and accurate color-knowledge are displayed for criticism."

The recent death of the daughter of Mungo Park, the African traveler, is reported from Edinburgh, Scotland. Only one member of the family bearing that name is now believed to be living—a daughter of Archibald, eldest brother of Mungo.

The presentation of "Julius Cæsar" at Booth's Theatre has been a great artistic success in dramatic representation. The scenery is magnificent, and every part well sustained. But what has added a peculiar interest to this Shakspearean drama, which has had a "run" of nearly one hundred consecutive performances, is the fact that Mr. Edwin Booth has successively sustained the parts of Brutus, Cassius, and Marc Antony.

The poppy has been cultivated for the last three years in the vicinity of Nashville, Tennessee, with a view to the manufacture of opium. Seed of the opium poppy was obtained from Calcutta and Smyrna, and this year it is announced that there will be quite a good crop. There is surely no objection to raising our own opium in this country, provided people are not thereby induced to take it otherwise than medicinally.

Fifty-two letters were saved from the wreck of the mail-car which was recently burned on the New York and Boston express line. A mere drop in the ocean were these, for the mail carried by that train was one of the heaviest which passes over the line. The fact that this mail is distributed in New York before business hours, has rendered it a favorite with Boston men.

March, with its changing temperature, is a disagreeable and dangerous month. It engenders infinitely more diseases than the more steady cold of winter months. The temptation is very great, when the first mild day comes, to lay aside the flannels which seem burdensome for lighter clothing. Such changes should be made with extreme care, and not too early in the season. One mild day does not make spring, and mornings and evenings will be raw and chilly for a long time yet. Whenever any change is made to thinner garments, it should be done when first dressing in the morning, and never in the middle of the day. Colds are already the order of the day, and they will, doubtless, continue to increase all through this bleak weather. Apropos, we give a couple of recipes for cough sirups, said to be "excellent:"

1. Take one tea-cupful of flax-seed and soak it all night. In the morning put into a kettle two quarts of water, a handful of licorice root, split up, and a quarter of a pound of raisins, broken in half. Let them boil until the strength is thoroughly exhausted; then add the flax-seed which has been previously soaked. Let all boil half an hour or more, watching and stirring that the mixture may not burn. Then strain, and add lemon juice and sugar.

2. Boil one ounce of flax-seed in a quart of water for half an hour; strain, and add to the liquid the juice of two lemons and half a pound of rock candy. If the cough is accompanied by weakness and loss of appetite, add half an ounce of powdered gum-arabic. Set this to simmer for half an hour, stirring it occasionally. Take a wine-glassful when the cough is troublesome.

In her Washington letter to the *Independent*, Mrs. Mary Clemmer Ames gives some pleasant information concerning the five Japanese girls who have been brought to this country by the embassy. They have been committed to the protection of Mr. Mori, Japanese *chargé d'affaires* in Washington. These girls are from families of rank, and have been sent hither for an American education. They have been placed in a cheerful home, under competent teachers, in Georgetown. Mrs. Ames says: "The oldest girl, Dio Yoshimas, is aged sixteen; the youngest, Unie Tsuda, is only eight years old. What does it not say for at least *one woman* in Japan that this little girl of eight years was sent hither voluntarily by her own mother that she might receive an American woman's education? Little Unie is very bright, learning with ease all that is taught her. Among her treasures are a picture of her mother, holding her own hand; various pictures of her own home—one with all her family in the porch, and a glimpse of river and orchard beyond; and an illustrated cyclopedia, in two large Japanese volumes, in which is written by her father, in English, 'My dear Unie, from father, Yedo, December 1, 1871.'"

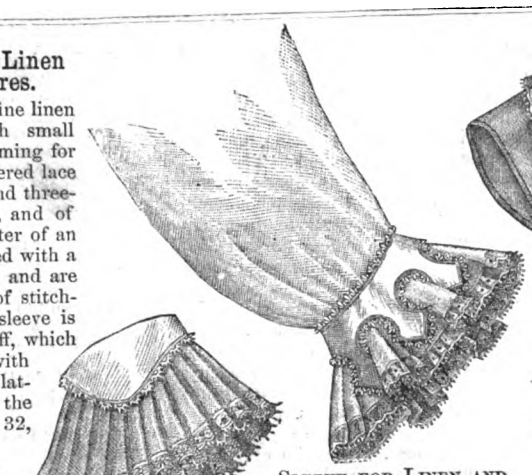
During the progress of the Tichborne trial the Attorney-General read a letter to the court and jury written by the claimant, under the name of Roger Charles Tichborne, to his "dear mamma," the dowager. The reading was accompanied with comments. "And he finishes," said the Attorney-General, "with this edifying piece of religion: 'God bless you, my dear mamma, and may our Holy Mother protect you;' and, although he possibly does not mean it, it reads—'Protect you from your affectionate son, R. C. Tichborne.'"

Schemacha is, or rather was, a city of 25,000 inhabitants, on the road between Tiflis and Baku, at the foot of the Caucasian Mountains, about seventy-five miles distant from the latter city. Schemacha is 2316 feet above the Caspian and 2230 above the Black Sea, and was formerly the seat of government of the province, which, however, on account of the frequent earthquakes in that region, was transferred, about ten years ago, to Baku, on the Caspian Sea. The inhabitants of Schemacha are nearly all Armenians. About the middle of January the entire city was destroyed by an earthquake. Official reports state that one hundred and eighteen persons were killed, forty-four wounded, and all the inhabitants left without shelter.

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Collar and Sleeve of Linen with Raised Squares.

THIS collar is made of fine linen cambric ornamented with small raised squares. The trimming for the collar consists of gathered lace seven-eighths of an inch and three-quarters of an inch wide, and of bias strips of linen a quarter of an inch wide, which are joined with a cross seam of fine thread, and are sewed on with two rows of stitching. The Swiss muslin sleeve is furnished with a linen cuff, which is trimmed to correspond with the collar. To make the latter cut of linen cambric on the bias two pieces from Fig. 32, Supplement, each from the upper edge to the straight line. Previous to this, however, divide the linen cambric into squares a quarter of an inch in size by drawing out three lengthwise threads of the linen at intervals of a quarter of an inch each, and three crosswise threads at the same intervals. Cover every second following square thus formed on the under side with a cross seam of fine cotton, first lengthwise and then crosswise, as shown by the illustration on page 237. To make these squares appear raised on the outside of the cambric, they are underlaid with a piece of white cotton braid of the requisite size before working the first cross seam. The raised squares look as if they were edged with back stitching on the right side. Stitch the bias strips joined by a cross seam on the parts thus ornamented along the straight line. Then join the collar by a bias strip five inches and a quarter long, the ends of which are fastened to the point marked * on Fig. 32, Supplement. Cover this strip with a bias strip of linen, the ends of which are also continued along the upper edge of the collar, and project seven-eighths of an inch from the front edges. Sew the narrow gathered lace on the front and under edge of the collar, and the wide lace on the upper edge. Cut the sleeves of Swiss muslin from Fig. 30, No. X., of the present Supplement, sew them up according to the corresponding figures, cut a slit an inch and seven-eighths long from the bottom in the middle of the sleeves, hem the edges of the slit narrowly, and gather the bottom of the sleeves with a rolled seam. Cut the cuffs of double linen from Fig. 34, Supplement, in one piece, from the upper edge to the line indicated, edge them, excepting the top, with the trimming as shown by the illustration and indicated on the pattern (see illustration on page 237, which shows a full-sized section of this trimming), and sew on the gathered lace. Set the top of the cuffs into a double binding cut from Fig. 33, Supplement, which is furnished with button-holes and buttons as indicated on the pattern. Finally, join the sleeves with the binding; in doing this, however, care should be taken that the ends of the binding should project seven-eighths of an inch from the slit. These ends are then furnished with a button and button-hole, and are closed in the manner shown by the illustration.



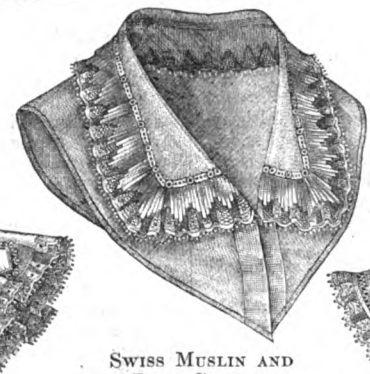
SLEEVE FOR LINEN AND SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 30 and 31.



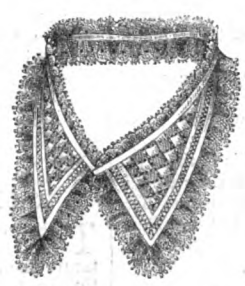
CUFF FOR LINEN COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 38.



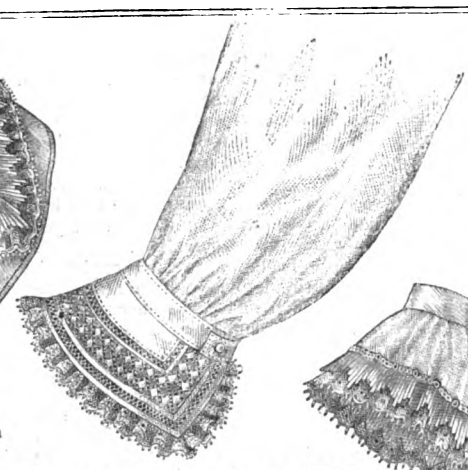
LINEN COLLAR WITH SWISS MUSLIN RUFFLES.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIII., Fig. 37.



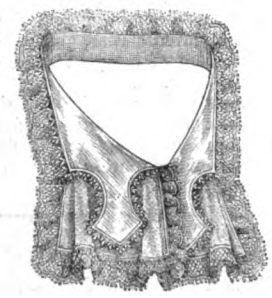
SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 35 and 36.



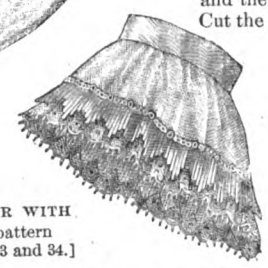
LINEN COLLAR WITH RAISED SQUARES.
[See Page 237.]
For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Fig. 32.



SLEEVE FOR LINEN COLLAR WITH RAISED SQUARES.—[For pattern see Supplement, No. XI., Figs. 33 and 34.]



LINEN AND SWISS MUSLIN COLLAR.—[For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 28 and 29.]



SLEEVE FOR SWISS MUSLIN AND LACE COLLAR.
For description see Supplement.



Fig. 1.—BROWN SERGE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 2.—DRESS FOR GIRL FROM 1 TO 3 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XX., Figs. 55–62.

Fig. 3.—SEA GREEN GROS GRAIN AND WHITE TARLATAN EVENING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 4.—STEEL BLUE SILK WALKING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XXI., Figs. 63–67.

Fig. 5.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1–5.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING SUITS.

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Embroidered Card Press.

See Illustration on page 237.

THIS card press consists of a box of carved wood, stained brown and varnished, and furnished with a lock and key. The inner space of the box is divided into halves by a partition of brown wood; in each of these halves are two small slabs of similar wood, between which the cards are held by means of the screws. The lid is ornamented on the inside and outside in point Russe embroidery, which is worked on light brown silk with dark brown saddler's silk. A suitable design for this embroidery is shown by Fig. 3, Supplement to *Harper's Bazar*, No. 12, Vol. V.

Ribbon and Cane Knitting-work Case.

See Illustration on page 237.

THIS case is covered on the outside with a braiding of light Spanish cane bars, brown satin ribbon, and brown zephyr worsted, and is furnished on each side with a bag of brown silk. Brown silk soutache with tassels, coarse brown woolen cord, and bows of satin ribbon complete the case. To make the latter, first roll up a strip of stiff net thirty-four inches and seven-eighths long and six inches and three-quarters wide in such a manner that a tube eleven inches and three-quarters in circumference and six inches and three-quarters in length is formed; fasten the ends of the strip with a few stitches. Cover this tube on the inside and outside smoothly with brown cashmere, and on each side edge sew a strip of silk four inches wide and eleven inches and three-quarters long, sew up the ends of the latter, hem down the free side an inch wide, and sew through it there for a shirr. Then cover the tube with the braid-work above described. To do this fasten on the left side edge of the tube at regular intervals sixteen brown satin ribbons, half an inch wide and from eight inches to eight inches and three-quarters long each, and between every two ribbons baste on a cane bar seven inches long. Lay the ribbons sidewise, so that they lie on the bag at the left of the case; fasten the end of a brown worsted thread, which is wound up in a ball, to the same side edge, and wind it ten times about the tube and the cane bars at the same time, so that the windings come close together. Take out the basting stitches with which the cane bars were fastened, push all the bars back to the left side so far that they do not interfere with the winding in future, lay the ribbons to the right in a horizontal direction over the windings of the worsted thread, and again wind the brown worsted thread ten times about the tube and the ribbons at the same time. Now move the cane bars seven-eighths of an inch to the right, so that they lie above the last ten windings; wind the worsted ten times on the cane bars and tube only, then again ten times on the ribbons and tube only, and so on, alternating regularly until the whole tube is covered in this manner. Finally, fasten the ends of the ribbons on the other side edge of the tube; after finishing the work the cane bars should project equally from both side edges. The handle of the case consists of two coarse woolen cords eleven inches and a quarter long, on which satin ribbon is wound, and which are joined in the middle by a cane bar four inches long; on the latter wind brown worsted at regular intervals. Finally, fasten the handle on the case, observing the illustration, trim it with small bows of satin ribbon, run the silk soutache through each bag, and finish it with brown silk tassels.



Fig. 1.—BLACK SILK HOUSE DRESS.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 50-54.

Fig. 2.—BLACK SILK HOUSE DRESS.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XIX., Figs. 50-54.

Gray Linen Scrap-Bag.

See Illustration on page 236.

THIS bag is designed to hold scraps of cloth, thread, ribbon, etc. It is made of gray linen, and ornamented in chain stitch and knotted stitch embroidery with red Saxony wool and coarse white tatting cotton. The sections of the bag are joined with strips of tatting and crochet-work. Red worsted cord and tassels. To make the bag cut, first, of gray linen five pieces from Fig. 40, Supplement. To these pieces transfer the design given on the pattern, and work the embroidery in chain stitch and knotted stitch with red wool and white cotton as shown by the illustration. After finishing the embroidery, buttonhole stitch the pieces on the outer edge with red wool, and edge them all around with a row of tatted rings of white cotton, which are fastened to each other. Join the five sections of the bag, working with red wool on each tatted ring (excepting those on the upper edge) 1 sc. (single crochet), after each sc. 5 ch. (chain stitch); in crocheting on the second, third, fourth, and fifth sections, however, instead of working the middle ch. of the scallops on one side edge, from the under point to the upper edge, fasten to the corresponding ch. scallops of the preceding part by means of 1 sc. Work the crochet section in one piece, and on the upper edge, in order to pass from one section to another, work 4 ch. each. The lace on the upper edge of the bag consists of two rows of tatted rings, which are turned toward each other with the straight edges, and are joined by sc. of red wool. One of these rows is joined with the tatted rings on the upper edge of the bag by two rounds of red wool like the round between the separate sections. Through the crochet rounds on the upper edge run two pieces of red woolen cord, which cross each other, and serve as strings which are drawn up to close the bag. Finish the bottom of the bag and the four corners with red woolen tassels as shown by the illustration, the tassel on the bottom being somewhat larger than the others.



LADY'S WALKING DRESS.
For description see Supplement.



GROS GRAIN AND VELVET EVENING DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XVII., Figs. 42-46.

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THE POTATO BLOSSOM.

AN IRISH IDYL.

As fiddle in hand I crossed the land,
Wid homesick heart so weighty,
I chanced to meet a girl so sweet
That she turned my grief to gay'ty.
Now what cause for pause had her purty feet?
Faix, the beautiful flower of the pratee.

Then more power to the flower of the pratee,
The beautiful flower of the pratee,
For fixin' the feet of that colleen sweet
On the road to Cincinnati.

For a bit of blue sky you'd be takin' her eye,
And her cheek had a darlin' dimple;
Her footstep faltered; she blushed, and altered
Her shawl wid a timid trimble.
"And oh, Sir, what's the blossom you wear on your bosom?"
She asked, most sweet and simple.

Says I, "Don't you know where these blossoms blow,
And their name of fame, mavourneen?
I'd be believin' you were deceivin'
Shiel Dhuv this summer mornin',
If your eyes didn't shine so frank on mine,
Such a schemin' amusement scornin'.

"Now I don't deny 'twould be asy why—
Clane off widout any reflection—
Barely to name the plant of fame
Whose flower is your eyes' attraction;
Asy for me, but to you, aroo,
Not the slinderest satisfaction;

"For somehow I know if I answered you so,
You'd be mad you could disremimber
In what garden or bower you'd seen this flower,
Or adornin' what forest timber,
Or where to seek for its fruit unique
From June until Novimber.

"Since, thin, I reply, you take such joy
In this blossom I love so dearly,
Wid a bow like this shall I lave you, miss,
Whin I've mintioned the name of it merely;
Or take your choice, wid music and voice,
Shall I sing you its history clearly?"

"Oh, the song, kind Sir, I'd much prefer,"
She answered, wid eager gay'ty.
So we two and the fiddle turned off from the middle
Of the road to Cincinnati,
And from under the shade that the chaparral made
I composed her—

THE SONG OF THE PRATEE.

Whin, after the Winter alarmin',
The Spring steps in so charmin',
So fresh and arch in the middle of March,
Wid her hand St. Patrick's arm on,
Let us all, let us all be goin',
Agra, to assist at your sowin';
The girls to spread your illigant bed,
And the boys to set the hoe in.

So rest and sleep, my Jewel,
Safe from the tempest cruel,
Till violets spring and sky-larks sing
From Mourne to Carn Tual.

Then wake and build your bower
Through April sun and shower,
To bless the earth that gave you birth
Through many a sultry hour.

Thus smile wid glad increasin',
Till to St. John we're raisin'
Through Erin's isle the pleasant pile
That sets the bonfire blazin'.

Oh 'tis then that the midsummer fairy,
Abroad on his sly vagary,
Wid purple and white, as he passes by night,
Your emerald leaf shall vary.

And once again, mavourneen.
Some mellow autumn mornin',
At red sunrise both girls and boys
To your garden ridge we're turnin'.

Then under your foliage fadin'
Each man of us sets his spade in,
Whilst the colleen bawn, her brown cashawn,
Full up wid your fruit is ladin'.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Speaker, who does not wish to be "burdensome to the State."—The Law-Officers of the Crown, who do.—The Attorney-General's personal Services.—The last Roguery in Horse-flesh.—Public Thanksgiving and private Forethought.—A Coincidence of Days.

THE Speaker of our House of Commons has retired, and declined his retiring pension! Think of it, O men of Tammany! who hitherto have probably considered Cincinnatus to have had no real existence. Imagine a man—and one, too, of "only moderate means"—refusing a vast income for life upon the ground that "he did not wish to be burdensome to the state." Our conservative journals are naturally indignant at this outrageous magnanimity, which "may place this gentleman's successors in an invidious position," and, what is worse, lay the foundation of an idea that the state is not fair game to be preyed upon by every political adventurer, but an institution whose economy we should consult, as having a common interest in its well-being. Apropos of this, what do you think (even after your disclosures in New York) of our Attorney-Generals' taking nine thousand a year for doing *nothing*, as will be shortly proved by a motion of Mr. Fawcett in the House of Commons? They are so occupied with their private practice, it seems, that they have no time to spare to give an opinion upon these state matters for which they are specially retained, but hand them over to others who are remunerated out of an extra fund which has been established for this very purpose. Even in the *Alabama* case our government had to go elsewhere for advice than to their own law-officers. Our present Attorney-General is, however, an extreme specimen of the genus Graball. I heard a characteristic story of him the other day. An eminent firm of solicitors had already had two consultations with him on a not very important case. To their surprise his head clerk called on them with a message that Mr. Attorney-General would like a third consultation.

"Sir," replied a member of the firm, "if we are guaranteed his personal services by your master in this matter, well and good; but otherwise—since he has a habit of leaving people in the lurch—we can not advise our clients to incur this very heavy expense a third time merely to put 7*s.* 6*d.*" (the clerk's fee) "into *your* pocket."

As Mr. Attorney-General had not the remotest intention of giving his personal services, the third consultation did not come off. But do not suppose, while our leading barristers indulge in this pleasant practice of taking money beforehand for what they don't intend to do, that you have a monopoly of sharp practice in *your* law courts.

The tricks that are played by those very literally "in brief authority" are, after all, not half so clever as those invented by folks who have only their own wits to back them. Let me tell you, for example, the last feat of the Hon. Dick Lane (let us call him), the well-known heir to a still better known peer, performed on the eve of his quitting England for Sweden—to which country the international laws respecting the surrender of rogues do not extend. Dick, who is as excellent a judge of a horse as his father is of a man, bought a good one cheap, for seventy guineas, of his friend A. "My balance at the bank is just now rather small," said he, when he gave him the check, "and if you will not pay this in for a week you will oblige me." In a week a great deal can be done. Dick telegraphs to B, a newly joined cornet in country quarters, "I have just bought the charger to suit you, which you shall have for one hundred and twenty guineas, though I gave one hundred and ten for him myself." B rushes up to town, is charmed with the animal, and pays the money; but he is not in barracks yet, and there is a difficulty about stabling. "My dear fellow," says Dick, "let him stand in one of my father's loose boxes" (he has several) "until you have room for him."

This proposition being accepted, Dick proceeds to raffle the horse for one hundred guineas, at five guineas a member; and having himself purchased a few tickets, and being "tolerably lucky," contrives to win the horse. The week, however, is drawing to a close; so nothing remains to be done but to sell the horse for ninety guineas to C, which he successfully accomplishes, and then embarks for Sweden, as he had originally intended. It is needless to add that the check given to A was never honored; but there is still a doubt as to who is the rightful owner of the changeful steed.

Nothing is more amusing to the philosophic mind just now than the desperate resolution of the *Times* newspaper to make us all enthusiastically loyal. "It is impossible," it says, "to doubt that the royal procession to St. Paul's will be a very great affair." It may be so, but certainly among all educated men, no matter of what opinions, there is a shrugging of the shoulders when it is mentioned, and each says to the other, "Well, for *my* part, I wouldn't go across the street to see it; but my wife and daughters, *they* want to see it all," etc., etc.

Under this high-pressure system of thanksgivings and processions, it seems only too likely indeed that royalty will become in this country what religion is in France, a very great favorite with the ladies—and the ladies only. An acquaintance of mine took a room for his family at the foot of Ludgate Hill, for which he was to pay £30, ten pounds of which he did pay on deposit. It was in an excellent situation to command a view; and he boasted to his friends of his foresight in having taken time by the forelock, and thereby procured so eligible an apartment comparatively cheap. But one may be even *too* wide awake, or, at all events, awake too early. "If it is the early bird that catches the worm, it is the early worm who comes out to be eaten;" for, lo and behold! to-day the news comes that the triumphal arch that is building on Ludgate Hill entirely shuts out the view from the room in question, so that he and his family might just as well sit in the Thames Tunnel! Of course he wants his ten pounds deposit back, and, on the other hand, the proprietor of the "eligible situation" is equally anxious to get the other twenty pounds out of *him*.

Very wealthy persons may, of course, spend their money in ways that to folks of moderate means would be sheer madness; but this rage for giving five pounds apiece for a seat in a shop window—arranged in which they look as if they were themselves for sale—is not to my mind indicative of "a healthy national feeling." It reminds me, rather, of a very splendid dinner to which I had once the honor to be invited by certain persons who had pillaged the public in a railway adventure, and who honestly confessed that "they didn't know what to do with their money." They decided, therefore, to give a banquet at the club as expensive as could be possibly procured—to the best of my recollection it cost *eight pounds a head;* and since almost every thing on table was out of season, and consequently tasteless, it was a very bad dinner. And yet I had rather be asked to such a repast again than sit for five hours in a shop window waiting for a string of gilt coaches to go by! "Why," as an old St. James Street dandy observed to me yesterday, "one didn't use to give much more to see an execution at the Old Bailey!"

To give you an idea to what an extent the worship of wealth is getting among us, let me tell you what happened to a lady friend of mine today in a furniture shop—I beg its pardon—establishment, in Oxford Street. She was looking at a table-cover, and observed to the shop-man in attendance, "This is a pretty color, but surely one that will soon fade?"

"Oh, as to *that*," replied he, with a pitying smile, "*our* customers are not of a class to whom a question of that sort is of any importance."

By way of concluding with a respectable tag, let me quote a theological anecdote plucked from my own parish clergyman. He is High-Church, and is preparing a number of young women this month (of February) for confirmation; among them my little kitchen-maid from the country, who tells the story to my wife, and is, I am sure, incapable, I do not say of telling a lie, but of imagining a fiction.

"You all doubtless know, my good girls," said he, addressing them with affectionate earnestness, "what next Wednesday is?"

"Oh yes, Sir!" they all exclaimed; "it is *Valentine's Day.*"

They were right enough, but it was also Ash-Wednesday, which happened to fall on the 14th this year, and the coincidence was fatal to its pretensions. R. KEMBLE, of London.

(Continued from No. 12, page 207.)

LONDON'S HEART.

By B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER VI.

GRAVE NEWS.

IT was with a feeling of shame that Alfred put his boasted latch-key into the street-door. He knew that Lily was waiting up for him, and that it was inconsiderate in him to keep the young girl from her bed until so late an hour. Although his brain was disturbed by drink, he strove to administer a salve to his conscience by thinking that Lily would do any thing for him; but the effort was not quite successful. Something whispered to him that it was unfair to take advantage of the girl's love and devotion for him, and to cause her anxiety. This was not the only unwelcome thought suggested by the silent monitor that keeps watch in the mind of a man whose sense of right is not entirely blinded; and Alfred received the points of these nettles discontentedly, as others are in the habit of receiving them, making excuses in response which he vainly strove to believe were not shallow. He fell back at last upon the most ordinary of all subterfuges. "What's the use of bothering?" he thought. "I'm not the only young fellow who keeps out late once now and again." It is the commonest thing in the world for us thus to throw the responsibility of our own inexcusable actions upon other people's shoulders. "Oh, well, I am not worse than my neighbors!" is the ointment we apply when our conscience mildly pricks us; but were we compelled to speak the truth, we should be bound to declare that such ointment is powerless to heal. We can not deprive the nettles of their sting by such-like sophistry.

Flushed by drink, and rendered uneasy by reproachful thoughts, Alfred staggered into the house. As he closed the door behind him a stream of light fell upon the stairs from the room on the first floor. Lily had heard him come in, and now glided down to meet him.

"I am so glad you have come home," she said, with her arm round his neck. "How late you are!"

Something in the hushed tones of her voice, some new tenderness in her manner, expressive of pity for herself and for him, struck strangely upon his senses. At the same time, he was ashamed of himself for the condition he was in. His gait was unsteady and his voice was thick. His senses were not so clouded, however, as not to be able to perceive that something of a grave nature had occurred in the house. Lily seemed to cling to him for comfort, and hiding her face in his neck, strove, by the sympathy of contact with one she loved, to shut out creeping fears by which she was oppressed.

"How's mother, Lily?" he asked.

The sound of his voice came upon her like a shock. She was inexpressibly grieved to learn from it that he was drunk. Her first impulse led her to shrink from him, but only for a moment. The next she linked her hand in his arm, and besought him to come up stairs quietly. He stumbled up by her side, and every slip he made caused her to quiver with keenest pain. That he should come home at such a time and in such a condition was one of the greatest sorrows the young girl had known. He was about to enter the room where his mother was lying, but Lily laid her hand upon his arm with nervous force.

"No, no!" she whispered, but so clearly and with such intensity that her whisper was almost a cry; "no, no! Not there, Alfred; not there!"

"Why not?" he questioned, wonderingly, and inclined to force his way.

But she stood before him, and said,

"Not as you are, Alfred; not as you are! You will be sorry! Come into my room."

He obeyed her sullenly, and she, keeping tight hold of his arm, drew him into her little room, where he sank unsteadily upon her bed. There was no light in the room, and she made no attempt to light a candle; for she felt that it would be greater shame to see him drunk than to know he was drunk and not look upon his face. But her suffering showed itself in her voice. All that she said was, "Oh, Alfred! Alfred!" and sank upon her knees by the bedside, and hid her face in the clothes, sobbing quietly. At first Alfred was disposed to be offended, but Lily's grief was so poignant that he could not help being impressed by it. In a blundering way he drew her to him, but even while she lay with her head upon his shoulder she seemed to shrink from him and to be ashamed of him.

"Are you making all this fuss because I've taken a glass too much to drink?" he asked. "There! be quiet, and I'll promise not to do so again."

Promises were the easiest things in the world for him to make. Weak, pliable natures such as his are continually building airy havens, in which they do painless penance for their faults.

Before Lily could answer, the door was opened, and old Wheels entered with a light. He looked at the young man half sternly and half sadly. So significant in its rebuke was his look that Alfred, glad of an opportunity of attacking somebody in his own defense, started to his feet in unreasoning anger. But, what with his passion and his condition, the words that came from his lips were not distinct; and old Wheels raised his hand with an action almost of horror, and exclaimed,

"At such a time! at such a time! Are the sins of the father really visited upon the children?" Then, with a compassionate glance at Lily, he muttered, "I pray not, I pray not—for *her* sake!"

"What do you mean, grandfather?" cried Alfred. "Is it such an unheard-of thing for a man to come home an hour later than usual, that you should treat me as if I had committed a crime?"

"Crime!" echoed the old man, looking steadily into Alfred's eyes. "God keep you free from it!"

Whatever was the answer that rose to Alfred's lips, it faded away beneath the old man's gaze, and left him with white and trembling lips. But presently he mustered up a blustering courage, and cried, in an injured tone,

"Am I a thief and a felon, that you treat me like this? I won't stand it; I'll go away this minute. Let me go, Lily! I'll get a bed somewhere else."

He knew his power over her; and even in this moment of weakness, when he felt himself at such disadvantage and so clearly in the wrong, he had the cunning of a weak mind, and used it. He smiled in selfish triumph as Lily's arms tightened round him.

"He does not know, grandfather!" she said, in an imploring tone. "Don't speak harshly to him; he does not know."

"Oh, I know very well, Lily," he said, thinking she referred to his condition; "I've taken a glass too much. I'm not ignorant of that, and if grandfather thinks he can bully me without my answering him, he is mistaken. He takes advantage of your being here, and of my being fond of you, to cast out all sorts of insinuations against me."

"I have not accused you of any thing, Alfred," said old Wheels, sadly.

"You hoped I should be kept free from crime," exclaimed Alfred, violently.

"Hush, Alfred," implored Lily, in awe-struck tones. "You don't know what has occurred. Don't speak so loud! Your voice sounds sinful, used in such a way and at such a time."

"I don't understand you, Lily," he said, gazing in stupid wonder at her distress. "What's the matter with the time? It's a little late, that's all."

"Lost to all sense of shame!" muttered old Wheels. "It is like fate. So I parted from the father, and the son is before me, with the same curse upon him."

"Oh, I can't stand this, and won't!" exclaimed Alfred, roughly. "I'll see if mother is awake, and then I'll go to bed."

He was moving toward the door, when Lily's terrified look and the old man's solemn gesture made him pause. For the first time a fear fell upon him.

"Why do you look so?" he asked of her, and then of his grandfather. "And why do *you* seek to prevent me going in to see mother?"

"Because you are drunk, and in your present state would not desire to appear before her if you knew—"

"If I knew what? Is mother worse? Why don't you answer? I *will* go in and see her!"

"Stop, Alfred," said the old man, quietly and solemnly; "your mother is dead!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE IRON BOX.

THE shock of the news sobered Alfred instantly; the full disgrace of his condition came upon him, and made him ashamed to look his sister in the face.

"You—you have been very hard to me, grandfather," he said, hesitatingly.

"I have been to you as you deserved, Alfred. Has your conduct to-night been such as should make me affectionate to you?"

"I have no excuse to make," replied Alfred, thoroughly humbled; "but you will do me the justice to believe that it would not have been so with me had I known."

"The remorse of a too-late repentance, Alfred, is a bitter experience."

A resentful answer rose to Alfred's lips, but he checked it.

"When—when did mother die, Sir?" he asked.

The words were long in coming. It seemed to him a hard question to ask.

"An hour ago. I saw a change come over her, and Mr. Gribble ran for the doctor." Alfred remembered seeing Gribble junior tear along, struggling with his coat, and it was another sting to him that a stranger should have performed his duty. "When the doctor came she had passed away."

"What did she say? Did she ask for me?"

"She did not speak; she was unconscious."

"And she died without a word to you or Lily, grandfather? without a thought of me?"

"Who can tell her thoughts? Her mind may have been awake. She passed away in her sleep—peacefully, thank God! Her life has not been a happy one; and it is God's mercy that she was spared in her last moments the pain of seeing you as you are. It would have recalled her bitterest memories."

"I am better now, grandfather. May I see her?"

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"Yes. Lily, my darling," and the old man took her in his arms and kissed her, "you must go to bed—you are tired."

But she clung to him, and entreated to be allowed to sit up with them.

"No, dear child," he said, "we shall want you to be strong to-morrow. What is that you say? You are frightened! Nay, nay, dear child! Sleep will compose you; you are nervous, darling, that is all. Alfred and I have much to talk of, and we must be alone. Come, Alfred. Good-night, dear child."

When they left the room Lily looked round and shuddered. The silence was full of terrors for her, and it was with difficulty she restrained herself from calling out. The events of the night had unnerved her. She went into the passage, and, listening, heard the buzz of voices in her grandfather's room. She could not catch the words, but it was a comfort to her to hear the sound; it was companionship. She crouched upon the ground, and lay there, with her head against the wall. A thousand fancies crowded her brain: the music-hall, with its glare of lights, and its great concourse of people, laughing and drinking and applauding, presented itself to her in a variety of fantastic shapes, each image being perfect in itself and utterly engrossing, and yet fading entirely away in a moment, and giving place to a successor as vivid and as engrossing as any that had gone before. Other images presented themselves: Mr. Sheldrake, with his studied, polished manner and his smooth voice; Alfred and she in the dark passage; her grandfather, with a stern bearing quite unusual to him; the doctor, with his grave face and measured tones; and her mother lying dead, with gray, stony face. Every thing but the image of her mother was quick with life; through all the bustle and vivid movements of the other figures in her fevered fancies the image of her mother presented and intruded itself in many strange ways, but always cold and gray and still. Presently the entire interest of her dreams centred itself in this image. Between her and her mother no great love had ever existed; the dead woman's nature had been repressive; an overwhelming grief had clouded her life, and she had yielded to it and sunk under it. She had hugged this grief close, as it were, and so wrapped herself in it that her natural love had become frozen. So that the feeling which Lily experienced now in her dreams, for her dead mother, had nothing in it of that agonizing grief which springs from intense love. And yet she shuddered at the part she was playing toward that gray, cold form. It was lying before her, and she, dressed in bright colors, was dancing and singing round it. The contrast between her own gayety and the dreadful stillness of the form she was dancing and singing to impressed her with horror, and she strove to be quiet, but could not. Her struggles made her hysterical in her sleep—for Lily was sleeping now—when suddenly peace stole upon her, and she was calm. But it was not a comforting, refreshing peace; it was oppressive and painfully intense. A man stood before her, with his eyes fixed steadily upon hers. This man was one who, a few weeks before, had performed for a benefit at the music-hall. He was an electro-biologist, and Lily had been terrified by his performances. He had stolen away the wills of some of the persons upon whom he had operated, and had made them do this and that at his pleasure: to pull down the moon; to drink water and believe it wine, then soap-suds; to shiver with cold; to be oppressed by heat; to dance; to stand still; to be transfixed like stone; to form friendships, hatreds; and a hundred other things as strange and inexplicable. She watched him do all these things. When the performance was over, the man, coming off the stage, had noticed the interest with which she had followed his experiments, and had said to her, "You are a good subject; I could do with you as I please." She was terrified at his words, and tried to move away from him, but could not, and could not take her eyes from his face. Perceiving this, he said to her, "Stretch out your arm," and she obeyed him; "Take my hand," and she took it, surrendering her will entirely to him. At this point they were interrupted, and she escaped him, thankfully; but for hours afterward she was dazed, and thought much of the incident, dreading to meet the man again. Now he stood before her in her dreams, and commanded her to rise; she had no power to resist him, and she rose at his bidding. Here a diversion occurred by the word "Father!" falling upon her ears. It was not fancy, being uttered rather loudly by one of the speakers in the room, and it raised the image of her father. The last time she saw him she was quite a little child, and then he was drunk, and was leaving her mother with words of anger on his lips. As he turned his face, in her sleeping fancies, toward the form of her mother lying dead before her, it suddenly changed to the face of Alfred, and she was pained and grieved at the likeness between father and son. Thus far the running commentary of her dreams.

Meantime a strange scene was being enacted between her brother and her grandfather. When they entered the room the old man locked the door, so that they should not be disturbed. Alfred went behind the screen, and uncovered the face of his mother. It was hard and cold in death, as it had been hard and cold in life. The light of love had not illumined her latter days. Strength had not been given to her to fight with grief. But if her life had been painful, her death was outwardly peaceful; and Alfred was awed into good resolution as he looked at the dumb inanimate clay. "I won't drink so much," he thought; "I'll try and be better. If Christopher Sly wins the Northumberland Plate, I shall be able to be better." And then a strange half-prayer rose to his lips that Christopher Sly might win the race.

To his side came old Wheels.

"She looks like an old woman," he said; "almost too old to be my daughter."

Alfred turned his eyes to the old man's face. Youth had not departed from it; it was younger than the face of his dead daughter.

"How old was mother, grandfather?"

"Forty-two, Alfred."

"She had no other children but Lily and me, Sir?"

"No; you were her first-born. Think of the joy that filled her, Alfred, when she first pressed you in her arms, and look at her now! Time is but a breath—but a breath—but a breath!"

Old Wheels mused of the time gone by, and wondered, as we all must wonder when we think of then and now, and of the changes that have occurred in our lives. The gay spirit chilled; the cheerful heart dulled by long suffering; the hope that made life bright dead and cold long, long ago—killed in the battle we have fought! But if love be left—

Ay, if love be left, all the bruises we have received in the fight, all the hurts and wounds, shall not make life despairing; the flowers we have gathered and held to our hearts shall never wither if love be left.

"She looks very peaceful, grandfather," said Alfred, almost in a whisper.

"She *is* at peace; she is with God and nature."

Better influences were stirred into action by the old man's words, and Alfred sank upon his knees by the bedside, and perhaps loved her better at that moment than ever he had done before.

"I have heard," continued the old man, "that many faces in death assume the beauty they possessed in youth. I would give much that it had been so with your mother, and that you might have seen her face as it was when she was young."

"Was she beautiful, grandfather?"

"Ay, very beautiful."

The old man's thoughts traveled back to the time when he first looked upon the baby face of the cold, hard, gray form before him. He recalled the thrills of pleasure that hurried through him as he held the pretty child in his arms, and looked at his wife smiling happily in bed. His wife had died soon after the birth of this their only child, who had been a comfort to him until trouble came. It was all over now, and a new life had commenced for her. "I have thought sometimes," he said, aloud, pursuing the commentary of his thoughts, "of the strangeness of spirits meeting under certain condition of things."

Alfred looked up in wonder, and the old man answered the look.

"Ay, of spirits meeting. If you believe in immortality, you must believe in the meeting of spirits. What shape or form do they bear? Here, before us, is my daughter and your mother, an old woman in looks, aged by a grief that was hard enough to bear without being made harder by constant brooding. When my wife died your mother was a babe, and my wife was almost a girl. So they parted. How do they meet now? This child of mine looks old enough to be the mother of my wife. How do they meet?—as mother and babe again? It is a strange thought, not to be answered. Yet by-and-by it shall be made plain to us."

Alfred listened and wondered. Although he had not been unaccustomed to hear his grandfather speak of such matters, he had never before been impressed by them. Now, however, in the presence of death, they bore to his sense a significant interpretation, and he did not resent that they seemed to be partly introduced for a purpose yet to be revealed. As he bowed his head to the bed other thoughts than selfish ones came to him—thoughts which brought with them a consciousness of something higher than the aspirations by which he had hitherto been guided. If such influences as those which softened him and made him better for the time were less fleeting and more endurable, we should be the gainers. But in most cases they are as intangible in their effect as a breeze that touches us lightly. Winds come, and rain, and heavy clouds; and the unhealthful passion and desire that are stirred by the storm sweep the chastening thoughts into a lost oblivion.

The old man looked hopefully upon the form of his grandson in its attitude of contrition and softened feeling, and he waited long before he desired Alfred to rise. With a distinct purpose, which he was anxious not to disguise, he at the same time moved the screen, so that, as he and Alfred sat at the table, the bed upon which the dead daughter and mother lay was not hidden from sight.

"Alfred," the old man said, after a slight pause, "have you any thing to tell me?"

"What should I have to tell you, grandfather," replied Alfred, "except—except to repeat that I am ashamed of myself for coming home dr—not quite sober, and that I beg your pardon?"

The old man did not look up; he toyed with Lily's work-box, which was on the table, and said, gently, pointing to the bed:

"Ask pardon there. But you have done that, I think."

"Yes, grandfather, indeed."

"That is something. At such a time as this we should be considerate of one another. These occasions happily come but seldom in life, and sometimes they open the road to amendment. Tell me, Alfred, have I been kind to you?"

"Yes, grandfather."

"And you look upon me as a friend?"

"Yes."

"Yet you have nothing to say to me—no confidence to repose in me?"

"Nothing particular that I can think of."

A shade of disappointment passed across the old man's face like a cloud. But a rift of light chased it away as he said,

"You love Lily?"

"Indeed I do that, grandfather."

"She has but you and me, Alfred, as protectors; and she needs protection. She is surrounded by temptation. I am growing very old; my strength may fail me any day, and you may be called upon suddenly to play the part of guardian to her. You are young for it."

"But I'm strong enough, don't fear, grandfather! Lily will be all right; I'll see to that! I'll take her away from the music-hall soon. I don't like her being there."

"You forget, Alfred, she earns our living."

"Yes, I know; but it isn't to be expected that she should always do that."

"I am glad to hear you say so. Yet you yourself are doing but little at present; you only earn—"

"Fifteen shillings a week. I know! Tickle and Flint are the stingiest old brutes in London. Of course I can't do much out of fifteen shillings a week. I must have clothes and other things; and I can't help spending a shilling or two, and, somehow or other, it all goes. I must do as other young men do. I asked Tickle and Flint for a rise once; but the old screws shook their heads, referred to the agreement, and told me not to ask again."

"They were right. If you are industrious and painstaking, and take advantage of the opportunities they offer to you, a prosperous future is before you."

"Oh, but it's too slow!" exclaimed Alfred, with an impatient shake of the head. "I'm bound to them for three years more before I can make a start. It's preposterous! Never mind, I'll show them! I know a way."

"What way?" asked the old man, suddenly looking at his grandson.

"Never mind now," replied Alfred, evasively. "You'll see by-and-by."

"There is but one way," observed the old man, quietly—"the straight way. Alfred, go to the cupboard, and bring me a small iron box you will see there."

A sudden paleness came over Alfred's face.

"A small iron box, grandfather?" he echoed, with a curious indecision, and with a nervous trembling of the lips.

"Yes," said the old man, sadly; "you know the box. You have seen it many times."

Alfred hesitated for one moment only, and then, as if much depended upon prompt action, walked swiftly to the cupboard, and taking out a small iron box, laid it before his grandfather. The old man took a key from his pocket and put it into the lid, but did not turn the lock.

"I dare say," he said, slowly and distinctly, "you have often wondered what was in this little box. Every house, every family, has its skeleton. This box has contained ours."

"Why speak of it to-night, grandfather?" asked Alfred, nervously. "Surely it is time to go to bed. Leave this matter till to-morrow."

"Nay, it must be spoken of now, in the presence of your dead mother and my daughter. I asked you a few minutes since if you had any thing to tell me. You answered not in the manner I hoped and expected. I ask you again now. Have you any thing to say to me? Is there any thing on your mind that it would relieve you to speak of? Think a little. Errors may be repaired, but a time comes when it is too late for reparation. Look at your mother, and say if it is not too late to make reparation for unatoned suffering. If I wrong you in speaking thus to you, I ask your pardon, my boy; but I am speaking with a strong fear upon me—a fear that a life may be wrecked by wrong-doing, as was one very near to you."

Alfred, who had listened with eyes averted from the table, caught eagerly at the last sentence.

"You *do* me wrong, grandfather!" he said, in tones which he vainly strove to make firm—"a cruel wrong—in speaking in this way to me! I don't understand you. It is not the first time to-night that you have thrown out these insinuations. What did you mean by saying to me that the remorse of a too-late repentance is a bitter experience? And then, again, saying, God keep me free from crime?"

"I repeat it, Alfred. Once more I pray to God to keep you free from crime! Once more I say that the remorse of a too-late repentance is the bitterest of experiences."

"I deny your right to say these things to me!" cried Alfred, violently. "I deny it entirely. I'll not stand it, grandfather. I shall go."

"Stay!" exclaimed the old man, in a tone of command. "I made a promise to your mother to speak to you this night of your father."

"My father!" Alfred caught at the table, and his heart beat wildly at the thought of what was to come.

"I have never spoken of him to you before, but the wishes of the dead must be respected. Sit down, and listen. In this box I have been accustomed for years to put by small savings for a special purpose, of which you shall presently hear. Lily's earnings lately and my own trifling pittance were more than sufficient for our wants, and money was saved, little by little, until a fortnight ago I had very nearly one hundred pounds in this box. When you learn to what purpose this money was to be applied you will better understand my motive for speaking of it in this manner. One hundred pounds was the exact sum required, and I hoped in a month to have counted it out, and to have completed a tardy atonement for a life's disgrace." Alfred turned to his grandfather in amazement, but did not speak. "Shilling by shilling," continued the old man, steadily, "the little heap grew and grew. No miser ever valued gold and silver more than I did the money in this box. I hoarded it, counted it, reckoned upon my fingers how many days would elapse before the sum was reached. No one knew of it, as I thought, but your mother and I. Certainly no one but we two knew the purpose to which it was to be applied. Two weeks this night, leaving the box in the cupboard, I went to bring Lily home from the hall. I was away for more than an hour. When I returned I found your mother strangely agitated, but could not ascertain the cause. I questioned her, but learned nothing. The following day I opened this box. It was empty. The money was gone!"

He turned the key and opened the box. It contained nothing but two pieces of faded yellow paper.

"See," said the old man, directing Alfred's attention to the box; "there is nothing in it but these sheets of paper. Every shilling was stolen."

"I see, grandfather," said Alfred, with a furtive look into the box. "Do you know who took the money?"

"No, I do not know."

"Did mother know?"

"I am not sure."

"How not sure, grandfather?" asked Alfred, with an effort to appear at his ease. "Did mother speak of it?"

"No; and I spared her the grief that telling her of the loss would have caused her."

"Then how can you say you are not sure whether mother knew? If she had known she would have spoken. You know," added Alfred, his manner, which had hitherto been moody and embarrassed, brightening a little, "that I am going to be a lawyer, and lawyers are fond of asking questions."

The change in Alfred's manner produced a singular effect upon the old man; it rendered him more sad and troubled. Hitherto he had exhibited a strange eagerness when Alfred showed most embarrassment, and as this disappeared, and Alfred became more at his ease, an expression of absolute grief stole into the old man's face.

"I will tell you why I am not sure," he said, sadly. "But first let us try to account for the robbery."

"The lock has not been tampered with," observed Alfred, examining the box. "How could it have been opened? You keep the key in your pocket always, of course?"

"I have been foolish enough on occasions to leave it on the mantel-shelf; but on those occasions I think I may say with certainty that the cupboard in which the box was placed was always locked. I was never without one key or the other. Say that once when this occurred, the thief, knowing that the box contained money, watched me out of the house. That then he entered the room, and going to the cupboard, found it locked. That, being baffled by this circumstance, he saw among other things upon the mantel-shelf a key which he guessed was the key of the iron box. That he took an impression of this key—"

"In what?" interrupted Alfred, almost gayly. "In wax or putty? If he had either by him, he must be a professional burglar. There are plenty of lodgers in the house, but I hardly suspected there was a person of that description here."

"I don't think there is a person of that description in the house. Remember, Alfred, that what I am narrating is merely guess-work."

"Capital guess-work, I should 'say, grandfather. You ought to have been a lawyer. But go on."

"—That he took an impression of this key," continued the old man, "in wax or putty, as you suggest. He may have come in prepared, or taking an impression in either may have been an after-thought. That from this impression he had a false key made. That on this night two weeks, when I had gone to the music-hall for Lily, the thief entered the room, found the cupboard open—it *was* open, I remember—and completed the robbery."

"A good case, grandfather, but quite circumstantial, you know."

"Yes, I know. In my thoughts I go farther even than this. I think that when the thief was opening the box your mother may have been awake, or, perhaps, in that half-wakeful condition during which fancy and reality are so strangely commingled as not to be distinguishable one from the other. I think that, being in this condition, she saw the robbery committed, and that, perhaps, she knew the thief—"

"Grandfather!" The exclamation was forced from Alfred's trembling lips; he could not have repressed it for his life.

"What is the matter, Alfred?"

"Nothing," stammered the young man; "it is late, and I was not well when I came home. Go on."

"—That knowing the thief, and not knowing whether what she saw was reality or a trick of the imagination, she dreaded, for a reason you shall presently be made acquainted with, to assure herself. I saw the dread in her watchful face and manner whenever I went to the cupboard; I saw the subject upon her lips, and the fear to speak. I saw gratefulness struggling with doubt as day after day went by and I did not refer to the loss. She yearned to know, and dreaded to ask. For had she asked and learned the truth, the bitterness of the past would have been sweet compared to the bitterness of the present. And so she passed away and was not sure."

"I don't understand all this," said Alfred, sullenly; "you are speaking in enigmas, and I'm not good at solving them. I have no doubt that one of the lodgers took the money."

"It would not be very difficult to ascertain, Alfred. There were notes in the box of which I have the numbers, and a shrewd detective would most likely soon discover where the false key was made. But I have resolved to let the matter rest; perhaps I, like your mother, dread to know the truth."

"Suppose you leave it to me, grandfather," suggested Alfred, with nervous eagerness. "It will be 'practice' for me, you know."

"Yes, Alfred, I will leave it to you; I prom-

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ise not to stir in the matter myself. You may be able to recover the money, or part of it, and it may be applied to its original purpose."

Alfred gave a sigh of relief, and his manner brightened again as he inquired what was the purpose to which his grandfather referred.

"Do you remember your father?" was the question asked in return by the old man, after a pause.

"But slightly, grandfather. I was very young when we lost him."

"When we lost him!" mused the old man. "What memories come to life by the thought of that time! To what end your mother made me promise to tell you the story of her life, and to speak plainly of your father, it is not for me to say, but I believe she intended it to act as a warning to you."

"There again!" exclaimed Alfred, fretfully. "Why as a warning?"

"That is for you to answer. Perhaps she saw in you the faults that brought shame to your father, misery to her. Listen, and listen calmly. As you sit before me now, so sat your father when he asked me for my daughter's hand. I did not know the vices that were in him, or I would have seen her dead at my feet rather than have given her to him. She loved him with all her soul. We were living then near Gravesend. I had money and a house of my own. Remembrance of the happy life she lived there before she was married caused her last week to express a wish to be buried there, and I shall respect her wish. Your father, I thought, had a fair future before him. I gave him my daughter's hand, and they came to London to live—not in such poor lodgings as these, but after a better fashion. I gave my daughter such a dower as I could afford, and they started in life with the fairest of prospects. It was not long before troubles came; it was not long before your mother learned that she had married a drunkard—worse, that she had married a gambler. These things are hard for me, your mother's father, to tell, and hard for you, your father's son, to hear. But they are true; and if they serve to point a warning finger to the quicksands of life where, if you do not avoid them, all that is honorable and good for you may be ingulfed, they will not be told in vain. I spare you the pain of a long recital; I simply tell you that step by step your father sank, and dragged your mother with him. He would not work, and constant appeals were made to my purse to supply the means of living. I gave and gave; spoke to your father again and again; appealed to his self-respect, to his feelings of honor; and received in return—*promises* of amendment, promises forgotten as soon as each temporary want was provided for. Shall I tell you more? Shall I tell you that so low did drink and gambling bring him he raised his hand against his wife—"

"No, no, Sir!" cried Alfred, with a beating heart.

"It is true," said the old man, sternly; "it is true, and it must be told. He raised his hand against the wife who had loved him and been faithful to him. And yet there was a time when he would have been as shocked as you are now, had such an accusation been made against him; but he was weak and easily misled; unstable as water, as Reuben was; selfish in his desires and pleasures; with no gratitude for love; with no thought that life has solemn duties, and that there is in it something purer, brighter, sweeter, than the false glitter that attracts weak minds: therefore he wrecked his life, and broke your mother's heart—your mother, whose suffering you can imagine when I tell you that she was once as trustful as Lily, as tender as Lily! You were born; Lily was born. The downward course went on, and he and all of you sank into deeper misery, deeper shame, until I thought that the worst had been reached. But I was mistaken."

The old man paused, reluctant to proceed; but Alfred said,

"Go on, Sir; I must hear all now."

"It is right that you should. You will understand how, under these miserable influences, your mother's nature changed—how gradually, from a light-hearted, trustful girl, she became a hopeless, despairing woman. I gave up my house, and came to live with her as a protection. Your father was away sometimes for days together, and your mother had no dependence but me. One night late, long after we had retired, your father came home without warning. He came into my room stealthily, and roused me. He had been in hiding for weeks; the police were after him, and were hunting him down; a warrant was out for him. He told me the shameful tale. I knew that he was a drunkard and a gambler, but I did not know before that night that he was a thief."



"LILY HAD HEARD HIM COME IN, AND NOW GLIDED DOWN TO MEET HIM."

Alfred, with a half cry, sank on his knees in uncontrollable agitation, and hid his face in his hands.

"Circumstances had unfortunately placed it in his power to embezzle a large sum of money; he obtained possession of it, and drank and gambled it away. What was to be done? The name that I bore had never had a stain upon it. I and mine had lived honorable lives. I loved your mother, loved you and Lily. I had no others belonging to me—you were my all. If I made no attempt to save him, we should in the eyes of the world be sharers of his crime and his disgrace. His shame would have clung to you all your lives. He gave me the name of the man whom he had robbed. By daylight I was in the wronged man's house, by his bedside. This man loved money better than justice. I represented to him that he could not have both. He chose the first. I made terms with him, and sacrificed all but a bare pittance. Between us we compounded a felony. But I had not sufficient to pay the whole of his claim; I promised, however, to pay the rest as I could, and he took my word. Alfred, little by little, I have been all my life since that time wiping off the debt of disgrace. One hundred pounds only remained to be paid, and very nearly that sum has been stolen from this iron box. Whoever stole that money stole the honor of our family."

A long pause ensued. A new day was dawning, and the faint light rested upon the solemn face of the dead woman to whom peace had come at last. Alfred turned his eyes toward it and shuddered. Then he turned to the old man and said, in a low voice,

"And my father, Sir?"

"In this iron box are two papers," said the old man; "one from him, promising never to trouble his wife and children more, and one from the man he wronged, giving quittance of what is set down as a debt. Your father kept his word. I have never seen him since that time."

Alfred kissed his mother's face, and covered it. Then he held out his hand to his grandfather, who took it in silence, and looked at him wistfully. But Alfred only said, humbly,

"I am tired, Sir. You have been very good to us, and I will try to deserve it."

They went to the door, and the old man opened it and saw Lily lying on the ground.

"Lily!" he cried, in alarm.

The girl slowly rose and stood before him. Her eyes were closed; she was asleep.

"Lily, my darling!" he said, tenderly placing his arm round her, "why have you been sleeping here?"

The girl did not answer, but nestled in his arms as if she found comfort there. He led her into the room, and she accompanied him unresistingly.

"She has been overwrought, poor child," said the old man, in a troubled voice.

They stood in silence for a few moments, almost fearing to speak; she, still sleeping, with her sweet face turned toward the morning light, which, gradually growing brighter, illumined the strange group.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



EVENING TOILETTE.

EVENING TOILETTE.

THIS elegant evening dress has a petticoat of white silk, edged with a wide pinked ruche of the same. Over this is worn a trained skirt of pale green crape, with front shortened so as to show the white silk petticoat, and edged with a puffing of black velvet, which extends up the front to form a tablier. The back of the skirt is edged with a white gathered flounce of green crape, surmounted by a wreath of wild roses with green leaves. Similar wreaths extend round the tablier and the bouffant back of the skirt. The low black velvet basque is edged on the neck and sleeves with a narrow frill of white lace, and trimmed with a profusion of wild roses. Hair in puffs and long curls, with an aigrette of pale green and pink and white ostrich feathers. Black velvet necklace with gold medallion. White satin slippers.

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Tatted Rosette for Lingerie, etc.

See illustration on page 236.

THIS rosette is worked with tatting cotton, No. 120. Begin at one hollow of the rosette, and work always with one thread as follows: One ring of 4 ds. (double stitch; that is, one stitch left, one stitch right) separated by 3 short p. (picot), 1 p. (those picots whose length is not expressly described are one-eighth of an inch long), 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; turn this ring downward, and close to it work a second ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, turn this ring downward, and close to it work one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds. separated by 3 very short p., 1 p., 1 ds., fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring and turn the work. During the whole work, after finishing each ring, always fasten to the last p. of the preceding ring, then turn the work, so that the ring last worked is turned downward; this will not be referred to again in the course of the work. Now follows ∗ one ring like the second, then one ring of 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p. five-eighths of an inch long, 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring like the second; one ring of 4 ds., 1 p. five-eighths of an inch long, 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring like the second; one ring of 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds. For the next ring work 4 ds., then fasten the middle p. of the finished four rings turned upward together, in doing which the thread should not be drawn too tight, and finish the ring with 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds. Now follows one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring of 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring like the preceding; one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the p. before the last on the ring before the last, which is now turned upward, 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring of 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring like the one before the last; one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the p. before the last on the ring before the last, which is now turned upward, 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring like the one before the last; one ring of 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds. For the next ring work 4 ds., fasten the last four rings, which are now turned upward, together as before, and finish the ring with 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds. Then work one ring of 4 ds., fasten to the p. before the last on the ring before the last, which is turned upward, 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring of 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds.; one ring of 4 ds., 1 p., 4 ds., 1 p., 1 ds. For the next ring work 4 ds., fasten the ring before the last, which is turned upward, and the two opposite rings together in the usual manner, and finish the ring with 4 ds. separated by 3 short p., 1 p., 1 ds. Repeat from ∗. In working the last figure fasten on the rings which lie opposite the two free rings at the beginning of the work, as shown by the illustration. The long p. in the middle of the rosette are darned in point de reprise as shown by the illustration, in doing which each picot is twisted. These rosettes may be worked with coarser cotton, and set together for tidies, etc.



Fig. 1.—BLACK VELVET BASQUE. BACK.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15–23.



EMBROIDERED BLACK BARATHEA TALMA.

For pattern, design, and description see Supplement, No. XVIII., Figs. 47–49.

Crochet Rosette for Tidies, etc.

See illustration on page 236.

THESE rosettes may be set together for tidies, etc. The original is worked with twisted crochet cotton, No. 80. Begin the rosette in the middle with a foundation of 20 ch. (chain stitch), close these in a ring with 1 sl. (slip stitch), and on this ring work 36 sc. (single crochet), then 1 sl. on the first of these sc. Turn the work, and on the sc. of the preceding round, always inserting the needle in the back veins of the stitches, work the second round all in sc. also, and widening 1 st. (stitch) in every third following st.; finally, 1 sl. on the first st. of this round, and turn the work. Now crochet 21 ch.; pass over the last 6 ch. (these count as first treble crochet), and work, ∗ going back on the remaining 15 ch., 9 tc. (treble crochet), 6 stc. (short treble crochet), and 6 dc. (double crochet); in doing this work 2 st. on the first and on every second following ch., excepting the last 4 ch., on which work 1 dc. each. After the last dc. work 1 sl. on the fourth following sc. of the second round, and turn the work. Crochet 1 sl. on the back vein of each of the 21 dc., and on the last of the 6 ch., which count as 1 tc., turn the work, and going back on the sl., crochet one row of picots, each of 5 ch. and 1 sl. on the first of these. After each picot work 1 sl. on the second following sl. of the preceding row; in doing this always insert the needle in the front vein of the sl. After the last picot work 1 sl. on the same sc. of the second round on which 1 sl. was worked after the dc. This completes one leaf of the rosette. Now work 1 ch., turn the work, and crochet back of the picot row, and always on the free upper vein of the next 15 dc., 1 sl. each, then 6 ch., which count as first tc. of the next leaf. Repeat eleven times from ∗. In working the sl. of the last leaf fasten to the first leaf of the rosette, and then crochet the sides of the two leaves that meet together from the under side by means of sl. Such rosettes may also be set together with embroidered squares for covers.



Fig. 2.—BLACK VELVET BASQUE. FRONT.

For pattern and description see Supplement, No. V., Figs. 15–23.

Borders for Table-Covers, Curtains, etc., Figs. 1 and 2.

See illustrations on page 236.

Fig. 1.—BORDER IN JACONET APPLICATION ON LACE. To make this border first transfer the design to jaconet, then baste the latter on lace, and both together on enameled cloth, and work the outlines in chain stitch with medium-sized white embroidery cotton. Work the small five-leaved figures in diagonal satin stitch, and the veins and leaves in straight satin stitch. Button-hole stitch the outer edge with finer embroidery cotton. Cut away the jaconet between the design figures and the double material on the outer edge, observing the illustration.

Fig. 2.—BORDER IN JACONET APPLICATION ON NETTING. This border is worked on a foundation of diagonal netting and jaconet in half-polka, satin, and button-hole stitch with white embroidery cotton. The open-work parts of the design figures are worked in lace stitch with fine thread. Cut away the jaconet between the design figures and the double material on the outer edge of the border.



Fig. 1.—CONFIRMATION DRESS.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–6.

Fig. 2.—VIOLET GROS GRAIN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 3.—FIRST COMMUNION DRESS.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. II., Figs. 7 and 8.

Fig. 4.—FIRST COMMUNION DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—BLACK POULT DE SOIE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 6.—CONFIRMATION DRESS.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. III., Figs. 9–12.

FIGS. 1–6.—CONFIRMATION AND FIRST COMMUNION DRESSES.

KEEPING FLOWERS FRESH.

DR. PIESSE, the celebrated perfumer, has lately suggested a method of preserving flowers, which has been found to give excellent results, and consists simply in immersing them for a moment in melted paraffine, drawing them out quickly, and shaking them gently, so as to remove the excess. For this treatment it is necessary that the flowers be fresh plucked, and entirely free from drops of rain or dew. The paraffine must be heated only enough to be liquid, as a greater degree of tem-

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perature would injure the flowers. The flowers are to be immersed one by one, and shaken about somewhat, so as to prevent the adhesion of bubbles of air to the surface. Such portions of the flowers as can not be easily preserved are to be trimmed away before immersion with scissors.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PERPLEXED.—The plain-basque suit is pretty for alpaca. Kilt pleating is appropriate. Fasten it down on the wrong side, or else stitch to the skirt a finger-length above the edge. You need not line the kilting. Straight flounces are much worn.

N. F. B.—The "wiriness" of your fabric is not objectionable. Make by Plain-basque Suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

MACK.—We have no cut paper pattern of gentlemen's shirts, but can send back numbers of *Bazar* with shirt pattern in Supplement.

E. A. B.—Wear box-pleated blouses, with drawing strings around the waist; also the Loose Sacque Wrapper illustrated in *Bazar* No. 4, Vol. V.

OGARITA.—A simple basque of French muslin without lining, and a bouffant over-skirt, with flounces on your lower skirt, will be the best model for you. You can use our Plain-basque Suit pattern shown in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. A Dolly Varden like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V., would suit you for a house dress, but as you are large, it would be too conspicuous for the street. There is no objection to the velvet bands on your skirt. Velvet bows of the same color would be stylish on your muslin over-skirt.

NINA.—Trim your plain trained black silk in tunic or court train fashion, like the spring silks described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 7, Vol. V. Add also a belt of four folds with a Watteau postilion, and put ruffles below the elbow of the coat sleeves.

SUNNY SIDE.—For your cottage parlor get curtains of dotted Swiss muslin, trimmed all round with a pleated or fluted ruffle four inches wide.—See answer to "Canadienne" in *Bazar* No. 10, Vol. V.

M. M.—Make dress like sample by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. Wear faille bonnet of same shade. For traveling suit get brown pongee; make by suit pattern with sleeveless sacque illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. Wear brown straw round hat, gray grenadine veil, and undressed kid gloves. Wear a black cashmere talma or a lace sacque with black and ashes-of-roses dresses. Gloves of pale gray and buff kid.

MISS S. P. H.—Polonaise capes do not show the waist. That given with the sleeveless sacque in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., is a good model. They should be lined with thin silk, paper-muslin, or else farmer's satin.

J. A. M.—Four yards of cashmere or seven or eight of goods of medium width will make a Marguerite polonaise.

MRS. L. B. T.—To make a French twist of your own hair you will have to put in a long topsy, or else a very slender roll of silk the color of your hair, stuffed with cotton. The twist, however, must not be bulky enough to protrude; the hair is now dressed to show the natural contour of the head, rather than to enlarge it by a great chignon.

MRS. S.—Get plain linen shirt-waists for your little boy. Have them plainly gathered, or else in pleats, with a belt. The kilt skirt has a belt with false belt beneath containing button-holes, by which it is fastened to buttons on the shirt belt.

PETITE.—For a suit of two shades of cashmere make a polonaise by Marguerite pattern of the lightest shade, edging it with folds of the darker. The kilt-pleated skirt of the darkest shade is like that of the suit illustrated in the last number.

A SUBSCRIBER.—To make a black alpaca for an old lady in mourning use the Plain-basque suit pattern, omitting the over-skirt, and trimming with bias folds.

MRS. C. A. C.—With your boy's plaid kilts let him wear white shirt-waists and black, dark brown, or blue jackets. You need not alter your serge suit. Only old ladies or those who are very fleshy dispense with over-skirts.

MRS. J. M.—The full set, comprising six garments, of lady's lingerie is sent for twenty-five cents.

SUMTER.—Bias bands of your plaid goods, piped each side with white or black braid, will trim your dress inexpensively. It will be suitable for light mourning.

MRS. N. B. P.—The pattern houses advertised in our columns will supply you.

COUNTRY GIRL.—White is the color of the other symbol.—Make your cambric polonaise by the Dolly Varden pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V.

MRS. H. C.—Sacques will continue to be worn, though mantles are more stylish.

BELLA.—Gabrielles of white piqué, braided with insertion set in, are the summer dresses for a boy of six months. The walking coat pattern sent you is the model you want, unless for a very young infant. In that case you require two large capes, and do not need a pattern. Watteau mantles with braided embroidery and fringe are much worn. Single talmas, as well as the Sleeveless sacque and cape illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., are stylish.

C. AND E.—Braid for making point lace costs about $1 50 for a piece of twelve yards.

NETTIE.—Read reply above to "Mack."

STONY.—We do not give addresses in this column.

MOURNING.—Make a Victoria lawn suit by the directions you quote. Trim with side pleating just as you suggest. The fronts are hemmed underneath the pleating, and fastened by small thread buttons. Your white suit will be prettier without a black shawl, unless you have one of lace. White organdy strips pass around the neck and tie in a bow in front. The *Bazar* has given many specimens of standing frills and jabots of lace, illusion, and footing. Tack the looping of your thin over-skirt instead of using tapes. Our gored wrapper pattern has the fullness of back breadths gathered to the waist. We will give you here all the information we can, but have not leisure for personal discussions about shopping and dress.

ELLA.—Trim your cashmere polonaise and skirt with kilt pleating. Make a coat sleeve with a deep kilt ruffle falling from the elbow.

E. F. S.—The suit you mention would be in good taste.

VERMONTANA.—For your boy of three years make kilt-pleated skirts, with shirt-waists, and let him wear a jacket with these when the weather requires it. His closed drawers must be too short to be visible. The Marguerite, or else the new Dolly Varden polonaise, with kilt pleatings, is the model for your black alpaca.

THYRZA.—Make your white jaconet with a pleated blouse-waist, and two skirts trimmed with side pleatings.—*Non sequitur* means it does not follow—an unwarranted conclusion.

HAL.—The *Bazar* can furnish you back numbers giving directions for point Russe embroidery.

STELLA B.—Mourning for a father is usually worn a year and a half or two years.—Bias gathered flounces take less silk than any other trimming. The Marguerite polonaise will be worn again.

EMILY.—Bracelets *are* now worn above the elbows, and several are worn at once, but the *Bazar* thinks it very bad taste.

ALLAH M.—The Gabrielle is a better pattern for piqué than the yoke slip. A black Irish poplin is not too heavy for spring in this climate. Your wood brown sample is very pretty, and would look well with a Marguerite polonaise trimmed with bias silk and fringe.—Like you, the *Bazar* does not believe in boring holes through one's flesh to hang jewelry in, and wonders that your husband should wish your ears disfigured.

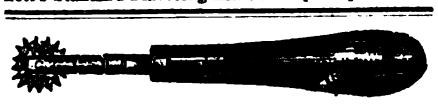
A VERY OLD FRIEND.—Make a box-pleated blouse buttoned behind for a girl of twelve. Two skirts and a postilion belt complete the dress. We can send you a polonaise suit pattern for her. See list of *Bazar* patterns. The sleeveless sacque and cape illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., is what she wants.

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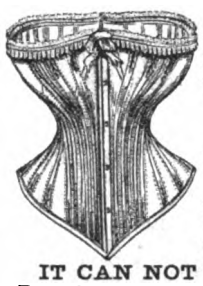
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Vol. IV.

WORTH-BASQUE HOUSE DRESS	No. 1
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LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
APRON-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
POSTILION-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 15
SHORT-SACQUE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LADY'S TRAVELING SUIT	" 21
MISS'S POLONAISE SUIT (for girl from 7 to 15 years old)	" 23
GIRL'S PRINCESSE SUIT (for girl from 2 to 8 years old)	" 25
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
BOY'S KNEE-BREECHES, VEST, AND JACKET (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 29
BOY'S BLOUSE, SHIRT-WAIST, and KNICKERBOCKERS (for Boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 31
YOUTH'S ENGLISH WALKING COAT, VEST, AND PANTALOONS (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 33
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 43
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with Pleated Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt	" 52

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postilion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 8
DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT	" 11
SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postillon, and Walking Skirt	" 13
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MAMMA. "Why, Johnny?"

JOHNNY. "Because it will do for Next Time."

FACETIÆ.

A BOSTONIAN has been fined $40 for "not communicating a case of small-pox to the proper authorities." If we were the proper authorities, we should prefer his keeping it to himself.

Can a captain's gig be driven ashore?

Our butcher says no one can beat his steaks. Unfortunately, our cook is obliged to.

NOTICE OF A PEAL—A flash of lightning.

An arithmetic in rhyme is advertised. But it has been done before. We had the rule of three in—verse ever so long ago.

AN ATTACHED COUPLE—The shells of an oyster.

A free seat will cost you nothing. That is a question, though, if the hat is sent round.

A SERIOUS TURN—The twist of one's neck.

MISFORTUNES NEVER COME SINGLY.—Two thieves stole a well-filled trunk a few nights ago. On opening it they discovered that it contained nothing but religious tracts, and at the same moment they were captured by the police.

CURIOUS MEM.—When a watch is sold it always changes hands: this seems odd on the face of it.

"WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE"—The areas.

"How the World Wags a Tale." Something wrong here. Either a book of Darwinian theories, or there's been a comma left out.

LIP SERVICE—Tea-cups and saucers.

A FACT.—When the angler was ordered out of the house, he took his hook.

Daily newspaper paragraphing is getting to be fearfully abbreviated. Here is a specimen recording a death, "Clay Spencer, colored: pint of Memphis whisky."

Not to be outdone by the explosive mince-pie of Ohio, an Indiana sweet-potato exploded and scalded an infant.

KLEPTOMANIA.—A sad case of depravity, which has come to light within the last few days, is causing great distress to a most respectable family. One of its members, a lady hitherto of irreproachable character, has lately taken *to steel pens*.

It is all very well to say, "Take things as they come;" but suppose things don't come?

VERY SURPRISING.—They have a new way of getting up surprise-parties in certain parts of Illinois. A resident receives an anonymous letter stating that a surprise-party will be with him on a certain evening. He prepares for it. Nobody comes, and the surprise of the party is complete.



ÆSTHETICS OF DRESS.

COURTESAN (*he has been bidden to a Wedding, and can't make up his Mind in the matter of Trouser Patterns, but at last says*). "Oh, there! that 'll do, I sh'd think!"

TAILOR. "Pardon me, Sir; if you are going to be 'Best Man,' the Shade is hardly Tender enough!"

The Japanese make a strong string of paper, and we have seen a very good cord of wood—but not lately.

A fond husband boasts that his wife is so industrious that when she has nothing else to do she knits her brow.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

Hasty Pudding.—Make any sort of pudding (for which see previous recipes); take it off the fire before it is half boiled.

Another Way.—Forget to make the pudding, and don't remember that you have forgotten till you take the saucepan off to dish up; then take a basin, butter it inside, put in two apples whole, add a little oatmeal and bread crumbs, and pour boiling water over it, gently stirring. Brown in a Dutch oven. Put a plate over the basin and reverse it, and you will be able to see how it turns out.

Hustled Cockles.—Send for a quart of cockles to any fish shop. By the time they reach you they will be sufficiently hustled.

Curried Beef.—A quick way of currying beef is often very useful. Soak your beef in brine for a fortnight; when it looks nice, send to the saddler's for a curry-comb; with this gently mince the beef, the smaller the better.

We append a *menu* for about fifty people:

Potages.—Mutton broth *à la Maison de travail à Blackwell's Island. Pot au feu* (this is made with some water, a saucepan, and a cabbage leaf).

Poissons.—Pickled eels' feet. A sprat. Whelks *au naturel*.

Entrées.—Orange-peel (this may be had anywhere for the trouble of collecting: the best is picked up in muddy weather). Trotters. *Sacs de mystère*.

Rotis.—Four or five slices of cold boiled beef, *à la nearest eating-house*. Tripe.

Gibier.—Sparrows (you can always make game of a sparrow by putting salt on its tail), with bread sauce.

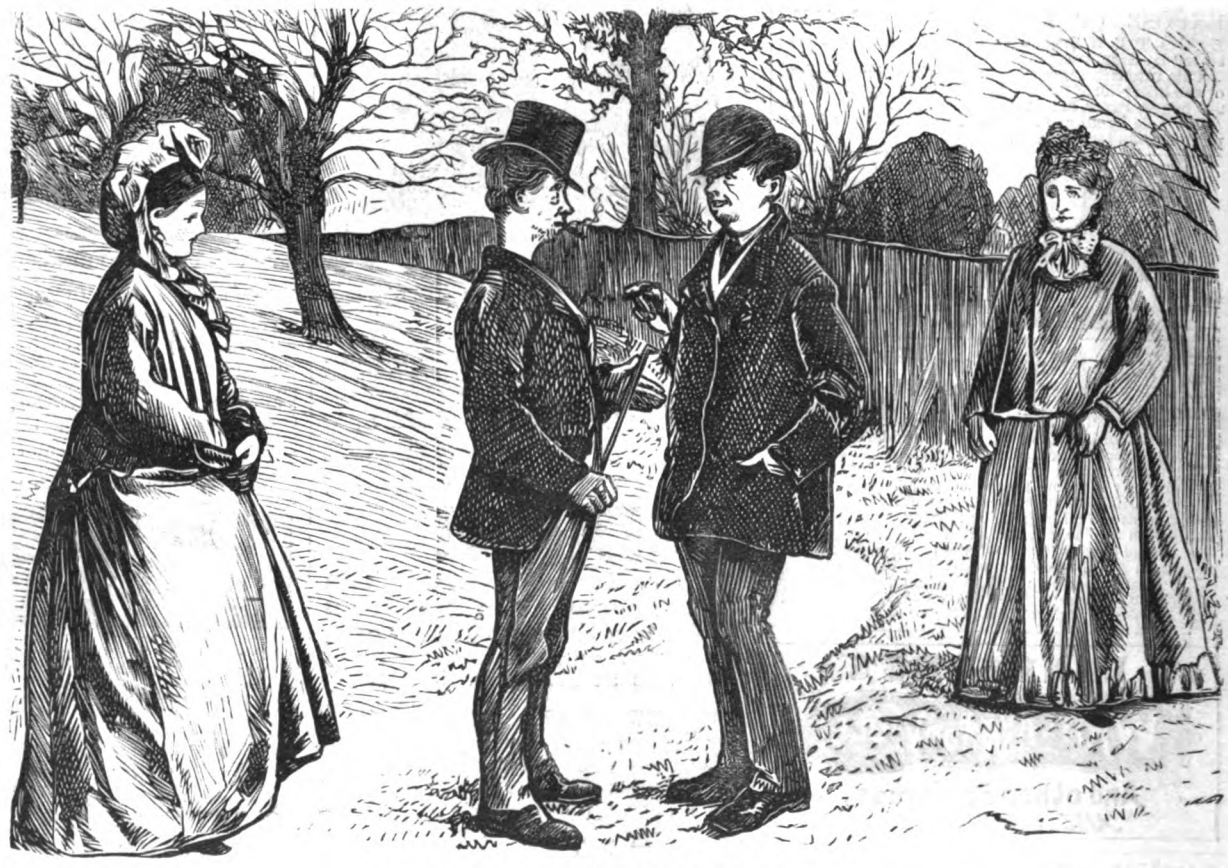
Hors d'Œuvre.—Jug of cold water. Salt-cellar.



"STOLEN BITES."

SWEET SISTER. "Now don't be a Cross Boy—have this nice Jam Ma has left us."

CROSS BOY. "Sha'n't! Don't Like it! 'Tain't half so Good as if she had forgotten her keys and we'd *prigged* it."



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Jim Bates goes out for a walk with his Young Woman; his pal, Joe Nobbs, happens to be walking with *his* Young Woman in the same direction. "'Ulloa, Jim," says Joe, "'ow are yer?" "Why, Joe," observes Jim, "'ow's yerself!" And instead of introducing their future Wives (whom they leave standing apart), the two friends gaze at each other with the sheepish grin of conscious imbecility. Then, having nothing more to say, they part, and resume their respective walks with their Young Women as before.

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

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LADIES' STREET AND HOUSE DRESSES.

Fig. 1.—MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT (WITH CAPE).—BACK.

Fig. 2.—MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT (WITHOUT CAPE).—FRONT.

Fig. 3.—POMPADOUR HOUSE DRESS.

[Cut Paper Patterns of the Marguerite Dolly Varden Walking Suit, with Cape, in nine Sizes, even Numbers, from 30 to 46 Inches, Bust Measure, sent, Prepaid, by Mail, on Receipt of Twenty-five Cents.]

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Ladies' Street and House Dresses.

See illustration on first page.

Figs. 1 and 2.—MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN WALKING SUIT, WITH CAPE (WITH CUT PAPER PATTERN). This beautiful walking suit, which is copied from a new Paris model, differs from the Dolly Varden polonaise published a few weeks ago in having an apron front, instead of being open like the latter. It is, in fact, the latest modification of the favorite Marguerite polonaise, furnished with the popular cape, and trimmed *en tablier* to simulate the open Dolly Varden, and may be made either of flowered chintz, grenadine, organdy, silk, etc., or of plain materials. The original is made of flowered grenadine with a black ground, and is worn over a black silk skirt, trimmed with nine alternate flounces of silk and grenadine. The first figure shows the polonaise with and the second without the cape.

The pattern is furnished in nine sizes, even numbers, from 30 to 46 inches, bust measure. To take the size pass a tape measure entirely around the body, across the largest part of the shoulder-blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest, drawing it moderately tight. No other measure is required. If the size is an uneven number of inches, for instance, 37, send for 38, and take the seams deeper than is allowed for in the pattern. When no size is specified, the average size is sent. The quantity of material is estimated for a person of average size, from 34 to 36 inches.

DESCRIPTION OF CUT PAPER PATTERN.

THIS pattern comprises two articles—Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise with cape, and six-gored walking skirt.

MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN POLONAISE WITH CAPE.—This pattern is in nine pieces—front, front side gore, back, side back, sleeve, ruffle for sleeve, puff for sleeve, cape, and scalloped trimming for neck. The front is fitted with two darts on each side, the one nearest the middle extending to the bottom of the garment. The side front of the skirt part is joined to the body at the waist line according to the notches. The seam under the arm extends below the waist line to the single hole in the seam. An extra width is cut on the back edge of the front below the waist line on each side, and the skirt is draped high by five deep pleats, laid in a space of four inches, turned upward and tacked at the middle back seam about five inches below the waist line, at the point of the basque. The back is fitted by side backs and a seam in the middle, the three seams extending below the waist, where an extra width is cut on, and is laid in small side pleats underneath, and tacked at the corresponding seams. The back of the skirt is draped in the middle by a tape twelve inches long, which is tacked at the single hole in the back, and at the waist line on the middle seam. The polonaise is edged with a ruffle of the material four inches wide, which extends up the seam of the front gores, lessening in width to the waist line, whence it is continued along the line of perforations up the waist, over the shoulders, and across the back. The waist is high in the neck, and is closed with buttons and button-holes, and ornamented with bows. A small bow is coquettishly set on the left side of the front. The sleeve is coat-shaped, and is finished on the outside with a puffing of the material divided by bands, which is gathered on the edges, and joined at the top and bottom of the sleeve. The four lines of perforations show where to gather across to form the five small puffs. The bottom of the sleeve is finished with a deep ruffle, laid in five box-pleats. The edge of the lower puff is gathered into a space of an inch and a half; the ruffle is then joined to the sleeve. The cape is finished at the neck with a standing band of the material, cut in scallops. The cape is trimmed around the bottom and up both sides of the opening in the back with a narrow ruffle. A Watteau bow with long ends is set at the top of the opening. The polonaise can be worn without the cape if preferred, or the cape may be lengthened or shortened if desired. Place the longest seam of the sleeve to the notch in the back of the armhole, and hold the sleeve toward you while sewing it in. An outlet of an inch is allowed for the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, and a quarter of an inch for all the other seams. The notches show how to put the pattern together, and where to lay the pleats. The lines of perforation show where to baste the seams on the shoulders and under the arms, to take up the darts in front and on the shoulders of the cape, and to gather the puffs on the sleeves, and the size and shape of the under part of the sleeves.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 10 yards.

Extra for ruffles, 2 yards.

SIX-GORED WALKING SKIRT.—This pattern is in four pieces—half of front, two side gores, and half of back breadth. Only half the pattern is given. Cut the front and half breadth given on the pattern with the longest straight edge laid on the fold of the cloth, to avoid making a seam. Cut two pieces each from the pattern given for the side gores laid lengthwise of the goods. Put the pattern together by the notches, and pay no attention to the grain of the paper. The front and front side gores are sewed on the belt plain, and the back gores and full breadth are gathered. The skirt is trimmed with nine gathered flounces four inches wide, extending three-quarters of a yard up the skirt.

Quantity of material, 27 inches wide, 8 yards.

Extra for flounces, 3 yards.

Fig. 3.—POMPADOUR HOUSE DRESS. Black silk dress with Pompadour waist. Over-skirt of dotted black tulle, with three deep horizontal pleats in the back, edged with wide black lace. High chemisette of puffed black tulle.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1872.

DORÉ'S LONDON.

☞ THE publication of this magnificent PICTORIAL SERIAL will be commenced in the SUPPLEMENT sent out without extra charge with HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 13. Each number will be adorned with many beautiful and interesting illustrations by DORÉ, the greatest living master of the Picturesque in Art, with entertaining descriptions and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by BLANCHARD JERROLD. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, will be sent out GRATUITOUSLY with HARPER'S WEEKLY; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ THE next installment of GEORGE ELIOT'S interesting novel, "MIDDLEMARCH," now appearing in HARPER'S WEEKLY, will be the opening chapter of the Third Book, entitled "Waiting for Death."

☞ *Cut Paper Patterns of the elegant Marguerite Dolly Varden Walking Suit, with Cape, illustrated on the first page of the present Number, are now ready, and will be sent by the Publishers, Prepaid, by Mail, on receipt of Twenty-five Cents and Bust Measure. For Full List of Cut Paper Patterns published see Advertisement on page 263.*

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a Double-sized Pattern Sheet, with Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a rich variety of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Wrappings, Water-proof Cloaks, House, Street, and Evening Dresses, Passementerie and Crochet Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Fancy Articles, etc.; with a brilliant array of literary and artistic attractions.*

A WAY OF ESCAPE.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

THERE are physical and avoidable causes of nervous irritation which we might be learned and call objective, in distinction from those which spring from personal infirmity, and which may be reckoned as subjective. But irritation and alienation are always painful, whether you can help them or whether you can not. Sharp words are not sweet words, though your friend did not say them to wound you, but to relieve himself; and if a little isolation, separation, self-protection, would prevent the mental or nervous disturbance that breaks forth in these verbal irruptions, we are verily foolish not to make of our selfishness a fine art.

A young man and maiden fall very sincerely and profoundly in love with each other, and in the sudden impulse of self-surrender think they never can be sufficiently one. When Leander stands waiting till Hero has quenched her thirst, that he may have the devout and solemn joy of drinking from the glass her lips have touched, it is a sufficiently innocent thing. When they go to church and sit together, and conspicuously flourish the same pocket-handkerchief, the carping observer may suggest that their affection borders upon the obtrusive; still there is no harm done. But when they are married; when they have established themselves as housekeepers; when the novelty is gone, and they are brought down to the granite rock of character—woe is me if they have not elected to distinguish between mine and thine. Not that love must be evanescent, or that housekeeping is its sworn foe, but oneness is chiefly of the spirit. The two are one in heart, in purpose, in taste, in interest, but in clothes and closets and bureau-drawers they are two. In the commonplaces of life they are just as *dual* as if there had been no unity, and it is by strict obedience to the law of commonplace that life is lifted out of the sphere of commonplace. After a year or two, I suppose, Leander never dreams of drinking from Hero's glass; if he use it, he does it without dreaming, because there is no other near. It is not that he loves Hero less, but he is firmly and in a thousand ways conscious of her nearness and her love, and in a thousand ways has assured her, and in a thousand ways has perfect freedom to assure her, of his devotion, and therefore needs no pressure of the unconscious glass to testify. But if two or three times at the moment of tooth-brushing his toilette-cup is absent from its place, the whilom sentimental swimmer lifts up a great and bitter cry to know where in the world that cup is always going to, and why does he have to run all over the house (masculine for stepping across the room) every time he wants to brush his teeth? And Hero's heart is broken, for it was she who took it for the unstiffening of her too crisp laces, and swiftly she flies for the missing cup, as intent as he when he crossed his Hellespont. But why are not such little skirmishes prevented by the simple expedient of a double set of toilette apparatus, and consequent absolute ownership and independence? Oneness of spirit is so powerfully served by twoness of looking-glasses. "Oh, my dear!" shrieks Hero, rushing to the rescue of her smooth and spotless *lingerie*, ruthlessly tumbled by Leander's remorseless hand roving around the drawer for a fresh handkerchief. But is there any thing in the Union as it was or the Constitution as it is which makes the marriage vow less binding unless Leander's slight and savage *impedimenta* be superimposed upon the elaborate gossamer finery of Hero's more advanced civilization? Why not devote some humble corner of the bureau, or perhaps the whole of the wash-stand drawer, to his exclusive use, and teach him that he meddle with any other locality at the peril of his life? Only wealth can furnish a separate suite of rooms to each member of the family, but a very little foresight and thrift, combined with strong self-respect and delicacy of perception, can allot to every one an amount of individual ownership and control sufficient to keep the peace, permit Christian development, and minister wonderfully to calmness and happiness.

In a novel which I read long ago a young wife, in a domestic emergency, rushed into her husband's library without knocking, and, indeed, without thinking, and was shocked a day or two after to find the key turned upon her. Of course the man was a prig; but she had married him, and the discovery came too late, and, after all, came to me alone, I believe, and not to her. Besides, she was convinced that in his heart he loved her, although he had committed the horror of locking the door against her. But she was a wise woman, and instead of making an ado about it, she said nothing, but went quietly to work and proved herself not only so fond and faithful, but so discreet and efficient a wife, that she took the fortress by storm. The husband not only unlocked his door, but, I believe, transferred himself, books, ink, library, and all, into her dressing-room, and no doubt made her life a burden by being perpetually under foot, though that is not recorded in history. At any rate, he opened wide all the doors of his heart, and took her forever and completely into his most inner confidence. And of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

One would not insert in the marriage-contract a clause that young wives should knock at the door of their husbands' libraries before they enter on penalty of being locked out; but there is more danger that Impulsia Gushington will rush in too unreservedly than that she will approach too formally; and it is quite unnatural, absurd, and intolerable that husbands and wives should not have their library or boudoir, or some little prophet's chamber on the wall, where they can command an inviolable solitude. No nature is strong and sweet that does not sometimes crave, and none can be satisfied without securing, easily and at will, an absolute seclusion.

There are preachers of a new gospel who maintain that it is the personal pronouns which make all the trouble in the world. But if to me were intrusted the commission of securing to life all the sweetness and sanity of which it is capable, I would far sooner abolish the world than abolish its personal pronouns. The joy of giving must be preceded by the joy of owning. There is no pleasure in community that does not spring from spontaneity. He belongs most benignly to others who belongs most completely to himself.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of the Magic of Fatuas.

MY DEAR BOB,—Your friend, young Louis Legrand, did me the honor of dropping in upon me the other evening to smoke his cigar after dinner. He threw himself prone upon my sofa, and talked with me very familiarly: nor shall I disguise that I am always glad and even flattered when a young man imparts to me his confidences. It shows me, perhaps, that I am not so old as wholly to have outgrown the sympathy of youth, and that the high bloom of life feels a kindly and not withering air in my presence. But while I enjoyed the confidence in itself, I could not admire the subject of it. Louis is one of what the French call the gilded youth. His costume is unexceptionable, and I suppose that the figure of none of our young Apollos is more sensitively susceptible to the changes of the mode. The exact shade, the material, the form, the arrangement of a cravat or scarf, for instance, which is most rigorously *comme il faut*, may always be known upon a survey of the person of Louis Legrand. It was your cousin Miranda, I think, who said to me one evening at a ball that among his other accomplishments Mr. Legrand included that of a commentator of Shakespeare. And when I looked in amazement, she added, "Nobody ever explained so perfectly the phrase in 'Hamlet,' 'the glass of fashion:' I see that the young men dress themselves by Louis Legrand."

There is, however, one serious trouble in his life. To array his person in that faultless apparel, to buy gloves and bouquets for his partners, and to hire carriages to take him to balls and home again, exhausts the slender purse of Louis Legrand. This saddens his soul, and as he sees grocers and lumber-dealers and lawyers and bankers making great fortunes, which he is sure that they do not know how to enjoy, my young friend Louis becomes bitter and satirical, and rails at fortune, which gives to one man tastes but to another man the means of gratifying them. "Of what use," he says, "is money to Sapsago? He can, indeed, buy all that he wants; but what does such a man want? Think what he might do with his enormous income! What feasts he could give! What gifts he could scatter! Ah!" says Louis Legrand, knocking the ash from his cigarette with his little finger, upon which the delicate filbert nail and the exquisite ring are equally remarkable—"Ah! what a fairy-land a man with a hundred thousand a year ought to make of this world!"

This was the strain of his conversation the other evening after dinner. "Of all the old stories," he said, "I really think that I prefer that of Midas. Upon the whole, nothing tells so well as money; and I should be willing to take a great many risks if I could only be sure of the magical touch that I perceive in some men's fingers. How I should like to change this paper-weight to gold by placing my hand upon it!" I do not think that this was especially pleasant to hear. The tendency of our age is Protean. It adapts itself to the individual. Here was my elegant young friend, of certain refined tastes and of superb indolence, and the coarse, fierce greed of gold, which leads other men to swindle and steal, took in him the form of admiration for the purse of Fortunatus. Now a leper is a leper, although he be clothed in purple and fine linen; and this was the mercenary soul in a delicate body. But when I rallied him, Louis retorted quickly that he did not care for the money, but only for what the money would procure. "I want it to spend, not to hoard," he answered. "I want to put it to every beautiful use," he said, as he lay back and blew rings of azure smoke from his mouth.

Then he proceeded to tell me what he would gladly do with his hundred thousand a year. He would have the finest of houses built with the utmost splendor, but in perfect taste. There should be no excess of any kind, but each turn and vista should be a new delight. The walls of some rooms should be hung with pictures, masterpieces only; each room arranged with a special intention. Then what happiness to pay the painters enormous sums for their works! And statues, vases, sculptures, in proper places, should not be wanting. In what soft depths of carpet your feet should sink! Upon what comfortable lounges you should recline! What sumptuous draperies should be gathered away from exquisite laces! The dinner service—it should surpass that of Said Pasha, which cost sixty millions of francs! Then in the winter-garden, the conservatory of tropical delights opening out of the dining-room, a band of musicians should play, their mellow, softened strains mingling with the penetrating breath of flowers and the wines upon the table. In the gardens beyond, fountains should plash and peacocks spread their fans against the odorous dusk of orange groves. And so my royal youth went on, half shutting his eyes and blowing rings of smoke as he told the fairy tale of the riches which he wished.

"Then on a perfect summer moonlight," he said, "I go with my band, and placing them where I wish, with long, melancholy, mellow strains they enchant the air, and awaken somebody to whom I would speak only in music. She knows what I say and who it is that says it: and in the morning when she descends from her room, her mind and heart full of the sweet passion of that music, lo! a basket of the rarest flowers salutes her, as if that music had taken form." Louis Legrand looked at me as he said it,

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and I said only "Oh!" For I perceived that this was the easy dream of a lazy, selfish lover. But did he think that it is the music and the flowers, or that which they would express, that would be truly precious to that gentle lady, whoever she might be? And if such a lady there were—if there be such at this moment—does Louis Legrand not know that if she cares for him he can give her the sweetness of the music and the beauty of the flowers without a sound or a color?

The magic of Midas is finer and more subtile than the golden youth suppose. It is, indeed, a pleasant thing to drive horses, and sail yachts, and give dainty dinners. It is gratifying to be one of the choicest circle, and acknowledged as of the bluest blood. But the money which pays for it all, and the skill that makes the money, are but the superficial touch. The true magic of Midas lies deeper far. To change a paper-weight into gold, to change calico, or molasses, or stocks into a splendid house and carriages and dinners, is a pretty skill and a useful, and he is not a wise man who despises it. But to change a dark day into a bright one, to change sorrow into blessing, to change disappointment into triumph, to change a bruised heart into a beautiful life—there is a magic of which my young friend blowing perfumed smoke rings never dreamed, a magic which turns the whole world into the finest gold.

And there are magicians who work these wonders without a hundred thousand dollars a year, and without gray beards or long wands of mystery. One such I know who lives in an obscure street and in a little house. This magician is married, and two little children sit at table between him and Mrs. Magician. The dinner service is not in the least like Said Pasha's, and there is no band in a neighboring conservatory; but a melodious canary hangs in a pretty cage over a few flowers in the window. And at that table, when Mrs. Magician says that "things go wrong," the magician declares that things are naturally vicious, and are responsible for most human sorrow and inconvenience. And if the cheap "help" spoils the feast, and the junior member at table tips over the casters, or a glass is broken, or some other tragedy befalls, this magician waves his wand—for he has one, although it is not mysterious—and instantly all the ugly dross and rubbish that seemed to have accumulated upon that hapless table are changed. Ill temper and hard feeling and petulance and sullenness vanish utterly. A cheery word, a twinkling smile, a quip, a crank, has done it all. That sly magician has waved the wand of good temper over inconveniences and annoyances, and they are transformed, as the hand of Midas transformed whatever it touched to pure gold.

Or there is the young Madonna whom we both know, whom not even the prospect of a German with Louis Legrand will draw to a ball, who wears only her own hair, and to whom Lent is not a name, but a meditation and a fast. There was a nobler youth than our friend Louis with whom once she walked, and who was worthy of the maiden vows she plighted. How far away it seems, yet she is not old! There came the cruel day, and a sorrow not to be told. But, dear boy, that which made her worthy of his love, as he was of hers, made her the victor. The blow that ruined what we call the highest happiness of life she changed by the magic of faith, of character, of love, into its sweetest triumph. That steady heart of hers, consecrated, not broken, by sorrow, heals the hurts of a thousand. That maiden purity and gentle sympathy noiselessly reprove the follies and excesses of her companions. She touches the baser metal, the stone, the dust, of their poorer lives, and they become fine gold. If the spell of the magician in the obscure street is temperament, the higher magic of our Madonna is character.

My dear Bob, the royal family of Midas has many branches, you see, and we may meet the princes and princesses on every hand. And when Louis Legrand sighs to be rich, that he may gratify his selfishness more splendidly, and longs for the power of the old king to plate his life with actual gold, I ask him, if he must sigh instead of try, why, instead of longing for the gold, he does not pray for that which makes gold precious. He dreams of Sylvia and envies Clarence, who drives the superb coupé which he fears Sylvia can not resist. Yet if Sylvia dreams of Louis, does he not know that she would more gladly walk a mile with him in snow or rain than drive all day with Clarence? and that the plain china from which they eat at her father's table is changed when Louis dines with them to burnished plate of a gold finer than Midas ever saw? Ah! the good-for-nothing! While he lounges on my sofa, and longs for the gift of Midas to change a paper-weight to gold, he has already the magic which gilds the whole world for Sylvia!

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

THE MARGUERITE DOLLY VARDEN POLONAISE.

THE pattern illustrated on our first page contains a new suggestion for rendering the Marguerite polonaise more bouffant. The fronts of the skirt are lengthened, laid in easy folds, carried high up on the tournure, and fastened there by a single bow. When this favorite garment was introduced the drapery behind was held by three bows, then two were preferred, and now with the new arrangement but one is used, and a very graceful bouffant tournure is produced. This pattern is being used for silk and woolen suits of quiet colors, but is in especial favor for Dolly Vardens, as it has an apron front which will conceal faults in half-worn skirts, that are utilized by this convenient and stylish over dress. The pretty talma-cape is separate from the polonaise, and may be worn or omitted at pleasure, being designed for the street only. The bows on this garment are quite a feature. They should always be of solid color, like the ground of the Dolly Varden, and when made of black velvet or gros grain ribbon they are considered appropriate for garments of any material; hence one set of bows will serve for several over dresses. First there are half a dozen bows down the front; then the cockade bow high on the left breast; the shoulder-knot with ends hanging behind is on the right shoulder; the Watteau bow just below the back of the neck has long streamers; a small bow is on each sleeve; and the tournure bow completes the set. When made of gros grain ribbon alike on each side, the ends of the bows are not cut apart.

The flowered goods of the Dolly Vardens are now used for ruffling the skirt with which the gay polonaise is worn. A pretty arrangement shown in the engraving is alternate narrow ruffles of solid color and the figured fabric; another design has puffs of the figured goods, and great fan-shaped pieces at intervals around the skirt. Chintz fringes are being manufactured for trimming Dolly Vardens, as are also colored laces—green, blue, and rose. Buff guipure lace made of the unbleached thread, and warranted not to fade white, although it will wear lighter, is sold for trimming buff foulards, batistes, and linens. It costs from 50 cents a yard to $2 50, according to width. Bias folds of white muslin, plain bands, and clear white frills are used abroad for trimming colored cashmeres, silks, and chintz-figured goods.

THE DOLLY VARDEN HAT.

A most picturesque round hat, called the Dolly Varden, is designed to wear with gay chintz suits in the country at midsummer. This is a Leghorn or chip flat, with a broad soft brim, not held in shape by stiff wire, but caught up in pleats on each side. A cluster of rose-buds is in front; pale blue or écru faille ribbon is twined around the crown, and tied in a large bow with streamers behind; another bunch of buds is under the brim on the left, and an ostrich plume on the right curls around behind; the brim is faced with silk of a becoming color, usually in contrast to that of the trimming. There are long strings to tie under the chin or the chignon, as the wearer fancies. They cost from $35 to $45. A large bow of white ribbon is worn on some of these hats in the Alsatian fashion described below.

OTHER ROUND HATS.

Few round hats are shown at the first spring openings. Milliners reserve these for a later opening of summer millinery, held just before city people go out of town for the summer. The most dressy round hats yet seen have high sloping crowns with very slight drooping brims, and are made of black net and thread lace, row after row, gathered around the crown in standing frills, and ornamented with very rich jet ornaments, in bands, jet blocks, aigrettes, and sometimes a coronet made up of small jet beads. Very sharp pointed wings, bronze, brown, and black, are much used on these hats, and indeed are a most marked feature in trimmings. Some aigrettes, especially of white heron's feathers and short, much curled ostrich tips, are also used.

Black straws, sewed chip, and split straw round hats are shaped like bonnets, with a narrow revers in front, and only require strings to transform them into bonnets. The turned-up revers is faced with a color and lace, a great bow is placed in front, a wing at the side, while a rose and vine trail down the back.

SPRING BONNETS.

The new shapes prove to be very becoming. They are combinations of the cottage and gypsy bonnets, with very high crowns and narrow head pieces. Sewed chip bonnets will be more worn than they have been of late years. Two or three shades of one color will be less used than contrasts of color, and black is mixed with every color, throwing into relief the pale Nile greens, *ciel* blue, and tea-rose in a most effective way. Trimmings are massed in front of the erect high crown, and there is much drapery of net and ribbon hanging low behind. Flowers are large roses, or else wreaths of leaves.

THE ALSATIAN BOW.

The most conspicuous feature of the season's trimming is the Alsatian bow—a very large bow of simplest shape placed on the front of the bonnet, resting against its high crown. It is made of wide ribbon, with the ends passing around the crown, caught together low behind with a knot or a smaller bow, and finished by raveled fringed ends. Lace and jet Alsatian bows are also used. *Bazar* readers who file their papers will find on page 141 of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V., an Alsatian coiffure, which will serve as a model for the trimming of a straw bonnet; the single large rose with browned leaves shown in the engraving is also found on bonnets. This caprice is a literal copy of the head-dress worn by the peasant women of Alsace, as our readers will discover by referring to a picture on page 229 of *Bazar* No. 18, Vol. V. The severe aspect of the bow in this picture is dispelled by Parisian fingers, and the ornament is found to be very becoming.

HOW TO TRIM STRAW BONNETS.

Among the simplest and prettiest spring bonnets are those of chip or split straw slightly pointed *à la* Marie Stuart above the forehead. The entire bonnet has an inch-wide binding of pale blue, green, écru, or rose ribbon, an Alsatian bow of black net, with ends passed around the crown and hanging nearly to the belt behind, a tea-rose mounted high on the crown, with a trailing spray of buds and brown leaves falling among the net streamers, and strings of ribbon three inches wide tied under the chin. We quote this stylish model as one easily followed by out-of-town readers. With Marie Stuart fronts a face trimming is unnecessary, but with coronet revers ruches of tulle are used.

Black chip bonnets, as light as Neapolitan braids, and ordinary black straws, will be in favor for the whole summer season. They are lighted up by faille ribbon of the new shades—réséda, or mignonette (a greenish-gray shade that some call sage green), *chair* (a pinkish-buff), pale Nile green, and plum-color. Sometimes Valenciennes lace an inch wide edges the ribbon on black straws, giving a very rich effect. Slender bronzed wings are on the left, leaves colored as if by frost fall from the back, and the inevitable bow is in front. Pale gray straws are similarly trimmed with light blue, plum, and cuir colored ribbon.

BLACK THREAD NET BONNETS.

Real thread net, perfectly plain—that is, without a dot or figure wrought in it—is the material for those black bonnets that ladies living in cities consider not only most stylish, but most economical. This net is more substantial than tulle, but less heavy, and with smaller meshes than Brussels net. It is made up over lace frames, often being laid plainly on the frame, and is piped with black turquoise silk. Real thread lace is its garniture, with coronets, lattice bands, and butterflies of finely cut jet, spirited aigrettes and wings, short curled ostrich tips of light color, and above all wreaths of leaves. The trimming is massed in front in Alsatian fashion; one bonnet has the great bow of two leaves of lace with a jet butterfly in the centre, another has a cluster of ivy leaves in front with trailing vines, a third has tea-roses, and all have drooping ends of the net hanging low behind. Wide lace strings are preferred with these bonnets. A black net bonnet can be made youthful-looking by putting a pale blue faille bow in front, and a Pompadour rose of natural color tipped with blue on the crown, with trailing buds at the back. A pale gray rose, streaked with flame tints, and a tea-rose with black marks, as if partly charred, trim another.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames PAGE; and FERRERO; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

MR. BENNETT, of the *Herald*, proposes to visit Scotland in May, where two of his sisters are living. Mr. BENNETT junior will manage the paper during his absence, except that in the summer he will trip over to Europe and visit G. D. ALEXIS, as per invitation.

—Miss SISSON, of New London, Connecticut, preferring any thing to the dreary monotony of existence in that city, has gone to India as a missionary.

—Mr. A. T. STEWART has arranged to build 100 houses at Jamaica Plains, this spring, at an average of $1900 each.

—The Rev. EDWARD N. KIRK, D.D., of Boston, who in his early career was noted as a "revivalist," is now totally blind, but hopes by a surgical operation to partially regain his sight.

—The Rev. Mr. PADDOCK, of Genesee, got his Sunday-school children together the other day, and preached to them a sermon composed wholly in words of one syllable.

—Thirty years ago EDWARD J. ROYE, the deposed President of Liberia, was a barber in Terre Haute, Indiana.

—The Rev. W. H. H. "Adirondack" MURRAY is now one of the institutions of Boston, and his average audience at the Music Hall services is about three thousand and a half. Mr. MURRAY is known as one of the best rifle-shots and fly-fishermen in the country. In skating, swimming, and boating he is a master; and as for 2.40 travelers, he knows them as well as Mr. BONNER. He agrees with THEODORE PARKER that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." He has a fine stock farm in Connecticut, and once playfully remarked to some friends that he "knew but three things—Old-School theology, Adirondacks, and the horse."

—Prince HENRY, son of the German Crown Prince, has just been apprenticed to a bookbinder in Berlin. The Crown Prince himself is a printer, and the Leipsic *Tageblatt* gives a song which was sung by the men of the office to which he belonged on the occasion of his marriage to the Princess Royal of England.

—The picture-gallery of the late LEGRAND LOCKWOOD, of Norwalk, Connecticut, is soon to be sold. It is by far the best collection in Connecticut, and one of the best in the country, being valued at about $200,000. Many of the pictures are fine works of art, and well known to connoisseurs in art.

—Senator SHERMAN, of Ohio, is pressing his tariff bill, which proposes some material reduction of imposts. The *Bazar* begs to recall to his memory an anecdote of one of the wittiest women of her day in London—Lady MORLEY. During one of the sessions of Parliament, where there was high debate on the subject of duties, revenues, protection, etc., her ladyship sent to the press a piece of rare wit and sarcasm, which held the town for a little, entitled, "The Petition of the Hens of Great Britain to the House of Commons against the Importation of French Eggs." We trust the Senator will so phrase his bill as to preclude the admission into this country of an inferior article of egg from Canada, Nova Scotia, or parts thereabout.

—Mr. BALL, the gentleman who invented the statue of the Cardiff giant, is now building a large brick block for business purposes in Binghamton from the proceeds of his experiment upon public credulity.

—CARL MAUCH, the German explorer, says the diamond fields of East Africa are identical with the Ophir of the Bible, whence gold, ivory, and precious stones were brought to Jerusalem by Solomon's ships to be used in the building of the Temple.

—It is not true, as reported in some of the papers, that the Rev. PETER CARTWRIGHT had lost his mind, and did nothing but rave on religious subjects. A letter written at his bedside during last week says: "His mind seems as clear as ever on almost every subject, but not as strong as formerly. He is talkative, but when the conversation is changed it is difficult for him to get his mind back to the previous subject. It is quite a mistake that he has lost the use of his mental faculties."

—By the will of STEPHEN GIRARD all clergymen were excluded from preaching or holding positions in Girard College, and all religious teaching forbidden. Its president, however, has just been chosen president of the American Bible Society.

—The Boston *Globe* is one of the best-looking, most newsy, and in other respects one of the cleverest of New England journals. Though less than a month old, it has all the air of an old stager. The staff of the paper, besides the publisher, Mr. M. M. BALLOU, a veteran in the profession, includes his son, MURRAY R. BALLOU, as financial editor; C. IRA PASCOE, editor of foreign intelligence; Mr. WASSON, local; E. P. WHIPPLE, reviewer; Miss HAMLIN, New England editor; and Mr. WOOLF, dramatic critic. One-half of the compositors are girls. Of course they soon mean to be "better halves."

—Lieutenant FRED GRANT had a special audience of the Pope recently, and was received with marked courtesy. The Noble Guard was in attendance, the reception taking place in the throne-room. After an hour's chat with his Holiness, he went over to Cardinal ANTONELLI'S and had a pleasant visit with him—the president of the American Jesuits' College accompanying him and acting as interpreter.

—Mr. ROBERT R. WEBB is this year senior wrangler at Cambridge—the highest honor of English scholarship, and the crown of a university career. The papers announce that his father died during the progress of the examination, which continues for days. Lest the knowledge of his death should interfere with the son's success, the event was withheld from him, and he heard about the same time of his loss and of his splendid success. Not only the senior wrangler, but all the high wranglers have a secure career before them at the bar or the church. The fame of university success follows a young man through life. The first nine wranglers are of such importance as to have their biographies printed in the *Times*. The fifth this year is an American, Mr. GEORGE LOCKHART RIVES, of New York, and the twenty-ninth a son of DICKENS. There are forty-five wranglers in all.

—The Hon. JOHN JAY, United States minister to Austria, is about to become father-in-law to Lieutenant-General VON SCHWEINTZ, German embassador.

—Miss KATE FIELD did get into the interior of St. Paul's on the occasion of the double grand thanksgiving, and the truly abysmal impression it made upon that susceptible young lady she thus describes: "Peers and peeresses flutter about, and commoners begin to arrive. Lord Ripon, in court dress, looks the picture of good nature, as though the *Alabama* rested lightly on his shoulders. Mr. LOWE smiles as blandly as though he had not met his match in the people who hissed him in his progress to the Cathedral. Ah! here come Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE; she in black velvet and white lace, he in court uniform. Mrs. GLADSTONE kneels for one moment, and people looking on nudge one another with surprise. 'Well,' whispers one *grande dame*, 'you know she's the minister's wife, and thinks something is expected of her.' GLADSTONE puts on his white kid gloves, and bows to his friends; but his is the most worn and tired face I see. Hungry? how hungry we all are! So we pull out our luncheons, and munch, and munch, and munch. The *grande dame* in front lays aside her opera-glass in order to sip sherry; and we conclude, when we see both Mr. and Mrs. GLADSTONE, peers, peeresses, and commoners using their opera-glasses, and deporting themselves as if they were at the theatre, that this is truly a religious gathering, and that we are all deeply interested by the gravity of the occasion. A sensation! Every body rises. Opera-glasses to the front! I see the top of a gold mace, and know that the Speaker of the House has arrived. General suspense ensues; a man in the organ-loft, who really has the best position, waves a handkerchief; 'God save the Queen' is played; a choir of two hundred men in white robes rise; the distinguished but tall women in front of me stand on their chairs, and I see nothing. This is too much; so I stand on my chair, all other women following the example. Had the royal pew been raised four feet instead of two, every one could have seen with perfect ease; but no Yankee was consulted. By dint of much gymnastic exercise I see the royal family, and am not impressed by the spectacle. I think of the 'cost of royalty,' and gaze upon the pensioners all in a row. The Queen is exceedingly plain; her sons are not in the least good-looking; the Prince of Wales appears to better advantage than he has for some time, for the reason that he is thinner and his face has lost its redness. He is by no means pale, however, seeming to have been tanned by out-door life, and appears less affected by the scene than any other member of his family, his eldest born excepted, who, being a child, is as restless as a child ought to be. The Queen and the Princess ALEXANDRA, who is really pretty and ladylike, bow their heads from the beginning to the end of the service, which, fortunately, is but three-quarters of an hour long. Opera-glasses are brought to a focus on the Prince of Wales. A *Te Deum* is sung, which should be spelled *tedium*, for, composed by Mr. Goss, organist of St. Paul's, it is as poor a composition as one might expect, but is sung better than it deserves."

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A HEARTY WELCOME.

HERE is a bevy of British beauties assembled to do honor to the Queen and her eldest son during their progress to St. Paul's Cathedral, through the streets of London, to give thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. Though doubtless the fatigue of the ordeal was severe, both for the Queen and for the Prince, who only a few weeks since lay apparently on his death-bed, yet they must both have felt that their anxieties were amply repaid by the heartiness of the welcome which they every where received. Apart from the religious service in the Cathedral, the interest of the proceedings was greatly due to their spontaneous character: the decorations and illuminations were not produced by any official ukase; they were due entirely to voluntary efforts; and, therefore, as the Queen drove through the streets, she must have felt that the humblest flag or wreath displayed was precious as a symbol of personal loyalty and affection. The streets along the whole route were lined with a dense throng of people standing behind the barriers on each side pavement; every shop, every window, every door-step, portico, and balcony, and the roofs of the houses, were occupied by eager spectators, and we may imagine that the procession on its way encountered many a group of lovely faces rivaling those reproduced in our beautiful picture.



THANKSGIVING-DAY IN LONDON—A HEARTY WELCOME.

THE ROYAL CONVALESCENT.

See illustration on double page.

THE happy recovery of the Prince of Wales, which was distinguished by no serious retrogression, may, under Providence, be attributed in no small degree to the assiduous care and attention which he received at the hands of the Princess. How pleased she must have felt when her beloved husband was sufficiently restored to health to be able once more to have the sharp, wintry airing out-of-doors, and when those skillful hands, which had been for so long employed in ministering to the necessities of his sick-couch, were now engaged in enabling him to receive the carriage exercise which he so much needed! In the striking picture before us her bright, happy face forms a strong contrast to the enfeebled figure of the invalid Prince, who sits languidly by her side, while she curbs the spirited but docile horses, that obey the slightest touch of the reins. Among the occupants of the court carriage in the Thanksgiving procession the Prince of Wales was perhaps the chief centre of attraction, even the Queen not excepted, and the general verdict seemed to be that, though looking ill and weak, he had made a wonderful recovery after his prolonged wrestle with death. The Thanksgiving over, he has gone to Nice to complete his cure.

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AT A PARTY.

"Yes, the music to-night has been charming,
That waltz not e'en Schubert could mend;
But when just to the pace we were warming,
Alas! that its sweetness should end!
In the 'Winter's Tale' Florizel kneeling
Tells Perdita—'When you do dance,
I'd have you dance ever!' his feeling
Was mine in that swiftly whirled trance.

"Second only to waltzing is walking
'Neath bright stars out here on the lawn,
Where the moonlight sleeps calmest, and talking
With you, I could talk until dawn!
We will stroll till they finish the 'Lancers,'
Pluck roses and gaze at the skies;
As I chat, if you're puzzled for answers—
Why, speak to me then with your eyes.

"Let me give you this bud, the plot's sweetest—
Don't kill it so close to your cheeks;
Rather hold it, and think as thou greetest
Its fragrance, that then my love speaks.
There! 'twill out! since I first saw you growing
Like summer's morn perfect in grace,
Dear, I've loved you and worshiped, not knowing
True bliss save when smiles decked your face!

"In the far pearly west, there, love's planet
Breathes hope as I bow at your shrine,
Nerves my heart to the venture—how can it
Hold back when it beats but with thine?
Let the bar 'twixt our lives now be broken;
Sweet Lucy, forgive my demand!
May I keep this dropped glove for a token
That with it is given—your hand?"

"Many thanks for the kind words you've uttered—
How troublesome oft is the heart!—
Shall I say I'm a little bit fluttered?
Confess that I feel Cupid's dart?
Starlight, sentiment, love-sighs are fitter
For boys and girls—we think them slow:
You a Benedict!—Hear the club twitter!
I married and done for!—no, no!

"Now my glove, please: you'll thank me to-morrow;
At present don't mope or complain;
For love-stricken hearts in real sorrow
Best cure is a glass of Champagne.
You shall get me some chicken, and quickly
Forget one you now think so false;
There, be wiser—your rose-bud is prickly—
And then you shall have the next waltz."

(Continued from No. 13, page 198.)

TO THE BITTER END.

By Miss BRADDON,

Author of "The Lovels of Arden," "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

CHAPTER V.

MR. WALGRAVE INDULGES HIS SOCIAL INSTINCTS.

After that Sunday evening Mr. Walgrave became more or less one of the family at Brierwood. He did not take too much advantage of his privileges, for he spent his days for the most part in rambles far afield, and devoted his evenings to hard reading; but there were odd half hours in every day, and some friendly hour in every evening, which he spent under the cedar, or in the family parlor, talking to Grace, looking over her music, examining her little stock of books, and taking breath, as it were, after a long spell of law. Altogether he was so unobtrusive that Mrs. James could find no ground for complaint, and considered as a lodger he was simply perfection. He had insisted on less ceremony and trouble about his dinner—that there should be nothing but a cold joint and a salad, or a chop, ready for him at half past seven, instead of the elaborate six-o'clock banquet which Mrs. James had supposed indispensable. About half past nine, the family supper-time, he took a large cup of strong tea, and was ready for his nightly reading when the household went to bed. But for the one hour between this late dinner and tea he gave himself up entirely to the delights of the summer twilight and the garden, talking agriculture with Uncle James under the cedar, or strolling beside the borders with Grace as she trimmed her roses, and snipped off the withered flowers with a formidable pair of garden scissors. She was quite at her ease with him now, and had already learned a good deal by this association—had extended her reading into a wider field under his guidance. He had sent to London for a little packet of books for her—Mrs. Browning and Adelaide Procter, and other modern lights, whereof she had known nothing before his coming.

The summer was exceptionally fine. Day after day the sun shone out of a cloudless heaven; the corn grew tall on the undulating land about Brierwood; and James Redmayne, who declared that in England drought never bred naught, was well content with the unvarying succession of brilliant days. Mr. Walgrave had been five weeks in this seclusion, his rural life only broken by an occasional journey to London to see one or two important solicitors, and let them know that he was not going to remain much longer out of harness. He had not many duties of a social character to detain him in town. The London season was over, and most of his friends were away—the Acropolis Square people, Mr. Vallory and his daughter, in Germany—so he never staid more than one day away from the farm. That Kentish air was setting him up wonderfully. His doctor, on whom he called while he was in London, declared himself astounded by the improvement.

"You are taking my advice, I can see," he said, "and giving that overworked brain of yours a thorough rest."

Mr. Walgrave did not take the trouble to undeceive him. No; he was not giving his brain a holiday by any means. He had a case coming on late in the year in which he hoped to make a great success, to lift himself above the ruck at once and forever by his conduct of this one trial, and he was cramming himself vigorously for this encounter; but the hard work seemed unusually light to him; his life was brighter and pleasanter than it had ever been. This jaded man of the world could not have believed a country life would have suited him so well.

He had made a complete circuit of the country within twenty miles of Brierwood, exploring every gentleman's seat and every ruin accessible to the tourist, with a single exception. That was Clevedon. One morning, loitering by the open window of the common parlor, where Grace had been practicing, while Mrs. James sat absorbed in the profound study of some marital garment that stood in need of serious repair, he proposed that they should make a party and go to see Clevedon together.

"You know the place, and you know Wort," he said; "we can arrange for him to meet us at the house and show us every thing. Why shouldn't we make a rough-and-ready picnic of it?—take a cold dinner, and dine in the room where Sir Lucas Clevedon entertained the Prince Regent. I haven't had a picnic since I've been here; and I remember when I was a lad, and spent my midsummer holidays at a farm in Norfolk, they gave me at least half a dozen picnics. I have to complain of a want of hospitality on your part, Mrs. Redmayne, in this respect."

Grace laughed a low happy laugh, and even Aunt Hannah's hard features relaxed into a smile, as she paused from the solemn consideration as to whether a patch under the arm or a new binder would be the wiser.

"Lord bless you, Mr. Walgry, as if a gentleman like you could care about such picnics as we could give! You'd want a brass band, and a markwee, and a bus-and-four, I should think, before you'd call any thing a picnic!"

"My dear Mrs. Redmayne, I want a roast leg of lamb, a salad, and a bottle of sherry, packed in a basket. I want you and your family to come with me, and I dare say we shall enjoy our dinner as much as ever the Prince Regent enjoyed his, though Sir Lucas Clevedon's cook may have been one of the greatest artists of his time."

Aunt Hannah hesitated a little, gave a sharp glance at her niece—was it on *her* account the barrister was so friendly?—but on the whole had not much to urge against Mr. Walgrave's proposal. It would be very rude to oppose any desire of such a model lodger's; so modest a wish, too, and one which was in itself a condescension.

"Well, Sir, if you'd like to spend a day at Clevedon with James and me and Grace and her cousins, I've nothing to say against it," she said, "except that it doesn't seem the sort of thing a gentleman like you would care for. We're very homely people, you see, and—"

"You're very pleasant people, Mrs. Redmayne. Believe me, I wish for no better society."

He stole a glance at Grace, who was intently studying a page in her music-book. He could not see her eyes, but there was a happy smile upon the rosy lips, which betokened that the idea of the picnic was not unwelcome to her.

"Shall we say to-morrow, then? The less time we lose the better, for fear this splendid weather should change."

"No fear of that, Sir," replied Aunt Hannah, who had been planning the picnic dinner, and calculating what time she should want for its preparation. She meant that it should be something more elaborate than a leg of lamb and a salad. "Say the day after to-morrow," she said.

"The day after to-morrow, then—and you'll arrange with Wort; or I can walk over this afternoon and settle the thing with him, if you like."

"Just as you please, Mr. Walgry. I'm sure John Wort will be ready to do any thing you wish."

"Yes," answered the lodger, in his lazy way; "Wort has always stood my friend."

"He's known you a long time, Sir, he said," hazarded Mrs. James, who was not without some feminine curiosity about the stranger's antecedents.

"He has known me all my life, ma'am," Mr. Walgrave answered, gravely.

Grace looked up from her music with great wistful eyes. In all his free-and-easy talk about himself he had never spoken of father or mother, home or childhood. That allusion to a holiday spent in Norfolk just now was the first hint he had ever given them of his boyish history; and Grace, who had so little to do except to wonder, had spent many an idle hour wondering about him.

Mr. Walgrave dropped in upon the steward on his return from a long ramble. He was getting just a little tired of those lonely wanderings, and more inclined to dawdle away his day in the Brierwood garden and orchard. A comfortable place for reading in, that orchard. He had brought down some of his favorite authors—Montaigne and Burton, Sterne and De Quincey—books taken at random from the crowded shelves in his chambers—books that a man may read for ever and ever; and he had sent to the London Library for a box of newer literature—the last volumes of Froude and Motley, the newest thing in metaphysics, a dark blue octavo filled with questionable verse, the latest French novel. Provided with these, he found the delights of the orchard inexhaustible; and to lie stretched at full length upon the short mossy grass, with a little shower of unripe apples fluttering down upon him ever and anon, a repose as sweet as the slumbers of Achilles on the lap of Helen, in that enchanted isle whither those two were wafted after the end of Troy.

The steward was quite ready to oblige him, but wondered a little at this picnic business, and at Mr. Walgrave's condescension.

"I shouldn't have thought it was in your line," he said.

"Nothing is in my line, my dear Wort, except hard work. But it is such a new thing for me to take a holiday that I'm shaken out of my normal self, as it were, and eager for any kind of rustic amusement. These people are uncommonly friendly, and I've quite fraternized with them lately. I really didn't know man was such a gregarious animal. I thought with books and fly-fishing I should not have the least need of human society; and in a week or ten days I began to cultivate these worthy Redmaynes. 'Man was not made to live alone.' The day after to-morrow, then, Wort. You'll meet us at the old house, I suppose?"

"Well, yes, I can meet you there, if you like. Or say at the south lodge; that's the nearest to Brierwood; and I can take you by a short-cut through the park. But you went over the house two years ago, from garret to cellar. I shouldn't have thought you'd have cared to see it again."

"Shouldn't you? I have a fancy for the neglected old place, you see. I'm not going to peer and pry into every hole and corner as I did last time, when I wanted to arrive at a fair estimate of Sir Francis Clevedon's heritage." These last words were said with some touch of bitterness, as if this man were not above the low vice of envy. "I should like a nice long lazy day prowling about the house and idling in the gardens."

The wish seemed reasonable enough, and John Wort, who really desired to oblige Mr. Walgrave, had nothing to say against it.

The next day but one was another of those glorious summer days, with the thermometer at seventy-five in the shade, and a cloudless blue sky. The corn was yellowing in the fields, as Hubert Walgrave and Grace Redmayne walked along the narrow pathways between the ripening grain and the tall wild-growing hedges. Mrs. James and her spouse lagged behind a little, tired with a day's work that had been compressed into half a day for the sake of this holiday. The young men brought up the rear, each with a basket, from which there came ever and anon a cool clooping noise, maddeningly suggestive of refreshing drinks imprisoned within the wicker.

Grace was dressed in some pale washed-out muslin that was almost white, with a broad straw hat that shaded the delicate face, and from the shadow of which the dark blue eyes shone out star-like. She seemed as joyous as the sky-lark singing high up in the blue vault above her, and was talking gayly, quite at her ease with the stranger now. Her brightness and intelligence delighted him. Of all the women he had talked to in that world which was his world, he had met none so rich in fancy, so quick to apprehend him, so entirely sympathetic, as this farmer's daughter.

"You ought to be a poet, Grace," he said. He had not waited for any one's permission to call her by her Christian name—every one called her Grace; it seemed only natural that he should do like the rest. "You ought to be a poet. Some of our sweetest and truest poets nowadays are women. Now, mind, I shall be really angry, Grace, if ever I hear that you have married a farmer and settled down into a comfortable managing farmer's wife, like Aunt Hannah."

That milk-white skin of Grace's grew suddenly crimson, and the blue eyes flashed angrily. Miss Redmayne was by no means the sweetest tempered of young women.

"I shall never marry a farmer!" she exclaimed.

They were standing face to face at a stile where they had come to a pause, waiting for those stragglers behind to join them.

"Sha'n't you, do you think?" Mr. Walgrave asked, in his easiest manner; "but why should you be so indignant with me for suggesting the possibility of such a thing? I look upon farming as the most halcyon state of existence. Your father is a farmer, your uncle and cousins are farmers; you live in an atmosphere of farmers, one may say. It is scarcely strange if I thought you might ultimately marry one."

"I shall never marry a farmer," said Grace, still with a touch of anger in look and tone; "I don't suppose I shall ever marry at all. I would much rather—"

She stopped abruptly with her sentence unfinished, and stood silently looking far off with fixed, dreamy eyes.

"Much rather do what?"

"Go to my father in Australia, and lead a wild, strange life with him."

"Ah, you fancy that it would be Arcadian, poetic, and all that kind of thing. A roving forest life, among pathless woods and tropical flowers, and so on. But it wouldn't. It would be all rude and sordid; a hard, perilous life, among men degraded by every vice that the greed of gain can foster. No, no, Grace, don't dream of Australia. Look forward to your father's return; cultivate your intellect, which is an exceptional one; and ten years hence England may be proud of Grace Redmayne."

The girl sighed, and gave him no answer. He too was silent; more thoughtful than he had been all the morning.

It was a hot walk to Clevedon—through corn fields for the greater part of the way, and then along half a mile of dusty high-road—and a delicious relief when they came to the south lodge, where they found Mr. Wort smoking an ante-prandial pipe in the shady rustic porch, with a stone bottle at his feet.

"I thought I'd bring something," he said; "so I mixed a jorum of milk-punch the day before yesterday, from a famous recipe given to me by Sir Lucas's old butler. It would have been all the better for keeping longer, but I don't think it's bad."

"Lor, Mr. Wort, do you want to make us all tipsy?" remonstrated Mrs. James. "I know what that milk-punch of Sir Lucas's is—you brought us half a gallon last harvest-home. It's the most dangerous stuff any one can put their lips to."

Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne had a good deal to say to Mr. Wort; so those three led the way, the steward carrying his jar sturdily. The two young men scampered off to look for squirrels, and Grace and Mr. Walgrave followed at their leisure, stopping every now and then to admire some fine old tree of nobler growth than the rest, or the long ferny alleys leading off into a deeper woodland. On this side of the park the timber had escaped the devastations of Sir Lucas, who was very much of Sheridan's opinion, that timber is a natural excrescence for the payment of a man's debts. Many a noble oak and beech, elm and chestnut, had fallen under the woodman's axe during the spendthrift's tenure of Clevedon; but here the timber was of a less valuable character, and had been left to flourish even after that final clearing a few years ago, by means of which Mr. Wort had lightened the burdens on Sir Francis's estate.

Grace was somewhat silent, answering absently when Mr. Walgrave spoke to her—paler, too, than when they had begun their expedition. Her companion looked at her curiously, wondering what had caused the change—she had been so full of life and gayety a quarter of an hour ago.

"So you are very fond of your father, Grace?" he said, presently.

"Fond of my father?" she answered, quickly, with a tremulous voice, and flashing a bright sudden look upon him which made her irresistibly beautiful. "Why, there is no one in the world I love but him. I don't mean to say any thing unkind or ungrateful about Uncle James and Aunt Hannah. They are very, very good to me, and I like them—love them even, with a kind of love. But my father—I love *him* with all my heart and soul. Why, do you know that for a year after he left us there was never a night that I did not see him in my dreams—hear the sound of his voice—feel the touch of his hand; never a morning that I did not wake disappointed to find he was so far away. The dreams have faded a little now, it is so long—so long since he left us, but I do not regret him less."

"Have you any idea when he will return?"

"Oh no. It may be a very long time, or a very short time. He promised not to stay longer than three years at the most; but I know he will not come back till he has succeeded in doing what he went to do."

"To make a fortune, I suppose?"

"To earn enough money to pay every shilling he owes."

"I wish him all prosperity, and I rather envy him his opportunities. Upon my word, if I thought gold were to be had for digging, I think I would buy a spade and go in for the same kind of thing. A professional career is such a slow road to fortune; and as to fame—if a man stops short of the woolsack, I doubt if there is any thing he can do that will render him interesting to posterity. To be less than Lord Thurlow is to be nothing—and I don't suppose you ever heard of Thurlow. A poet, now, be he ever so poor a creature, let him achieve but the smallest modicum of fame, has a place in the hearts of women for everlasting. I'll wager if you were asked which was the greater man, Kirke White or Brougham, you would swear by Kirke White, and you would think Letitia Landon a finer writer than Junius."

"I am very fond of poetry," Grace answered, simply.

"Well, child, go on educating yourself by means of good solid reading, and you shall be a poet some day, like Miss Procter—a poet of the affections—all tenderness and sweetness and music. But you remember what Shelley says, 'They learn in suffering what they teach in song.' You will have to undergo that educational process in some way or other, I dare say—first girlish fancies wasted on an unworthy object, blighted affection, and that sort of thing."

The girl looked at him with another of those sudden flashes—this time all anger.

"Why do you talk to me like that?" she asked, indignantly; "as if I were the silliest creature in the world, and must needs fall in love with—with what you call an unworthy object! I never mean to love any one but my father. If all the books I have read are true—or half of them—love hardly ever brings any thing but sorrow."

"Oh yes, it does, Grace; gladness unspeakable sometimes—a renewal of youth—a sweet surprise—a revelation of a new world—the beginning of a fresh life," said Mr. Walgrave, with an entire change of tone, and an earnestness that was very rare in him. "Don't be angry with me for what I said just now; I was only half serious."

CHAPTER VI.

GRACE DISCOVERS A LIKENESS.

They were nearly at the house by this time, and had emerged from the neglected woodland on to a wide lawn separated from the park by a ha-ha and a light iron fence. The rest of the party were waiting for them here, wiping their faces with voluminous pocket-handkerchiefs, and altogether in a melting condition. The old house stood before them; a noble building with a massive centre, wings spreading right and left, and at the end of each wing a short colonnade running at right angles with the building. Over the principal door, which was low and broad, there was a great oriel-window, a window which was in itself a picture. The roof was masked by a cornice of delicate stone-work, open and light, and rich in variety of design as old point lace, and above this rose innumerable pinnacles of the flamboyant order.

"A fine old place," said Mr. Walgrave; "a

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noble background to any man's life! Hard that it should be abandoned to the rats and the spiders."

"But it is not to belong to the rats much longer," said Grace. "Sir Francis will soon be coming home."

"Perhaps," answered Mr. Walgrave, with a thoughtful air. "Who knows whether he may ever live to inhabit this place? I am no believer in restorations."

Mr. Wort rang the bell, which was answered after a considerable interval by the superannuated butler who had seen the face of George the Fourth—a doddering old man with long gray hair, and weak, faded blue eyes, dressed in threadbare black that had been cut by the minions of Stultz.

This old man brightened a little at sight of Mr. Wort, and stared curiously with his dim eyes at Hubert Walgrave. He was quite ready to show the house.

"I'm sure it's a pleasure to see you and your friends, Mr. Wort," he said. "My old woman and me we get mazed like, never seeing no other faces but our own, and the two girls, and the butcher once a week. If it wasn't that we're both fond of the place, for the sake of old times, I don't believe we *could* stand it. I suppose you'd like to go through all the best rooms," he went on, opening one of the numerous doors in the great stone-paved hall, and ushering them into a long gloomy room hung with family portraits, and with a gigantic black marble mantelpiece at the end—a mantel-piece with a massive pediment supported by twelve Corinthian columns, which looked like the entrance to a tomb. "The ceilings in the up-stairs rooms are ever so much worse since you saw them last," continued the butler; "the wet do come in so every time it rains—and we had some heavy rains in spring. As to the rats, I won't say any thing about them. What they contrive to live upon, unless it's rotten wood and old plaster and each other, I can't understand; but live they do, and increase and multiply. This is James I.'s dining-room; so called because his majesty staid at Clevedon at the time when he created the first baronet, and dined in this room every day at one o'clock, with Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, on his left hand, and Sir John Clevedon on his right; and they do say Sir John was the handsomest man of the two. That's his portrait yonder, in the green velvet suit."

They all looked at the picture, as old Tristram Moles, the butler, pointed to it. Grace Redmayne had seen the portrait before; but at sight of it to-day she gave a little start and a faint cry of surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, lass?" exclaimed James Redmayne, staring at her.

"I was only looking at the picture," she said. "It's so like—"

"So like what?"

"Like Mr. Walgrave, uncle." On which, of course, they all turned and stared at the barrister, who was sitting on the edge of the great oak table, looking about him listlessly.

The portrait of Sir John Clevedon represented a man with close-cut dark hair, clustering in short crisp curls about a high and somewhat bald forehead. Eyes of a luminous gray, darkened by the darkness of the lashes and the marked brows above them. The nose was a short aquiline, with well-cut nostrils; and the nose and eyebrows together gave a somewhat sinister look to a face which would otherwise have been supremely handsome. Nor was the face distinguished by physical beauty only: it was impossible to doubt the power of the intellect of the man to whom it had belonged.

Mr. Walgrave raised his eyes, and looked steadily at the picture. Yes, there was a likeness, certainly—vague and shadowy—a likeness of expression rather than of feature, although even in feature there was some resemblance. The eyes were the same color, and had something of the same light in them. The short dark hair grew in the same form upon the thoughtful forehead. As the living man looked up at the picture of the dead one the faces seemed to grow more alike. One could fancy some subtile spiritual link between the two.

"Upon my word, I feel vastly flattered by the suggestion," said Mr. Walgrave, coolly. "A man who disputed the palm with that handsome scoundrel, Robert Carr, is a person one must needs be proud to resemble, if ever so slightly. But I fancy the likeness exists only in your poetic imagination, Miss Redmayne."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Uncle James. "I'm blessed if you ain't like him!"

"Then the gentleman must be like my old master, Sir Lucas, into the bargain," said Tristram Moles. "Sir Lucas was a true Clevedon. My poor old eyes are too dim to see such things very clear; but if the gentleman's like one, he must be like the other."

Mr. Wort turned upon his heel rather impatiently.

"We'd better not waste all our time dawdling here, if we're going to see the house," he said. Upon which they walked on into the great dining-hall, with its open Gothic roof, where a couple of hundred people could dine at their ease; through billiard-room and music-room, morning-room and ball-room; and then back through a line of smaller rooms, looking out upon a Dutch garden, to the hall and the grand staircase, up which they went, startling the echoes with the clangor of their footsteps upon the uncarpeted stone.

Up stairs there were state bed-chambers, with tall plumed bedsteads, tapestry hangings, and a general aspect of uninhabitableness; and there were other rooms, in which the furniture was of a modern date; but upon all the stamp of decay was more or less visible. There was no dirt or slovenliness. Mrs. Moles and her handmaiden worked indefatigably to keep things as well as they could be kept; but the water had come in here, and the paper-hanging had fallen down there; and there was in one room a cracked panel, and in another a broken window. Every thing that could fade had faded; every thing that could rot had rotted; yet the house had been originally so splendid that it was splendid even in decay.

It happened somehow that Mr. Walgrave and Grace were generally together during this exploration. It happened so; there was no appearance of effort on the part of either to secure such a result. Mr. and Mrs. Redmayne had a good deal to say to the old butler, who was eager for gossip from the outer world of Kingsbury; and these three lingered to talk here and there, while Mr. Wort looked about him, thoughtfully contemplating the progress of decay and dilapidation. When they had seen all the rooms—the dingy old pictures, the curious old china, the knickknacks and pretty trifles which many a vanished hand had been wont to touch tenderly in a time long gone—Grace and her companion came to a stand-still in the room over the chief entrance, the room with that great oriel-window, which was one of the most striking features in the front of the house. It was the prettiest, brightest chamber upon this upper floor—a sitting-room, furnished almost entirely with Indian furniture—curiously carved ebony chairs, sandal-wood cabinets, card-racks and caskets in ivory and silver, great jars filled with dried rose leaves and spices, still faintly odorous.

"Isn't it a darling room?" cried Grace, rapturously, standing in the window with clasped hands, and her eyes wandering over the wide landscape, glorious in its summer splendor. "How delicious it must be to live with such a prospect as that always before one's eyes! At Brierwood we are down in a hollow, and never see any thing but our own garden. This was Lady Clevedon's room; not the last Lady Clevedon—she never came here, poor soul—but Sir Lucas's mother. She was the daughter of an Indian general, who sent her all this furniture. There's a miniature of Sir Lucas when he was a little boy over the mantel-piece," she continued, going across the room to look at it. "What a funny little nankeen jacket, and what an enormous collar! Yes, there is certainly a likeness."

"To whom?"

"To you. Don't you remember what Mr. Moles said? If you were like Sir John Clevedon, you must be like Sir Lucas. And there *is* a likeness—about the eyes and the expression, I think."

"Curious," said Mr. Walgrave, indifferently. "I suppose I ought to feel gratified by the discovery—these Clevedons appear to be such great people."

"They are a very old family, Mr. Wort says, and were distinguished in the days of the Plantagenets. It was a pity Sir Lucas spent all his money, wasn't it?"

"I dare say his son thinks so," replied Mr. Walgrave, coolly. "However, according to Wort's account, the estate will clear itself in a year or two, and Francis Clevedon may come and take up his abode here. Rather a lucky fellow, to find himself master of such a place as this at thirty years of age. A man who owns such a house need take no trouble to distinguish himself. His estate is his distinction."

"Would you like to be the owner of it?" Grace asked, smiling at his earnestness.

"Very much. I would give a great deal to be independent of the world, Grace—not to be obliged to tread a road marked out for me ever so long ago; not to be bent body and soul upon reaching one particular point. I never knew how hard it was to have my own fortune to make—not to be a free agent, in fact—until—until these last few days."

The girl looked at him wonderingly, her face very pale.

"Why in these last few days?" she asked.

"Because within that time I have made a fatal discovery, Grace."

"What discovery?"

"That I love you."

She looked at him for a moment, half incredulously, and then burst into tears.

He put his arm round her, clasped her to his breast, looking down upon her fondly, but with none of the triumph of a happy lover.

"My dearest, my sweetest, don't cry. I am not worth one of those tears. The secret is out, darling. I never meant to tell you. I hold you in my arms for a moment, for the first and last time. I don't even kiss you, you see. I love you with all my heart and soul, Grace Redmayne, and—I am engaged to marry another woman. I tell you both facts in a breath. All my future depends on the marriage; and I am not unworldly enough to say, Let my future go."

Grace disengaged herself gently from his encircling arms, her whole face beaming. He loved her. After that the deluge. What did it matter to her, just in that one triumphant moment, that he was pledged to marry another woman and break her heart? To know that he loved her was in itself so sweet, there was no room in her mind for a sorrowful thought.

"You don't wish me to marry a farmer?" she said, smiling at him.

"God forbid that you should, my darling. I should like you to stand forever apart from common clay, a 'bright particular star.' I must go my way, and live my life; that is written among the immutabilities. But it would be some consolation for me to think of Grace Redmayne as something above the vulgar world in which I lived."

Consolation for him! He did not even think of whether *she* might or might not have need of consolation. And yet he knew that she loved him; had suspected as much for some little time, indeed. He thought that he had acted in a remarkably honorable manner in telling her the true state of the case with such perfect frankness. There were very few men in his position would have done as much, he told himself.

The door had been half open all this time, and the approaching footsteps and voices of the rest of the party now made themselves audible. Grace brushed away the traces of her tears, and went to the window to gain a little time before she faced her relations. Mr. Walgrave followed her, and opened one of the casements, and made some remark about the landscape to cover her confusion.

"Well, now we've seen all the house, I suppose it's pretty nigh time to think of a bit of grub. Where are we going to have our dinners, Mr. Walgrave?" asked James Redmayne. "In the gardens or in the park?"

"In neither, Mr. Redmayne," answered the barrister. "We are going to imagine ourselves genuine Clevedons, and dine in the great hall."

"Eh! Well, that is a rum start. I thought you'd have been for spreading the table-cloth on the grass in a rural way; but I don't suppose Mr. Moles here will have any objection."

"Not in the least, Mr. Redmayne. You can make as free as you please in the dining-hall: any one as Mr. Wort brings is kindly welcome; and me and my wife can get you any thing you may want."

"We've brought every thing," said Aunt Hannah, proudly. "I packed the baskets with my own hands."

"Then me and my wife can wait upon you, Mrs. Redmayne, all the same," replied the butler.

They all went down stairs: Aunt Hannah and Mr. Moles leading the way, discoursing confidentially about the baskets; Mr. Wort and Mr. Redmayne following, talking agriculture; Grace and the barrister last of all.

"Let us have one happy day together, Grace," he said, as they went slowly down the grand staircase. "Let us forget there is any such thing as the future, and be utterly happy for to-day."

"I can not help being happy when I am with you," she answered, softly, too innocent to consider the peril of owning her love so frankly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

A NEW association has been formed in London for promoting a reformation in dress—we mean, of course, the dress of ladies: it is scarcely to be expected that gentlemen would assent to there being any need of reform in their attire. The members of this "Women's Dress Association" have adopted principles of moderation and economy of time and money in dress, and a due regard to its suitability to position and its healthfulness. They have bound themselves to observe certain rules conscientiously, and these rules are such as all ladies might well bear in mind. We will not give our readers the entire code, but only allude to a few points which seem specially worthy of attention. The members of the society are not to spend more money upon dress than they can honestly afford, and they are not to be in debt. Yet they are to have proper regard for appearances, for they pledge themselves to dress "becomingly"—a point which many ladies forget in their devotion to fashion. The members promise also to avoid all exaggerations (especially of headdresses), and all unsightly articles of dress which interfere with the natural figure, or any thing that might attract improper attention. This association is designed for women of all ranks, and the details in which the general principles of moderation and economy are to be carried out are left to the good sense and discrimination of each individual. If judiciously managed, the influence must be to favor a simple and beautiful style of dress.

An English journal hopes that the word "cablegram" will be promptly kicked out of existence by a disgusted public. It says that "haligram" and "thalassogram" have been suggested, and though they are not likely to be accepted, any thing is preferable to "cablegram."

It is now estimated that the sun will burn out in forty-four thousand three hundred and ninety-nine years. Well, it can not matter much to the present dwellers on this earth, if that event does not happen until that time. After us the deluge.

The sale of the imperial effects in the Tuileries gave to the public some interesting details concerning the toys and school furniture of the Prince Imperial. The toys were generally well preserved, though but few baby playthings were produced. There was a velocipede, very elegantly constructed, and with silver mounting, said to have been presented to the Prince Imperial by Alphonse of Spain. The mimic cannons were very neatly executed, and quite capable of killing a poodle at fifty yards. There were toy fortresses with toy lunes and demi-lunes; toy ditches, toy counterscarps, toy positions—such as woods, hills, and streams, whose tin beds could be flushed; toy siege-guns, and endless hosts of toy combatants capable of being fastened on movable slabs in regular or irregular order. Then the young prince had raised plans of Chalons and of Lureville, with microscopic tents to pitch on the plateau of Mourmelon, and a fortress, supposed to be Cherbourg, with a glass sea in front, and a fleet manœuvred by means of loadstones. His Punch and Judy theatre, the plaything that had seen most service, was beautifully got up, and his little steam-press seemed to have been cleverly manipulated. In a case belonging to it there were some imaginary state papers, probably intended for a practical joke, the work of the young Napoleon. This press had grown rusty from long lying in the Garde Meuble, and was, with many other things, knocked down as old iron. A charming box of small-sized carpenter's tools and a polished walnut bench were also the worse for damp and dust. Along with them were a bundle of ivory-handled turning instruments and some awkwardly turned peg-tops, balls, and draughtsmen. Then there were locksmith's tools made for little hands, and locks to be taken to pieces and put together again. With such things as these the Prince Imperial sought amusement, since by his rank he was debarred in great measure from wholesome out-door sports with boys of his own age.

Washington continues to be full of gossip concerning the Japs, as they are irreverently called. Probably half the stories current about them are made up for the amusement of the public. They certainly conduct themselves remarkably well in this strange country, and it should not be wondered at if they made many mistakes. The proprietors of the various hotels where they stay find them rather confusing guests. They seem to have a fixed idea that all hotels are under one general management, governmental or otherwise. It has frequently occurred that one Japanese leaves, without warning, his room at one hotel and sends a couple of his friends from another hotel to occupy his place. It is not an easy matter to make out their bills correctly in such circumstances, even if it were possible to spell all their remarkable names.

Experiments have been tried by which it appears that food boiled at 200 degrees is more nutritious and of better flavor than when boiled at or above 212 degrees.

Recent careful experiments have shown that sickly potted plants can be greatly benefited and often restored to vigorous growth by applying warm water to them instead of cold. Cases are mentioned where plants which had never bloomed, or only imperfectly, have blossomed luxuriantly after being treated with lukewarm water at first, and then gradually increasing the temperature.

Eugénie's valuables are gradually being offered for sale. Now she has dispossessed herself of her pretty and curious fans. The collection includes about fifty. Some of her magnificent parasols are also offered for sale. One, surmounted by an imperial crown in purple enamel and diamonds, and having a handle of Louis Seize work in jeweled and gold and green enamel, is valued at several hundred pounds.

An enterprising speculator has filled the fancy-shop windows of Edinburgh and London and other foreign cities with paper-knives, little trays, and numerous small articles, purporting to be made of "wood from the birth-place of Sir Walter Scott, College Wynd, Edinburgh." A good deal of taste appears to have been shown in their manufacture. It seems that when the College Wynd was recently demolished, under the powers of the City Improvement Trust, all the oak found in the houses that were pulled down was bought by one person. His object was to manufacture it into souvenirs of Sir Walter Scott.

Apples which have been frozen are said not to be specially injured thereby if they are kept in a cold, dark place, where they will thaw gradually. The frost should not be extracted suddenly, nor should the light be allowed to fall upon them. Barrels of apples kept deeply covered with straw, yet not so deep but that they were frozen and thawed several times during the winter, have been found to be as sound and good in the spring as the same variety kept in a cellar.

A young gentleman entered the Adams Express office not long ago, and desired to send a package of letters to a young lady. The clerk, wishing to know the risk, inquired what they were worth. The gentleman hesitated a moment, and then, with a melancholy air, replied, "Well, I can't say exactly now: a few weeks ago I thought they were worth about four hundred thousand dollars."

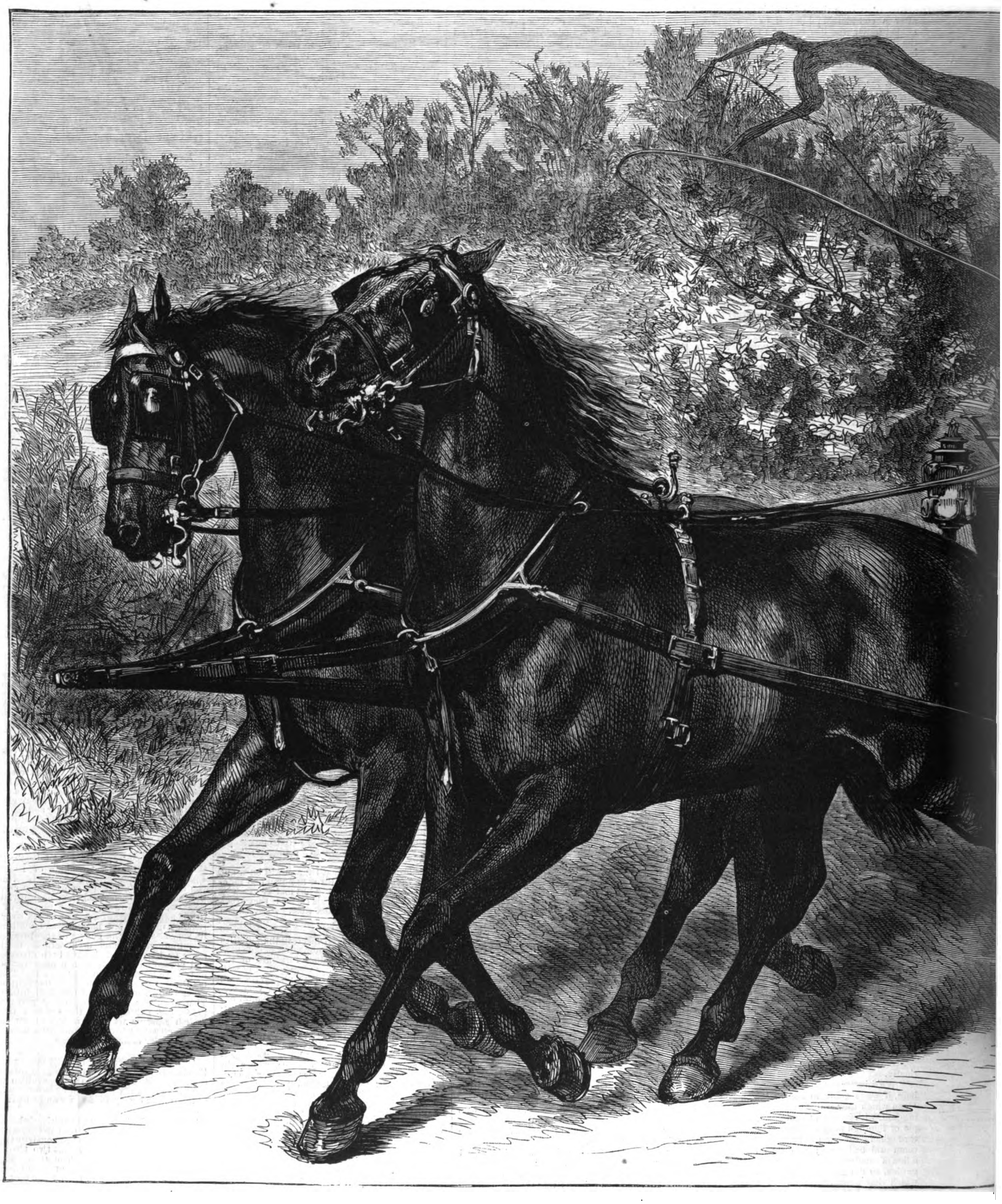
About forty-five Japanese are now at the Arlington Hotel, Washington, where it is probable they will remain some weeks. They are objects of interest to all guests as they come into the dining-room. Some of them seem to be eating at every time of day. They are very lively and social among themselves, chatting and laughing as if enjoying foreign life in the highest degree. Their table manners are quite as irreproachable as those of many Americans.

Through recent archæological investigations the ruins of the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus are being brought to light. During the last twelve months a considerable area of the temple has been freed from the alluvial deposit which, following on the ravages of the Goths and the Byzantines, had closed over the remains of the giant building, and obliterated its very site. In the course of this process of disentombment many architectural marbles, more or less mutilated, have been discovered, and colossal columns—with a diameter of six feet—have been unearthed, proving this Temple of Diana to have exceeded in magnitude all other known examples of Greek architecture. This work was first carried on at private expense, but subsequently the trustees of the British Museum took the matter in hand, and the more recent investigations have been conducted under their auspices.

A "husbands' meeting" recently made a sensation in New Malden, England. Eighty husbands calmly discussed roast beef and education while they were carefully waited on by ladies—whether there were eighty waiters we know not.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel is nearly eight miles long, twenty feet high, and over twenty-six feet wide. Nine years were spent in constructing it, at a cost of $13,000,000. About two thousand men were employed upon it. The Hoosic Tunnel is about four and three-quarter miles in length, twenty-four feet wide, and twenty-one feet high. When completed it will be at a cost of about $9,000,000, and twenty years' time. Sometimes as many as seven hundred men have been employed upon it, but generally the number has been much less. A contract has been made for tunneling Mont St. Gothard, making thereby a direct communication between Germany and Italy through Switzerland. The tunnel will be twice the length of the Mont Cenis. The contracting company is to raise $20,000,000, and the governments interested will give a subsidy of $17,000,000.

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THE ROYAL CONVALE

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AN EASTER LILY.

ORIGEN BROWN—the Rev. Origen Brown, we beg his pardon (how much better had we omitted the Brown than the Rev., in his estimation!)—was stamping the snow from his boots on the entry mat. "The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold," quoted he as he closed the door. The quotation was addressed to no one in particular, not many people in that part of the country being familiar with Keats, and still fewer in the habit of clothing their thought with his melodious phrase. But there is comfort sometimes in talking to one's self in default of better audience; and since coming to Perryfield the young clergyman had fallen into the way of solacing a certain dimly recognized inward starvation by the repetition half aloud of favorite scraps from the poets—a practice we would commend to other young men condemned to rectories in the rural districts with salaries of six hundred a year, "garden-sass for self and pig" being thrown in.

Having closed the door, the Rev. Origen proceeded to shed the aforesaid feathers, consisting of overcoat, Cardigan jacket, a couple of worsted comforters, and fur cap with protective ear-flaps. These disposed of, there stood revealed a slender, tallish fellow, with features almost girlishly fair and smooth, but bearing, nevertheless, the unmistakably clerical cut. His next observation was by no means from the poets.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, as, entering his sitting-room, the spectacle of a blackened, ash-incrusted grate met his discomfited vision; "that insufferable girl has let the fire go out again! This is really too much!" And seizing a small hand-bell, he rang it vigorously, shouting at the top of his voice meantime, "Mrs. Crofts! Miranda!"

It certainly was not the evening one would select for dispensing with fires. Although nominally spring—although Easter-even, the time when, according to old legend, the miraculous thorn-trees blow, and all buried things beneath the frozen earth experience a thrill of resurrection in honor of the great festival—no sign of bloom or warmth or amelioration was yet visible in that icy New England region. Over the fields the snow still lay in vast tracts; fence marks, all lines of distinction between farm and farm, had long since vanished, giving the country the appearance of a white level plain. The hills were sheeted in dazzling drifts. Crisp foot-tracks, broken in early winter for the accommodation of walkers, were crisp and firm still, only the mounds on either side rose higher now. There was something depressing in this inveterate cold, and poor Origen, who had been busy for an hour or more trying to impart something of a festival air to the dreary little building which did duty as the Perryfield Episcopal church, experienced a double sense of desolation when this untoward condition of domestic matters met his gaze.

He was not a saint; so he spoke rather sharply to Miranda Adelgisa, niece and "help" to Mrs. Crofts, his landlady, when at last she appeared with wood-basket and kindling, and she naturally revenged herself by causing the fire to burn in a dull, unsatisfactory manner; and then, being, if no saint, at least a truly conscientious young fellow, he repented his peevishness, made matters straight with Mirandy by a few pleasant words, and taking the tongs himself, coaxed the dull embers into a cheery blaze. But the sense of gloom and depression did not pass easily; and sitting over the fire, he began to vex himself with thoughts of his mission and its failure—for failure just then it seemed, failure of the most disheartening kind.

"But, after all," he said, half aloud, "the question is, whether it is my fault alone—whether there is not some radical want in the people themselves. Here they have been rusting in Calvinism these last five years; very likely would never have thought of calling me and reopening the church if the Sisters had not happened to come along and stir them up. Half of them have forgotten what the Church is—have got out of the habit of churchmanship. Not a soul cared for Christmas: the children, to be sure—but, after all, they did not enjoy it as better instructed children would have done. It was to them only an affair of sugar-plums. They missed the deep significance of the occasion entirely." Here an inward voice cried "Bosh!" to the Rev. Origen; but, disregarding its appeal, he went on—quite aloud now: "I could forgive their lukewarmness about Lent, but when it comes to Easter, such apathy is perfectly frightful. Easter-day of days!—not a ray of interest, not a flower! Except myself, I verily believe there is not a person in the parish who has one genuine spark of sympathy with the glory of to-morrow, or in any way distinguishes it from a common Sunday."

At that moment the door-bell rang. This was not an every-day sound in quiet Perryfield, so, with something like curiosity, our young rector roused himself and proceeded to open the door. No one was visible; but on the step stood a covered basket with label attached.

"Rev. Mr. Brown, for Easter."

Somebody, then, *had* remembered Easter besides himself. Origen felt his spirits rise and brighten with the very thought. He bore the basket in, and opened it with careful hands. Soft paper and cotton filled it to the lid, but from beneath a faint fresh fragrance saluted his nostrils. With trembling fingers he removed these wrappings, and, absolutely flushing with pleasure, drew forth, first sundry sprays of scented geranium, and then a single calla lily, pure and perfect, its waxen curves made even more dazzlingly white by contrast with the one deep green leaf on which it lay.

A lily, an Easter lily! Who could have thought of this beautiful and touching gift? or who, in this matter-of-fact parish, have devised so graceful a way of sending it? It did not occur to the Rev. Mr. Brown, as it might to an older man, that old dames in steaming kitchens full of sun sometimes keep plants, sometimes even raise callas. No: young man like, his thoughts flew at once to the prettiest girl in the parish—Cissy Lester, to wit, who, by virtue of her age, her good looks, and the senior wardenship of her well-to-do father, might reasonably be supposed to possess an affinity for flowers, and a pious tendency toward devoting them to sacred purposes.

"Dear little thing!" he murmured to himself, "who would have thought her capable of any thing so touching and delicate? And yet it is like her, too." And the idea lent new loveliness to the lily, just as the lily cast fresh glamour of beauty over Cissy's remembered face, with its cheeks of peachy bloom and blue eyes—eyes which he had sometimes thought would be perfect if only they held a little more of—he hardly knew what—something that was not there. The lily seemed to supply this lack to his apprehension. And when, next day, emerging from the vestry after service, he found a knot of young people, Cissy among them, lingering to admire the flower where it stood in its whiteness upon the altar, he could not refrain from casting a look of peculiar meaning at her. She was modestly withdrawn, as it seemed, behind the rest, and joined but faintly in the chorus of surprise and admiration. Meeting the look, she blushed a little, which confirmed him in his blunder; the fact being that Cissy, the most practical little creature living, didn't care greatly for flowers, and though she thought the lily pretty enough in its way, was at that moment more interested in something else—namely, in considering why the Rev. Origen Brown, for the first time in his life, looked *so* at her!

In matters of love, as in most others, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte.* Origen had now taken this *premier pas.* In the light of that Easter revelation it was wonderful what treasures of sentiment, of fancy, of fine perception and hidden poetry he discovered in pretty, matter-of-fact Cissy. Doubtless peach bloom and eyes of violet blue had share in his delusion; perhaps, too, some new-born faculty in Cissy's self, as her girlish soul expanded under the rays of his passion: but certain it is that the calla played a prominent part. "Under the lily," rather than the rose, may our young divine be said to have achieved his wooing. Not that he ever referred to the flower! For worlds he would not have done so. There was romance in silence—a pleasure in the thought that they shared this mute secret together. But growing out of the fanciful into the substantial, love ere long found out and laid hold of what was real and love-worthy in Cissy's nature. Origen grew to recognize and admire her calm sense and every-day faculty, her unselfishness, sweetness of temper, and a certain transparent quality of truth for which the girl was remarkable. Genuine pabulum these for love, now that, lily-like, the leaves of character had unfolded to reveal the sweet depths within.

And so, and so, matters went on; and by-and-by, under blue summer heavens, the idyl begun in snows found fit conclusion. All was told, promised, and a day fixed for the wedding. Still Origen never spoke of the lily. It was his little tender secret. Some day, perhaps—some bridal day—he and his beloved one might whisper it together; but not now. And he laid the brown and withered leaves reverently away in a writing-desk with other treasures—letters, and the lock of hair which a pitying nurse twelve years before had cut for the sobbing, shuddering school-boy as he stood beside his mother's coffin.

And now June had flowered into July, July into August, and September, raising her horn, had begun to pour her breezy wine into the thirsty souls of men. Great stir and bustle were on foot in Perryfield. A majestic quilt stretched on its frame filled up Mrs. Lester's keeping-room chamber, and round its many-colored rhomboids and hexagons cheery circles daily gathered. The new little parsonage, shining with brown paint on the outside and white within, had begun to receive its modest plenishings. Rows of busy matrons bent over the long carpet seams in the small parlor, or drove their needles through the heavy mattresses; for in that kindly neighborhood all things were done zealously and socially, and the proper fitting-out of the young pastor and his bride appealed to the good offices of the whole "society." The young men of the parish having already selected their gift of a table and lamp for the future study, were only waiting fit occasion to formally present it; and the girls were all alive raising money with which to procure a corresponding sewing-machine. All was happy interest and excitement; and touched and pleased by so many evidences of good-will, Origen had quite forgotten his discouragements—quite forgotten that not six months before he had been ready to call his mission a failure. Sitting with Cissy on moon-lighted door-steps, or wandering by her side through cool lanes scented with hop-vine or bitter-sweet clematis, life seemed only too fair, too sweet, to be real. And Cissy always made time for these walks, these long quiet evenings. Her admirable "faculty" served her in good stead at this crisis. Never behindhand, never in a hurry, she would not let her trousseau come between herself and her lover; but remembering always that "the soul is more than raiment," she made him her first concern, and "getting ready to be married" the second.

And now the day drew near. One week more, and good-by to bachelorhood, to Mrs. Crofts, to Mirandy, to loneliness and discomfort. It seemed too good to be true.

They were sitting on the door-steps together one of these late evenings. Their talk was of rather practical matters, but a sort of golden meaning, running through the whole, seemed to touch and beautify details otherwise prosy.

"I say, mister!" A boy had opened the gate quietly, and was close to them before they were aware.

"Did you want me?" said Origen, coming back to common life with a start.

"Wa'al—no—I can't say as *I* do. You're the 'Piscapalian minister, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Then p'r'aps there is some one else who does."

"Who is it?"—for the boy had stopped, seemingly at a loss how to go on.

"It's my sister Hepsey. Mother said I was to come down to ask you if you couldn't come right off, for she's real sick, and she says she don't think she'll get through the night."

"Let me see," said Cissy, laying her hand gently on the boy's arm. "It's the widow Adams, isn't it? Yes? Then you must be Johnny. I know who they are, Origen. The house is on the top of the hill—one of those small yellow ones. Mrs. Adams is a Methodist, but I've seen your sister at our church several times, haven't I, Johnny?"

"Well, yes," answered the boy. "She's been a-going there for a spell back, and she said she'd rather see Mr. Brown than the elder."

It was with a sharp sense of contrast that, turning his back on the moon-lit door-step and sweet Cissy, our young divine followed his guide up the hill and into the house, one of a row of small cottages.

"I'll see if Hepsey is ready," said the boy. And pretty soon he returned, and said, "Step up, please."

In the up-stairs room, loft rather than chamber, lay the sick girl, bolstered up in bed. She was not young, and her face, which might once have been rather pretty, bore the unmistakable look of suffering and deformity. The room was perfectly clean—a cleanliness which seemed to make its bare poverty only more apparent. On the window-sill stood a row of plants growing in cracked mugs and tumblers; one stood on the table beside the bed, sole luxury or ornament apparent any where in the room.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Brown?" said the sick woman.

Origen was puzzled. "I think not," he answered, gently; "and yet your face has a familiar look."

"I've been a great deal to your church," the invalid went on; "but I sat up in the gallery mostly, and them curtains is so high that you'd not be likely to see me. Mother's a member of the Methodist body, and so am I, for that matter, but I liked real well to come and hear you; and since I've been taken down worse, reading over the prayers in the book has been one of my greatest comforts. And it seemed as if it would be nice to hear 'em from you once more before I went. That is"—with instinctive politeness—"if I am not keeping you from something else."

Origen's answer may be imagined.

"Thank you ever so much," said Hepsey, earnestly, as he rose from his knees. "That was good. I used to think I'd like to have you bury me; but come to find out, mother's so bound up in Elder Hubbell that it would be a real cross to her, and I guess it don't matter, after all; so I concluded not to say any thing about it. But I wanted to see you once, and to tell you that you'd done me a heap of good. And one thing more: you see mother's old, and what with my lameness and all, we never seemed to get forehanded; so I haven't much to give away; but there's *this*, and I've set my heart on your taking it, if you'll be so kind." So saying, she reached out, and exerting all her strength, drew forward the plant on the table—a tall one in a heavy pot. Origen started as it met his eye. It was a calla lily.

"I was real proud," went on Hepsey, in a dreamy fashion, "when that flower came out just in time for Easter. I was too lame to get out that time, but Mrs. Bangs, next door, went, and she said it looked just beautiful, standing on the altar. She didn't know who sent it, though; I kept that to myself. I didn't tell you even, Mr. Brown, for I thought you'd like it all the better if you thought that it came out of a *room somewhere where there were pretty things and people, and not out of this.*"

"You were mistaken," replied Origen, earnestly: "I should have valued the lily only the more. And I value your gift the more that it comes from you and from this room, where its beauty has given you pleasure in the midst of your pain."

"You don't say so!" said the sick woman, with evident pleasure. "Well, that's all right, then. And if you'll do as I did, and keep it set in a pan of water, I guess it 'll thrive and give you another lily by-and-by to remember me by."

Was our young clergyman altogether sincere? Yes: his cherished romance sustained a shock, but a real and lasting pleasure had taken its place.

"And, after all," he said to himself, as he walked down the hill, the calla in his arms, "though Cissy did not send the flower, the flower gave me Cissy! Except for my blunder—and now I think, how did I come to make it?—I might have gone on indefinitely without discovering my dear girl, or suspecting that the happiness of my life lay so close and near." And this reflection awakening within him a fresh tenderness, he went next day, like an honest fellow, and told Cissy all about it.

"Why, Origen!" she cried, opening her blue eyes wide, "did you think I sent the lily? Why, I never would, even if we had happened to have one, which we didn't, for it would have been just like making the church a pretense for attracting your attention. How could you think I would do so?"

The rebuked Origen stopped her mouth with—well, in the usual manner.

"And, dear," proceeded Cissy, very simply and sweetly, "how much nicer it is, isn't it, than if the lily *had* come from me or one of the other girls, who would have sent it with a mixture of motives? Given by this poor, deformed woman—the only lovely thing she had to give—it was just beautiful: don't you think so? And we will keep the plant always, and call it 'Hepsey's calla.' And I will take such care of it that it will live and bear lilies at Easter-time for twenty years to come."

Cissy was as good as her word. The calla still thrives and blossoms in its new home, and with each recurring Easter-tide furnishes lilies for the altar—"Hepsey's lilies," so called unto this day.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Royal Procession.—No political Meaning in it.—Variation at different Points in the Reception of the Queen.—Loyalty in a Lime-Tree.—Military *v.* Police.—*Vice Versa.*

OUR great pageant is over at last—to the satisfaction of us all. Perhaps among the most ardent of its promoters the idea that it might not be the perfect success which they prophesied it would be—indeed, that it might turn out something quite different from a success—has never been wholly absent. But if so, their fears were groundless. It is quite true that fifteen hundred thousand or so of human beings lined street and square and park yesterday in token of their sympathy with the mother and wife of the heir-apparent of the throne of England, and of their joy at seeing himself once more alive and well among them. It will be a great mistake, indeed, however, to suppose that this mighty gathering met together for the expression of a political sentiment—that their genial huzzas were, for instance, an indirect protest against democracy. And yet, no doubt, there is a certain portion of the English press that will assert as much. Having devised the pageant—or, at all events, having swelled it to most gigantic dimensions by their unceasing puffs—they will put a conservative, or, at least, a constitutional, construction upon the reception it has met with. After asserting that all classes and all parties would surely unite in this graceful act of homage, they will point with triumph to the accomplished fact as evidence of a unanimous political opinion. They would not have dared to advertise the affair (1) as a demonstration of sympathy with the Prince's recovery, and (2) of adherence to the principles of hereditary monarchy; but having procured its success, they will ascribe it to what feelings they please, and No. 2 will certainly figure largely among them. The device, if any thing political was really intended, was most ingenious, since no Brutus could have been so brutal as to give a sign of dissatisfaction at a proceeding that took place with the sole ostensible object of congratulating an interesting invalid upon his recovery from a dangerous illness. To assert that there are no republicans among us, because nobody hissed our recovered Prince, would be to pay republicanism a bad compliment indeed.

It is quite true that one note of approval echoed from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's, and from St. Paul's to Hyde Park Corner, but it was not the same key-note. Your present correspondent, without quite emulating Sir Boyle Roche's bird by being "in two places at once," did contrive to behold the procession first from a balcony in Pall Mall, and afterward from a much less aristocratic elevation (between ourselves, it was the top of an empty beer-barrel) in the Park, and his experiences of the behavior of the two crowds were very different. In Pall Mall, which is the region of the clubs and of swelldom generally, the cheers were deafening. In the Park, where the crowd was, of course, infinitely more dense, the cheering—making full allowance for the fact that the more open space was less calculated for concentrating the sound—was only moderately loud, and by no means universal. I hear also from a looker-on in Oxford Street that hearty as were the cheers that greeted majesty and its externals, they did not come up to the burst of enthusiasm that welcomed the advent of Sanger's circus, which, with a sharp eye to business, contrived to strike in immediately after the royal procession. This was not, of course, by design of the authorities; the government of this country has not got to giving us "bread and circuses" yet (though there is no knowing what it may do, now processions meet with such public favor), and perhaps the unexpectedness of the spectacle of a real live lion in a car may account for its successful rivalry with that of an heir-apparent, but so it was; and to whatever political capital Mr. Sanger may make out of the circumstance he is very welcome.

I myself had the happiness of witnessing the most protracted, if not the most convincing, proof of individual loyalty that occurred throughout the day. Close to my own elevated position in Hyde Park was a tall but slender lime-tree, ill fitted to sustain the weight of any full-grown spectator, and protected by a wire guard from any such assault; but as the time drew on for the arrival of the procession even this coigne of vantage was seized upon. A London rough ran at it, and began, unmindful of its green spring shoots, to swarm up it as zealously as though it had been a greasy pole with a leg of mutton at the top for prize.

"Come *down*," cried the voice of authority; "you are spoiling the young shoots. Come *down*, I say."

"I am a-going to see the Queen and the Prince of Wales," exclaimed the offender, in sarcastic apology; and up he went, higher and higher, until he could command a very good view indeed.

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"You *won't* come down, won't you?" cried the policeman.

"Not if I knows it; no, not till I have seen her gracious Majesty and all the rile family," answered the now aerial voice; and he spoke with impunity, for the tree could not have borne so much as a bird besides the weight it now carried, much less a pursuing policeman.

"Very good," said the officer of justice; "here I waits for you, my cove, if I waits till morning."

The cavalcade approached, but not an eye had that irate policeman for aught besides his destined prey. The staff flashed by like a rainbow on horseback, but it did not dazzle *him*. The Speaker lumbered on in his painted coach, with his mace-bearer and chaplain squatted on the floor; but he might have been Enfield's Speaker (a mere class-book) for all the attention that "the peeler" paid to him. The rough in the tree, on the other hand, knowing that his time for enjoyment would be comparatively brief, reveled in the scene before him, and was graciously pleased to express his contentedness with the appearance of the eminent personages, whom he profanely termed "the hold lady and Halbert Hedward." Not till the procession had gone by to its last courtier, did he deign to notice "the gentleman in waiting" upon himself at the foot of the tree.

"You hadn't a good view, Bobby" (by that familiar name did he address the guardian of the law). "You should have been up here with me—if I could have found room for yer."

"Are you coming down *now?*" was the only answer that his resolute foe vouchsafed.

"Not *now;* no, certainly not, Bobby: I'm a-going to wait here to see the hilluminations."

Whether he did so or not I am not in a position to state; but if he did, I am quite sure that the other waited also. No wild beast that can not climb, such as a bull or a buffalo, and that has tracked his enemy to a tree, ever evinced less desire to move from it or to take his eyes off the object of his vengeance than did that intelligent but necessarily inactive "peeler;" and my belief is that he eventually got him.

Of the conduct of the police generally during perhaps the most arduous day and night in which they were ever engaged I can not speak too highly. I have never had the pleasure of being in New York, but if you have such guardians of public order there as we have in London, you are fortunate and well served indeed. Their superiority in temper and forbearance, on the occasion of any trifling disturbance, over the military who assisted them to keep the ground, was very noticeable. The soldiers roared, and pushed in anger; the police remonstrated first, then quietly enforced their views. To the latter, of course, the crowd was accustomed; but though the sight of the scarlet was not without its attraction, they resented the interference of its wearers as something unconstitutional.

"We didn't come here to be knocked about by soldiers," was an appeal that, even when uttered by a wrong-doer, was always sure of a sympathetic audience. It was even remarked by some that it would have looked better in the Prince if, instead of dressing as a general officer (which he has no pretensions to be except by privilege), he had appeared, as his father was wont to do, in civilian attire. It is very well for Continental princes to affect a military importance—and indeed some of the German ones may do so with reason—but in the heir-apparent of the British crown we prefer a plainer style. The Prince's social taste is known to be military, while that of the people is certainly not so. On the other hand, the shouts that every where welcomed the arrival of the sailors, a number of whom helped to keep the ground, announced them to be universal favorites.

Before closing these few remarks on what has been undoubtedly a remarkable day, let me quote you a Latin bull (but with nothing papistical in it) which was promulgated from the *Times* office on the morning of the spectacle. It would greatly facilitate the movements of the crowd, it said, if the authorities should compel "all persons going eastward to keep to the left, and *vice versa*." The effect of this sage advice would, of course, have been to leave one "side-walk" empty, and to bring every body face to face upon the other.

This comes, I suppose, of intrusting Irish gentlemen with classical quotations.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

THE MAGICIANS' GIFTS.

THERE was once a king in whose dominions lived no less than three magicians.

When the king's eldest son was christened, the king invited the three magicians to the christening feast, and to make the compliment the greater he asked one of them to stand godfather. But the other two, who were not asked to be godfathers, were so angry at what they held to be a slight that they only waited to see how they might best revenge themselves upon the infant prince.

When the moment came for presenting the christening gifts the godfather magician advanced to the cradle and said: "My gift is this—whatever he wishes for he shall have. And only I who give shall be able to recall this gift." For he perceived the jealousy of the other magicians, and knew that, if possible, they would undo what he did. But the second magician muttered in his beard, "And yet I will change it to a curse." And coming up to the cradle he said, "The wishes that he has thus obtained he shall not be able to revoke or change."

Then the third magician grumbled beneath his black robe: "If he were very wise and prudent, he might yet be happy. But I will secure his punishment." So he also drew near to the cradle, and said, "For my part, I give him a hasty temper."

After which the two dissatisfied magicians withdrew together, saying, "Should we permit ourselves to be slighted for nothing?"

But the king and his courtiers were not at all disturbed.

"My son has only to be sure of what he wants," said the king, "and then, I suppose, he will not desire to recall his wishes."

And the courtiers added, "If a prince may not have a hasty temper, who may, we should like to know?"

And every body laughed, except the godfather magician, who went out sighing and shaking his head, and was seen no more.

While the king's son was yet a child the gift of the godfather magician began to take effect. There was nothing so rare and precious that he could not obtain it, or so difficult that it could not be accomplished, by his mere wish. But, on the other hand, no matter how inconsiderately he spoke, or how often he changed his mind, what he had once wished must remain as he had wished it in spite of himself; and as he often wished for things that were bad for him, and oftener still wished for a thing one day and regretted it the next, his power was the source of quite as much pain as pleasure to him. Then his temper was so hot that he was apt hastily to wish ill to those who offended him, and afterward bitterly to regret the mischief that he could not undo. Thus, one after another, the king appointed his trustiest counselors to the charge of his son, who, sooner or later, in the discharge of their duty, were sure to be obliged to thwart him; on which the impatient prince would cry, "I wish you were at the bottom of the sea with your rules and regulations;" and the counselors disappeared accordingly, and returned no more.

When there was not a wise man left at court, and the king himself lived in daily dread of being the next victim, he said, "Only one thing remains to be done: to find the godfather magician, and persuade him to withdraw his gift."

So the king offered rewards, and sent out messengers in every direction, but the magician was not to be found. At last one day he met a blind beggar, who said to him, "Three nights ago I dreamed that I went by the narrowest of seven roads to seek what you are looking for, and was successful."

When the king returned home he asked his courtiers, "Where are there seven roads lying near to each other, some broad and some narrow?" And one of them replied, "Twenty-one miles to the west of the palace is a four-cross road, where three field-paths also diverge."

To this place the king made his way, and taking the narrowest of the field-paths, went on and on till it led him straight into a cave, where an old woman sat over a fire.

"Does a magician live here?" asked the king.

"No one lives here but myself," said the old woman. "But as I am a wise woman, I may be able to help you if you need it."

The king then told her of his perplexities, and how he was desirous of finding the magician, to persuade him to recall his gift.

"He could not recall the other gifts," said the wise woman. "Therefore it is better that the prince should be taught to use his power prudently, and to control his temper. And since all the persons capable of guiding him have disappeared, I will return with you and take charge of him myself. Over me he will have no power."

To this the king consented, and they returned together to the palace, where the wise woman became guardian to the prince, and she fulfilled her duties so well that he became much more discreet and self-controlled. Only at times his violent temper got the better of him, and led him to wish what he afterward vainly regretted.

Thus all went well till the prince became a man, when, though he had great affection for her, he felt ashamed of having an old woman for his counselor, and said, "I certainly wish that I had a faithful and discreet adviser of my own age and sex."

On that very day a young nobleman offered himself as companion to the prince, and as he was a young man of great capacity, he was accepted; whereupon the old woman took her departure, and was never seen again.

The young nobleman performed his part as well as the wise woman herself, and the prince became deeply attached to him, and submitted in every way to his counsels. But at last a day came when, being in a rage, the advice of his friend irritated him, and he cried, hastily, "Will you drive me mad with your long sermons? I wish you would hold your tongue forever." On which the young nobleman became dumb, and so remained. For he was not, as the old woman had been, independent of the prince's power.

The prince's grief and remorse knew no bounds. "Am I not under a curse?" said he. "Truly I ought to be cast out from human society, and sent to live with wild beasts in a wilderness. I only bring evil upon those I love best. Indeed, there is no hope for me unless I can find my godfather, and make him recall this fatal gift."

So the prince mounted his horse, and accompanied by his dumb friend, who still remained faithful to him, he set forth to find the magician. They took no followers, except the prince's dog, a noble hound, so quick of hearing that he understood all that was said to him, and was, next to the young nobleman, the wisest person at court.

"Mark well, my dog," said the prince to him, "we stay nowhere till we find my godfather, and when we find him we go no further. I rely on your sagacity to help us."

The dog licked the prince's hand, and then trotted so resolutely down a certain road that the two friends allowed him to lead them, and followed close behind.

They traveled in this way to the edge of the king's dominions, only halting for needful rest and refreshment. At last the dog led them through a wood, and toward evening they found themselves in the depth of the forest, with no sign of any shelter for the night. Presently they heard a little bell, such as is rung for service, and the dog ran down a side path, and led them straight to a kind of grotto, at the door of which stood an aged hermit.

"Does a magician live here?" asked the prince.

"No one lives here but myself," said the hermit. "But I am old, and have meditated much. My advice is at your service if you need it."

The prince then related his history, and how he was now seeking the magician godfather to rid himself of his gift.

"And yet that will not cure your temper," said the hermit. "It were better that you employed yourself in learning to control that, and to use your power prudently."

"No, no," replied the prince; "I must find the magician."

And when the hermit pressed his advice he cried, "Provoke me not, good father, or I may be base enough to wish you ill; and the evil I do I can not undo."

And he departed, followed by his friend, and calling his dog. But the dog seated himself at the hermit's feet, and would not move. Again and again the prince called him, but he only whined and wagged his tail and refused to move. Coaxing and scolding were both in vain, and when at last the prince tried to drag him off by force the dog growled.

"Base brute!" cried the prince, flinging him from him in a transport of rage. "How have I been so deceived in you? I wish you were hanged." And even as he spoke the dog vanished, and as the prince turned his head he saw the poor beast's body dangling from a tree above him. This sight overwhelmed him, and he began bitterly to lament his cruelty.

"Will no one hang me also," he cried, "and rid the world of such a monster?"

"It is easier to die repenting than to live amending," said the hermit; "yet is the latter course the better one. Wherefore abide with me, my son, and learn in solitude those lessons of self-government without which no man is fit to rule others."

"It is impossible," said the prince. "These fits of passion are as a madness that comes upon me, and they are beyond cure. It only remains to find my godfather, that he may make me less baneful to others by taking away the power I abuse." And raising the body of the dog tenderly in his arms, he laid it before him on his horse and rode away, the dumb nobleman following him.

They now entered the dominions of another king, and in due time arrived at the capital. The prince presented himself to the king and asked if he had a magician in his kingdom.

"Not to my knowledge," replied the king. "But I have a remarkably wise daughter, and if you want counsel she may be able to help you."

The princess accordingly was sent for, and she was so beautiful, as well as witty, that the prince fell in love with her, and begged the king to give her to him to wife. The king, of course, was unable to refuse what the prince wished, and the wedding was celebrated without delay; and by the advice of his wife the prince placed the body of his faithful dog in a glass coffin and kept it near him, that he might constantly be reminded of the evil results of giving way to his anger.

For a time all went well. At first the prince never said a harsh word to his wife; but by-and-by familiarity made him less careful, and one day she said something that offended him, and he fell into a violent rage. As he went storming up and down the princess wrung her hands and cried, "Ah, my dear husband, I beg you to be careful what you say to me. You say you loved your dog, and yet you know where he lies."

"I know that I wish you were with him, with your prating!" cried the prince, in a fury; and the words were scarcely out of his mouth when the princess vanished from his side, and when he ran to the glass coffin, there she lay, pale and lifeless, with her head upon the body of the hound.

The prince was now beside himself with remorse and misery, and when the dumb nobleman made signs that they would pursue their search for the magician, he only cried, "Too late! too late!" But after a while he said, "I will return to the hermit, and pass the rest of my miserable life in solitude and penance. And you, dear friend, return to my father."

But the dumb nobleman shook his head, and could not be persuaded to leave the prince. Then they took the glass coffin on their shoulders, and on foot, and weeping as they went, they retraced their steps to the forest.

For some time the prince remained with the hermit and submitted himself to his direction. Then the hermit bade him return to his father, and they went together.

Every day the prince stood by the glass coffin, and beat his breast and cried, "Behold, murderer, the fruits of anger!" And he tried hard to overcome the violence of his temper. When he lost heart the hermit would say, "Patience had a long way to go, but she was crowned at last." And after a while the prince became as gentle as he had before been violent. And the king and all the court rejoiced at the change; but the prince remained sad at heart, thinking of the princess.

One day he was sitting alone, when a man approached him, dressed in a long black robe.

"Good-day, godson," said he.

"Who calls me godson?" said the prince.

"The magician you have so long sought," said the godfather. "I have come to reclaim my gift."

"What cruelty led you to bestow it upon me?" asked the prince.

"The king, your father, would have been dissatisfied with any ordinary present from me," said the magician, "forgetting that the responsibilities of common gifts and very limited power are more than enough for most men to deal with. But I have not neglected you. I was the wise woman who brought you up. Again, I was the hermit, as your dog was sage enough to discover. I am come now to reclaim what has caused you such suffering."

"Alas!" cried the prince, "why is your kindness so tardy? If you have not forgotten me, why have you withheld this benefit till it is too late for my happiness? My friend is dumb, my wife is dead, my dog is hanged. When wishes can not reach these, do you think it matters to me what I may command?"

"Softly, prince," said the magician: "I had a reason for the delay. But for those bitter lessons you would still be the slave of the violent temper which you have conquered. Moreover, when the spell which made all things bend to your wish is taken away, its effects also are undone. Godson! I recall my gift!"

As the magician spoke the glass sides of the coffin melted into the air, and the princess sprang up and threw herself into her husband's arms. The dog also rose, stretched himself, and wagged his tail. The dumb nobleman ran to tell the good news to the king, and all the counselors came back in a long train from the bottom of the sea, and set about the affairs of state as if nothing had happened.

The old king welcomed his children with open arms, and they all lived happily to the end of their days.

COFFEE DINNERS.

IN spring even robust persons are apt to be overtaken by languor, loss of appetite, and debility. Possessed by this sense of weariness, the returning warmth and sunshine, which should be so cheering, are unable to dispel the weight which seems to settle alike upon body and mind. The judicious and thoughtful housekeeper may contribute somewhat to ward off from her family the attacks of this subtle foe—sometimes familiarly styled spring fever. A change of diet, however slight, will sometimes work wonders in sharpening the appetite, and thence restoring vigor to the system. One does get so weary of viands they have seen upon the table all the winter through, however wholesome they may be. The palate craves change, even though it be to something more indifferent in itself. Among the simple expedients we have seen resorted to with success is to surprise a family by changing dinner into a second breakfast. Have coffee prepared with especial reference to its being served up hot and strong, nice biscuits or hot muffins, with any appetizing relish you choose. Eggs, the *one* boon of the season to the stores of the pantry, are an indispensable concomitant of such a meal, dressed as fancy may dictate. Oysters, if the day is not too warm, will also be found exactly in their right place. If sweet things are desired, as is more than usually the case, for the very reason that a delicate appetite is prone to be fastidious, preserves may be added, and a dish of fresh, sweet butter placed in the centre of the board to crown the whole. A bunch of early flowers, too, is not amiss to give the table an inviting aspect, for through one sense the functions of another may be stirred into activity. The mere suggestion being made, a lively invention may supply one with many such expedients, more practical in their good results than their simplicity would seem to warrant us in expecting.

Housekeepers, act upon the hint!

QUEEN VICTORIA.

THE picture on page 260, engraved from a recent photograph, is pronounced the best portrait extant of the Queen of England, the ruler over thirty millions of subjects, and an empire on which, according to popular tradition, the sun never rises or sets.

Alexandrina Victoria is the only child of the Duke of Kent, fourth son of King George III. The Duke of Kent married, in May, 1818, Victoria Mary Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, and widow of the Prince of Leiningen. The Duke of Kent died at Sidmouth on January 23, 1820, leaving his infant daughter, born at Kensington Palace seven months before, May 24, 1819, to the care of her mother, the widowed Duchess of Kent. Her eldest uncle, George IV., succeeded her grandfather within a week of her father's death; for George III. died on January 29, 1820. George IV. was separated from his wife, and his only child, Princess Charlotte, was dead. But Princess Victoria had two other uncles who would precede her. Both the Duke of York and the Duke of Clarence were married, but had no children of their marriages living. The former died in 1827, while George IV. yet reigned. The latter, in June, 1830, succeeded his elder brother as King William IV. He died at Windsor June 20, 1837, when the crown devolved on his niece, the present Queen Victoria.

The young girl, just eighteen years of age, was roused from her sleep at five in the morning by the Lord Chamberlain and the Archbishop of Canterbury arriving at her mother's house to tell her that she had become Queen of this great empire. "In a few minutes she came to them," says one of the ladies of that household, "in a loose white gown and shawl, her hair falling over her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." The Prime Minister, Lord Melbourne, was sent for, and the Privy Council was summoned that same

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QUEEN VICTORIA.

forenoon, when the new Queen, supported by the Duchess, her mother, and attended by her officers of state, took her seat in the Council-chamber. The usual oaths were administered to her by the Lord Chancellor. She received the homage of her two surviving uncles, the Duke of Cumberland, who was then to become King of Hanover, and the Duke of Sussex. Her ministers and councilors knelt before her and swore allegiance and the maintenance of her legal supremacy in church and state. The ministers then surrendered to her their seals of office; but she desired them to remain at their former posts in her service, to which they willingly consented, and kissed her hand on their reappointment. She then signed her name, "Victoria," to the royal proclamation. Next day, June 21, she came from Kensington to St. James's Palace, where she was received by the officers of the court, the members of the royal family, and the cabinet ministers. She stood at a window, accompanied by Lord Melbourne and the Marquis of Lansdowne, to be seen by the people outside. "She was dressed in deep mourning, with white tippet, white cuffs, and a border of white lace under a small black bonnet, which was placed far back on her head, exhibiting her fair hair in front parted over the forehead. She looked fatigued and pale, but acknowledged the cheers which greeted her with ease and dignity." In the courtyard below this window stood Garter King-at-Arms, with heralds and pursuivants and other officials, to read the proclamation, which was listened to by the city dignitaries, attired in their robes of state. When this was done a military band played the national anthem, and the Park and Tower guns fired a royal salute. The proclamation was repeated at Charing Cross and other places in London. In the next two or three days all the members of both Houses of Parliament individually took the oaths of allegiance to the Queen. On the 30th her royal assent was given, by commission, to a number of public and private bills. On July 13 her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent left their abode at Kensington and came to dwell in Buckingham Palace.

The coronation of Queen Victoria, which was performed at Westminster Abbey on June 28, 1838, was a marked event. There was a procession from Buckingham Palace, up Constitution Hill, along Piccadilly, down St. James's Street, along Pall Mall, by Charing Cross, Whitehall, and Parliament Street to the Abbey. The Queen was presented to the congregation by the Archbishop of Canterbury; and when prayers had been read, and a sermon preached by the Bishop of London, the Archbishop placed the crown on her head. The whole assembly cried "God save the Queen!" The two sceptres and the orb, with the Bible, were presented to her; the forms of homage and religious benediction were recited; an anthem was sung, and the sacrament was administered; after which the Queen was invested with the royal robes, and walked down the nave, wearing her crown, and holding the sceptre with the cross in her right hand, and the orb in her left. In the evening there was a grand banquet and ball at the palace, with a display of fireworks in the Green Park, and the London theatres and other places of amusement were opened gratuitously by royal command. A fair was commenced in Hyde Park, which continued three days.

In the autumn of 1839 the public received the news of her proposed union with Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg and Saxe-Gotha. It was first reported at the end of August; but the Prince, with his elder brother, came to England, by previous arrangement, on October 10; and on the 14th the Queen informed the Prime Minister of her intention, which Lord Melbourne of course approved. Next day, using the privilege of her rank, but in a most womanly spirit, she sent for Prince Albert alone, and invited him to make her his wife. She has told us, in the "Memoirs of the Prince Consort," how he received her offer. The Queen made a formal announcement of this resolve to her Privy Council on November 23. Prince Albert, with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and the Hereditary Prince, came to England on February 6; and the marriage was solemnized on the 10th at the Chapel Royal, St. James's.

It was an occasion of general rejoicings throughout the kingdom, but there was little parade in the act itself. The Queen, with the Duchess of Kent and twelve bride-maids, went quietly from Buckingham Palace to St. James's Palace, whither Prince Albert had preceded her. She was conducted from the throne-room to the chapel by a procession of the court officials and the maids of honor. She wore a Honiton lace robe and veil, with a train of white satin fringed with lace; on her head was a wreath of orange blossoms, with the bridal veil fastened by a diamond pin. The Archbishop of Canterbury read the marriage service; after the conclusion of which, the register being signed, the members of the royal family congratulated the newly married pair in a cordial and unceremonious manner. The Queen and the Prince left town that afternoon for Windsor Castle.

There might be something for the students of morbid psychology to examine in the curious turn of insanity respecting the Queen which was current a short time after her marriage. Previously, the lunatics who beset her path used to cherish a delusive hope that she would sooner or later accept one of them for her husband. The last of these mad suitors, a "native of Ayrshire, and a person of weak intellect," called at Windsor Castle the very day before her Majesty's engagement to Prince Albert was announced. But now the propensity of fools and maniacs with regard to her person assumed a form still more alarming, and it is a mercy that she escaped the repeated attempts they made on her life. On June 10, 1840, while driving with her husband up Constitution Hill, Green Park, she was shot at by Edward Oxford, a tavern waiter, who fired twice, but happily missed her. He was only a crazy boy, a victim of ignorant vanity: but what mischief this contemptible creature might have done! The second attempt was that of John Francis, the idle son of a theatrical machinist, on May 30, 1842. He likewise fired a pistol at the Queen in her carriage on Constitution Hill. A few weeks later, on July 3, she had a pistol aimed at her while passing from Buckingham Palace to the Chapel of St. James's, by a humpbacked youth named Bean, who pulled the trigger, but the pistol did not go off. The Queen has, in fact, been actually under fire, and exposed to positive hazard of life from hostile attack, quite as often as the field-marshal commander-in-chief of her army. She has invariably shown a degree of intrepidity and presence of mind which would do credit to the bravest of her soldiers. May 27, 1850, Robert Pate, formerly a lieutenant in the Tenth Hussars, waylaid her at the door of the Duke of Cambridge's house in Piccadilly, and struck her over the head and face with a stick. The last mad assault by the Fenian, O'Connor, with an unloaded pistol, is fresh in the memory of our readers. It would seem hard that any lady, especially one of the gentlest and kindest women

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in the world, an exemplary wife and mother, should be subjected to these insults and serious perils of her life for no fault of her own.

Her wedded life lasted twenty-one years. On December 14, 1861, Prince Albert, "the blameless Prince," as he was styled in Tennyson's eloquent verse, died, after a brief illness, of the same fever which has lately so nearly proved fatal to the Prince of Wales. Since this time she has chiefly lived in social retirement, which has not prevented her from keeping up an interest in and supervision of the affairs of the kingdom. She reads the daily newspapers, thinks, talks, and writes of public affairs, practices the habits of a woman of business, and studies every subject of public importance more diligently than nine-tenths of the educated gentlemen and ladies in the upper and middle class society. She has some practical skill in drawing and music, and a highly cultivated taste.

The royal children are nine in number: the Princess Royal of England, Crown Princess of Prussia, Imperial Princess of Germany, born November 21, 1840; the Prince of Wales, born November 9, 1841; Princess Alice, now Princess Louis of Hesse, born April 25, 1843; the Duke of Edinburgh, born August 6, 1844; Princess Helena, now Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, born May 25, 1846; Princess Louise, now Marchioness of Lorne, born March 18, 1848; Prince Arthur, born May 1, 1850; Prince Leopold, born April 17, 1853; and Princess Beatrice, born April 14, 1857.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A CURIOUS contrast to the preceding picture is Queen Elizabeth, arrayed in her most sumptuous attire, on her way to return thanks to Heaven in St. Paul's Cathedral, on November 24, 1588, for the defeat of the Royal Spanish Armada. The accompanying engraving shows the wonderful dress which the queen wore on that grand occasion. It was copied from a scarce and valuable engraving by Charles Turner, which was published by S. Woodburn, of St. Martin's Lane, and which was itself a copy from an extremely rare print by Crispin de Passe, after a drawing by Isaac Oliver. The fashions of Elizabeth's court in the matter of personal attire, both for men and women, were more extravagant than was ever known before or since, as may be judged from the picture; and those who are accustomed to declaim against the mad luxury of the present age would do well to note this historical fact.



QUEEN ELIZABETH ATTIRED FOR THE ROYAL THANKSGIVING ON THE DEFEAT OF THE SPANISH ARMADA.—[FROM AN OLD PRINT.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EDNA.—Henrietta cloth, tamise, and canvas grenadine are suitable goods for mourning.

MRS. A. A. D.—The *Bazar* gave full directions for making infants' clothing in No. 35, Vol. IV.

GRAY EYES.—Use your extra pieces of silk for ruffles to trim your skirt in tunic fashion up the side widths. Then add a Watteau postillion. The black grenadine need not be altered. Put Swiss pleatings beneath its ruffles. Trim your straw gypsy with fan pleatings of black faille ribbon, and add a pink rose with autumn leaves and an aigrette of jet.

DOLLY VARDEN.—Shorten your brown silk, trim with ruffles of the pieces left over, and get a foulard over dress in Dolly Varden fashion.

J. E. M.—A loose belted basque, or else the French blouse-waist, would answer for your white dress.

FAIRY BELLE.—Make your linen polonaise by Marguerite pattern, and trim with gathered ruffles of the same, needle-worked in scallops with white floss.

M. A. DE L.—Your lace will be more stylish without a color beneath it.

MATTIE.—Your silk will make a very nice Dolly Varden polonaise over the striped skirt, or, for variety's sake, over a solid black one. Your silk basque should go under the Swiss over-skirt, and a peasant waist, bretelles, or basque of Swiss be worn. Black over dresses are still seen with colored skirts, though the opposite arrangement is more stylish. The green striped suit would look very well.

BESSIE S.—Your idea about the Marguerites is right.

ABBOTSFORD.—The Dolly Varden Polonaise illustrated in *Bazar* No. 11, Vol. V., is what you want for your figured silk, and for a foulard or cashmere over dress to wear with brown silk. Make black silk by plain-basque pattern, and alpaca by French blouse suit pattern.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.—Make box-pleated blouses for your girl of thirteen. These, with apron-front over-skirts and ruffled lower skirts, are very handsome. All dresses worn by girls in the daytime are now made with high neck and long sleeves. The muslin polonaise will be very pretty over blue organdy.

M. A. C.—The *Bazar* has given instructions about making skeleton leaves. We know of no book on the subject.

ECONOMY.—Small capes of the dress material will be worn with silks, woolens, and cambrics. Use the Dolly Varden polonaise pattern for your cambric suits.

ZENOBIA.—A black cashmere talma with monk's hood is what you want.

A CONSTANT READER.—For your Swiss muslin use the Marguerite polonaise, and for your crape marette the Dolly Varden. Line the waist of the latter with farmer's satin or with thin silk, but do not line the muslin garment. Make your percale with a French blouse, and, if you have enough goods, an apron-front over-skirt.

HELEN AND ANNIE.—Get a straw hat for spring, and a black illusion bonnet for summer, trimmed with Pompadour roses, partly pink, partly blue. Do not alter your last summer's dresses. Get a double cape of cashmere for a wrap. The striped suit and a grenadine dress will be enough. The linen dress will answer only for short trips and in midsummer. A good pongee will suit you better.

CINDERELLA.—A sleeveless sacque with cape like that illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., is a stylish wrap, and could be made of your black cashmere shawl. Fringe, or guipure lace and passementerie, are better trimmings than your palm-leaf border. If your shawl is India cashmere with a "real" border, you would be very unwise to cut it up.

SUSAN W.—A new idea of the spring will make your dress available. Make under-skirt, vest, and sleeves of your brown and white plaid, over-skirt and basque of solid brown cashmere or poplin. Use the Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. The vest is merely applied on the basque, not cut separate, and the check sleeves are coat shape. If you have not enough for a basque, use the French blouse-waist pattern with suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V.

A. C. E. A.—The chéné silk, cashmere basque with cape, and lilac silk are all right. Alter the gray woolen by suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. Trim with the silk bands as illustrated. Match the check silk, and make a suit with basque and over-skirt. The tulle over dress, flounce, and daisies proposed for the silk will be very effective. Of your fancy silk you could make a lovely Dolly Varden polonaise to wear over a flounced Swiss skirt at hops next summer. Young ladies both married and single will wear Dolly Vardens at the country resorts. Make your demi-trained muslin suit with basque and over-skirt, and trim with side pleatings and insertion heading. A pink tarlatan should not be worn over glazed cambric, but over thick lawn of the same shade, or silk, or else white muslin skirts. Low pleated waist and puffed sleeves, with many side pleatings on the skirt.

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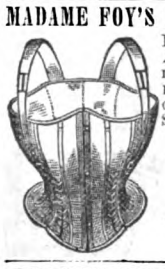
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Vol. IV.

INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	No. 35
MARGUERITE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 37
LOUIS XIV. POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 39
VEST-BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 41
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48
LOW-NECKED EVENING DRESS, with Adjustable Court Train and Round Skirt	" 49
WATTEAU MANTLE, with Pleated Blouse, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt	" 53

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postillion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
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SLEEVELESS SACQUE AND CAPE, with French Blouse, Apron Over-skirt with Watteau Postillon, and Walking Skirt	" 13
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FACETIÆ.

A PARSIMONIOUS sea-captain, answering the complaints of his men that the bread was bad, exclaimed: "What! complain of your bread that is made from flour? What do you think of the Apostles? They ate 'shew-bread,' made from old boots and shoes!"

A party hearing of a dog after Landseer, wanted to know what he was after him for.

A PULL.—If it is wise to have two strings to your bow, it is also prudent to let one of your purse-strings be a check-string.

A correspondent says, "If Worcester spells Wooster, why should not Rochester spell rooster?" My answer is, "Because there is an 'h' in it." Does he mean hitch? If so, *it's* shameful!

A PORTRAIT OF AN IMPORTANT MAN.—"Waiter!"—the waiter replied, "Sir!"—"waiter, I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say, and to remember that, although there are three ways of doing things, I only like one way in those who have subordinate stations and minds. In the first place, bring me a glass of brandy and water (cold), with a little sugar, and also a teaspoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep down the hearth; bring me in a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, and a little sealing-wax; tell the hostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he is ready to feed; order the chamber-maid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well aired, and a glass of water in the room; send the boots with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned and brought into the room to-night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire your master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions; send me the directory; change this five dollars' worth of stamps into bills, none of them to be worn; when does the mail arrive with the letters, and what time before midnight does the mail leave? just tell me what time it is by the clock on the landing, and leave the room." This portrait is from life.

POWER OF LOVE.—A clergyman, in endeavoring to explain the warming, vivifying influence of love in the heart of man, at last said, "Why, love is the elementary principle of warmth and life, as may be seen by the fact that on the coldest winter's day a loving young couple will be all aglow in a room in which a frosty old bachelor would freeze to death."

SHY JOKE.—A cautious old bachelor, who knows that the present is leap-year, says, "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

It is a queer woman who asks no questions, but the woman who does is the querist.

There's a boy in Salem so bright that his mother has to look at him through a bit of smoked glass.

MOTTO FOR SEWING-MACHINES—"As you sew, so shall you *rip*."

FOR NEXT SUMMER.—A newly invented fly-paper is covered with nitro-glycerine, glue, and treacle. The flies, attracted by the molasses, alight, and are stuck fast by the glue. Should any get away, they proceed to rub their legs together in ecstasy, when the friction of their own shins causes the nitro-glycerine adhering to their feet and limbs to explode, blowing them to atoms.

A STANDING CROP—A frightened yokel's head of hair.



THE NEW CLERGYMAN.

ORTHODOX ELDERLY SPINSTER. "What a *heavenly* Sermon, Maria! There, if you'd have only shut your Eyes, I declare you might have thought it was a Bishop!"

A CHINA (MARRIAGE) SERVICE.—It would seem that in China marriage vows are not by any means as fragile as the porcelain of that country. We are informed by a learned contemporary that "the Emperor of China is soon to be married, and has imported a pair of elephants to assist at the ceremony." The Brother of the Sun must be moon-struck with somewhat of chaste Diana's horror of wedlock if it takes two elephants to drag him to the altar. And if it takes two elephants to marry the couple, how many herds will it take to separate them?

WHAT EVEN A TEETOTALER MUST COME TO AT LAST—His bier.

DRAWN FROM HIM.—A friend the other day came, in a paper, upon the well-known advertisement which begins, "The teeth are the finest ornament of the human countenance." He expressed his delight at finding out at last what his teeth really were. What with aches, neuralgia, and decay, he had long been convinced they were not useful, and it had never before struck him that they were purely ornamental. He added that he despised ornament!

A SPARE-CASE.—Very often the case when one meets a pretty girl on it.

HOLDING THE PLOW.—A city gent who longed to hold the plow and go in for nature generally tried it last summer, but has now come back to the city, and says, "Oh yes, I like to hold the plow; but I prefer to do it in my own house, sitting in my easy-chair, with my family clustered around me."

Where did Noah preserve the bees during the flood?—In the ark-hives.

HOW TO ADMINISTER PHYSIC.—A paper gives the following directions for using its new patent hen pills: "From one to ten boxes of pills is a dose for young fowls. The best way to give the remedy is to tickle the chicken under the wings until it laughs, when the medicine can be shot down its throat with a musket or horse-pistol."

A man having announced that he wanted to marry a girl "with plenty of snap in her," a paper advises him to "go for the Wisconsin girl who swallowed forty percussion-caps the other week."

ONLY LYING.

A little five-year-old was being instructed in morals by his grandmother. The old lady told him that all such terms as "by golly," "by jingo," "by thunder," etc., were only little oaths, and but little better than other profanities. In fact, she said, he could tell a profane oath by the prefix "by." All such were oaths.

"Well, then, grandmother," said the little hopeful, "is 'by telegraph,' which I see in the newspapers, swearing?"

"No," said the old lady, "that's only lying."

A grocer recently had a pound of sugar returned, with a note stating that it contained too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A Golden Opportunity. If restored to the owner unimpaired, no further reward will be offered. Address Butterfingers, Ware?

LOST—By a Noodle, his Head. When last seen was empty. Of no use to any one but the owner, and of very little use to him. The finder may keep the contents for his trouble. Address A.S.S., Bray.

IF the Middle-aged Party who spoke to a young lady at Union Square in a blue bonnet will call upon her brother, he will find something to his advantage meet his eye. Address Pugilisticus, Station D.

IF the Lady who rode in an omnibus with blue enamel ear-rings will communicate with the gentleman who got down at the City Hall in a brown great-coat trimmed with seal-skin, and who immediately hailed a cab with a gray horse and two brown paper parcels, she had better prevail on him to advertise for a contract for the construction of English sentences, and not bind himself to accept the lowest, or any, tender. Y. Z., Post-Office.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—By a Young Gentleman of expectation, a Mansion standing in its own grounds of about a hundred acres, replete with every convenience. No rent. Or an income of seven thousand per annum will do. Professional philanthropists need not apply. Terms, cash down. Address Gosling, Wild Oatlands Park.

HOW TO MAKE AN EDITOR.—Will M. Carleton rhymes as follows about a farmer who took a boy to a printing-office to "make an editor outen o' him:" "The editor sat in the sanctum, and looked the old man in the eye; then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made this reply: 'Is your son a small, unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both? Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath? Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek? Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on sixpence a week? Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow-beat an impudent dunce? Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once? Can he press all the springs of knowledge with quick and reliable touch? And be sure that he knows how much to know, and knows how to not know too much? Does he know how to stir up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride? Can he carry a gentleman's manners with a rhinoceros's hide? Can he know all and do all and be all with cheerfulness, courage, and vim? If so, we perhaps can make an editor outen o' him.' The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his vision o'erspread; and he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin': he's probably out of his head.'"

GOT HER AT LAST.—Parson W—— was the Congregational minister at A—— two or three generations ago. On one occasion he was called on to marry a rustic couple. According to his custom, he began with, "Please join your *right* hands." Thereupon the groom with his right hand takes the bride's left. "Please join your *right* hands." The groom, a little confused, lets go his grasp, and with his left hand takes the bride's right. "Your *right* hands! please join your *right* hands!" The groom thinks a moment, lets go his grasp again, and turning around, seizes the bride with *both* hands, her right with his left, her left with his right, and exclaims: "*Now I've got her!*"

A loafer is rarely a thorough-bred man.

"Every tree is subject to disease," said a speaker in a fruit-growers' convention.

"What ailment can you find on an oak?" asked the chairman.

"A corn," was the triumphant reply.

A pillow, though not belonging to the human species, comes under the head of a rational being.

A GOOD SQUARE MEAL—A soda-cracker. Dry, isn't it?

A worthy Scotch couple, when asked how their son had broken down so early in life, gave the following explanation: "When we began life together we worked hard and lived upon porridge and such-like, gradually adding to our comforts as our means improved, until we were able to dine off a bit of roast meat, and sometimes a boiled chickie (chicken); but Jack, our son, he worked backward, and began with the chickie first."

SLIPPERY TRICK—Sending prettily worked, comfortable slippers to a single gentleman.

A love-match was broken up the other evening by the gentleman, while inspired by the inebriating glass, introducing the lady as "his future prisoner."

"Corners" in Easter-eggs are already anticipated.

"Let me see," said a Chicago boss mason, reflectively, to a burned-out merchant—"have got to put up a block for Brown this morning, and a dwelling-house this afternoon for Smith. Yes, I guess we can jerk up your store this noon by takin' only half an hour's noonin'."



THE SUPPLIANT.

BOY. "Oh, if yer please, Sir, my mother is sick, an—"
GENT. "Get out!"



THE TRANSFORMATION.

BOY (*equal to the occasion*). "Shoo, Fly, don't bodder me; I belong to Company G!"



AFTER DEATH COMES MONEY.

FOND HUSBAND. "If I should die, where would *you* go?"
FOND WIFE (*thoughtfully*). "Go? Go after your Insurance Money!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 16.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Lace Veils, Figs. 1-3.

Fig. 1.—FIGURED WHITE LACE VEIL. For this veil cut a strip of figured white lace seventy-two inches long and twenty inches wide, and edge it with white silk lace two inches wide. In adjusting the veil loop it in the back so that one end hangs down six inches longer than the other.

Fig. 2.—FIGURED BLACK LACE VEIL. This veil consists of a strip of figured black lace fifty-six inches long and ten inches and a half wide, which is sloped off on the under side from the middle toward both sides until it is only six inches wide on the ends, and rounded off on the under corners. The veil is edged with black lace an inch and three-quarters wide. In adjusting the veil the ends are looped in the back.

Fig. 3.—FIGURED BLACK LACE VEIL. This veil is ten inches and a half wide and fifty-six inches long, and is edged with black lace an inch and a quarter wide. In adjusting the veil it is pinned to the chignon in the back with a hair-pin, and the ends are left hanging.

Evening Coiffure for Young Lady.

IN this pretty coiffure the crimped front hair is parted in the middle and combed back, as shown by the illustration. Several short curls fall on the forehead in front. The back hair, which is also crimped, is partly arranged in three-strand braids and partly in puffs over crêpes. Clusters of forget-me-nots and long sprays of ivy complete the coiffure.

IMPROMPTU FURNITURE.

IF there are any readers of the *Bazar* who love to contrive pretty things out of nothing, as it were (and surely among so many there must be a few who would be happy to know of such an art), the present paper is written for their benefit expressly. It were superfluous to tell the wealthy how to adorn and beautify their elegant dwellings, for they may command whatever happens to please their tastes, let the price be as exorbitant as it will. But with those who, having desires and longings after the beautiful and taste to appreciate it, are by reason of their poverty deprived of the means of indulging their preferences, the case is different; and if I can succeed in giving a few hints that will enable them to decorate their plain walls with tasteful, inexpensive designs, or convert some old cast-away article of furniture into an elegant parlor ornament, I shall, without doubt, take my place among those who have not always worked or written in vain.



Fig. 2.—FIGURED BLACK LACE VEIL.

As a beginning, let us suppose that you want to produce a handsome mirror étagère, which will look well in the space between your front windows, and contain many little articles that have been heretofore scattered around upon mantel-pieces or tables. Perhaps you already have somewhere in your establishment a card-table, or other old-fashioned piece of furniture of the same description—even some of the ancient dressing-tables of quaint designs might be made to answer admirably. Having procured such a one as comes within our reach, we need, in addition, a mirror, the larger the better, and if it is one with an old-style wide irregular frame, it will be just the thing for our purpose. Such as I describe may be had of second-hand furniture dealers at very low prices.

We first fasten two upright pieces to the back of the table, joined across the top by a third piece. These pieces may be of black-walnut, which will be best, and make the handsomest piece of work with least trouble; but if cheapness is an object, and time of no account, they can be made of cherry or some other white wood, well seasoned, and stained with asphaltum dissolved in alcohol, then covered with a good coat of shellac, and rubbed down with fine sand-paper; after which they may be varnished with copal varnish, laid on smoothly and evenly with a soft brush. Small brackets of walnut, such as can be had at fancy stores, may be attached to the side pieces, two or three on each side: if these brackets have open-work backs extending above and below the shelf, they will have the effect of carving when fastened flat against the background, and there will be little space left bare. For the top and corners of the frame get some of the separate walnut carved ornaments such as cabinet-makers and picture-frame makers can supply, and by means of glue, or a few brad-nails, they may be fastened to their places, and will look precisely as if carved on the solid piece. Great care should be used if they



Fig. 1.—FIGURED WHITE LACE VEIL.



EVENING COIFFURE FOR YOUNG LADY.

are nailed, as the wood is thin, and will easily split off. There are many ways to ornament the frame of the mirror itself: either with carved wood of the same description, or with gilt corner pieces, which form a tasteful combination with any dark wood, or it may be entirely covered in another manner, now to be described.

All the varnish must first be removed from the old frame (which is supposed to be of wood, several inches broad), and the surface roughened, so as to hold glue well. No matter how broken the frame may be, it will all be concealed by the work. Have ready a supply of small twigs, pebbles, lichens, little knotty excrescences from the bark of trees, or any thing of this description, but no acorns. The design is to be a kind of landscape in bass-relief; and having your groundwork roughened sufficiently, begin by gluing on across the bottom rim of the frame a little strip of thin wood one-sixteenth of an inch thick, and about one inch wide. Round the outer edges and ends, so as to avoid showing square corners. Another strip may be attached to the middle of the upper border of the frame, and smaller ones at irregular distances up the sides, to suit the design. The little shelves or strips must now be stained quite dark with black varnish or several coats of the asphaltum, so as to leave no appearance of white wood; and having designed your landscape, or at least with the picture in your mind, begin first by gluing on groups or bunches of the twigs with one end of them resting on the little shelves, which will represent the ground, leaving the tops of various lengths, and leaning or bending in different directions. These are intended for the trunks of the miniature trees, and wood lichens of all sorts may be glued on so as to form a good representation of leaves and branches. The ground will be best covered by first coating the wood with thick glue, and then covering with pebbles, lichens, small sticks, or any thing that will suggest rocks or roughness. Animals may be introduced; and for this purpose the smallest specimens of penny toys, such as are found in a Noah's-ark in any toy-shop, may be used, always bearing in mind the proper proportion of the picture; for the trees must always be large enough to overshadow the graceful deer, whose heads are turned toward the mirror, which is to convey the idea of a sheet of water, the central object in the landscape.



Fig. 3.—FIGURED BLACK LACE VEIL.

Little Swiss cottages may also be placed wherever they seem appropriate, and perhaps other figures; but remember that the house must be considerably larger than either men or animals, or the effect will be any thing but pleasing: it would be better to omit them altogether than to offend against good taste in this way. When the spaces are sufficiently covered and the designs completed, the whole must be painted with a dark brown or olive green oil paint, applied very carefully with a small bristle brush, such as artists use for landscape painting, working it well into every crack, over and under the edges of lichens, animals, and houses. This will require a day or two to dry thoroughly, and perhaps will need a second coat, as some portions will absorb more than others. When the paint is entirely dry, a coat of copal varnish may be given, and when it is slightly sticky, or almost dry, apply bronze-powder, rubbing it carefully into the cracks with a brush. An old shaving-brush or very soft bristle paint-brush will answer very nicely for the purpose, and the more it is rubbed the more it will shine. This will give the frame the appearance of an expensive bronze casting, and no one unacquainted with the secret of its manufacture could imagine how cheaply it was produced. Of course there will be those who do not need the table at all, but will adopt this method of ornamenting a mantel-glass. For either purpose, however, the idea will be worth considering. I have myself converted one of the shabbiest old looking-glasses, which I bought at auction for two or three dollars, into a really elegant affair, which now graces my parlor mantel, and is greatly admired by visitors. In arranging the decorations I made use of any pretty little wood-cuts that were at hand, and copied the designs, which saved me considerable time that would have been required to make the drawings.

Valuable suggestions with respect to other kinds of impromptu furniture have before been given, which will be familiar to our constant readers. *Harper's Bazar*, Vol. I., No. 47, contains descriptions and illustrations by the aid of which barrels, boards, and boxes, with a little taste and ingenuity, may be transformed into sofas, divans, toilette-tables, wash-stands, hour-glass tables, and other convenient articles of furniture.

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THE BUILDING OF THE NEST.

THEY'LL come again to the apple-tree—
Robin and all the rest—
When the orchard branches are fair to see,
In the snow of the blossom dressed;
And the prettiest thing in the world will be
The building of the nest.

Weaving it well so round and trim,
Hollowing it with care;
Nothing too far away for him,
Nothing for her too fair;
Hanging it safe on the topmost limb—
Their castle in the air.

Ah, mother-bird, you'll have weary days
When the eggs are under your breast,
And your mate will fear for willful ways
When the wee ones leave the nest;
But they'll find their wings in a glad amaze,
And God will see to the rest.

So come to the trees with all your train
When the apple blossoms blow;
Through the April shimmer of sun and rain
Go flying to and fro;
And sing to our hearts as we watch again
Your fairy building grow.

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

DORÉ'S LONDON.

☞ THE publication of this magnificent PICTORIAL SERIAL was commenced in the SUPPLEMENT sent out without extra charge with the issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY for April 13. Each number, like the present, will be adorned with many beautiful and interesting illustrations by DORÉ, the greatest living master of the Picturesque in Art, with entertaining descriptions and thrilling sketches of London life prepared by BLANCHARD JERROLD. This splendid work, which is published in London at the price of two dollars a number, or twenty-four dollars for the whole work, will be sent out GRATUITOUSLY with HARPER'S WEEKLY; and the Publishers believe that it will prove one of the most elegant and attractive Pictorial Serials ever offered to the American Public.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain a Double-sized Pattern Sheet, with Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of a rich variety of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Wrappings, Water-proof Cloaks, House, Street, and Evening Dresses, Passementerie and Crochet Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Fancy Articles, etc.; with a brilliant array of literary and artistic attractions.*

THE GARDEN.

NOW that the wild March winds have ceased to blow, and the frost is stealing out of the ground, is it not time that our readers were thinking of their garden plots?

Perhaps the weather has not yet every where struck a balance with the calendar; but the April showers that bring forth May flowers ought by this time to have washed the snow well down from the hill-sides, and to have cast loose upon the land all the heat that is said to escape in the melting of ice. We are afraid, by-the-way, that that heat is no more equal to the production of early roses and strawberries than the heat evolved from the decomposition of autumn leaves is equal to producing the balmy St. Martin's summer; but such is the perversity of the human race that it embraces a theory and holds it all the more tenderly in the face of a chilling blast of logical contradiction; and so we always devoutly believe in the marginalia of the almanac where it runs, "About this time—we may expect—some pleasant weather."

And why should we not believe in the almanac? We have known it to do strange things in its way; and is it not a sort of cloud-compelling Zeus, ordaining the weather, making the days of the month walk up to the mark, and bringing about eclipses and convulsions of nature at its will? Indeed, we know a family where it wrought nothing less than magic. It always hung by the side of the huge chimney-piece, along with other mystical paraphernalia of the Lares and Penates of that hearth; and when an offense had been committed whose perpetrator was "one of those things no"—we were on the point of a strange lapse—was, in short, undiscoverable by common earthly means, the family of children were summoned, and were ranged in a solemn row before the head of the house, who took down the almanac, read aloud those terrible things about Aries and Libra, and Scorpio and Gemini, and made the awful signs of the zodiac with the tongs in the ashes, and turned the leaves and consulted the quarters of the moon and the flow of the tides, all interspersed with swift scrutinizing glances at the waiting row, till suddenly the pale and trembling culprit of the ordeal was singled out by name; and great was the birch rod, and the almanac was its prophet there!

But it hardly needs the almanac to tell us that when the snow is gone the sun is shining and the birds are building; then it is time to begin to turn up the earth, and let the air of heaven in to nitrogenize the under side of the clods. That turning up of the earth is in obedience to one of the natural instincts that announce themselves without foreign aid, and perhaps almost the only inheritance we carried with us out of the Garden of Eden.

Gardening, indeed, or rather the pretty pottering round a garden, directing somebody else with the heavy work, and attending one's self to the picturesque, is an occupation than which there is none pleasanter, as all those know who are blessed with a bit of ground. The first pulling over of last year's flower bed is like coming back from long absence and enjoying the society of a mother; and as strength and vigor come to us while we meddle with the soft brown soil of the healing and purifying earth, we easily understand that Antæus as well as Adam was a gardener.

Nor is there any thing more soothing than this same occupation for a mind vexed and worried by many cares. The breaking up of the ball of loam, the raking together of scattered waste, the sowing of seeds, the cutting of weeds, the removal of worms, the trimming of branches—all that distract the thoughts from trouble, together with the slight fatigue of bodily labor—calm the nerves and reduce things to harmony.

And while the occupation is both pleasing and soothing, it is the one work of all which has most promise and most accomplishment in it; we know that little is done there in vain, the reward is constantly before us, and the fulfillment of the first part comes while we are working on the last. We see the thing grow under our hands—the seed sprouts, the bud sets, the flower blooms, the fruit ripens, and all so that we can count ourselves, if not like the Oriental conjurers under whose hands the seed springs from shoot to fruit in twenty minutes' time, yet, at any rate, as if we had had a small hand in helping on the seasons and the fruits of the earth, each after its kind.

And what in the world is there lovelier than an old-fashioned garden—one not so carefully kept as to be a nuisance rather than an enjoyment? Over the old walls clamber the grape-vines and the scrambling blackberries, beneath them are the currant-bushes, and here and there a rare plum or pear tree, or honeysuckles, trained on tall trellises, keep a sentinel's watch on the rest. Here stand the queenly hollyhocks in all their splendid hues, here the sweet stocks; here beds of carnation spice the air all day long; and pansies, violets, roses, southernwood, evening primroses, larkspurs, and lilies—all in their turn, and sometimes altogether—make the mere breath a luxury; while in some neglected corner a forgotten sunflower absorbs all the warmth and wealth of its region, and suddenly spires up and spreads its broad disk like a fiery illumination. We do not care for scientific work in our old-fashioned garden, nor do we perplex ourselves with massing and separating the colors much: the sight of them all, as Nature happened to throw them together, is pleasure enough; while in the distance the modest kitchen-garden throws in a sturdy background of greenery, with its fluttering bean and pea blossoms, with the great green roses of its cabbages, with the reddening beet-tops, the feathery carrots, and the waving plumes of corn.

When the chief care and labor are over—not great at any time, certainly—to sit on summer days with book or work in a garden chair on the reserved grass-plot of such a place, is a satisfaction that few who are not spell-bound by the city have need to deny themselves; and when we add to the satisfaction of the senses the fuller satisfaction of looking on a scene that would not have been but for our own hands, of feeling that we have added by our personal exertion to the beauty and to the wealth of the world, that summer is more summer for our flowers, and mankind is richer for our potatoes and tomatoes, we wonder every body does not hasten to the study of the almanac and the task of laying out a garden!

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of Desertion.

MY DEAR HUGH,—I was sitting at breakfast the other morning, when I was told that a poor woman in black wished to see me, and going into my little parlor, I found her standing by a chair, as if she did not like to sit down until she was invited. I begged her to be seated, and to tell me what I could do for her. She turned her faded face to me, and handed me a letter, which asked me to get a place for her, if possible, in the hospital for incurables. She was not what is frightfully called a "decayed lady," nor a "reduced gentlewoman;" but she had kept a little shop, and had not prospered. There was something plaintive in her quiet tone and gentle manner, and I was already pledged in my heart to help her before I knew her story. Indeed, there was not much of it. There was no romance, as we fondly call it, except as all love and sorrow are romantic; but it was a pitiful little tale, and she told it with deep feeling.

She was left a widow with one child—a son. She set up the little shop, and in the slenderest way she supported herself and him. He grew up a street boy, not of the best character; but "he was my son," she said; "he was all that I had." She worked very hard to get a little money for him; but I suppose that he was thoughtless, careless. It was natural that a mother should work for her child, and it was natural that such a boy should not think of her cruel anxiety and bitter struggle. By-and-by came war. A wild enthusiasm swept every thing away. Her boy had such companions as the street furnishes, and one day he told her that he had enlisted and was to march immediately. There was no glory in it to her. Her son was an obscure boy who had joined the army for the fun of it, and her heart was wrung that he had 'listed without asking her, and that henceforth he would be a man, and she be left all alone. When the regiment marched away the streets were full of a shouting throng; lovely ladies waved handkerchiefs and threw flowers from windows and balconies; the drums beat proudly; the loud music pealed; and the bright bayonets flashed in the sun.

Pressed and jostled in the swaying crowd upon the sidewalk, the mother saw the glittering pageant pass. She strained her eyes and saw her boy with his face elate looking up at the beautiful ladies, but not thinking of her; and in a few minutes the brilliant spectacle was over, and she was creeping wearily back to the little shop. There came one or two notes from her son in pencil, which she could not well make out, and which gave her as much pain as pleasure. But after a long silence a neighbor one day told her as gently as he could that her boy had deserted on the eve of a battle, had been taken, tried, and shot. From that moment she drooped and withered. She had no heart to keep up the little shop. Indeed, her heart was broken, and, stricken with a hopeless malady, she had been ordered to the hospital. She told her story with pathetic patience. There was no outbreak of passion; but she wiped her eyes as she ended, and looked at me with the air of one who was prepared to hear that I could do nothing. But fortunately I could do something, and I wrote a letter which secured the little boon for which she asked.

As I took my walk that day my mind was full of the sad story, and I thought how unequally the penalties of the same offense are distributed. The thoughtless boy who enlisted gayly with his companions, who thought to steal away and save himself from danger without harming others, who was suddenly confronted with a terrible doom, and who fell by a shot which at the same moment pierced his mother's heart—did he deserve a doom so terrible? The sins of the parents are visited upon the children, I said, remembering the solemn words; but are those of the children less visited upon the parents? I thought of Victor Galbraith, and of Longfellow's beautiful poem,

"Come forth to thy death,
Victor Galbraith."

It was a hard fate for the poor boy who meant no ill. He skulked, indeed; yes, he skulked and deserted. But, Hugh, if all of us who skulk and desert with a thousandfold more guilt than the widow's boy should be tried at the drum-head and shot, what carnage there would be!

The day was saddened by the melancholy picture. I walked over into the farther avenues and looked into the little shops, where often I saw sad-faced women in black, and I wondered if they, too, had heard that their sons had been shot for desertion. I saw poor boys playing on the walk, and when I remarked a gentle face among them, I stopped and said to the boy, "My lad, don't desert, for the punishment is awful. It kills you and breaks your mother's heart." The boys shouted as I passed on, and I know that I am only a crazy man in their remembrance. When I came to the Park I walked in rapidly, and reviewed the long lines of children. They were playing and shouting, or tottling by the side of nurses, or lolling in little wagons. Pretty little innocent men and women! See that red-cheeked young rascal munching an apple and smearing his plump countenance! What do you say, nurse? Is that Mrs. Trillion's only child? Dear Mrs. Trillion, how if suddenly you should be left a penniless widow, and be compelled to keep a little shop, and that red-cheeked blossom of yours should grow into a youth, and enlist, and march away, and desert, and be taken, and tried at a drum-head, and shot?

It was an innocent desertion for which the widow's son suffered; but here comes a deserter who has not yet been punished. For as I went on a little further I met Felix taking his daily drive with Mrs. Felix in the Park. The carriage is the finest that I see, and there is a liveried flunky behind, as well as the boy upon the box by the driver. What do you suppose they think of Felix and his wife? The flunkies say nothing, and they bow profoundly, and they keep their liveries in perfect order. But I suppose that their eyes see and that their minds think. A penny for your thoughts, you plushed fellow-creature holding on by the tassels behind Felix and his wife? Do you know Felix, my dear Hugh? Then permit me to introduce you to one of the most arrant deserters in the world. He did not enlist because he was taken by the gleam of gold-lace, but by that of bright eyes. He enlisted in the service of Flora, and no country, no cause, could have a fairer genius. He was handsome and gay; she was beautiful and young. Indeed, all that was necessary for the fulfillment of their happy fate was that life should be a long child's party in which the children have no care but their own enjoyment. If that had been the situation, there could have been no happier pair. Felix was handsome and gay, but that was not all. He was idle and selfish. So when Flora's father failed, and they went into small rooms, and had no carriage but the omnibus, and the stricken father died and left really nothing, so that Flora's mother and Flora's mother's daughter opened a little school—*Ma foi*, as Felix said, for he spoke French very prettily, "what a cruel fate that I was not born to fifty thousand a year! For I have nothing, and no profession, and how can I ask a girl like Flora to share my abject poverty?" He did not ask her. Indeed, he showed her so plainly that it would be absurd for them to think of marrying that she said, and with a white cheek, "I see it, Sir, perfectly; I should be mad to marry you."

A few months afterward, Felix, handsome and gay as ever, married a famous heiress, and that is she whom you observe by his side. And Flora's cheek grew whiter and whiter; and there was a fatal light in her eye. Her heart was broken, and she died. The poor boy who deserted from the army—did he harm any body? But how fearfully he was punished! And here is a deserter, you see, all the more prosperous for his desertion. But if you were the Divine justice, which would you send to the drum-head—the poor street boy who skulks from the ranks to save his life, or Felix, the handsome and gay, who gives the pleasantest suppers in town, and drives a marvelous dog-cart, and who deserts a true heart for a fine house?

I think of that poor mother dying in the hospital and thinking of her boy. But may it not be better even to die for an innocent desertion than live in the reward of one that is base? Here comes Bravo, and I cross to the other side that I may not meet him. When I knew him long years ago he was full of generous hope and aspiration; no man of a surer faith, no one less daunted by the commonplaces of those foolish visionaries who call themselves practical men. Conscious of honorable motives, he did not deny them to others, nor suppose, because men are sinners, that therefore mankind are a parcel of false and venal fools whom a wise man despises. To see Bravo in those blithe days was to feel as in one of these early soft mornings of spring that it is a world whose beauty forever renewed is the eternal suggestion to us that human nature is not effete, although it is so long obscured by folly and passion, and that all we hope is yet possible.

Suddenly Bravo deserted. He renounced faith, hope, and charity, and sneered at every thing he had believed and commended. He declared that money is the real good, and that no man who would be rich must put too fine a point upon life. It was the old story of selling yourself to Satan. But the desertion was double. Bravo not only skulked away from conscience and honor, but he vowed that it was honor and conscience that drove him.

There goes Bravo the deserter. People

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are afraid of him and flatter him and bribe him—and despise him. He is rich and conspicuous. The whole world knows that he is a deserter—a deserter from all that makes life noble and honorable and fair. I was about to say that although the world knows him for a deserter, yet that there is no drum-head judgment, no execution. I am wrong. Both he and Felix are daily brought to that drum-head: they are tried by the conscience of generous men, and shot by their scorn. And as I came slowly homeward, thinking of the dying mother in the hospital, I felt that it is, perhaps—perhaps—better for a mother to think of her son shot for innocently deserting the army line than of the boy grown to be a man, and daily scourged by general contempt for the deliberate desertion of principle.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

PARISIAN DRESSES.

STREET costumes sent over from Paris are made short enough to clear the ground. Ladies just returned from abroad are surprised to find American ladies dragging handsome silk skirts on the dirty sidewalks of New York. The fashion is an unclean one, that women of taste and good sense refuse to follow. If a lady considers it imperative that her carriage costumes and house dresses trail slightly, and does not wish to provide separate suits for the street, it is an easy matter to shorten the skirts by buttons and loops underneath. A dress of walking length is also gracefully lengthened by detaching the three back breadths from the belt, putting a drawing string across the top, and letting them droop over the tournure. The upper skirt conceals the exposed part at the top, and a pretty demi-train is formed.

EASTER TOILETTES.

Among the church toilettes prepared for Easter-Sunday black silks prevailed; the most stylish colored suits were of réséda (greenish-gray), London smoke, and brown. Many of the new suits were entirely of silk, while others had polonaises of cashmere, camel's-hair, or Sicilienne. The new mantles were added to most polonaises. Lower skirts were trimmed a half or three-quarters of a yard in depth; kilt pleats or narrow perpendicular ruffles and rows of bows trim the front breadth, while those back of it are covered with horizontal flounces. An over-skirt described last fall in the *Bazar* promises to be the favorite. It is very similar to the drapery of the Marguerite Dolly Varden polonaise.

A black silk suit made by Worth was remarkable for its stylish simplicity. Two side pleatings a quarter of a yard deep, each headed by a ruche, trimmed the lower skirt. The over-skirt had a long slender apron front drawn back tightly over the tournure, from whence fell two straight back breadths prettily draped in the middle. The trimming was a wide bias fold and deep tassel fringe. A seam down the middle of the apron was concealed by a sort of jabot made of pleated silk fringed. The waist had a postilion back, round belted front, and Marie Antoinette collar of blue China crape and lace. The sleeves were duchesse shape, edged with lace. To complete the costume is a black cashmere talma and hood; a black thread net bonnet with begonia leaves and jet; a square veil of clear net edged with a wide Spanish border, fastened behind by a jet dagger; cameo jewelry; an Alpine parasol of plum-colored silk, with the shell handle fastened to the belt by a chain; and, finally, gray kid gloves without fanciful stitching, and fastened by three buttons.

PARASOLS.

The Alpine parasol, with stick to be used like a cane, or lashed to the belt in tourist fashion, will be the popular fancy for the summer. Gray and écru pongees trimmed with lace of the same shade, or with deep fringe or a ruffle, will be most used. Very expensive ones are also braided with soutache or embroidered. English parasols of dark blue or plum-colored silk, richly fringed and as large as an umbrella, are very stylish. The handles most seen are of imitation shell or ivory; bamboo and rose-wood sticks are also shown. The latest novelty is a revival of the old-time canopy-top parasol with a silver-mounted knob and handle. A good parasol costs from $8 to $11. Double-faced silk serge, black or brown outside with rose or blue inside, is used for serviceable umbrellas. For dressy occasions and for carriage use are small white or pearl silk parasols to be covered with lace. Umbrella hooks, with chain to fasten the umbrella to the belt, are useful and inexpensive. In imitation gilt and silver they cost from $1 50 to $2.

LACE VEILS.

Real lace veils are of plain net, or else have thick dots instead of the lightly wrought dot formerly used. The lace border is about two inches wide. The veil is shaped to fall below the chin, sit smoothly on the sides, and fall behind in long streamers. Price from $8 to $15. Less expensive veils are squares of Spanish net, with or without dots, edged with a wide border of Spanish blonde in leaf net: price $7. Three-cornered veils of the same material are $3. Jet daggers or arrows, or else dead-gold pins, fasten the veil over the chignon.

CARPETS.

Spring importations of carpets show small figures in quiet colors, with a bright rich border around the room. Gray grounds of every shade from palest pearl to deep steel-color prevail in carpets of various qualities from ingrain up to Axminster. The figures consist of delicate tracery of vines in darker gray, making a monotone carpet in many cases, while others are brightened by rose-buds, convolvuli, or wreaths of daisies, or else a block of dark rich India colors is set about at intervals. Next after gray carpets those with black or olive grounds are preferred; and thirdly are the white grounds that look so cool and fresh in summer rooms, and give an appearance of size to small apartments. The preference in ingrain is for gray grounds of Brussels patterns with light blue border. American ingrains cost from $1 25 to $1 45 a yard, and are a yard wide; imported ingrains are $1 60. Twilled Venetian carpets for halls and stairs are brought out in designs to match ingrains. With ingrains for chambers, and Venetian carpeting to match, upper floors and the entire houses of people of small means are provided with inexpensive carpets of as handsome designs as are made in Brussels or Wilton. They are also made soft to the foot by a patent lining now used as a preventive to moth. Stairs are softly padded to deaden noise and prevent the carpet wearing on the edge of the step. English three-ply carpets, so closely woven that the third ply will not wear off, are excellent for service: price $2 25 a yard for best quality. American three-ply carpets are $1 65 to $1 75.

Newest Brussels carpets have less of the orange hues that lately pervaded them. For parlors there are cool gray shaded grounds, strewn with wreaths of eglantine, heather-bells, and clusters of the red leaves of the maple. For dining-rooms, halls, and libraries there are black and olive green grounds, with design and coloring imitating Turkey rugs. Best Brussels, called body Brussels, costs from $2 to $2 50 a yard. Tapestry Brussels, repeating the designs of tapestry carpets, is from $1 25 to $1 60. It is not economy to buy low-priced Brussels, as the colors are merely stamped on the outer surface, and soon wear away, leaving bare gray spots.

Rich Wilton carpets, so soft to the tread, so durable, and of such exquisite colors, are chosen by people of taste and means for libraries and other handsome rooms. The newest importations have quiet-colored grounds, relieved by bright medieval colors, blue and red together, with gilt lines like moulding. Price from $3 to $3 75 a yard.

The handsomest carpets for dining-rooms are great rugs made all in one piece, to be laid on inlaid floors of hard wood. Among these are Turkey carpets in dark rich Oriental colors, imitation Dutch carpets, and the Persian carpets, which are sold by the square yard. Of the latter a banner-like figure is in the centre, and deep solid bands of rich reddish maroon fill it out to fit the room.

Velvet carpets in rich Wilton patterns are shown for parlors, while for long saloons, boudoirs, and drawing-rooms are Axminsters and Moquettes of white or pearl grounds, strewn with Watteau scenes—a shepherd's hat, pipe, lute, and flowers. Axminsters are now imported whole with medallion centres, and are made to fit any room by bordering of solid color.

Newest oil-cloths have patterns representing tiles. Damask figures and marbled grounds are still in favor. The best white straw matting is 70 cents a yard, fancy plaids are 60 cents, and common buff 30 cents.

CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY.

The single drop-curtain of lace has had its short day of favor, and the preference now for drawing-room windows is two draperies of fine Brussels lace almost as thin as blonde. These are surmounted by heavy lambrequins of the fabric with which the furniture is upholstered. For bedrooms in cities, and for all the windows of country houses, Swiss muslin curtains, either dotted or plain, are chosen. A fluted ruffle a finger deep surrounds them, and a band of blue or rose ribbon is inserted under straps an inch beyond the ruffle; the cornice is of fluted muslin over colored silk. Such curtains may cost as much as $40 a window, but plainer ones, with simpler frills, are $10 a window. Nottingham lace curtains are of pretty designs, new this season, imitating the stripes and square meshes of guipure lace. Two Nottingham draperies for a window may be bought for $7 or $8. Upholsterers line these with cotton satine of rose-color or blue to match the furniture covers, and add a colored lambrequin. When put up they cost from $12 to $35 a window. Cornices of ebony, walnut, or gilt are slight and narrow, and are of far less importance than lambrequins. Two deeply curved draperies across the top of the window make handsome lambrequins, while the side draperies are often as long as the lace curtains beneath. White holland shades remain in favor. The *Bazar* is glad to say there is no more groping in dark parlors, for it is the fashion to draw back the curtains and let in the invigorating sunlight. The fancy for window gardening has brought this about, as a handsome window is no longer complete without its pretty jardinière of growing plants, that can not exist without plenty of air and sun.

Satins of solid color are the fashionable upholstery for drawing-rooms. Lambrequins and furniture covers should always match. A new lasting of self-color is commended for its smoothly twilled surface, that will not retain dust, as repped fabrics do; this lasting, with various chintz-figured fabrics, is chosen for all rooms but parlors. Gay figured cretonne covers the entire rooms of country houses; it is especially pretty in chambers, where even the bedstead is so covered with tufted chintz and fluted ruffles that not a particle of wood is visible.

Loose slip covers to protect furniture during the summer are of plain glazed linens, white, écru, or gray, with binding of scarlet or blue braid. Striped dimity and Jacquard linen covers are also much used.

PAPER-HANGINGS.

The newest papers for drawing-room walls are said to be copied from old India silks that have been preserved for centuries. The dark, rich, velvet-like grounds are of crimson, greenish gold, lapis blue, and other quaint tints brightened with figures and flowers in India and medieval colors. The flowers are in twilled patterns that admirably represent the cross stitch of embroidery, and seem to stand out from the background. These dark papers are far more effective than the light-tinted walls lately in fashion; they set off pictures and furniture to advantage, and seem to help furnish the room. A gilt moulding or a black paper border surrounds the ceiling. Luxurious boudoirs have the walls covered plainly with silk chintz put on as if it were paper. The curtains and upholstery are then of solid-colored satin. For ordinary rooms glazed paper of dark ground with chintz figures cover the walls, and the furniture has real chintz coverings of precisely the same pattern. Paper-hangings for dining-rooms represent old Dutch tiles. Pale gray combined with blue and red are the preference among these.

For information received thanks are due, for dresses and dress materials, to Mesdames DIEDEN; and SCHMAUDER; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.; and JAMES M'CREERY & Co.; and for carpets and upholstery, to Messrs. W. & J. SLOANE; L. MARCOTTE; and G. L. KELTY & Co.

PERSONAL.

BISHOP SIMPSON is a wag as well as a disciplinarian. He has recently rendered an ecclesiastical decision which is not as complimentary to the United States Senate as it might be. It seems the appointment of Dr. NEWMAN to the chaplaincy of the Senate after his pastoral period in Washington had expired raised a question of church government, which Bishop SIMPSON promptly decided by saying that, under the general law of the Church, he had the power to appoint chaplains to reformatory institutions, and he considered the United States Senate to fall within the scope of the rule.

—Mrs. KEEP, widow of the late HENRY KEEP, is to be held in grateful remembrance throughout the long future for having given $100,000 to the Ophthalmic Hospital, for the purpose of enlarging the accommodations and making provision for the reception of free patients.

—The Duke of Argyle, Secretary of State for India, has sent to the city of Chicago a number of books on the history, people, products, laws, and medical practice of that country.

—Dr. PARISH, of the Media Sanitarium, and Dr. DODGE, of the Binghamton Inebriate Asylum, have been formally invited by the British government to appear before a committee of Parliament to give a detailed account of the workings of inebriate asylums in the United States.

—Madame OVIEDO, the diamond-wedding heroine, was recently visited by Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. She is now a widow, living on her large sugar plantation near Matanzas, intelligent and agreeable, and enjoys in a comfortable way her income of $800,000 per annum.

—Miss VINNIE REAM is preparing a model for a statue of General DU BOSE, member of Congress from Georgia, and one of the finest-looking men in the present Congress.

—General EDWARD M'COOK, one of "the fighting M'COOKS," is a wag as well as a warrior. Standing recently in the Sherman House, Chicago, talking with a friend, he was accosted by a seedy-looking individual with a voice quivering with emotion, "This is General M'COOK, I believe?" "Yes, Sir," courteously replied the general. Whereupon the man produced a dirty cotton handkerchief, and made an unsuccessful attempt to hide the tears which swelled up from his manly bosom. As soon as he could command his voice he faltered, feelingly, "I was with you at Memphis, Sir." "I never was at Memphis," said the general. "I—I meant Manassas," hurriedly rejoined the emotional veteran. "Ah, yes, Manassas," returned M'COOK: "what regiment did you belong to?" "The Second Illinois Battery, Sir," said the other, with cheerful alacrity. "Just so," was the general's dry comment as he passed a five-dollar bill into the man's palm, remarking to his friend as the "Second Illinoisan" shuffled away, "I never had such a battery in my command."

—GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, now eighty-four, is engaged in writing his autobiography. Few men of his time have been more with authors, artists, and men of mark than he. He is a strict abstainer from all intoxicating fluids.

—Judge DAVIS, the Labor Reform candidate for the Presidency, weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. It is to be hoped that the platform of the party will be carefully constructed.

—Dr. ORONHYATEKHA, the Indian for whose education the Prince of Wales made provision when in this country, has proved himself worthy of his benefactor, having distinguished himself at college and in medicine, and as an eloquent speaker. He is exerting himself for the improvement of his own people.

—Miss MARY P. TOWNSEND entitles herself to perpetual thanks for having given $60,000 to the Home for Aged Indigent Females, the income of which is to be for "the support of those females who, in legal phraseology, are called spinsters, or single women."

—Judge BAZEL HARRISON, whose father was a brother of BENJAMIN HARRISON, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, attained to the age of one hundred years on the 15th of March. He was the first man who settled in Kalamazoo County, Michigan.

—When LAURA HARRIS, our American primadonna, sings in Madrid, they throw her bouquets in which are artfully concealed diamonds and other things having mercantile value.

—Dissatisfied with FORSTER'S "Life of Dickens," young Mr. DICKENS proposes to undertake the story of his father's career, believing he can do it better.

—Here is a man!—KALIPACHA—in Vienna popular as a king! Recently at a *fête* which cost $40,000 numbers of cold pheasants were served at supper. Servants picked out the birds' eyes and laid them on the ladies' napkins—they were emeralds! It was rumored that this delightful host was *en route* for Paris. Paris was enchanted. He says now he won't leave Vienna. Paris is in tears.

—Mr. and Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS have had the honor of being presented to the Pope, being, if not the first, among the very few members of their profession who have had audience of the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Actors have been theoretically regarded as naughty folk, and therefore not to be very much petted by prelates. Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS is known in private life as a most estimable, modest, religious lady, and her husband as one of the most liberal men in his profession.

—Colonel KING, of Texas, has a little farm of 84,132 acres, stocked with 65,000 cattle, 7000 sheep, 10,000 horses, and ever-so-many thousands of goats.

—The banker SALOMON HEINE, of Hamburg, has left his immense fortune to the widow of HEINE, the poet. The lady is a Frenchwoman, and has subscribed $200,000 to the Liberation Fund.

—The Princess ALICE is about to enroll herself in the catalogue of royal and noble authors. She has written a novel, and given it the pleasant title of "Our Home Ways."

—Mr. BRAND, the new Speaker of the House of Commons, is Speaker in fact, gracious but firm, and has given his old friends the "whips" of both parties clearly to understand that he will not allow them to dictate who shall speak in great debates.

—Miss NILSSON'S operatic career, which commenced in this country in September, 1870, has just terminated. She has sung in one hundred operatic performances, and in more than that number of concerts. During the coming summer she appears in opera in London, and in the autumn makes her début at the Imperial Opera-house at St. Petersburg. In the autumn she will also appear in an entirely new character, one for which she has been preparing for two or three years, and in which she hopes to achieve her greatest success—that of a wife.

—Mr. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT and Mr. WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT have been honored with special hospitalities by the citizens of the Mexican capital and by several of the associations of the country.

—Mr. TILLINGHAST, General Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River railroads, has been offered the superintendency and entire running management of the Erie Railway by the new board of directors.

—A Boston journal, speaking of the brilliant editorials of Mr. JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG in recent numbers of the New York *Herald*, says that Mr. Y. is about to leave for Europe, to be gone two years.

—The Marquis De Voisins, a son of the celebrated MARIE TAGLIONI, has married his cousin, the daughter of M. TAGLIONI, of Berlin. The marquis, supposed to be long dead, met his bride in Berlin, where he had been brought a prisoner of war.

—Mr. HENRY JARRETT (NILSSON'S confidential business manager) and MAX MARETZEK have taken the Academy of Music for next October, and will bring out PAULINE LUCCA in opera.

—Some of the BEECHER brood are straying off. Mrs. STOWE'S son-in-law, the Rev. H. F. ALLEN, has been appointed rector of Grace Church, Amherst, Massachusetts, and the STOWE family will make that place their summer residence.

—Speaking of the great and good P. S. GILMORE, a wild man in the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* gives the following as the new words to be sung to the "Marseillaise" at the Jubilee:

> "Allan ortoux galant patriqueese
> Guilmaur, isplucquise grete tousse,
> Theliste; seau mehls succes
> Bigretre stilloul pres;"

and then favors his readers with the following translation:

> "All honor to gallant PATRICK S.
> GILMORE; his pluck is great, to say
> The least: so may his success
> Be greater still, we pray."

—STRAUSS, the famous composer of waltzes and dance music, will assist P. S. G. at the Boston Jubilee.

—The Rev. Dr. VINTON, of Trinity Church, is in Nassau, New Providence, and a few Sundays since preached in Christ-church Cathedral—greatly to the satisfaction of the islanders.

—The Turkish Sultan is an extravagant fellow among the Constantinopolitan tradesmen. He buys every thing he fancies, and now owes them a matter of $15,000,000; but the mischief of it is that the potentate don't pay.

—The TICHBORNE family have owned and occupied the estate in Hampshire, England, during five hundred years.

—Newspaper folk are becoming men of great landed estate. Among those who have invested largely in loam is Mr. ABELL, proprietor of the Baltimore *Sun*, who has purchased for $475,000 the magnificent M'Donald estate of 300 acres, two miles and a half from Baltimore. The place is superbly improved, with a palatial residence and numerous other buildings. The elegant statuary, furniture, paintings, etc., were included in the sale. It is considered one of the most beautiful and valuable estates in Maryland. Mr. ABELL'S country-seat is about two miles further out. This contains 400 or 500 acres, with a splendid residence, out-buildings, etc. It is worth probably $150,000. He also bought the old Almshouse property not long ago, at an outlay of over $200,000. He owns a farm of some 700 acres, five miles out in another direction, where his eldest son lives, worth perhaps $150,000. Not long ago he bought a farm—the best one in Frederick County, Maryland—for $35,000. He also owns several other beautiful country places, besides a vast amount of city property, and large possessions (coal lands, etc.) in Pennsylvania, and property in Philadelphia. He is estimated by those who approach the best knowledge of his wealth to be worth about $10,000,000. His present immense income from the Baltimore *Sun* and other sources would enable him to purchase an estate like the one known as "M'Donald" every year. This is not bad for an editor and newspaper man who commenced life as a poor journeyman printer forty years ago. It is a noteworthy fact that the most profitable papers in the larger cities of the country are non-partisan—such as the *Herald*, of this city, the *Ledger*, of Philadelphia, the *Sun*, of Baltimore, the *Picayune*, of New Orleans, etc., etc.

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Embroidery Designs for Wrappings, Dresses, etc., in Soutache, Point Russe, Chain Stitch, and Satin Stitch, Figs. 1–11.

THESE designs may be used for trimming jackets, blouses, paletots, talmas, dresses, etc. They are worked on cloth, cashmere, silk, etc., with black or colored cord, soutache, and saddler's silk; or with embroidery cotton, linen braid, etc., on shirting, linen, or piqué. All of these designs may also be used for trimming covers, cushions, etc. The medallion foundation figures are intended for trimming the corners.

Figs. 1 and 2.—Corner of border with foundation figure in point Russe embroidery. For the embroidery use saddler's silk, split zephyr worsted, or coarse cotton. The illustration shows the manner of working the embroidery.

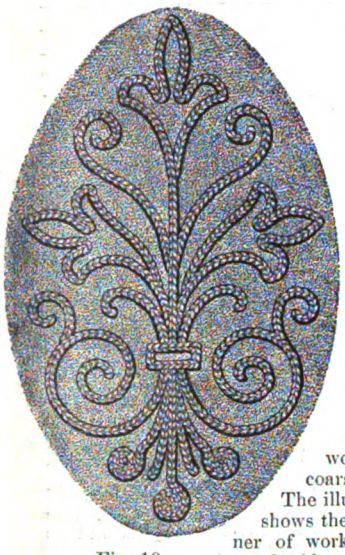


Fig. 10.

Figs. 3 and 4.—Border and foundation figure in soutache and satin stitch embroidery. The flowers of both designs are worked with saddler's silk in satin stitch and point Russe, and the knots in knotted stitch. Instead of soutache fine silk cord may be sewed on, or chain stitch rows may be worked.

Figs. 5 and 6.—Border and foundation figure in point Russe embroidery. These designs are worked, like the designs given by Figs. 1 and 2, with saddler's silk, cotton, or split zephyr worsted, according to the material.

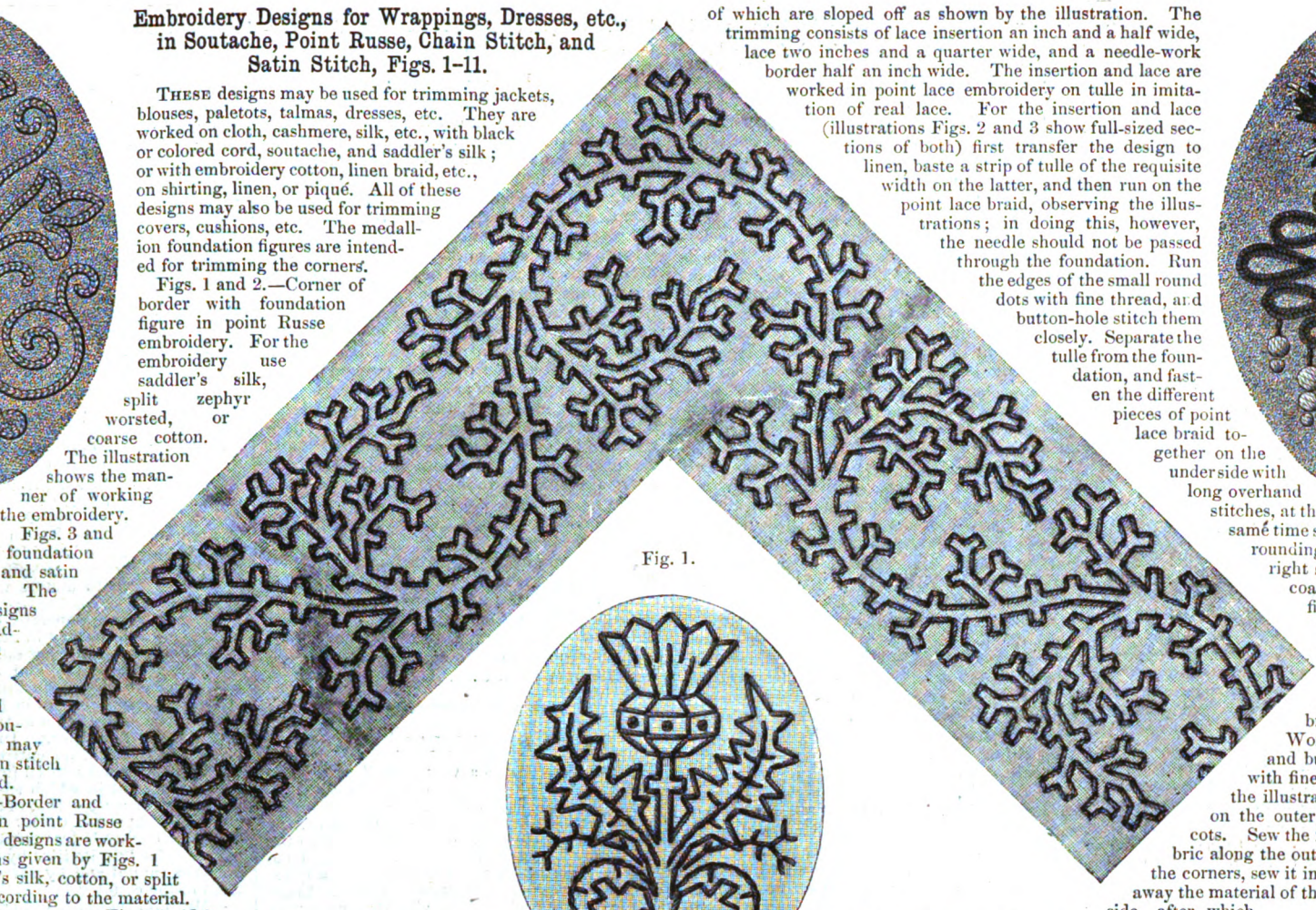


Fig. 1.

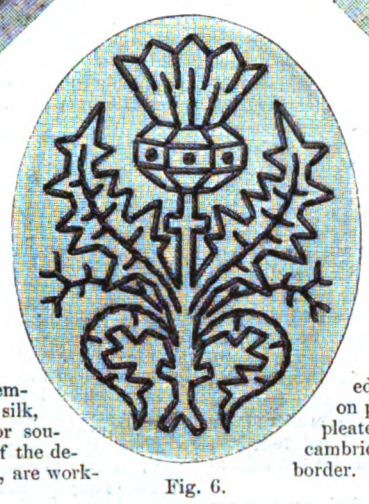


Fig. 6.

Figs. 7 and 8.—Border and foundation figure in chain stitch embroidery. Work the embroidery with saddler's silk, cotton, or split zephyr worsted; fine silk cord or soutache may also be sewed on, following the lines of the design. The dots of the foundation figure, Fig. 8, are worked in knotted stitch.

Figs. 9 and 10.—Corner of border and foundation figure in chain stitch embroidery.

Fig. 11.—Border in point Russe and knotted stitch. Work this border with saddler's silk in three different shades.

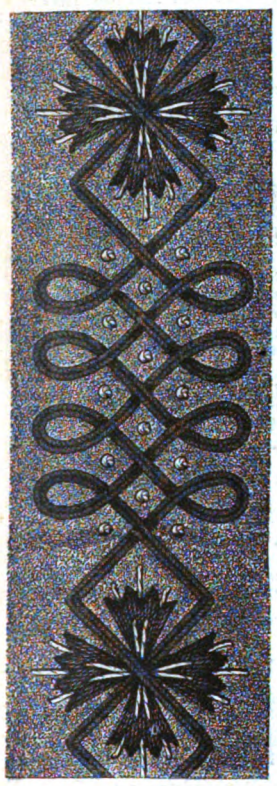


Fig. 3.

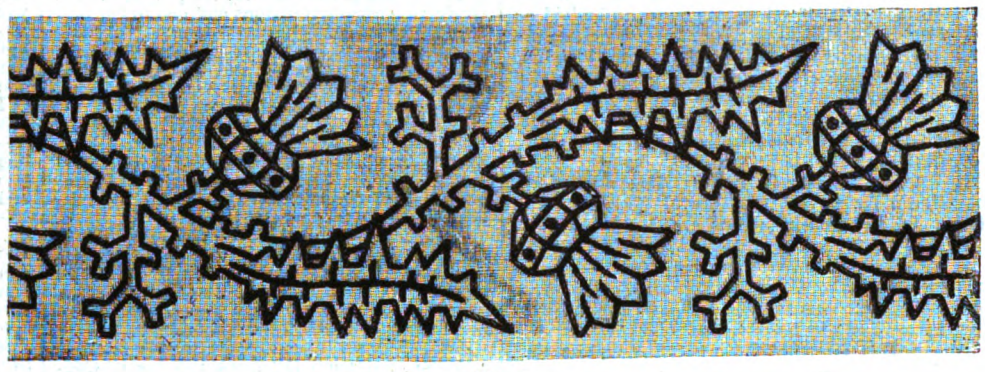


Fig. 5.

Cambric, Needle-work, Insertion, and Point Lace Handkerchief, Figs. 1–3.

See illustrations on page 269.

THIS handkerchief is made of a piece of linen cambric fourteen inches and a half square, the corners of which are sloped off as shown by the illustration. The trimming consists of lace insertion an inch and a half wide, lace two inches and a quarter wide, and a needle-work border half an inch wide. The insertion and lace are worked in point lace embroidery on tulle in imitation of real lace. For the insertion and lace (illustrations Figs. 2 and 3 show full-sized sections of both) first transfer the design to linen, baste a strip of tulle of the requisite width on the latter, and then run on the point lace braid, observing the illustrations; in doing this, however, the needle should not be passed through the foundation. Run the edges of the small round dots with fine thread, and button-hole stitch them closely. Separate the tulle from the foundation, and fasten the different pieces of point lace braid together on the underside with long overhand stitches, at the same time surrounding the figures on the right side with a thread of coarse tatting cotton or fine guipure cord, which is fastened on the under side of the work. Cut away the tulle underneath the wider braid of the lace. Work the lace stitches and button-hole stitch bars with fine thread as shown by the illustration. Trim the lace on the outer edge with woven picots. Sew the insertion on the cambric along the outer edge; but to form the corners, sew it in pleats there, and cut away the material of the pleats on the under side, after which edge the handkerchief with the lace, which is sewed on plain along the straight sides of the handkerchief and pleated on the sloped sides. The joining seams of the cambric, insertion, and lace are covered with the needle-work border. Instead of the lace and insertion shown by Figs. 2 and 3, Valenciennes insertion and lace may be used.

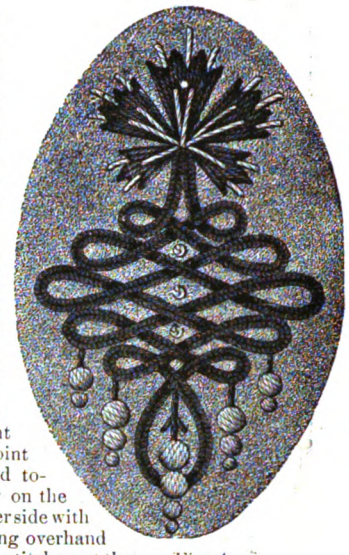


Fig. 4.



Fig. 11.

Case for Thread, Silk, and Sewing Utensils.

FOR this case cut, first, a strip of maroon gros grain fourteen inches long and four inches and seven-eighths wide, and then of maroon muslin and silk a similar strip for the lining of the same size. Cut a crosswise slit three inches and a half long in the strip of silk at a distance of three inches and three-quarters from one end and five inches and three-quarters from the other, bind the edges of these slits with

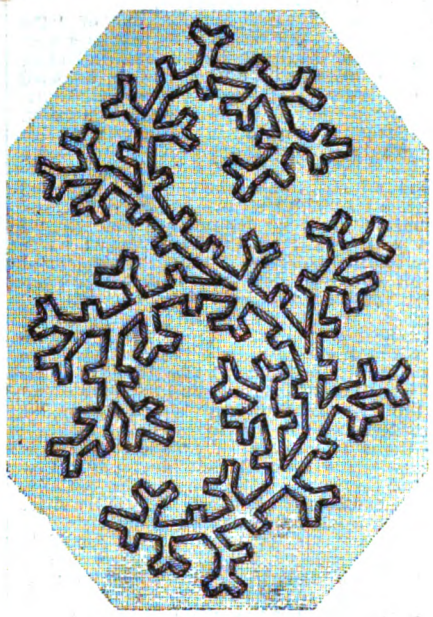


Fig. 2.

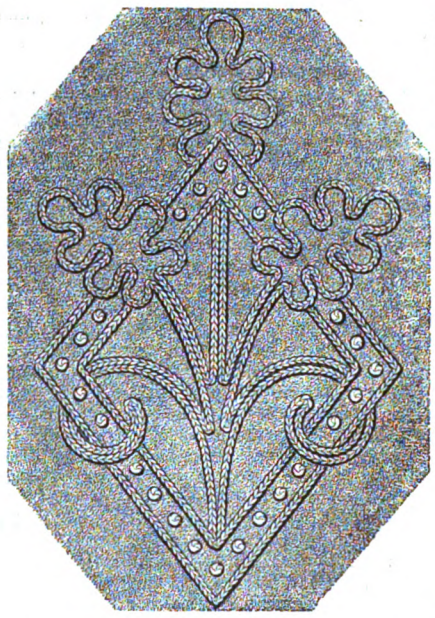


Fig. 8.

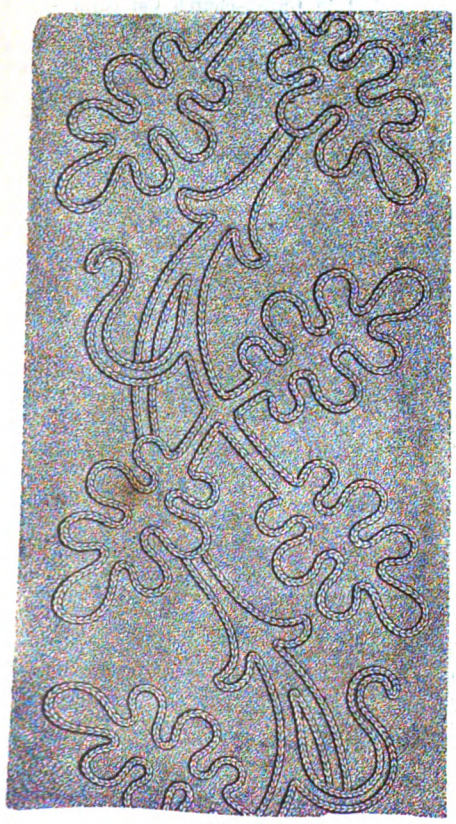


Fig. 7.

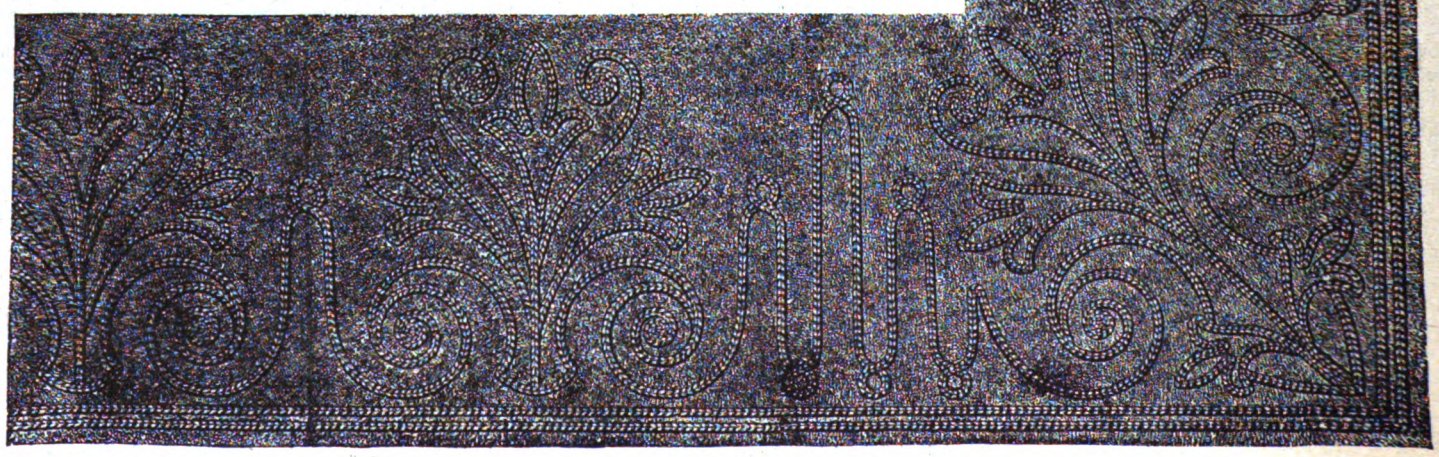


Fig. 9.

Figs. 1–11.—EMBROIDERY DESIGNS FOR WRAPPINGS, DRESSES, ETC., IN SOUTACHE, POINT RUSSE, CHAIN STITCH, AND SATIN STITCH.

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maroon silk braid, baste the strip of silk on the muslin, and stitch them both together six times lengthwise between the slits with white silk, as shown by the illustration. The spaces thus formed serve to hold thread, sewing silk, etc. Furnish the outer material, with the exception of an end two inches long, which is afterward turned down on the inside, with an embroidered foundation of saddler's silk in different colors; this foundation may be worked in the design of the Court-plaster Case shown by Fig. 2 on page 821, *Harper's Bazar*, No. 51, Vol. IV., or in the design shown by Section of Embroidered Sachel on the same page. After basting the outer material on the muslin, fold down the untrimmed end of the strip on the under side, and on the middle of it stitch a band of gros grain and silk lining for holding the sewing utensils, as shown by the illustration, and bind the sides with silk braid. Join the sides of the folded piece by means of soufflets with the main piece, so that a pocket is formed; the soufflets are made of double strips of silk two inches long and an inch and a half wide, which are folded lengthwise. Round off the corners slightly on the other end of the case,



CASE FOR THREAD, SILK, AND SEWING UTENSILS.

and baste on a piece of gros grain and silk lining an inch and three-quarters wide, which is cut out as shown by the illustration. Sew through the gros grain, the silk lining, and an interlining of muslin three times crosswise at regular intervals with white silk. The sections thus formed are designed to hold papers of needles, and are furnished with the numbers thereof. Now bind the case along the outer edge with silk braid, and on the pocket stitch two tabs made of gros grain, muslin interlining, and silk lining, bound with braid, as shown by the illustration, which serve to protect the sewing utensils. One of these tabs is ornamented with a medallion embroidered in satin stitch with saddler's silk of different colors. A button and elastic cord loop serve to close the case.

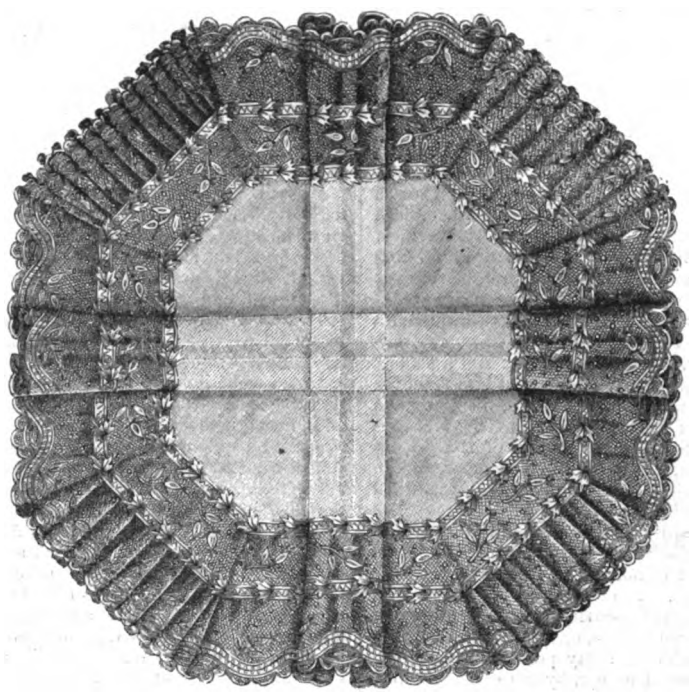


FIG. 1.—LINEN HANDKERCHIEF WITH NEEDLE-WORK, INSERTION, AND POINT LACE EMBROIDERY.

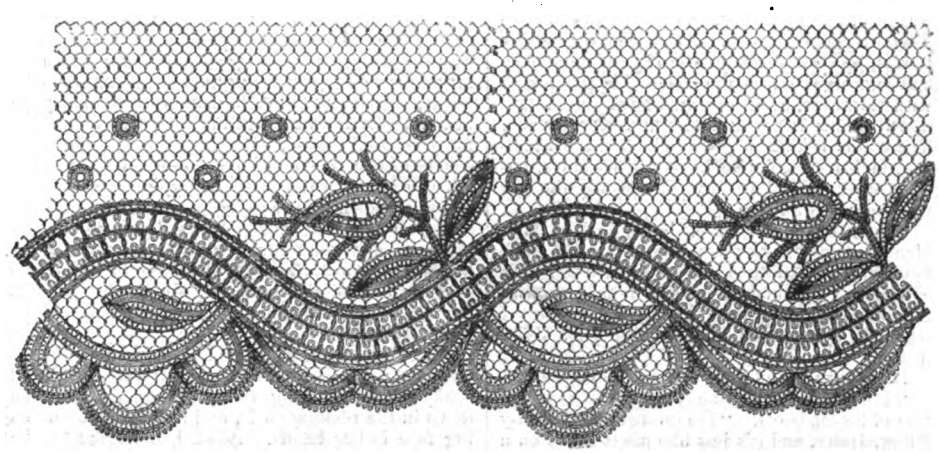


FIG. 2.—EDGING FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

silk covering on the inside. Bind the outer edge of the case, and trim it with the cord-like stitches, and furnish the inside of the case with a mirror of the requisite size; the mirror is fastened by means of a card-board frame half an inch wide, covered with gray satin, which is sewed to the silk with long button-hole stitches of blue silk. Two ribbons of double blue satin interlined with linen serve to close the case; these ribbons are ornamented as shown by Fig. 3, which gives a full-sized section, and are sewed on the outside of that end of the case which is furnished with the band on the inside, as seen from Fig. 2, which shows the case closed. Furnish each ribbon on the ends with a button and an elastic cord loop; the latter is fastened between the double layer of the ribbon, and is ornamented with a small tassel of black and white silk, as shown by Fig. 2.

Silver Canvas Needle-Book.

THIS needle-book is made of silver canvas and red satin ribbon, and is embroidered with white saddler's silk and steel beads. Cut, first, of silver canvas four pieces from two inches and seven-eighths to three inches and a quarter long, and from two inches to two inches and a half wide. From the two pieces intended for the outer

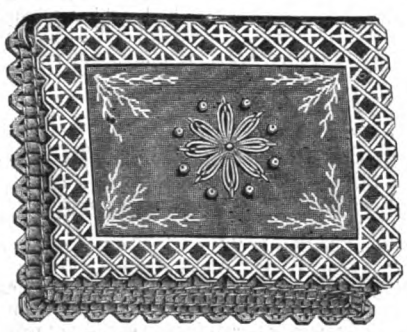


FIG. 1.—CASE FOR POCKET-COMB, BUTTON-HOOK, ETC.—OPEN.

cover cut out the inner surface, so that an edge half an inch wide only remains. Take satin ribbon four inches and a half long and two inches and three-quarters wide, and on it baste the two pieces of canvas for the outside in such a manner that a strip of the ribbon is left loose in the middle for the back of the needle-book. Work the embroidery on the satin as shown by the illustration, and on the inside of each half of the cover baste one of the remaining two pieces of canvas, so that the design figures come exactly on each other. Furnish the inside of the needle-book with two pieces of white flannel of the requisite size, which are button-hole stitched all around with filling silk of the color of the ribbon. The flannel pieces are fastened in the middle by a piece of colored silk ribbon on the back of the book.

Case for Pocket-Comb, Button-Hook, etc., Figs. 1-3.

To make this case cut of gray silk and muslin lining one strip each fourteen inches and a half long and four inches and a half wide. Baste the material on the lining, fold both ends of the double strip down on the under side two inches and seven-eighths long, and ornament the middle part of the strip eight inches and seven-eighths long on the outside with alternate cross stitches of blue saddler's silk, as shown by Fig. 2. Interline the inside of the middle part of the strip four inches long with card-board covered with blue silk; the latter is underlaid with wadding, and is stitched together with this in diamonds with blue silk, and ornamented at the intersecting points of the lines in point Russe, with black and white saddler's silk, as shown by the illustration. Interline one folded end of the strip also with card-board, and on the middle fasten a band to hold the comb and button-hook, as shown by Fig. 1; this band is first bound on the sides with blue satin, and edged with slanting stitches of white and black saddler's silk, which simulate fine round cord. The manner of working this cord-like trimming is shown by Fig. 3. The folded ends of the strip are edged on the bottom with a similar binding and silk stitches, and then sewed on the blue



SILVER CANVAS NEEDLE-BOOK.

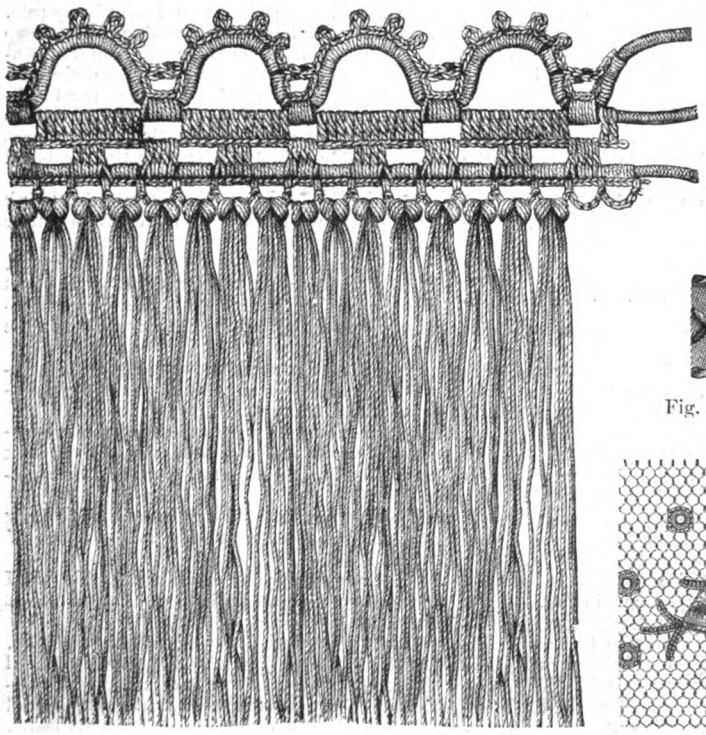


FIG. 1.—CORD AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERLETS, ETC.

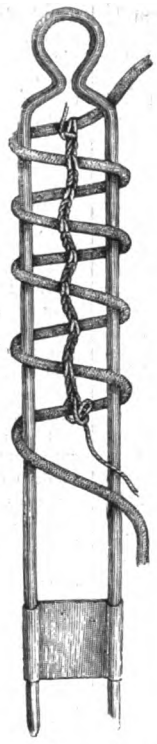


FIG. 3.—CORD BORDER FOR FRINGE, FIG. 2.



FIG. 3.—EMBROIDERED BAND FOR COMB CASE.

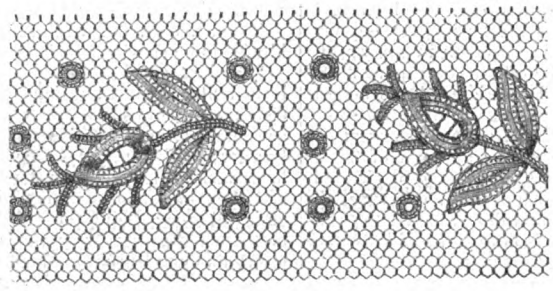


FIG. 3.—INSERTION FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

Cord and Crochet Fringe for Coverlets, etc., Figs. 1-3.

THE borders of these fringes are made of fine white woven cord and of twisted crochet cotton, No. 50; and the fringe strands are of medium-sized knitting cotton.

Fig. 1.—For this fringe take, first, two pieces of cord, one of which should be as long and the other one-half longer than the fringe is required, and tie them together on one end. Then crochet the 1st round.—∗ On both cords (the longest piece lies uppermost) work 6 sc. (single crochet), then on the upper cord only six times alternately 4 sc., 1 p. (picot; that is, four chain stitches), then 4 more sc.; repeat from ∗, but fasten the first p. of every following scallop to the last p. of the preceding scallop. The shorter cord is carried on five-eighths of an inch long in a straight line underneath every scallop formed with the longer cord. 2d round.—Turn the work, so that the scallops are turned downward, and work always 12 dc. (double crochet) on the still free short cord between the sc., and after every 12 dc. 4 ch. (chain stitch). For the 3d round lay on a new piece of cord, and work, first, on this only, ∗ 4 sc., then 4 dc. on the middle 4 of the next 12 dc.; in working each of these dc., before working them off, lay the



FIG. 2.—CASE FOR POCKET-COMB, BUTTON-HOOK, ETC.—CLOSED.

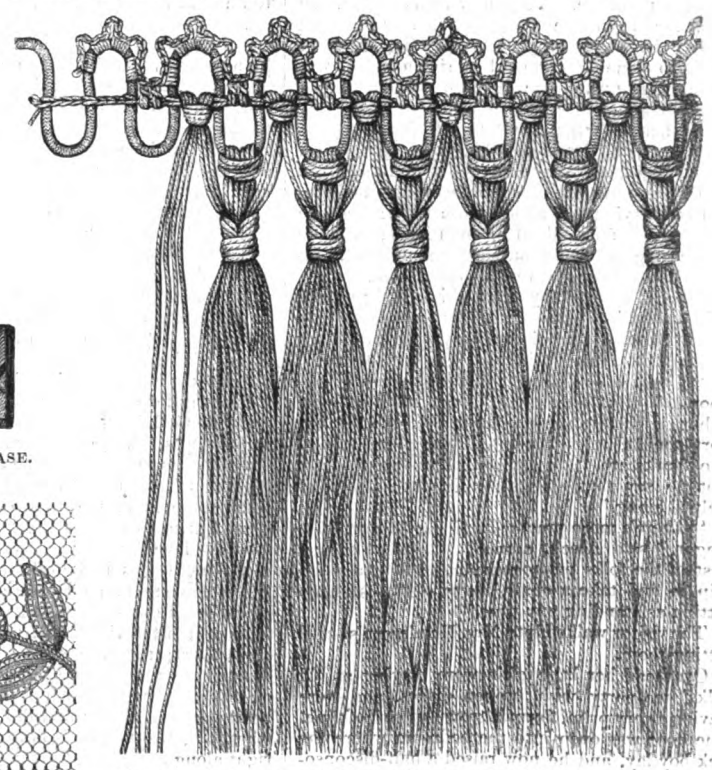


FIG. 2.—CORD AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR COVERLETS, ETC. [See Fig. 3.]

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working thread behind the cord, and then finish the dc., thus covering the cord. After the 4 dc. thus formed work 4 sc. on the cord, 4 dc. like the preceding on the next 4 ch., and repeat from *. 4th round.—Always alternately 1 sc. on the fourth following st. (stitch) of the preceding round, 5 ch. In the scallops of this round tie the fringe strands as shown by the illustration.

Figs. 2 and 3.—To make the border of this fringe wind a long piece of cord, as shown by Fig. 3, on a coarse fork-shaped brass needle, and fasten the cord windings in the middle with slip stitches separated each by 3 ch. On the scallops on one side of the windings thus formed crochet * on the next scallop three times alternately 3 sc., 4 ch.; then 3 more sc., 2 dc. on the next 3 ch. between the cord windings, and repeat from *. On the other side of the windings knot in the fringe strands, fastening one fourfold thread strand folded double on one cord scallop, and the next thread strand on the next 3 ch. between the cord windings. The threads of the latter strand are divided in half, and are knotted together with the thread strands lying between as shown by the illustration.

A PATIENT CREDITOR.

You owe me, Nell, a little sum,
But you needn't pay, you needn't pay;
For it may chance your peaceful home
I'll pass some day, I'll pass some day.

And then, as one who begs for alms
(Not asking pay, not asking pay),
I'll plead, "I'm hungry for a smile,"
Then go my way, then go my way.

Another day I'll ope your door,
All pale and wan, all pale and wan:
"I'd like a little *interest*, dear,
To help me on, to help me on."

And yet again I'll halt to beg:
"I'm cold, my dear, I'm cold, my dear;
A kiss would warm me through and through."
Perhaps you'll hear, perhaps you'll hear.

Then, Nell, if owning still your debt,
You grant me these, you grant me these,
I'll give you a receipt in full
Down on my knees, dear, on my knees!

WIDOW HENDERSON'S HAPPENINGS.

KNOCK, knock, knock, three times, and sharp too, upon the deal door which opened from the shady porch.

"I'm coming in just one minute." The voice that called out was pleasant and musical, and it made Aleck Gay's heart beat as no other could.

There was a little scramble within, and the noise of a whimpering child; then the door opened, and Mrs. Hetty Henderson stood holding the knob. She was snug and tidy, round and plump, though a little under size. Her hair was a rich auburn, of that smooth and tractable kind which never gets out of order. Her face was deliciously fair and rosy, or would have been but for a trace of weariness about the temples, and her eyes, of a warm hazel, would have brimmed over with smiles had not the white lids drooped a little from want of sleep. As she stood there, so unconsciously good and lovely, Aleck gave her a look of adoration.

"Oh, it's you, Aleck!" she said, simply.

"Yes, Hetty. I was going past on my way to Buxton, and I thought I'd let my horse bait long enough to inquire how you all are, and what has happened last; for you know, Hetty, something is always happening to you."

Mrs. Henderson let go the door and gave a laugh that sounded like the gurgle of a brook or the warble of a bobolink, or whatever is sweetest, only there was an under-tone of pathos in it, like a half sob, that went straight to Aleck's heart.

"Well, it beats all," said she. "I'm getting my name up: but something has happened, sure enough, this time. You know I was saying, just after that insurance company failed and refused to pay the money on poor Willie's life, the next thing to come along would be sickness. It was about time one of the children got down with something, and sure enough last Wednesday Ben was taken with the measles. He is as cross as two sticks, and I was up all last night giving him drink, and every hour I expect Hattie and Jane will come down, and my employer over in Buxton is hurrying me about those vests; but I've been wonderfully helped through it all;" and the blithe laugh came again, so gay and glad it almost brought the tears into Aleck's eyes.

"What a woman you are for looking on the bright side!" said he. "A body would think, to hear you talk, every time a trouble comes along that you had fallen heir to a first-class fortune."

"I should be pretty rich if that was so," responded Mrs. Henderson; "for something or other is always happening. I'm one of the sort the Bible speaks of—prone to trouble as the sparks are to fly upward. And yet I ought not to say that either, for I am wonderfully helped along."

"There's more practical religion in your little finger," said Aleck, admiringly, "than in the rest of the folks put together. But I guess I'll slip in and take a chair, Hetty. It's as cheap sitting as standing any time."

The visitor walked into Mrs. Henderson's small sitting-room.

Overhead her little girls were playing at old folks' tea-party with broken dishes, and were having a very prim, formal, grown-up sort of time. The door was open into the bedroom where the sick boy lay, and he now raised a half-disconsolate moan for his mother to come and cool the hot pillows, and give him drink of the slippery-elm tea which stood on the little stand by his side.

Aleck took off his hat, and wiped his forehead with a generous red silk handkerchief. He had a compact, well-shaped head, covered with crisp and curling locks, a mottled, good-humored face, and when he smiled his mouth seemed full of white teeth. He was a little inclined to stoutness, and his neck-tie and waistcoat were not quite to Hetty's taste, and his trowsers showed rather too large and pronounced a plaid. Aleck was rather fond of country balls and junketings. He liked a horse that held its head up and stepped out, and, on the other hand, he was not partial to long sermons. In the country neighborhood where he lived Aleck was considered a worldly man, clinging to the typical rags of self-righteousness. The parson made him a subject of prayer, and preached directly at him from the pulpit; but still Aleck believed in the good things of this life, and never made professions of religion, much to the sorrow of Hetty Henderson, who was a strict church-member, and, in spite of a conscience morbidly tender, was filled with true, sweet, heart piety.

The little sitting-room was quite homely, but some of the charm of Hetty's personality seemed to cling about it, making it a veritable paradise in Aleck's eyes. The windows were draped with morning-glories and scarlet runners. There was a chintz-covered lounge, and a variety of splint-bottomed chairs with gay patchwork cushions. In the pleasantest corner, by the south window, where there came wafts of the fragrance that is always floating about in summer-time, and the speckled shade of boughs and hum of bees and song of birds, stood Hetty's sewing-machine. It was bright and polished, and looked almost alive—as if it could go alone. Aleck went over where it was, and sat down in the big rocking-chair, and laid his hand on the case. He touched it with reverence, as if he would have liked to get down on his knees and kiss the very treadle. There was a kind of poetry about the mechanism, in his eyes, for he knew all the brave, patient work it had performed, and the thought was too much for him.

"Confound it, Hetty!" he broke forth, as Mrs. Henderson stepped from the bedroom, "I don't know how I'm going to stand it to have you work as you do. You understand how it has been with me ever since we were children together. I wouldn't speak until a year after poor Will's death."

Hetty turned and gave him a pleading look.

"Forgive me," said he, penitent to the very toes of his big boots. "I'm an awkward, clumsy fellow, Hetty, and it's just like me to tread on a flower when I would give my right hand to save it. But you know how I have always felt since we went to school together and ate out of the same luncheon-basket, and I gathered nuts and wild cherries for you in summer, and dragged you up hill on my sled in winter. There came a time, Hetty, when you told me you could not love me, and I never blamed you for taking Will. He was worthier, far worthier, than I. I tried hard not to envy him, even when it was the worst with me, and I don't say but what I did enjoy life some. I'm no hypocrite, Hetty," he went on, humbly, "and a wrong word will slip out now and then when I am angry. I am sorry for it, Hetty. I wish I was a better man, and I know you could make me one. I don't make professions, and I never have signed a temperance pledge, because I think a man's character is pledge enough against his making a beast of himself. The pharisees call me hard names, for a man's reputation is blasted in this community if he uses a check-rein and occasionally takes a glass of hard cider. If I don't make any pretense to piety, I'm straighter in my business dealings than some round here that do."

Hetty did not like this kind of talk, and her face showed it. The softness departed, and a look of decision and character came in its stead.

"You can't clear your own skirts," said she, with a little asperity, "by throwing blame on professors of religion. If you do see a mote in your neighbor's eye, that isn't going to pluck the beam out of your own eye."

Aleck saw he had upset his own dish, and inwardly groaned. "I didn't mean that, Hetty," he broke out. "I know I'm a miserable sinner. There was a time when I thought I should be lost. It was after poor Will was shot in the battle of the Wilderness, and you were left to struggle on alone, and I saw your white face before me, and I was almost crazy. But after a year or two, it seemed to me, I might begin to hope. I thought how I could take you and the children home, and keep trouble and want away, and just live and breathe to make you happy, until I felt sure you could save me from selfishness and make me a new creature."

Aleck saw a little flicker in Hetty's face, and it induced him to go on in a more impassioned strain of pleading.

"I sometimes have thought, Hetty," said he, "that my love for you is kind of religious. I can't see God, but I can see his goodness shining in your eyes. There's many a man around here who expects to get to heaven on the strength of his wife's prayers. If I was hard pushed to say what there is in me that deserves heaven, I should have to confess there's nothing but my constant love for the best woman in the world. If my heart was laid open to your pure eyes, you would see how all that is good and honest in me goes out toward you. Oh, Hetty, some folks can steer right along toward heaven of themselves; they are strong and full of faith. Other folks must have something to catch hold of. It may be a little child's hand, or a woman's heart, but it is a very real thing; and I tell you what it is, Hetty, I do believe you could tow me right along into glory."

Aleck was not quite a gentleman, not very refined; but the yearning, the passion, the faith of the man wrought upon his face and made it noble. Hetty would have been less than woman had she remained unmoved.

"You do wrong, Aleck," said she, gently, "to put a poor, erring, weak creature in the place of the Creator. Be careful that you do not grieve away the Spirit of God. Your heart is set on the things of this world, I fear, and it is your duty to wait more faithfully on the means of grace."

"I will do any thing on earth you want me to, Hetty," Aleck responded, with alacrity. "I'll go to meeting every Sunday if you'll let me sit beside you, and look over the same hymn-book. Ding it all, I'll turn missionary to the cannibals, if you will, and go off to Injy, or any other place where they eat human beefsteaks. I could go to jail with you, Hetty, and think myself a happy man."

"You make light of serious things," said Hetty, very gravely, taking up the hem of her apron, and putting it together in little folds. Then she happened to glance out of the window at the yellow-wheeled sulky, which was abominable in her eyes. Aleck's sorrel horse was backing in the fills, impatient for the appearance of his master. "We don't think alike, Aleck," she continued, looking down at a red stripe in the carpet; "and I fear we shall never agree on the most important things. I know how large and generous your heart is, and prize its worth; but I can not feel it is right for us to marry. The Bible says, 'Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers.' I shall pray for your conversion, as I have been doing for a long time."

Hetty's voice faltered, and Aleck got up and broke abruptly into the middle of her sentence. "Don't think I'm going to take this for your final answer, Hetty. There's hope as long as there's life. I do believe you love me a little way down deep in your heart; and if I was a miserable wretch just fit for the hospital or poor-house, you would think it your duty to marry me, and take up your cross and earn my support, for your soul's good. But here I am, a great, strong man with enough and to spare, ready to lift you out of a life of drudgery, and give you every comfort, and educate the children, and love you with my whole heart and soul and strength, and you will persist in turning me off because you are afraid of offending the Lord. I don't believe the Lord is offended by such things; and you ought to follow the dictates of your heart."

He strode to the door, and slammed it as he went out; and Hetty, whose nerves were a little shaky from watching the previous night, sat down in the rocking-chair, and buried her burning face in her hands. Aleck had treated her outrageously. He was positively brutal. How dared he say he believed she loved him a little down deep in her heart? The thought of the insult she had received made the tears flow and trickle through her fingers. Aleck had widened the breach between them, and as she was sure she didn't love him, there was no apparent need of grieving over it. She knew she should be wonderfully helped, for she always was, and yet somehow she felt very low-spirited and miserable. There was a great pile of vests to stitch for her employer at Buxton, and the work must be done in time, even though her head did ache and eyes blur with weariness.

Aleck, for his part, threw himself into the yellow sulky, and gave the sorrel horse his head. As he turned away from the little red farm-house, where such a patient sweet life was being lived, he felt heartily ashamed of himself because he was so prosperous and well off, with a great stock-farm clear from debt, the best stone house in the township, and money in bank. He was disgusted with his stout limbs and excellent digestion. If he had been born halt or blind, Hetty might have taken him home to her heart. She had married Will Henderson, he felt sure, because he was the best and unluckiest fellow in the world.

The hay harvest was over, and the fields were smoothly shorn. Elms by the way-side seemed to drip with golden light. The cardinal-flower looked at its splendid image in the lazy little brook that flowed along coquetting with alders and reeds. There were good farms on either side the way. Aleck crossed the covered bridge over a wide, shallow stream, and came out on a bit of smooth road and an old brown barn with doors wide open abutting almost upon the track. Two or three farmers had gathered to inspect a horse which the owner of the place—a tall, black-whiskered man—in his shirt sleeves, had brought out from the stable. A passer-by in a light democrat wagon slued his vehicle round out of the road, and stopped to observe what was going on. Aleck did the same with his yellow-wheeled sulky, for his instinct scented a trade. The animal on exhibition was a tall chestnut, clean-limbed, with a shiny satin coat, and a peculiarly wicked eye.

"What will you take for that horse, Bates?" inquired Aleck, after he had exchanged nods with the neighbors.

"Wa'al, I don't know just what I would take. I vally him purty high. He's a nice horse, but he ain't just the beast to work on a farm. Now if you want to swap off that there sorrel of yours, I wouldn't mind giving a little boot."

"Come, now, out with it, Bates, what ails him? Is he spavined, or broken-winded?"

"No," said one of the old farmers, whose face looked like a carved walnut, at the same time ejecting a liberal shower of tobacco juice, "he's as sound as a nut, not five year old, but you see he's got a leetle touch of the devil in him. Mebbe for a week he'll go along as steady as an old cow, and then he'll take a notion to kick and stiffen his hind-legs like steel crow-bars, and, you'd better believe, any thing that's behind him is pretty likely to be sent to kingdom come. When he takes it into his head to run, a chain of lightnin' wouldn't hold him: and every now and then he breaks his headstall all to flinders, and chaws up the grain-bin."

"You needn't make it out worse than it is," said Bates, in a grieved tone. "I don't kalkerlate to deceive any body about this here animal. I never said he was a likely animal, and I ain't a-going to have a neighbor, after he's got his neck broke, and been sot on by a crowner and twelve men, come and prosecute me for damages; but if he's willing to trade, knowing all the facts, why, that's his own look-out."

"How much boot will you give?" inquired Aleck, laconically.

"Why, for that there sorrel of yours," said Mr. Bates, "I wouldn't mind a cool hundred and fifty down, or, what's the same thing, a check for that amount on Buxton Bank."

"Agreed!" returned Aleck, and he threw down the lines and sprang out of the sulky. "Here, untackle my horse and put in yours, and then we will go over to the house and square up the money matters."

Two weeks slipped away, and the widow Henderson saw nothing of Aleck Gay. Things had happened all along—not the brightest and happiest things, but smiles still shone in Hetty's eyes, though more and more tremulous with tears. The two little girls had fallen sick of measles, and the disease seemed to go very hard with Jenny, the youngest, the baby and pet. Anxiety and constant watching had worn upon Hetty's nerves, and some of the work for her Buxton employer was done when she was ready to drop to sleep over the machine. One parcel of vests had already found their way back, with a sharp note, saying the stitching did not give satisfaction, and must be done over; and worse than all, the post had brought her an official document from Washington, with the information that on account of some irregularity in his papers, poor Willie's pension, which had been continued to his widow, was about to be withdrawn. It might cost more time and money than she had to spare to get the claim re-established. The old farm-house where she lived had only a few rather unproductive acres attached to it, and was heavily mortgaged. Hetty had depended upon the pension to keep down the interest; and now there was a bleak, homeless prospect staring her and her little brood in the face. But all the time she knew she should be wonderfully helped through her troubles. The thought of Aleck Gay—great, generous-hearted fellow—who had loved her so faithfully long years, came like a warm, sweet suffusion, and burned upon her cheek in a hidden blush. Hetty suspected this feeling was a temptation in disguise, for she knew the devil has a very ungentlemanly way of taking advantage of a woman's weak back and tired feet.

Near Hetty's house was an ugly, steep hill, with more pitches and shelving banks than any other in half a day's journey. That same afternoon, which was lowering and overcast, an old man in a tow frock was guiding a pair of oxen down Long Hill. When about half-way to the bottom his streaming old eyes took note of something ahead which looked like the detached wheels and body of a yellow sulky. His slow senses had scarcely made this observation when he came upon a man, hatless, and with torn coat, lying among some loose stones a little under the bank.

"Why, du tell, if it ain't Aleck Gay!"

"It's me, sure enough," groaned Aleck. "That beast of mine ran away and smashed the sulky to shivers. I hope he has broken his confounded neck. My ankle is sprained, and I have hurt my arm, and there are some scratches on my face, but I hope my bones are all right. Come, daddy, give me a lift as far as the widow Henderson's, and on your way home you may stop at the doctor's."

Hetty had just put down little Jane, after a bad coughing fit, when there came a confused and ominous sound from the front porch. She ran to the door, and throwing it open, called out, in a tone of despair, "What has happened now?"

"It's me, Hetty," Aleck answered, as he was being helped in. "I met with an accident near here, and am pretty well knocked to pieces, and I thought, seeing how it is, you would not refuse to take me in."

Hetty reeled back against the side of the passage-way without speaking, and turned very pale. Aleck saw the look, and it made his heart leap up in his throat, although he was suffering considerable pain. Soon the patient was sitting bolstered up in a rocking-chair, wrapped in a blanket, with his hurt foot on a cushion, and pillows about him. Arnica, camphor, lint, and bandages were quickly brought; Hetty washed the blood from his forehead with a very tender touch.

"Aleck," inquired she, sympathetically, "don't you think it would do you good to have a plaster on these cuts?"

"No," said Aleck, giving a prodigious groan, "it ain't worth while. Only if you would stand there and hold your hand on my head a few minutes, it would draw better than any plaster in the world."

"You need something warming to take inwardly, Aleck. I am afraid you will get exhausted and faint away."

"No"—and he gave another profound sigh—"but if you'll sit down there, where I can look at you handy, it will do me more good than doctor's stuff."

Hetty sat down accordingly, and as the pity grew in her face, hope rose in the breast of Aleck.

"Do you think your leg is broken, Aleck? I am so sorry for your sufferings. The pain must be intense."

"It is pretty bad," answered Aleck, evasively, "and I can't tell just what has happened until the doctor comes. I've a notion it's mostly internal. There is something wrong here," and he put his hand conspicuously over his heart. "I don't know but I'm going to pieces. One

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thing is certain: I never shall ride in that yellow sulky again. It may be all day with me;" and then came another dreadful groan. "Hetty"—after a little pause—"don't you think you could reconcile it with your sense of duty to take pity on me? You accept misfortunes so beautifully, Hetty: now I have become—a—a kind of misfortune, couldn't you accept me?"

"If I can do you good," said Hetty, in a weak voice. "It would seem almost providentially pointed out. Who knows but this may prove a means of saving grace?"

"It will!" cried Aleck, in ecstasy. He quite forgot to groan, and with his sound arm he clasped her waist. "Hetty, God helping me, this shall prove the best thing that ever happened to you."

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Four-post Bed in Newgate.—The Rat out of the Bag.—"A Settlement once for all."—A new View of Joab.—Democracy in Hyde Park.

THE famous "claimant" of the Tichborne estate is at last in Newgate, where he is accommodated, by reason of his enormous weight, with a four-poster instead of the usual hammock. It is probably not the first time he has experienced prison lodging. His trial for perjury, if, as is said, his former attorney has undertaken to bear witness against him, may be expected to be as exciting and sensational as that which has just concluded, concerning which there has been as much disputation as concerning the origin of evil. Opinions were so various and yet decided that many a household was divided against itself in a most serious manner; and one irascible old gentleman has, to my own knowledge, altered his will, since he was "not going to permit a man to have the conduct of his affairs after he was gone who had proved himself to be an ass by believing in such a transparent swindler as Arthur Orton"—a lesson not to disagree with old gentlemen of choleric disposition, to whom one has reason to believe he has been left residuary legatee. The only genuine offer the poor claimant is said to have had in the matter of bail—a trifle of £10,000—has been made by a speculative City gentleman on the condition that the *ci-devant* "Sir Roger" will permit himself to be exhibited in the provinces, where, doubtless, many still believe in him. In town, even his bonds are called "Wagga" bonds.

The "rights" of the *Alabama* "consequential claims" are certainly not known here (whatever may be the case on your side of the water), but we have several very wise persons who pretend to know them, "which," as one of our best-known bores is apt to remark, "reminds me of an anecdote."

A ship came to the London Docks the other day, after a long voyage, much infested by rats, and a "professional" was employed to destroy them. "But save me one of them alive," said the skipper, "for I should like to take it home to show my people." The rat-catcher accordingly selected a fine specimen, and the skipper put it in a bag and placed it in his shooting-jacket pocket, and took the "bus" to town. He was a young and jovial fellow, with a certain Smollett-like humor about him, and being on the "knife-board" of the omnibus, which was much crowded, it suddenly struck him, when half-way down Oxford Street, what a sensation it would cause if he were to let that rat out of the bag. No sooner thought than done. With great caution, and staring up in the air as if composing poetry, *he did it*. In an instant the occupants of that "bus" roof were in a turmoil. The rat, accustomed to the seclusion of a ship's hold, and terrified by the noise and bustle of the streets, rushed all over every body, and finished by running up the driver's back. If that man has since remarked that he has never in all his life experienced a feeling of alarm, he is a liar. However, the rat was eventually cast down into the street and slain. Then the question arose, Where did it come from? Every body had a theory of his own—it had a nest in the woodwork of the vehicle; it had dropped out of the straw cart they had collided with in Holborn, etc. But only the skipper *knew*, who had himself let the rat go. Similarly this mutual misconception of the two nations as to the indirect damages is not to be explained by ingenious theories, but only by the confession of those immediately concerned. We must wait in patience until not the rat, but the cat, is let out of the bag. The argument that, extortionate as the claims may be, they are at least made once for all, and when once settled will preclude all further trouble, was rather happily met the other night in the Reform Club smoking-room.

"My good Sir," retorted one, "you recall to me the great Dr. Gibson, of Hyde Park, of famous but somewhat grasping memory. He never set foot in a patient's house under ten guineas, and when he got there it was found difficult to prevent his coming again. An old Scotchwoman of title, Lady Edith Douglas, once sent for him for a trifling ailment (for, though 'canny,' she was nervous about herself), and after a consultation with the family physician, and taking ten guineas from her ladyship, he said, as he left the room, 'Well, well, Dr. Brown, I will look in again on Tuesday, and see how our patient progresses.' No sooner was he gone than Lady Edith proceeds to abuse not only Dr. Gibson, but the unfortunate family physician. 'How could you let him say he would call again on Tuesday, when you knew I had already paid him so much money?' 'Nay, indeed, my lady,' returned Dr. Brown, 'that is not for me to say, but for yourself. It is impossible for me to dictate to so eminent a man.' On Tuesday the great physician came again, pocketed his fee, but disapproved of the effect of the medicine. 'On this day week, Dr. Brown, I will call again, and we will then see how Lady Edith progresses under a slightly different treatment.' Lady Edith could hardly restrain her wrath till he had left the room. 'He may come again a thousand times, if he pleases, but he shall never get another guinea. You see if he does.' Dr. Brown was rather curious to see if he did, and awaited the next interview with pleasurable expectation. Dr. Gibson came, commended the new system under which the patient seemed to be progressing, talked of the weather and the court, of Shakspeare and the musical glasses; but not a word did Lady Edith speak, and not a hint did she drop of a forthcoming fee. At length the astute physician, perceiving how the case stood, observed, with frank good nature, 'Come, come, my lady, you must pay me my ten guineas this time, *and then I won't come any more.*'"

This was naïve, but it did not exceed the *naïveté* of a certain medical gentleman of my acquaintance who has not "joined the majority" like Dr. Gibson, and whom I will therefore call Jones. He is a well-known surgeon, and while returning to his own house the other day with a companion of the same profession, there chanced to be a piece of orange peel on the pavement in front of the door, which the latter benevolently kicked into the roadway. "My *dear* Sir," expostulated Mr. Jones, picking up the orange peel and replacing it on the same spot which it had previously occupied, "what *are* you about?" And, indeed, a man should be very sure of his motives before sacrificing his profession to the public interest.

In my last letter I told you a confirmation story; here is another: "Mamma," said a young lady, who had been to a lecture at the parish church preparatory to that ceremony, "the clergyman tells us we must be thoroughly acquainted with the *Lyceum* and *Athenæum* creeds. Does it not seem odd that such important affairs should have been named the one after a theatre and the other after a club-house?" I am afraid she meant the Nicene and Athanasian creeds, for she is an ignorant as well as overconfident young woman. They asked her, "What do we know of Joab?" and she replied, "Joab—Joab; why, of course I know about him; Joab is my wash-pot."

In Hyde Park every Sunday both the Old Testament and the New are brought to bear, by peripatetic lecturers, against the government. Curiously enough, though "preaching" is forbidden, democratic and even infidel eloquence is, as yet, permitted. The Parks bill, as it is called, which is now passing through Parliament, is intended to curb this, and is, in consequence, vehemently denounced. A copy of it was burned in public last Sunday at the conclusion of one of Mr. Odger's addresses. These flights of oratory are listened to by many thousands of persons, but not above one-fourth of the audience seem to sympathize with the sentiments expressed in them. The fact, however, that such exhibitions are allowed at all is not without significance; and the public has so long been accustomed to them that interference will not be easy. While the chief democrats hold forth, a number of strong-voiced fellows on the outskirts of the crowd sell what used to be once considered seditious pamphlets: "How the People's Loaf is nibbled away," "The Vampire Aristocracy," and so forth; and the Mock-Litany men combine the diffusion of free thought with commercial enterprise. The "People's Alphabet" sellers, too, are very active with their political A B C, and give every point with great effect, except the pronunciation of the aspirates, which is beyond their powers.

"H stands for Hengland, that place of noted fame,
Where Working-men create the wealth, but masters spend the same.

"Haitch stands for 'Ouse of Lords, where peers and bishops sit;
It's time to give them notice to pack up their traps and quit.

"Q stands for Queen, who for doing nothing gets good pay,
Yet she can't support her children on a thousand pounds a day."

The expression of these little sentiments may be only a safety-valve, as quiet folks are glad to think; but since (in the Parks bill) the government have announced their intention of sitting upon it, it is more than probable that you will hear news of a blow-up.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

GEORGE ELIOT'S SAYINGS.

SELECTED FROM "ADAM BEDE."

WOMEN who are never bitter and resentful are often the most querulous; and if Solomon was as wise as he is reputed to be, I feel sure that when he compared a contentious woman to a continual dropping on a very rainy day, he had not a vixen in his eye—a fury with long nails, acrid, and selfish. Depend upon it, he meant a good creature, who had no joy but in the happiness of the loved ones whom she contributed to make uncomfortable, putting by all the tidbits for them, and spending nothing on herself. Such a woman as Lisbeth, for example—at once patient and complaining, self-renouncing and exacting, brooding the livelong day over what happened yesterday, and what is likely to happen to-morrow, and crying very readily both at the good and the evil.

One of the lessons a woman most rarely learns is, never to talk to an angry or a drunken man.

People who love downy peaches are apt not to think of the stone, and sometimes jar their teeth terribly against it.

It is our habit to say that while the lower nature can never understand the higher, the higher nature commands a complete view of the lower. But I think the higher nature has to learn this comprehension, as we learn the art of vision, by a good deal of hard experience, often with bruises and gashes incurred in taking things up by the wrong end, and fancying our space wider than it is.

An ingenious web of probabilities is the surest screen a wise man can place between himself and the truth.

One can say every thing best over a meal.

Deep, unspeakable suffering may well be called a baptism, a regeneration, the initiation into a new state.

It is not ignoble to feel that the fuller life which a sad experience has brought us is worth our own personal share of pain: surely it is not possible to feel otherwise, any more than it would be possible for a man with cataract to regret the painful process by which his dim blurred sight of men as trees walking had been exchanged for clear outline and effulgent day. The growth of higher feeling within us is like the growth of faculty, bringing with it a sense of added strength: we can no more wish to return to a narrower sympathy than a painter or a musician can wish to return to his cruder manner, or a philosopher to his less complete formula.

Doubtless a great anguish may do the work of years, and we may come out from that baptism of fire with a soul full of new awe and new pity.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE present year seems to be regarded by medical men as an exceptional one for the prevalence of diseases of a malignant type. The cause of this is not definitely known; it may be some atmospheric peculiarity—the deficiency or the excess of some element in it. But it *is* a well-established fact that epidemics of every kind are checked by strict attention to sanitary laws, and spread rapidly when these laws are neglected. Fevers of various kinds are known to be caused by imperfect drainage, ill-ventilated rooms, and a general want of cleanliness. And even where general cleanliness is not neglected, the exhalations arising from a damp cellar or from a stagnant pool in the vicinity will engender disease. A careful inspection of houses by the occupants is a great safeguard, if discovered difficulties are promptly remedied. And now that the time of year leads us to hope for spring weather, we would suggest that ladies interest themselves somewhat about this matter, and personally examine their dwellings and surroundings, and assure themselves that every thing about them is in as cleanly and wholesome a condition as is possible.

An exchange says: "Will some one please send us that item about the Wisconsin girl who plows and harrows and plants forty-five acres of land with her own hands? We can not realize that it is spring-time till we've read that item. We haven't missed it for ten years." The difficulty is that it is not "spring-time" yet. The month may proclaim it so, but the snows and blows and frosts tell another story. We trust, however, that before this paragraph can be printed, "gentle spring" will have really come.

It is said that Mount Hood, which has become familiar to many Eastern residents from the fact that its snowy crest appears in the background of Bierstadt's "Rocky Mountains," is now throwing out a dense column of smoke, and threatening an active volcanic eruption. Mount Hood is one of several peaks of the Cascade Mountains (known as the Sierra Nevada in California), each of which has been regarded as an extinct volcano. The other important peaks are Mount Jefferson, the Three Sisters, and Mount Pitt, ranging in height from ten to eleven thousand feet. The height of Mount Hood is about thirteen thousand feet. There are Indian traditions which indicate an eruption of Mount Hood, but none has occurred within American knowledge.

A correspondent, referring to a recent item in "Sayings and Doings" concerning the old North Dutch Church, and the cannon which stand within the inclosure, says:

"These were French cannon, captured by the British in the old wars, condemned, no doubt, and sunk, breech down, one on the corner of Fulton, the other on the corner of Ann Street, in the church-yard of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. In 1775 there was a blacksmith's shop opposite, and a vacant space on William Street. The *Asia* fired on the city, and a spent ball rolling near the shop, the blacksmith swore it never should be fired again at Americans. He took his sledge, placed the ball in the mouth of the Ann Street gun, which was of smaller calibre, and wedged it home. One gun has a ball, the other not.

"The story comes from a lawyer who was born near the spot and time, and was acquainted with the men who knew the events."

The wife of Thomas Hood possessed a confiding nature, which rendered her a susceptible subject for those practical jokes to which every one within the sphere of his acquaintance was more or less exposed. She believed implicitly in whatever he told her, however improbable, and though often vowing seriously not to be taken in again, she was sure to be caught. On one occasion, when living at the coast, Hood gave his wife some useful hints on buying fish. "Above all things, Jane," said he, "as they will endeavor to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced state of decomposition." Accordingly Mrs. Hood, on the faith of her newly acquired information, was quite prepared to do battle with the cunning fishwomen, one of whom came shortly afterward. As it happened, the woman had nothing but plaice, which she turned over, praising their freshness and beauty, and protesting that they were just from the water. The cautious buyer gravely shook her head, and with a look of infinite wisdom, combined with a certain sad pity for the woman's supposed dishonesty, observed, "My good woman, it may be as you say, but I could never think of buying any plaice with those unpleasant red spots." "Lord bless your eyes, mum!" replied the astonished woman, "who ever seen plaice without spots?" A suppressed giggle on the stairs behind her revealed the joke, and, turning her head hastily, Mrs. Hood caught sight of her husband hurriedly disappearing in an ecstasy of laughter, leaving her to appease the angry fishwoman as best she could.

The darker side of English social life is lately illustrated by the suggestions of some journals that a number of women carried infants with them into the crowded streets on the occasion of the recent thanksgiving celebration in order that the little things might be crushed to death. Babies in arms, it is said, were to be seen in unusual numbers in the streets all day amidst the large multitude; and at night, when accidents became numerous, and children were torn from their parents, mothers separated by a rush from their infants, wives from their husbands, and not a few adults were really trampled upon and seriously injured. Hence the insinuation: "The baby farms, we imagine, do not answer as they did some time back, and seeing several very repulsive-looking women enter the thickest of the crowd with tiny infants in their arms, we could not resist the conviction that if the babies were found suffocated very few tears would be shed." Before the time ever comes in this country when such charges shall become probable we trust that foundling hospitals may be sufficiently numerous and well supported by the philanthropic to afford a home and safe nurture to all infants deprived of natural and trustworthy protectors.

The citizens of Brooklyn are making an effort to open rooms in that city for chess-playing, to which all lovers of that intellectual game may have access by paying a small annual fee. A charter is to be asked from the Legislature, and it is hoped that a sufficient sum of money may be raised by subscriptions to found a permanent institution. Chess is a game which is ill adapted to the purposes of the gambler, and objection can scarcely be made even by the most rigid moralist to this attempt to use it as a means of furnishing amusement for that large class of our population who live in lodgings, and who are forced to seek amusement outside the place where they eat and sleep.

The rates of postage in England are sometimes compared with ours unfavorably to the latter. By recent reductions the weights allowed for a given rate of postage have been increased. One ounce can now be sent to any part of the kingdom for one penny (two cents), and greater weights for even proportionally less. Thus, letters exceeding two ounces, but not exceeding four ounces, cost twopence; exceeding six ounces, but not exceeding eight ounces, threepence. A letter weighing twelve ounces would cost eight cents postage in England; here it would cost seventy-two cents, or just nine times as much. But it should be remembered that England is much more compactly settled than the United States; and, on an average, letters passing through our post-office have to be carried a much greater distance, and, of course, at increased expense.

An editor lately sent into the composing-room two articles, one of which was an obituary notice and the other a funny anecdote. The headings were accidentally changed by the type-setters, and when the paper appeared the editor was horrified to see the obituary notice headed "A Good Joke," while the funny anecdote was prefixed with the caption, "Sad Announcement."

Mr. Beecher says: "I love music, from a Jew's-harp to David's harp. I love every thing that is musical. No band goes through the street that I do not go with it in thought. Even the more humble 'minstrels,' who perform under false appearances, I publicly confess that I have sympathy for them too. I love music. Give me the French, give me the Italian, give me the German, give me the wild airs of Scotland, give me the wails from Ireland, give me our own negro minstrels' music: they all find, in different degrees, a response from my heart."

A wealthy banker, desirous to distinguish himself as a dramatic author, wrote to Scribe to say that he wished that famous dramatist to write a comedy, and to allow the banker to add a few lines to it, which might entitle him to say they had worded a part of the play, however small, together; and he was willing to leave all profits to Scribe, and to put the piece in the most splendid style on the stage at his own expense. Whereupon Scribe wrote back to say, "I must decline your proposal, my principles forbidding me to help in getting up a team of a horse and a donkey." By return of post the banker wrote to Scribe: "Your impertinent letter is at hand. *How dare you call me a horse?*"

Professor Agassiz has been unfortunate in South America with one jar of curious fishes. They were caught, dissected with great care, deposited in alcohol, and delivered to a servant for safe-keeping. Next morning, when the professor inquired for them, the obsequious darky took him out to the kitchen, where the unique specimens were reposing in the frying-pan, nearly ready for breakfast.

The following touching letter from the poet Burns, dated June 26, 1796, has lately been given to the British public:

"MY DEAR CLARKE,—Still, still the victim of affliction! Were you to see the emaciated figure who now holds the pen to you, you would not know your old friend. Whether I shall ever get about again is only known to Him, the Great Unknown, whose creature I am. Alas! Clarke, I begin to fear the worst. As to my individual self, I am tranquil. I would despise myself if I were not; but Burns's poor widow, and half a dozen of his dear little ones helpless orphans—there I am weak as a woman's tear! Enough of this; 'tis half my disease! I duly received your last, inclosing the note. It came extremely in time, and I was much obliged to your punctuality. Again I must request you to do me the same kindness. Be so very good as, by return of post, to inclose me another note. I trust you can do it without much inconvenience, and it will seriously oblige me. If I must go, I leave a few friends behind me whom I shall regret while consciousness remains. I know that I shall live in their remembrance. Adieu, dear Clarke! that I shall ever see you again is, I am afraid, highly improbable.

"R. BURNS."

Addressed, "Mr. James Clarke, school-master, Forfar."

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JAPANESE PAGE.



A BOAT GIRL AT CANTON.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S MUSEUM.

NO one can charge Queen Victoria's sons with being "home-keeping youths," who, as the proverb tells us, "have ever homely wits." Few of the Queen's subjects of the same age have traveled so much as the Prince of Wales, while the Duke of Edinburgh, in his sailor capacity, has been all over the world. During the various cruises which he made while in command of the *Galatea* he visited South America, South Africa, India, China, Japan, Australia, and New Zealand, besides touching at numerous islands, such as Madeira, the Azores, Cape Verd, Manilla, New Caledonia, the Falkland and Sandwich Islands, and Otaheite. A man of exalted rank, too, possesses an advantage over other persons in the fact that every thing worth seeing is brought under his notice in the most convenient fashion, while if he shows the least desire to become a collector of curiosities, the best and rarest of every thing is within his reach. The Duke did desire to become a collector. He brought home an unrivaled collection, and almost before he had finished unpacking his treasures he offered to send them to the South Kensington Museum for a couple of months, in order that his stay-at-home countrymen might partake in his enjoyment. This kindly offer was gladly accepted by the Marquis of Ripon, and the collection was opened to the public on the 24th of January. At this period of time it is not necessary to enter into details; it is enough to say that wherever he went the Duke was overwhelmed with gifts. Australia, as befitted the land of gold, was especially liberal with silver and gold mallets for laying foundation-stones, besides giving a large number of Bibles, Prayer-books, inkstands, and illuminated addresses. Ja-



MANILLA GIRL WAITING FOR THE FERRY-BOAT.



TAHITI GIRL GATHERING ORANGES.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S MUSEUM.

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pan contributed some beautiful specimens of lacquer-work, especially a black and gold reading-desk, while there is a huge bronze incense-burner of exquisite workmanship. China shows ivory carvings, paintings, and delicate porcelain. Ceylon gives elephant tusks; while the mere outline of India's contributions would occupy a column. Mr. Nicholas Chevalier accompanied the Duke on his second cruise, and his drawings afford a forcible representation of the Prince's doings. They are all in water-color, except one in oil of an elephant-hunt at the Cape. We place before our readers the four following of Mr. Chevalier's drawings, engraved by the permission of his Royal Highness: "Tahiti Girl Gathering Oranges;" "One of the Pages of Noble Family appointed to attend upon H.R.H. and Suite at Yedo;" "A Boat Girl at Canton;" "A Manilla Girl waiting for the Ferry-Boat," which possess a special interest as types of the manners and customs of those distant countries.



TABLEAU VIVANT AT AN AMERICAN COSTUME BALL IN ROME.

AN AMERICAN COSTUME BALL IN ROME.

THE Americans who visit the Old World are exceptionally fond of Italy, probably because the scenery, manners, and mode of life present the strongest possible contrast to those which they see in their native country. There is an influential American colony in Rome, including a goodly number of artists, and recently these gentlemen arranged a costume ball. Among the characters present were Rome, Proserpine, Titania, and Flora, Count Egmont, Faust, Marguerite, and Mephistopheles, and a two-sworded Japanese. The cotillon was gorgeous, and in it there was a scene which made a capital picture. A frame, covered with a curtain which drew back from the middle, was placed in a corner of the room. Then a lady was selected and presented with a golden palette and brushes. To her a dozen gentlemen were brought. She chose one, gave him the palette, and then vanished by a side-door. The chosen artist sat down opposite the curtain, mixed imaginary colors, and made sweeps of the brush over the curtain. Gradually it was withdrawn as he worked, and behold! there stood the lady, posed as if he had painted her, and personifying the Seven-hilled City. Around sat the other characters, making a brilliant picture with their variegated costumes. Conspicuous among them was America, with her cap of liberty, her striped skirt, and her star-spangled banner, with its seven red and six white stripes. There are thirty-five stars, indicating the number of States in the Union.

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THE POET.

GIVE honor to the poet. Who shall tell
The all of joy he doth bequeath—confer?
Give honor to the poet, speak him well,
God's high Commissioner.

Unsparing of his sacred power, he weaves
And scatters far and wide, with lavish hands,
His priceless fancies, which he, dying, leaves
As heir-looms of the lands.

Things all denied to us he sees and hears,
Trust me, both when he wakes and when he sleeps;
And naught of all that greets his eyes or ears
Unto himself he keeps.

Feasts, mental feasts he hath, so rare, so rich—
Feasts that no care provides, no gold procures—
Grand feasts and glorious, every one of which
He maketh mine and yours.

So speak him well, the Poet, Prophet, Seer,
Roamer of realms which foot hath never trod,
Brave Templar, Intellectual Pioneer,
And great High-priest of God.

(Continued from No. 14, page 244.)

LONDON'S HEART.

BY B. L. FARJEON,

AUTHOR OF "BLADE-O'-GRASS," "GRIF," AND "JOSHUA MARVEL."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REVEREND MR. EMANUEL CREAMWELL STOPS THE WAY.

THE parish of Stapleton, of which the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell was pastor, was situated a very few miles from London, and contained, it is to be presumed (and not to do violence to the science of divine things), an equal number of human bodies and souls. The number—reckoning the two as one—was not large, and the tithes consequently were small, a circumstance which it is waste of time to mention, for what minister loves his tithes better than his church? And yet in common minds a mean suspicion is sometimes engendered as to the comparative value of one and the other in the eyes of the clergy. Without indorsing this suspicion—rejecting it, indeed, as the vilest of calumnies—it is curious to observe that, when a minister has a "call," the summons from heaven almost invariably holds out the promise of an increased earthly income. It is a proof of the base depths of which the mind is capable that the fact of the divine summons being very generally joyfully responded to should engender a tittle of suspicion. But unfortunately there are in the world men to whose moral perception purity of motive is a human impossibility; to such men the flesh-pots of Egypt contain the most powerful argument it is possible to conceive.

Stapleton was a tumble-down little parish, and bore unmistakable signs of being badly off. Every thing in it and about it seemed to have been crumbling away for many generations. Magnates there were in it, of course, most of them elderly gentlemen with puffy faces and big stomachs, at whom the poor children of the parish—in dirty pinafores, their large eyes staring upward, and their hands behind them—would gaze as in worship. The predecessors of these great men were crumbling away in the picturesque old church-yard, making the soil rich for the buttercups and daisies with which the dirty children played and pelted one another. There were many picturesque bits of scenery about Stapleton. Notwithstanding its poverty, it was not an undesirable living for a clergyman, and the patching up and medicining of souls—which, according to doctrinal teaching, are always lame and diseased, coming into the world so, and so remaining—went on pretty much in the same way and quite as unsuccessfully as in most other parishes. Doctors for bodies and doctors for souls are so abundant, and increase and multiply so amazingly, that the human machine on two legs which walks the earth, and which Leigh Hunt's fish so very properly laughed at, may be said to be in a very bad state indeed.

Such, at all events, the preaching of the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell went to prove. According to his pulpit doctrine, corruption was the normal state of man—and woman also, of course. This condition was bad enough in all conscience, but it was a miserable thing to be compelled to believe that it could never be bettered. The conviction seemed to be forced upon them by their pastor; his utterings were destructive of hope. He had preached to them a library of sermons, and middle-aged sinners of his congregation had grown old during his term. Inevitable time was pushing them nearer and nearer to the grave, but there was no more hope for them now than there had been a long time ago, when there had been many years of life before them. Sinners then, sinners now. How was salvation to be obtained? They went to church, and listened to their pastor's words, but found no consolation in them. The refrain of his sermon was the same now as it had been the first day on which he ascended the pulpit, and preached to them, not salvation, but the other thing. As he and the members of his flock grew older, he grew more stern, and they more disconsolate. The time for them for reaching grace was getting very short, and still corruption held them fast, would not let them go, indeed. When the Sabbath service was ended they wended their way home, depressed and in the saddest of moods. For their pastor hurt and bruised the miserable sinners without mercy. He said, "This shall ye do out of fear of the Lord;" and no suggestion of love brought light to the benighted ones. He told them to cleanse their souls; he had told them to do this any time for twenty years, but he did not supply them with the divine soap and water necessary for the operation. He spoke in parables, and left them to draw the moral. He presented problems to them, hard nuts of divinity which they found it impossible to crack. He used God like a catapult, and from this engine he, week after week, hurled terrible inflictions at their heads, until some impressionable souls grew to believe that God was a very dreadful creature, and that it would have been better for them if they had never been introduced into this world of sorrow, which was to be followed by another so full of penalties.

Not one of his parishioners loved him. But they thought he was a good man, notwithstanding—so good, indeed, that goodness became disagreeable in their eyes, and some of them deemed that it must be exceedingly pleasant to be naughty. The fact of this man having the charge of many precious souls (to use the stereotyped vernacular), and preaching the highest and holiest lessons for years to persons who did not, could not love him, was one of the strangest of anomalies. In his exhortations he seemed to declare, "I am sent to bruise, not to heal; here is a stone for you; here are vinegar and salt for your wounds; here are shadows and awful images to appall you and to make your death-bed agonizing; here are the waters of grace—taste them, and find them bitter!" After such exhortation, how could they love God? how could they love his minister? Prisoners do not love their jailers. And this man, having the charge of souls, held them in grim custody with the hard spirit of a jailer.

They writhed and suffered in his grasp, but they had no word to say against him. He was an eminently respectable man; had never been seen to smile; and they touched their hats to him, and paid him every deference. But it was remarkable that no person had ever been known to utter a word in praise of him. Women—especially women in humble life—did not like him; and he produced a curious effect upon children. Sometimes they cried when they saw him, and sometimes they stood aside as he passed, with a kind of fear on them—petrified, as it were. The effect was something similar to that which Medusa's head might have produced upon them.

His home was like his preaching. There was no light in it. It was dark and sombre. All the furniture was of dark wood; the paper on the walls of every room was dark. In the whole house, from roof to basement, there was as little graceful in form and color as can well be imagined. The ornaments on the mantel-shelf were ugly figures in dark wood and stone. Flowers were never seen in the house. The gas was never lighted until night had completely fallen. Nothing more oppressive can be conceived than the effect which this gloomy house and the gloomy fashion in which it was conducted would produce after a time upon a sensitive spirit. In the eyes of many, all this added to his respectability as a man of God. What wanted he with pomps and vanities? It was his mission to preach against them. Should he, then, indulge in them?

How many there are who exhibit an outward pride in living thus—who raise their eyes and hands against harmless enjoyments—whose words would rob life of its sunshine and flowers and tender feelings, and who grudge to the hungry every sweet morsel that kind impulse and kinder nature hold out to them with pitying hand! If the inner and private lives of these moralists were laid bare, what kind of lesson would they teach?

It must not be supposed that this reflection in any way touches the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell. There was not a visible stain upon him; the breath of slander had never been raised against him; he was above reproach. He may have been a little stiff and uncompromising, a little too severe in his notions of this and that, but his morality and goodness were not to be questioned. Even as to his being, as has been suggested, a little too stiff and uncompromising, and as to his being a little too severe in his notions of this and that, there were at least two persons in the parish who did not think so, and who relied implicitly upon his judgment.

These two men were Justices of the Peace. Their names, unlike themselves, are of no consequence. It would be hard to give any other reason for their being appointed Justices of the Peace than that one was a retired colonel and the other a retired sugar-baker; and doubtless it would be a distinct libel to declare that they knew as much of law as the man in the moon. Undoubtedly they must have been worthy; undoubtedly they must have been just. What is known as Justices' justice has been a theme for satire and rebuke as long as we can remember, and it is a blessing to live in a land where it would not be tolerated that one in power having committed a gross injustice—having, perhaps, helped to make infamous what might have been made beneficial—should be permitted to retain an authority which is only used to be abused. So perfect are our institutions that it would be next to impossible that one who had proved himself by his acts to be unworthy of the distinction should be allowed to sit in judgment on his fellows year after year to dispense unequal and merciless justice. It would be monstrous otherwise.

The Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell was to these two Justices as a staff to lean upon—a staff that would not yield or bend, however great the pressure. He frequently sat upon the Bench with one or the other, or with both, and prompted and advised them, and indeed directed their verdicts; so that it might almost be said that they spoke out of his mouth. Dressed in his little brief authority, the retired colonel or the retired sugar-baker would sit in state pompously, with his reverend counselor by his side, and strike terror to the heart of the hardened criminal. As thus:

A boy of tender years, in the employ of a baker, was charged with stealing a pound of flour, valued at twopence, from his master. The facts of the case were somewhat singular. The master discovered the theft, and in hot temper sent for a policeman, who straightway locked up the ferocious thief. Then the master repented of his hasty action, made inquiries, and, from what he learned, deemed that the boy was deserving of more pity than blame. When he made his appearance in court he stated that he was anxious not to prosecute, and he begged that the boy might be discharged with a caution.

"But he stole the flour?" asked the Justice, prompted by his reverend counselor.

"It wasn't worth twopence," was the evasive reply; "and I have learned since—"

"We don't want to know what he learned since," remarked the Reverend Mr. Creamwell to the Justice. "Did the boy steal the flour, or did he not?"

"Yes," echoed the parrot Justice; "we don't want to know what you have learned since. Did the boy steal the flour, or did he not?"

"He did," replied the tradesman; "but—"

"What have 'buts' to do with facts?" exclaimed the wise administrator. "The boy is a thief, and he must—eh? yes, certainly; quite proper—he must go to prison for three months, with hard labor."

So the criminal (whose first offense it was, and who had never been known to steal before) was sent to prison, where, surrounded by gentle associates and humanizing influences, he learned some salutary lessons.

Or thus:

One very cold winter evening a poor woman—so poor that she could not afford to buy twopenny-worth of coal—was walking to her cheerless home. The sharp wind pierced to her very marrow, and the prospect before her made the cold colder. She was a char-woman, and had been unsuccessful in obtaining work during the day. Jane Plummer was her name. Her toes peeped out of her boots. Hapless Jane Plummer! She had to pass by the side of a wood which belonged to wealthy Mr. Icicle, and she saw a few rotten branches on the ground. They had dropped in the autumn, and had been soddened into the earth by many rains. Think of a sick man who for weeks had been debarred the blessings of sun and sweet air—primroses could not have gladdened his sight more than these ugly sticks gladdened the sight of Jane Plummer; fresh violets could not have been more welcome and refreshing to him than these black bits of wood were to her. They held out the hope of light and warmth. They were temptingly within reach. She stooped, and picked them up, and put them into her apron, the humble badge of the Order of the Poor. Unfortunate Jane Plummer! Behind her was a policeman with a true policeman's spirit. He was off duty, but the ruling passion for taking people into custody was strong within him, and he never missed a chance. Besides, he yearned for promotion; he looked forward to being a sergeant. Animated by this blessed hope, he was as zealous a subordinate as could be found in the ranks. He knew Jane Plummer; knew that she was the poorest of the poor; knew that she had no fire, and no money to buy fuel; knew the meaning of her hesitating gait and wistful looks as the fatal branches came into view. What, now, if at this point he had turned and fled? Pooh! not to be thought of. He waited cunningly until the sticks were in her apron, and she was shuffling along with them; then he pounced upon her, and bade her come along with him. She trembled, and dropped the rotten sticks. He made her pick them up again. She sobbed and implored—unavailingly. The heart of the zealous policeman was not to be touched. Side by side they marched; he with his dreadful hand upon her arm, she holding with reluctant fingers the corners of the apron which contained the proofs of her crime. Jane Plummer passed that night in the police-station, and the next morning was brought face to face with justice. The policeman, with modest triumph, gave his evidence.

"Taken red-handed," remarked the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell to the dummy by his side, who nodded with the wisdom of an owl, and asked the prisoner what she had to say for herself.

Tremblingly and with sobs, Jane Plummer said,

"If you please, your worship, it was bitter cold, and I had no fire at home, and no money to buy coal, and as I was passing by Mr. Icicle's wood I gathered a few sticks to boil my kettle. There is a path through the wood, and I picked up the sticks by the side of the path. I didn't think there was any harm in it; the sticks ain't worth a ha'penny!"

"Had prisoner any money upon her, policeman?"

"A penny and a farthing, your worship."

Thereupon the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell remarked that the rights of property must be respected; and the sapient Justice of Peace, having property, read Jane Plummer a lecture upon her offense, and, looking at some writing on a paper handed to him by his reverend counselor, passed sentence—two shillings and sixpence fine, and three shillings and sixpence costs, or seven days' imprisonment.

"And I hope," added the law's administrator, with more owl's wisdom, "that this will be a caution to you never to touch sticks in gentlemen's woods again."

Jane Plummer sobbed that she would never, never, never do so again! and went to prison to brood upon her sin.

These are but two cases out of many which the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell was instrumental in deciding. No doubt that, being actuated by a love for justice presumably more merciful (in these enlightened times) than the old Mosaic law of eye for eye and tooth for tooth, he often had to wrestle with his tender feelings; but he overcame them, as Jacob did the angel. And this mention of Jacob suggests the vision of his ladder. Say that the steps of the ladder by which the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell was to ascend to heaven were to be formed by good and just actions, surely such sentences as those he was instrumental in passing upon the baker's boy and hapless Jane Plummer would not be forgotten. If this thought ever occurred to him, it must have afforded him much consolation.

CHAPTER IX.

THE REVEREND MR. EMANUEL CREAMWELL AND HIS SON TAKE DIFFERENT VIEWS OF THINGS.

THIS that we see before us might be, to a fanciful mind, the commencement of the ladder to heaven referred to in the last chapter. It is but a sunbeam, slanting from window to floor. Strangely out of place it seems in the gloomy study which it illumines, but the myriad motes within it sparkle and flash merrily without reference to surrounding things. It is but a sunbeam, slanting from window to floor, but how many mysteries are contained within it that you and I might be the better for knowing? At the simple expression of the thought a darker cloud casts a shadow upon the window through which the sunbeam has stolen, and it vanishes, leaving the study utterly dreary and gloomy. The furniture in the study is heavy and ponderous, the curtains to the windows are heavy and dark, and the book-case is oppressive and burdened with lore. Can the house of which this funereal study forms part be a home? The cloud passes, and the sunbeam is alive again. Truant flashes of light dart in, and shifting restlessly in the corners of the room, strive vainly to hide themselves, as if they are conscious that they have no business in a place so serious and solemn, and wonder how they could have been so unwise as to enter. In the midst of their tribulation the door opens, and the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell enters. A deeper frown than usual is on his face. He holds a letter in his hand, which he has evidently been reading more than once.

"A Wesleyan Methodist!" he mutters. "Never been baptized in the Church of England! And the man's name is Verity, too. How could it have escaped me before? The very man, perhaps, to whom this paper refers."

He takes a small packet of papers from his desk, and selects one.

"A strange story," he muses, after reading it; "no person has any legal claim to what is due upon the debt. The statute of limitations has wiped off the obligation years ago. But the moral claim remains. I will see the man, if he comes—and he may. I have some slight remembrance of him as a man of strong opinions."

He refers to other papers, the perusal of which is evidently displeasing to him, if one can judge from the expression of his face. He pushes them aside, and leans back in his chair to think. Of what? Of his wife, who has been dead for twenty years. Not with affection does he think of her. But for a living remembrance she left behind her, she might have been to him as one who had never existed. This living remembrance is a child—a son—who, having completed his studies abroad (a phrase peculiarly adapted to fiction), has come home, after many years of absence, with no prospects, no profession, and no settled aims or views for the future. Not that this gives the young gentleman the slightest concern. He is as careless a soul as is to be met with here and there, and he can spend a sovereign or a sixpence with equal pleasure. An uncle, who had paid all the expenses of his training and education (upon the express understanding that his nephew was to live away from home), had lately died, and this afternoon had been appointed for the father and son to confer together upon business matters. And upon mention of the subject, here he is. A young gentleman with no trace of seriousness in his manner, with almost laughing face, and with an easy self-possession that it would evidently take a great deal to disconcert: altogether (asking pardon first for the irreverence of the comparison) no more like his father than was Hyperion to a satyr. A bright flower is in his coat.

"Good-day, father." Although it is afternoon, it is the first time they have met to-day.

"Good-day, Shad—"

But before he can get the name out his son laughingly interrupts him.

"Felix, father; Felix, if you love me!"

The Reverend Mr. Creamwell waives the latter proposition, and says, in a displeased tone,

"I can not understand your reason for changing your name."

"I don't like it, father."

"Why?"

"It sounds mean. Shadrach! I am ashamed of it, and that's a fact."

"It is a Scriptural name," says the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, solemnly.

"So is the one I have chosen in its place—Felix. I never could respect a man with the name of Shadrach. Besides," adds Felix, with twinkling eyes, "it is unfair to the firm."

"To what firm do you refer?"

"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. They should never be parted. You know well enough, father, that you never think of the one but the other two partners pop up, as much as to say, 'Don't forget us, please; we belong to the firm.'"

Hard lines came about the thin-lipped mouth of the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, and he says, with deepening frowns,

"The light manner in which you speak of these things is especially displeasing to me, and is entirely out of place in my presence and in this house."

"I almost seem to be out of place myself here, father," says Felix, with the slightest trace of vexation in his manner.

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"Perhaps so; we will discuss that presently. Whoever lives here must conform to my rules. You were smoking in your bedroom last night."

"True, Sir."

"I do not allow smoking."

"I will not smoke here again. I'll smoke my cigar in the open air for the future."

"I should prefer your not smoking at all; *I* don't smoke."

"Why, Sir, you wouldn't keep every body from smoking because you don't smoke? If it were not for tobacco the revenue of nations would go to—"

"Blazes," he is about to say, but he checks himself in time. The indiscretion of such a reference is manifest in such a place. But if he had uttered it he could scarcely be more successful in displeasing his father. There is so little in unison between these two natures that when they meet it seems to be almost a necessity that they should clash. One is harsh and sour; the other is tolerant and sweet. Felix was more the son of his mother than the son of his father; the sweetness of her nature had come to him with the milk he had drawn from her breast. Father and son had not been brought together for very many years until now, and the experience they have gained of each other is not agreeable to either of them.

"You scarcely need me to tell you," says the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell, as his son stopped at the dangerous word, "that your remarks do continual violence to my feelings."

"We certainly don't seem to pull nicely together, father. You have some business matters to speak to me about. Perhaps it will be as well to proceed to them."

The Reverend Mr. Creamwell looks among the papers upon the table, and says,

"Your uncle, as you know, died six weeks ago."

"So your letter informed me, father. Did you see him before he died?"

"I have not seen him for years. I did not approve of him; and but for its being understood that he intended to leave you as his heir, I should have declined to be upon friendly terms with him."

"He was my mother's brother, and he has been kind to me."

"So far as defraying the expenses of your education—"

"*All* my expenses, father," interrupts Felix. "Please to remember that he made me a regular allowance."

"By which you intend me to remember also," says the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, with a frown, "that you have been no expense to me."

"If you please to put it that way, you can. But I should prefer your thinking that I reminded you of the circumstance in order that you might do justice to the memory of my uncle."

"I do not need you to remind me of my duty; I need *no* reminding of that. It is always before me. The tone of your remarks and your general bearing toward me proceed from the stipulation made by your uncle that you should be educated away from me and from this house."

"I mean no disrespect to you, father, believe me," exclaims Felix, eagerly; "but every thing about me here is so—so different from what I have been accustomed to that I feel myself almost in a strange land." He might have said more, but he restrains himself. He might have said, "Coming home as I have done, ready and wishful to be upon affectionate terms with a father who never showed any love for me—coming home with a studied resolution to try and conform to my father's wishes, and to gain for myself a place in his affections—I find myself baffled at every turn. When my father met me, after years of absence, he met me with no smile upon his face. He might have been a man of stone for all the warmth he showed to me; a stranger could not have exhibited less tenderness in his greeting. And so it has gone on from the moment I set foot in this house, which is cold enough and gloomy enough to chill one's blood." Felix does not say this, but he thinks it, and much more to the same effect, and at the same time wonders a little whether he is in any way to blame for things being so different from what he hoped and expected.

"The stipulation made by your uncle," proceeds the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, "has thrown you into scenes and into a way of living that would certainly not meet with my approval; and if you wish to remain here, you must positively conform to my views. It is for you to change, not for me."

"Before we speak of this," says Felix, in as calm a tone as he can command, for the uncompromising bearing of his father grates strongly upon him, "will you be kind enough to tell me something more of my uncle? I have my future to look to now, and although it does not give me any anxiety, for I am sure to be all right"—with a careless wave of his hand to show that all the world was at his feet—"I would like to know what I have to depend on."

"Your uncle died suddenly, as I told you in my letter."

"The dear old fellow!" cries Felix, regretfully. "It must have been sudden. Why, only a week before he died he sent me my quarter's remittance, and did not say a word about his being ill."

"Sudden death is what we should all prepare ourselves for. I hope you have reflected seriously upon this and other matters not appertaining to this life."

"I don't know that I have, father," says Felix, laughingly; "it's bad enough when it comes."

"I feared it!" exclaims the Reverend Mr. Creamwell. "Not prepared! not prepared!"

The tone in which his father utters this lamentation is so exactly similar to other lamentations which he has heard in other places, and which he has been in the habit of looking upon as unworthy of regard, that Felix with difficulty suppresses his disdain; but he is of too frank and open a nature not to make upon the instant a confession of faith—a confession so dreadful that the Reverend Mr. Creamwell listens in undisguised wrath.

"I don't suppose I am prepared, father, in the way you mean, and I must confess that I don't see what necessity there is for it. I am not sent into the world to mourn; there are things in it that I like to enjoy, and that I think I was sent here to enjoy; otherwise they would not be provided. I sha'n't be the worse for enjoying them, if I live till I'm seventy, and I shouldn't be the better for avoiding them, or for looking upon them as sinful. I don't blame persons for thinking different from me; they have as much right to their opinions as I have to mine; but as I don't bother them with my views of things, I don't want them to bother me with theirs."

Felix is aware of the bad impression he is producing upon his father, but he deems it a point of honor not to falter, and he goes on to the end with a certain manliness that would be refreshing in any other place than the cheerless study in which he is sitting.

"May I inquire what you call yourself in the matter of religion?" asks the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, gloomily.

"Well, father," replies Felix, with a certain puzzled hesitation, "I suppose I should call myself a Church-of-England man; but I would much prefer to call myself a Christian."

"It is useless, I expect," observes the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, after a pause, "to enter into a discussion upon these subjects with you?"

"Quite useless, I should say, father."

"Then we will continue about your uncle's affairs," says the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, with the air of one who, encountering a difficulty, finds it insurmountable; and, curiously enough, with the air of one who feels relieved in consequence. "As I was your uncle's nearest relative, and it was understood that you were his heir, I thought it my duty, immediately I heard of his death, to hasten to his house. I then discovered the fraud of which he had been guilty."

"Fraud, father! Surely you are not in earnest?"

"It was nothing less than a fraud. Your uncle led us to believe that he was a rich man, that he would leave you as his heir—"

"And he hasn't done so, I suppose!" exclaims Felix, heartily: "well, he had a right to dispose of his money as he pleased. Now that I look back, I can not remember that he ever held out to me any great expectations, or indeed any expectations at all. He was always urging me to choose a profession, and I was always putting it off, and saying there was plenty of time. In his last letter he was almost angry with me because of my careless way, as he termed it, of looking at the future, and said that when I came home something must positively be determined. Poor dear fellow! I little thought I should never see him again. No; if I entertained—as I confess I did—expectations from him, and am disappointed, I am the only one to blame. He never held out any false hopes to me."

"If you would restrain your effusiveness, time and many words would be saved. Your uncle left you as his heir."

"Well, well, father!" says Felix, gayly, "what becomes of the fraud you discovered?"

"When I examined his affairs," continues the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, coldly, "I discovered that he had expended the whole of his property in the purchase of an annuity, which, of course, dies with him. After payment of certain claims, which could not be resisted, the estate leaves you, as your uncle's heir, about— But here is the statement, which you can examine and verify. You will see from it that you come into possession of exactly one hundred and ten pounds."

A sour smile plays about the lips of the Reverend Mr. Emanuel Creamwell: thankful as he would have been for a more fortunate issue of his brother-in-law's death, as relieving him of a responsibility which he is afraid may fall upon him, and which he is wishful to be rid of, he is not displeased at this triumph over his son. But Felix is more surprised than hurt; there is no such feeling in his breast as animosity toward his uncle because a fortune is not left to him. He tosses the paper aside, and says, in a gentle voice,

"I am not the less grateful to him. I can understand now the reason of his urging me to choose a profession. He knew that he had nothing to leave me, and that I should have to depend upon myself. But he did not think he would have died so soon; he was a healthy, strong man, and the probability was that he had many years of life before him."

"I told you," interposes the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, grimly, "that we should all be prepared for sudden death; he was not prepared for it."

"We have spoken of that already," replies Felix, in a dry tone, "and it will not profit us to pursue the subject. I don't suppose uncle was much better or much worse than his neighbors. I, at all events, have cause to be grateful to him. I have no doubt that, had he lived, he would have helped me to make a career for myself. But that is still before me; I haven't the slightest fear. Why, even the circumstance of his leaving so small an estate speaks for him! It proves that in the allowance he made me he went to the full extent of his means, and that between us we managed to swallow up his annuity pretty well to the last shilling." In his anxiety to do justice to the memory of his uncle, his generous mind seizes every point that reflects credit upon the dead man. "Be a lawyer, he wrote to me over and over again, be an architect, be an engineer, be something, whatever it is, and come home and let us set about it. That showed he was in earnest, and intended to stand by me. Fraud, father! I see no fraud, and I am the person most affected by what you so wrongly denominate."

"We take different views of things; we are not likely to agree upon this or any other subject. I have but few words to say in conclusion, relating to your uncle's affairs. He left a request behind him, in a document written some years ago, that when he died all his papers and letters should be burned. This was done; they were all burned with the exception of one, which contains the recital of a singular story; I thought it desirable to keep it, as it may be worth money, and as I think it concerns a man who once dwelt in this locality. And that, I believe, is all I have to say respecting your uncle."

A long and embarrassed silence follows, each knowing that the most momentous part of the interview is to come. Felix is unusually grave, for he can not but feel that the relations existing between himself and his father are to some extent unnatural. Anxious as he is to find the road to his father's good wishes—affection seems to be out of the question—the consciousness is forced upon him that the only road open to him is one the treading of which will compel him to be false to himself. And that he can not be. As he said, he is out of place in this severe house. But come what may, he is determined not to play the hypocrite. He is the first to break the silence.

"You have something else to speak of, father."

The Reverend Mr. Creamwell cleared his throat in precisely the same way as he was in the habit of doing when he was about to deliver a more than usually disagreeable discourse to his congregation. This clearing of the throat did not have the effect usually produced; it did not clear his voice. On the contrary, his tones on these occasions invariably became more harsh and discordant—like rusty iron. It is in these rusty-iron tones he speaks now, and every word he utters grates upon Felix and sets his soul on edge.

"I have something else to speak of, but the subject is the same—yourself. I am disappointed in you."

"I am sorry for it, father."

"The opinions you entertain of religious matters are sinful in my eyes. I should so regard them if they were entertained by a stranger, and it is not because you are my son that I should exercise an unwise leniency toward you in matters which I deem of the utmost importance. You have contracted habits which I do not approve of. Your views I do not approve of. Your dress, your manner, your general conduct, are not in accordance with my ideas. That gay flower in your coat is unnecessary. Outward observances show the inward spirit."

"Not always, father," says Felix, with somewhat of recklessness; "I have known men who wore masks."

"Is that meant as an imputation upon me?" asks the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, the gulf between father and son widening at every word that is spoken.

"I was thinking at the moment," replies Felix, urged on by a feeling he can not resist, "of what a French writer said upon the subject of outward observances and inward spirit. He said that the true man is that which exists under what is called man, and that, strictly speaking, the human visage is a mask."

"Such vague generalities are after the common manner of French romancists, whose writings lead the soul astray."

Here Felix thinks scornfully, "Why drag the soul in?" but he does not speak his thought.

"They take us," continues the Reverend Mr. Creamwell, joining the tips of his fingers and thumbs and making an arch of them, "from the point we are speaking upon. I must desire that you do not break in again with such unseemly interruptions."

"I wish you would remember, father, that I am a man, and not a child. I have opinions of my own, and it is no fault of mine if they do not agree with yours."

"You are my son, and, as such, owe me implicit obedience. You have not decided yet as to a profession?"

"No."

"Your uncle dying leaves me in an unpleasant position. I am not rich; I have but little money to spare. Something the world will expect me to do for you—"

"Oh, pray, Sir," interrupts Felix, "don't study the world. I shall get along well enough without assistance, I haven't the slightest doubt."

"Something, I say, the world will expect me to do for you; but if I do it, out of my small means, I shall require from you deference, respect, obedience. I have expressed my opinion of your views. You say, in reply, that you are a man, and have opinions of your own. Those opinions you will perhaps find it advisable to change. Until a profession is determined upon you can stay here, but only upon the express understanding that you conform to my rules. You are the best judge whether this arrangement will suit you."

Felix, with a wry face, is about to reject this ungracefully offered hospitality, and to say that perhaps it will be better for him to find a lodgment somewhere else, when an interruption occurs. Voices are heard in the passage, and the Reverend Mr. Creamwell's housekeeper makes her appearance at the study door. Strictly speaking, she might be described as a colorless woman, her dress being black and her face being white.

"Some persons to see you, Sir," she says.

"I can not be interrupted," replies the Reverend Mr. Creamwell.

"But they insist, Sir."

"Name?"

"Verity."

"Let them come in."

The next moment old Wheels with Lily and Alfred enter the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEED-SOWING.

ONE of the most delicate, and at the same time the most universal, modes of propagating plants is from seeds, and yet, except by professional men, there is no horticultural operation that is so little understood, and from which the amateur receives such frequent disappointment. In order to enable our readers to perform this operation successfully, and to understand the directions which we propose to give for performing it, we will briefly notice the constituents of seeds, and the change produced therein by the processes of germination.

In all seeds there is laid up for the future nourishment of the young plant a large quantity of starch, or other substances capable of conversion into starch, which, during the process of germination, is changed by chemical processes going on within the seed during the germination of the embryo into a species of sugar known as grape-sugar, differing but slightly in its chemical composition from cane-sugar. This grape-sugar is the white mealy powder found upon raisins and figs that have been kept some time, and forms the food upon which the young plant feeds when it commences to grow, and until it can by its newly formed roots obtain nutriment from the soil in which it is planted.

The starch is largely composed of carbon, and this has to be changed into carbonic acid before the sugar can be produced. To change the carbon into carbonic acid a large supply of oxygen is necessary, and this is most readily obtained from water; the carbonic acid is respired by the young leaves, and the hydrogen of the water appears to be retained within the plant, and recombined with other matters which go to make up the growth of the plant; a portion of the carbonic acid is also retained, and forms the woody matter of the plant.

Hence we see that water is absolutely necessary to the starting of a seed into vitality; but if this is given in undue quantities, the cells of the young plant become filled with it, and respiration is impeded or entirely destroyed, and the seed decays or dies from drowning, as it were; therefore no more moisture should be given than the soil will hold by its mere force of attraction. To this end the soil should be friable, and of such a character as to permit the free percolation of the water through it. If, therefore, it is of a heavy nature, sand in proper quantity should be mixed with it, and it should be in a tolerably dry state when the seeds are sown in it, and no water should be applied until it shows signs of approximate dryness, and at all times during germination it should only be applied in moderate quantities at any one time, in order that the process may go on slowly and insensibly.

The formation and respiration of the carbonic acid take place more freely in darkness than in light; it is therefore proper to shade the soil in which the seeds are sown. This can be done by placing a piece of board or oiled paper raised an inch or two above the ground on small stakes driven into the ground, or by placing an inverted flower-pot over them. If sown in pots in the green-house or in a frame, the sashes should be shaded.

Air is, however, essential in assisting the chemical changes going on within the seed, and for the support of the young plant; hence the board or oiled paper placed over the seeds should be elevated as directed, and the hole in the bottom of the pot should not be closed. This brings us to the consideration of how deep seeds should be covered with soil, for upon this depends the proper access of the air to them. The depth at which they should be sown depends much upon the size of the seed. An approximate rule has been given that the soil with which they should be covered should be of the same depth as the seed measures in size; but this rule does not hold good in very many cases, as in the case of small seeds it would be too shallow, and in larger seeds it would not be deep enough, as they would not be sufficiently buried to defend them from the rapidly changing thermal and hygrometric conditions of the atmosphere. Small seeds, such as petunias and portulacas, should be covered about one-tenth of an inch, while mignonette and candy-tuft may be buried a quarter of an inch. Pease and beans should be covered in clayey soils from an inch to an inch and a half in depth, and in sandy soils from two to three inches. Of the two evils overdeep sowing is far more injurious than too shallow. It is well sometimes, especially in out-door sowing, to press down the soil on top of the seed with a piece of flat board, as by so doing we press the earth sufficiently close together to exclude an excess of air, which in the early spring, at least, is apt to be of a very drying character.

Heat is also an indispensable element in aiding germination, but the degree or amount of it varies greatly in various plants. The heat of a hot-bed that would not injure seeds of egg-plant or peppers would destroy the vitality of cabbage or cauliflower. All seeds of plants, natives of cool or temperate climates, grow best in a temperature of from forty-five to sixty degrees, such a temperature being suitable for seeds of auriculas, primulas, pansies, cinerarias, calceolarias, and similar plants; others again, such as asters, dianthus, phlox, mignonette, stocks, petunias, etc., require a temperature of from sixty to seventy degrees; while amaranths, balsams, cannas, portulacas, zinnias, vinca rosea, etc., require a temperature ranging from seventy to ninety degrees. Such temperatures indicate the propriety of commencing the sowing of seeds in April, and continuing it from time to time until the middle of June to suit the various classes of plants. A knowledge of the native country of a plant, or the latitude under which it is found, affords a useful hint as to what time or temperature is best to sow its seeds.

Many seeds, such as cannas, the various kinds

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of nuts, acacias, etc., are enveloped in such hard coverings that it takes a long time—a year or more in some instances—before they will vegetate. In such cases something must be done to accelerate germination: in seeds such as canna and acacia they should be steeped for ten or twelve hours in water at a temperature of from one hundred and seventy to two hundred degrees; and in the case of nuts, and such-like seeds, they should be filed or scraped until a sufficiently large hole is made in the external covering to admit air and water to the inclosed seed.

Some seeds, such as fraxinella, pæonia, campanula sinensis, and others with hard, dry integuments, vegetate readily, if sown before the seed is fully ripe; but if it is allowed to ripen it should be steeped in hot water to accelerate its growth.

"FASHION REPEATS HERSELF."

THIS little sentence is the remark that might be suggested by a chance comparison of any particulars in which the female attire of the present age seems to resemble that worn by the great-grandmothers of our blooming sisters and daughters. We have lately heard much of the "Dolly Varden," and it is unnecessary, one would hope, to remind the young people who favor the wearing of that piece of apparel that Dolly Varden was a pretty girl at the time of the Gordon Riots in London, and that those Gordon Riots took place in the year 1780.

There is some plausibility in the notion of recurrent cycles of taste in dress-making and millinery, which may, perhaps, be defined with tolerable correctness by taking an observation of more extended periods—going back, for instance, to the hooped petticoat of Queen Anne's and George I.'s time for the prototype of that majestic *crinoline* which has so recently collapsed. But we have no ambition to dogmatize upon the historical philosophy of this delicate subject. Let the reader who is inclined to such observations take up a volume of the *Tatler* or the *Spectator*. If a witness nearer the period of Dolly Varden's existence be called for, there is pleasant Oliver Goldsmith's "Citizen of the World." That respectable Chinaman, Lien Chi Altangi, while sojourning in England, has a mind to tell his distant correspondent, Hingpo, of the long trailing garments with which he sees the ladies daily sweeping the public walks. Nothing, he says, can be better calculated to increase the price of silk.

"But, to confess a truth," says Lien Chi Altangi, "I was afraid to begin the description, lest the sex should undergo some new revolution before it was finished, and my picture should thus become old before it could well be said to have ever been new. To-day they are lifted upon stilts, to-morrow they lower their heels and raise their heads; their clothes at one time are bloated out with whalebone; at present they have laid their hoops aside, and are become as slim as mermaids."

For, as the same writer observes in another place, "Our ladies seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The Mall, the gardens, and the playhouses, are filled with ladies in uniform. Not only those of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion for dressing in the same manner. A woman of sixty masked might easily pass for her granddaughter.

"A few days ago I walked behind a damsel tossed out in all the gayety of fifteen. Her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on the occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every fold of her white négligé. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the 12th of next November! Her gown was of cambric, cut short before to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap—if cap it might be called, that cap was none—consisted of a few bits of cambric and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. She had not put on this finery for nothing, but was at that time sallying out to the Park when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not with any civility refuse; so, to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and we marched on together. When we made our entry at the Park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender as we seemed to be, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds, who were out to show their finery as well as we, some could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse-laugh, at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine, while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half-way up the Mall we both began to grow peevish. It was a great relief to this honest fellow, in short, on meeting his cousin's acquaintance, Miss Mazzard, "in the monstrous Prussian bonnet," to get rid of his charge for the day. He put both the ladies into a hackney-coach at the gate of St. James's, and then freely went his own way. Goldsmith died in 1774, but human nature has not been radically changed.



"FASHION REPEATS HERSELF"—A PICTURE IN THE OLD HALL.

To recapitulate: the requisites for germination are moisture, air, and heat; darkness also favors the process. Moisture causes the seed to swell, and so to burst its coverings, excites the endosmosmic action of the cells, assists the chemical processes carried on in the seed, and dissolves the solid nutritive matter therein and in the soil. Air also supplies oxygen to assist in these processes, and takes up any excess of moisture; when, therefore, the seeds are buried too deep, the air is excluded, and the changes necessary are prevented or retarded. Heat also assists, but the amount necessary varies greatly, some seeds requiring a very high temperature, others a very low one, depending greatly upon the climate in which the plant naturally grows. Upon the proper combination and supply of these elements depends our success in this operation.

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LADY'S CARRIAGE DRESS.

THIS elegant dress is of tea-rose faille, and has a trained skirt, trimmed with ruches of black lace, edged on each side with white lace, and set on in scrolls, forming a heading to deep net fringe of the same color as the dress. Polonaise trimmed in the same manner. Jabot, cuffs, and postilion-basque of black lace, edged with white lace. Bonnet of tea-rose silk, trimmed with white and tea-rose ribbon and black and white feathers. Broad white tulle strings.

PARIS FASHIONS.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

IT is from all the shades chosen for second mourning, blended and even contrasted, that fashion selects the new spring and summer dresses: gray upon black, white even (over-skirt and waist) upon black, lilac and violet over white—such are the elements which compose the most elegant toilettes of the season; the palette of France is still devoted to these austere and modest hues. Some details are necessary, however, to show the manner of combining these colors.

An elegant dinner dress that we have just seen has a very long trained skirt of black faye, trimmed on the sides and behind with a single deep flounce, and in front with a tablier composed of a multitude of narrow flounces, reaching to the waist, and edged, like the wide flounce, with a bias fold of silver gray silk gauze. Over-skirt of the same gauze, trimmed with wide white lace. Louis XV. waist, heart-shaped in front, with an *échelle* of ribbon bows set on a black plastron. Hair adorned with a bit of white lace, a black and white aigrette, and a bunch of Parma violets. Sleeves reaching to the elbow, with a wide lace *frill* falling over the wrists. Black enamel brac-elets, with the escutcheons of Alsace and Lorraine.

Another dress was of white faye, with black lace flounces set on in such a manner as to outline on the trained skirt a court train, draped by wreaths of periwinkles, flowers, and leaves. Low-necked waist, with black lace covering the shoulders. Large Spanish mantilla, thrown over the head, and fastened by sprays of periwinkle. Black velvet necklace studded with diamonds. Bracelets like the necklace. Diamond pins on and under the mantilla.

A dress designed for visiting and promenading was made of black faye, with a deep flounce, the heading of which was lined with gray silk; over-skirt trimmed like the dress, but open in front, to give place to a tablier of black Spanish blonde, which formed the front of the over-skirt. This blonde was composed of a net-work of tulle with large and very thick flowers—black, of course, like the blonde. The tablier was draped on each side by black bows lined with gray. The waist was open from the throat over a vest of gray silk trimmed with Spanish blonde and closed with black buttons. The basques of the waist were very long behind, almost like long sash ends, and were lined with gray; in front the vest alone had small basques.



LADY'S CARRIAGE DRESS.

For simpler suits bège is the most successful fabric of the season, either in its natural color (a yellowish flesh tint) or in gray and white, with double plaids. Cashmere, however, is not dethroned thereby, but remains the foundation of all dress, both for those who are rich and elegant, and those who are forced to economize. The variety of cashmere wrappings is incalculable; double-breasted, single-breasted, tight-fitting, loose, sleeveless—all kinds of paletots are made of black cashmere, embroidered with soutache, or else with coarse worsted cord, fastened at the intersecting points. Very narrow black guipure is also much used for trimming, and in this case the wrapping is furnished with a black guipure hood. Large sleeves are still in favor for wrappings, without excluding those that are half-flowing. Wrappings of the same material as the dress retain an unshaken sway through all the fluctuations of fashion, but a few mantelets proper are in preparation, and also some draped scarfs of white muslin, both plain and embroidered, for the hot days of summer, to be worn with white or printed jaconet dresses. These scarfs are finished behind with a large bow made of very wide ribbon.

The colors of the spring silks are of the strangest description; these are, first, all the bronze greens, and, in fact, all the greens in the most complicated and vaguest shades: frog green, lizard green, serpent green, turquoise blue with a greenish tint, faded lilac—in a word, all the most vaporous and undecided tints. None but Parisian dress-makers could employ and harmoniously unite these colors, which are not colors, and the alliance or merely the use of which requires all the art of a great color-painter not to be unsightly; with this art, however, our modistes succeed in producing the most original and unexpected effects, as well as the most satisfactory for those who have a taste for and admire unity in variety.

There is little stir just now in the fashionable world. Paris is still in a serious mood, and one might almost count on his fingers the few houses where dancing is ventured upon. At the President's house at Versailles there are no fêtes, but only political dinners, the guests at which are invited by turns from the different parties of the Chamber—Right, Right Centre, Left Centre, Left, and Extreme Left, or radical. These dinners are followed by receptions, where there are few ladies. Even the youngest do not go in full dress: if they wear a low-necked dress with short sleeves, they veil their neck and arms with black or white lace, according to the color of the dress. The dinners and receptions of the Duc d'Aumale at Paris are almost the repetition of those of President Thiers at Versailles, except that there are more young people and a larger proportion of ladies; the dresses, too, are not quite so austere. Madame Thiers and her inseparable sister, Mademoiselle Dosne, are proverbial for the simplicity of their taste; these ladies, who are good housekeepers, and at the same time remarkably intelligent and well educated, have always abhorred crinolines, tournures, and chignons, which are tournures for the head; and to avoid displeasing them, it has been endeavored to lessen the exaggerations of dress, already modified with the consent of fashion. At the Duc d'Aumale's it is rather different; his nieces, the Comtesse de Paris and the Princess Czartoryska, are young and beautiful, and without wishing to carry fashions to the extravagance that prevailed a year and a half ago, they would not be satisfied to array their youthful charms in the garments befitting mature age. The Princess Czartoryska, the daughter of the Duc de Nemours, was betrothed to the son of the Duc d'Aumale, who died so unfortunately on his way from America. The Duc d'Aumale, left a widower by his first wife, a Neapolitan princess, thought for a moment of marrying his son's betrothed. He did not carry out this plan, and the young princess married Prince Ladislas Czartoryski, and is this season the delight of the Paris assemblies.

Bonnets are still extravagant. Those in preparation for summer are composed either of a very high crown or of a simple band of straw, which is trimmed with feathers, bows, and flowers, to give it the desired height. Bonnets are also being made of tulle, crape, and even of foulard embroidered with silk. I observe with regret that for these bonnets have been adopted many colors, doubtless original, but very unbecoming to the face—salmon, flesh-color, pale écru, lilac gray, and grayish-blue, all mixed with garnet, white, or violet. I can not say that this is pretty, and it seems to me that in its eagerness for novelty Parisian taste has been led astray.

Numerous embroidered articles of dress are in preparation: summer suits, mantelets, talmas, parasols, and even shoes. On wool the embroidery is worked with woolen soutache or twisted cord; on silk, with silk soutache, floss, etc.; and on cotton, with cotton or linen braid and embroidery cotton. Embroidery, however, does not supplant passementerie—that is, fringe, agrafes, etc.—any more than black and white laces. On white muslin English embroidery is used, with bands of the same embroidery with scalloped edges for trimming.

EMMELINE RAYMOND.

LIGHTING AND FURNISHING.

IT is important to consider, when decorating a room, by what light its decorations are to be seen. Colors which combine sweetly by day are sometimes inharmonious by candle-light, and, of course, any room that is to be used only in the evening should be decorated by the same light. For instance, some blues become green by candle-light and some do not; a combination of a certain shade of Magenta and Turkey red, which by daylight are a powerful contrast (not that it is one I could recommend), by candle-light would cease to exist, as they become one tint; and certain yellow-pinks and blue-pinks, which by daylight are most discordant, match at night. Also, some colors require more, some less, light than others to look well.

There are two things that should be remembered in lighting an apartment: first, candles give a far *pleasanter* light than gas, if they are in sufficient numbers to illuminate the room; second, the light should never come from several places at once in equal proportions, so as to perplex the shadows of things. Light that comes from *above*, as nearly as possible like sunlight, is preferable. The corners of a room should always be light *enough*, but not so light as to destroy the principal light, wherever that is placed. Thus a face that catches two equally strong lights at once, so as to be without shadow, never looks its best, and a dress or a wall suffers in exactly the same proportion. It is a great mistake to make a room *too light*, as many rooms are made which have numerous gas branches. Too much gas-light exposes wrinkles and lines which the kinder sun forgets. The strong light from below which illuminates the stage at a theatre is *only* tolerable with the equally strong light from above, because the actors are at a distance, and in no other way could their faces be sufficiently visible.

By day a sky-light, not too expansive, is a good light for a room, or tall windows at one side only; and in artificial lighting the same principle should be observed. If a chandelier is used, other lights must be subservient to it. If gas branches, those at one end of the room, at least, should be shaded, so that they may give light without glare, and assist instead of destroying the shadows of the room. The extremely good effect of *shaded* gas jets or lamps is very little recognized in modern rooms.

To return to our walls. A dark crimson wall, especially in flock, fine as the effect is, is not to be recommended for any evening-room, as it is so difficult to light. Scarlet lights well, but crimson absorbs light to such an extent that hardly any amount of candles, lamps, and gas jets are able to make the room properly clear. I can only tell my readers that flock paper is a splendid foundation for a painted wall, as it then has the effect of a wall stamped or indented, and not papered. A red room, with a black ceiling starred with dull sea green or yellow, is very bright and good. Any drawings, or pictures, or furniture against scarlet or pale red walls are wonderfully set off either by night or day. A room painted with murrey-color, a kind of dull light lilac, warmed up with amber hangings, may also have a very delicate and beautiful effect.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L. R.—The subscription price of the *Bazar* for nine months is $6 for two copies, $3 for one.

JENNIE.—Make your green repped dress by Plain-basque Suit pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V. Trim with bias silk bands.

CONSTANCE.—For your boy of three and a half years make the kilt suit described in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V.

ELIZABETH S.—Get a white silk with black pencil stripes and make by Plain-basque Suit pattern, trimming with bias bands piped with black. Wear rose-color with it.

MRS. KATE.—The French blouse pattern is given with suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. The box-pleated blouse, with suit shown in No. 50, Vol. IV., is also suitable for linens, muslins, etc.

HOLMARTON.—A plain basque and single gored skirt slightly trained and ruffles of the same is the best model for your green silk. The Marguerite polonaise is draped in the three back seams of the skirt, not in that under the arm. Lace standing as a ruffle with a long jabot in front is worn with handsome dresses. Do not alter the postilion-basque. Swiss ruffles are too fanciful for your striped dyed silk. Your boy's dresses should be high-necked, long-sleeved Gabrielles, or else kilts if he is tall. Make the Watteau postilion for your black silk. The pattern is with the suit illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V.

AURORA LEIGH.—Back numbers of the *Bazar* will give you apron patterns in the Supplements. Make your muslin waist a box-pleated blouse.

A FRIEND.—Llama lace sacques will be worn next summer. $35 to $40 will buy a good one. The Dolly Varden polonaises do not have under-skirts of the same, but of solid color. Buff lace is a suitable trimming.

PRUDIE.—Read answer above to "A Friend." A basque or polonaise completes black silk suits. Few mantles are made of silk.

A SCHOOL-GIRL.—Black grenadines will be fashionable again. Make with French blouse, upper skirt, and kilt-pleated skirt, as illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. Wear white straw hat, or else one of black net with pink roses tipped with blue.

M. F.—Get a cashmere sacque with mantle. Put deep kilt pleating of new silk on your dyed silk skirt. See illustration in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V.

READER.—Make a Watteau postilion for your plain blue silk waist, and of the two new yards make an over-skirt on the back widths only.

MAY.—A Marguerite polonaise with a kilt-pleated skirt is the best model for an alpaca suit for a stout figure. Get a black or a line-striped silk suit for spring. Shorten your pearl gray silk skirt, and wear with the long over-skirt and basque it now has.

MILLIE C.—A Marguerite vest-polonaise of your buff sample with darker brown vest and skirt would be stylish. Use the same material, or else foulard, poplin, or silk.

H. G. H.—We believe almost any "elderly gentleman" will find a dress-coat indispensable at Washington dinners and other parties.

WINNY H.—Read New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 8, Vol. V.

J. F. B.—Woolen guipure is sold at the furnishing houses and fancy stores.

H. P. G.—Silk trimmed with crape is not the deepest mourning. A suit of Victoria lawn need not have a black crape collar, but should simply have black belt, black ribbon at the throat, and jet jewelry.—Letters of condolence *are* usually answered, for whatever may be the "etiquette" you ask about, a bereaved heart naturally responds to words of sympathy.

MRS. A. S. G.—Get a piqué walking coat for your child of six months, and make by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 27, Vol. IV. With that pattern you also obtain for 25 cents a pattern of a Gabrielle. The *Bazar* of that number will tell you all about the trimming, etc.

MRS. G.—Black grenadine over lustreless silk is suitable for a widow in deep mourning. Make with deep kilt-pleated skirt, over-skirt, and French blouse by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V. Trim with the material, not crape. Very bouffant polonaises will be worn. The waist lining should be high. Make the skirt demi-train for the street, and loop for the house. Wear ruches of black crape, or of Brussels net, laid in pleats, and worn standing. Two ruffles, the inside one higher than the outer, are stylish. You could wear white crape or tarlatan frills now.

C. E. T.—If you put on mourning at all for a parent, wear it longer than six months—one or two years certainly. Gold jewelry is inappropriate for second mourning. An all-crape bonnet is not suitable for second mourning.

FAR WEST.—P. P. C. on visiting-cards stands for *pour prendre congé*—to take leave—and indicates a parting call.

H. C.—Miss Sedgwick's works can be ordered from Harper & Brothers. Their names are "Hope Leslie," "The Linwoods," "Married or Single," "Live and Let Live," "The Poor Rich Man and the Rich Poor Man," "Means and Ends," etc. The first three mentioned are bound in cloth and cost $3 each; the last three are 75 cents each.

MRS. P. R. S.—There are eight *Bazars* containing articles to "Ugly Girls," viz., Nos. 26, 30, 33, 38, 43, of Vol. III., Nos. 22, 35, of Vol. IV., and No. 6 of Vol. V.—The Loose Sacque wrapper will probably be most becoming to you.—We do not send written directions with the cut paper patterns, but in the *Bazar* in which each pattern is illustrated.

INFORMATION AND OTHERS.—We do not hold ourselves responsible for losses in the mails.

MARGERY.—Make your lilac alpaca by pattern of French blouse, over-skirt and kilt-pleated skirt by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V.

MRS. C. Z.—We do not know where you will find patterns for embroidery except at the fancy stores.

MAGGIE MAY.—Skirts of fine flannel are embroidered with silk floss; those for constant wear are wrought with linen floss, as it washes and wears well.

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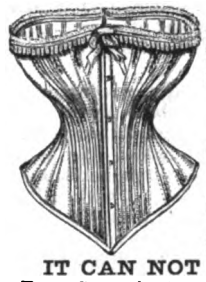
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MARGUERITE VEST-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 52
WATTEAU SACQUE AND CAPE, with Pompadour Waist and Trained Skirt	" 52

Vol. V.

DOUBLE-BREASTED SACQUE, with Postillion Basque, Apron-front Over-skirt, and Under Skirt (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 2
LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
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FACETIÆ.

THE following composition has been turned out by an American scholar aged fifteen: "A boy without a father is a horphan; without a mother, a double horphan; but is offenest without a grandfather and a grandmother, and then he is a horphanist."

In one of the courts a juryman being called and not answering, the usual notice that he would be fined was pronounced against him; upon which a person who stood by said to the judge, "You may fine him as much as you please, but I don't think that you will recover the fine, for I saw him buried about a week ago."

A rather grand and dramatic style of expression came to a sudden collapse in court the other day. An indignant witness exclaimed, "The first time that I ever did such a dishonorable act I would blow out my brains, Sir!"

"Very good," said the counsel; "and what would you do the second time?"

LUCKY ESCAPE.—A lady, aged ninety-eight, lately fell down stairs and broke her arm. Luckily it has been mended again. At one time fears were entertained lest she should have been a cripple for life!

A so-called philologist suggests that "the absolutoid elementismus of being echoes or reappears by analogy within the relatoid and concretoid elaborismus." This should be generally known.

Artemus Ward was on a slow California train, and he went to the conductor and suggested that the cow-catcher was on the wrong end of the train: "For," said he, "you will never overtake a cow, you know; but if you'd put it on the other end it might be useful, for now there's nothin' on earth to hender a cow from walkin' right in and bitin' the folks!"



MORE POSITIVISM.

CONFIDENTIAL HOUSEKEEPER ("*That young Person*" *having called about the Chamber-maid's Situation*). "But she says, Mum, she haven't a Character from her Last Place—"

MISTRESS. "And expects me to take her without a Written Character? Good Gracious, Mrs. Roberts, has the Woman her Intellects?"

HOUSEKEEPER. "Well, Mum, she have Something tied up in a Bundle!"

The insane German who fell in love with Mademoiselle Nilsson in New York has a rival in a musical critic of a Western paper. He confesses that he finds it hard to write "calmly and soberly" of the fair warbler "while the fervor of her manner is still quivering in his heightened senses." Calmly and soberly he certainly does not write of the lady's last concert in Louisville, for he sobs and wails as follows: "To meet the farewell of last night was a farewell that shall not know another greeting. Indeed, there is an alloy of pleasure we have had in knowing her—this of resolving the daily sight of her into what must always be a saddened memory. It is what the parent or the friend must feel when death divided friend from friend." Ah! why, now, did you stop at that trifle, good critic, when your soul had got the steam up?

An editor says he once partook of a beverage so very strong that he could not tell whether it was brandy or a torch-light procession that was going down his throat.

"You seem to walk more erect than usual, my dear friend."

"Yes; I have lately been straitened by circumstances."

In view of the fact that the reign of the Latter-Day Saints at Salt Lake is about drawing to a close, it is proposed that they now be called "Latter-End Saints."

A young lady at Council Bluffs, being informed by her "feller" that he intended to cease his attentions, cowhided him round the room, and, as he sprang through the open window, told him, with a parting lick, that that would teach him to be more careful for the future not to trifle with a gentle and loving heart!

It is unfair to speak of any new invention for painless surgical operations as good news for railway travelers.

A reflective reporter described a new hearse as "a splendid though sad vehicle."

Of course you have seen a rope-*walk*, but did you ever see a magic lantern *slide*?

A PARDONABLE WEAKNESS—Pardoning a garroter.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING—Using the dumb language.

A fashion article in a Wisconsin paper describes the suit of an Indian boy five years old. It consists of a garter tied around the left leg.

"I say, ma!" exclaimed a little four-year-old American, "if Washington was the *father* of his country, then I suppose that his ma was our grandmother."

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little "dying," and a deal of lying.

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.—All over the country the clocks are constantly striking the hours; and, what is worse, the public cry out if they stop.

What is the largest room in the world?—The room for improvement.

A gentleman who was staying at a sea-side hotel during the summer expressed his dissatisfaction to his landlady of the heavy charges in his bill.

"Well, you see," she said, "our season is so very short that we are obliged to make hay while the sun shines."

"That may be all very true, my good woman," replied the visitor; "but though I know all flesh is grass, I decidedly object to being made hay of."

USED UP.

IN Canada this afternoon
They chase the grizzly bear,
While swarth Kentucky hunts the coon,
Or seeks the 'possum's lair.
Nor coons nor 'possums *I* pursue,
Nor court the bear's embrace;
I can but maim a cat or two—
My life is commonplace.

The Sallee rover, after dark,
Will sweep across the sea;
The Algerine will steer his bark
In search of £ s. d.
When I desire to go afloat
(Which often is the case),
I can but seek the ferry-boat—
My life is commonplace.

The roundelay of rapture fills
The valleys of Cashmere;
The river dances, and the hills
Are stooping down to hear.
Of music, frankly I avow,
I scarcely own a trace;
I can but make a jolly row—
My life is commonplace.

Constantinople's minarets
Gleam brightly in the sun;
He slowly sets, and half regrets
His daily work is done.
The view *I* get from my domains
Is limited in space:
I can but see Manhattan's fanes—
My life is commonplace.

In Timbuctoo—a blest retreat—
Where instinct stands for law,
To-night perchance the chiefs will eat
A missionary raw.
Full gladly *I* would sit and take
My meals with such a race:
I can but order chop or steak—
My life is commonplace.

I hate the rules that bind me down
Within my native isle;
I wish to travel out of town,
And let my domicile.
In short, I wish to overhaul
The universe's face,
And shift my quarters once for all—
My life is commonplace.

A pretty, rich young widow was regarding herself lately at a mirror in her chamber while for the first time trying on her widow's cap. "Behold," she exclaimed, "the real cap of liberty!"

OUR COOKERY COLUMN.

[Several correspondents have pointed out to us that, excellent as our recipes are, they are expensive, and within the reach of the wealthy and the gay alone. We therefore append a few simple directions for the benefit of those born of poor, if dishonest, parents.]

Roasted Haunch of Jabberwocky.—Clumpse the joint in brillig warple for blinxome days; then take a gashfigal and scroople the huldy portions; whiffle down half a dozen gulgy burbles, and when cool souse them in choople gilg; then mix the whole in shmigsome fingle, and let it boil galumphingly. This is the frabjous way of dressing this calooboring joint.

For a Good Broil—Go down into the kitchen. If your cook is a woman of any spirit, or of more than one, she will object to this. Ask for the frying-pan, and, when it is produced, say it is filthy and not fit to be used, which will probably be true. Throw in a few suggestions about the policeman, garnish with allusions to the dripping, add a hint that you have missed things from the cellar, and serve up with threats of instant dismissal without wages. If this sort of broil won't do, you must invent one for yourself.

Potted Beef.—Take a round of beef, or, if you can not get a round, a catch or a glee; brown it gently in a bottomless stew-pan, adding water as it dissolves, over a brisk fire; baste it plentifully with dripping, and if the chimney catches fire, send for the fire-engine; if it comes, send it back again, saying it is only your fun; leave the beef on the fire while the engine plays down the chimney; by the time it is tired of playing you will find the beef completely gone to pot.

Pressed Beef.—Proceed as above—as far as taking the beef goes. Apply to the nearest stone-yard for the loan of a paving-stone; put the joint, after you have boned it (which must be done when neither the policeman nor the butcher are looking), on your best china dish; lay the paving-stone gently over it; add hundred-weights till you hear the dish crack, when it will be found thoroughly done.

Boiled Calf's Head.—Take your head—but no! On reflection this is too personal.

How to Boil Potatoes.—Buy potatoes. If you prefer it, you can grow them, but the process is longer and more expensive, especially if you don't pay your grocer. Procure something to boil them in. Boil them in it.

Soles à la Tartare.—Fillet your soles, if they won't fillet themselves, or the fish-monger does not fillet them for you. Give them to the cook to fry, and when she has done them tell her she is a fool. She will immediately serve them up *à la Tartare.*

THOUGHTS BY A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER.

Man is a locomotive animal. His progressive tastes are proved by the fact that when he wishes to say a man is successful he says "he is getting on." The first proof of a man's getting on is that he can get on a horse. The crowning success is when he can keep a carriage. The wildest form of the mania for getting on is a bicycle.

Men who can not afford to keep horses of their own have been known to "get on" race-horses. They bet upon events that must be uncommonly good riders, for they don't "come off." When accidents of that kind occur the bettors often have to "walk." Hence the philosophical maxim, "Walker!"

Some people can not afford to keep their carriage. In that case their carriage sometimes keeps them. The grocer is frequently thus situated.

Man is a locomotive animal in every walk of life, for wheel or woe. His best efforts are feats. His noble qualities reside in his sole. His remedy for the ills of life is heel all—or, rather, toe and heel all. He takes steps to insure his progress in life, and if he fails he says his attempts are bootless.

Man is essentially locomotive. In classical ages the earliest equestrians rode so well and stuck so close they were believed to be part of their horses, and were described by the word "centaur." We once knew a chap who could ride well, and didn't stick close. He might have been with equal propriety described by the word "centaur." He was sent o'er his horse's head when the animal stopped.

Man is—

[The peripatetic philosopher at this moment was accosted by a policeman, who gently bade the sage "move on, or he would run him in." The sage moveonned.]

What color was the last squall at sea?—Why, the storm rose and the wind blue.

In Mexico the custom is, when a duel has been fought, to erect a cross on the spot, and every one that passes by throws a stone at the cross. Some ingenious Yankees have taken advantage of the custom to clear stony land by erecting crosses where there has been no duel.



SATISFACTORY.

"Dining at Mrs. Laburnum's to-morrow?" "Yaas."
"So am I." "*So* Glad!"
"*So* Glad you're Glad!" "*SO* Glad you're Glad I'm Glad!"



ON A COLLECTING TOUR.

MINISTER (*to worldly old Sinner*). "Now turn over a new Leaf, and join our Church. Help us with our Debt. You can not take your Money with you when you die—it would Melt!"

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HARPER'S BAZAR.

A Repository of Fashion, Pleasure, and Instruction.

VOL. V.—No. 17.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1872, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Ladies' Paletots and Sleeveless Jacket, Figs. 1–3.

Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN PALETOT, trimmed with a passementerie border an inch and a quarter wide and bows of gros grain ribbon four inches wide. The border is partly sewed on plain, and partly arranged in loops and ends, which are of different lengths and are left hanging, as shown by the illustration.

Fig. 2.—BLACK CASHMERE PALETOT, trimmed with pinked silk ruches and tassel fringe. To make the paletot cut of cashmere two pieces each from Figs. 67–69, Supplement. Cut the sleeves each in one piece from Fig. 70. Furnish the separate parts of the paletot with silk lining and net interlining, and join them according to the corresponding figures. Run the material and lining together on the outer edge of the paletot. Set a fly eleven inches and a quarter long, furnished with buttons, on the left front, and make in the right front the corresponding button-holes. Edge the paletot with fringe on the bottom, and trim it with ruches as shown by the illustration. The loose flowing sleeves are trimmed with ruches alone.

Fig. 3.—VIOLET CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKET, lined with violet silk and trimmed with a passementerie border. The jacket is closed by means of silk buttons and button-holes, and is designed to wear under a wrapping in cool weather. It may also be worn in the house over a thin waist.



Fig. 1.—BLACK GROS GRAIN PALETOT. Fig. 2.—BLACK CASHMERE PALETOT. Fig. 3.—VIOLET CASHMERE SLEEVELESS JACKET.

For pattern see Supplement, No. XL, Figs. 67–70.

VIOLET CULTURE.

THERE are more than one hundred species of the viola family, classified by Linnæus under the generic name Violaceæ; but the variety of which we propose here to speak is that which pre-eminently bears the name of violet—the common yet prized ornament of our gardens and greenhouses.

The violet has a history, having been well known to and valued by the ancients. This we learn, first, from its original name, Ion, derived from Ionia, the Greek province where it was first observed. Indirectly we are made cognizant of the same fact through the mention made of it by their poets, Virgil and Ovid especially referring lovingly to its beauties—directly through its description by Theophrastus in his learned treatise upon plants, written about three centuries before the Christian era. The elder Pliny notices this plant in his "Natural History;" and Dioscorides, a learned Greek physician who flourished in the first century A.D., gives it also a place in his celebrated work on materia medica. But we need not this knowledge to enhance its value in our eyes. Every body loves violets, and although some may smile at the idea of directions being given for cultivating so common a plant, yet we have remarked with regret that its presence among us in spring is by no means the matter of course it used to be, and have heard many complain that their beds had died out. Although a native of both the Eastern and Western continents, the wild violet of the woods has no perfume in America, and needs the hand of the cultivator to bring forth that sweetness which constitutes its chiefest attraction. In summing up its claims to admiration we should not, however, forget that the exquisite tint of its lovely blossom has been honored by giving name to the most refrangible of the seven primary colors of the solar spectrum. Like all individuals of the vegetable kingdom, this little herbaceous plant is susceptible of improvement by the application of intelligent skill to furthering its growth and development. Although the calyx of each corolla swells into a capsule well stocked with seeds, the violet so freely reproduces itself by self-sowing, when left unmolested in consequence of the same fact through the mention made of it by their poets, Virgil and Ovid especially referring lovingly to its beauties—directly through its description by Theophrastus in his learned treatise upon plants, written about three centuries before the Christian era. The elder Pliny notices this plant in his "Natural History;" and Dioscorides, a learned Greek physician who flourished in the first century A.D., gives it also a place in his celebrated work on materia medica. But we need not this knowledge to enhance its value in our eyes. Every body loves violets, and although some may smile at the idea of directions being given for cultivating so common a plant, yet we have remarked with regret that its presence among us in spring is by no means the matter of course it used to be, and have heard many complain that their beds had died out. Although a native of both the Eastern genial soil, that the trouble of preserving and sowing these is seldom taken. Yet the character of the bloom deteriorates when the plants are allowed to spread thus, and if white and blue grow side by side, they commingle, and the result is that the flower assumes a pale purplish hue, by no means so pretty as either of the parent colors. To thin and transplant is the best mode of increasing and at the same time improving, violets. To illustrate: a lady, perceiving in autumn that her stock of violets was reduced to one rather matted bunch, resolved to make an effort to increase her supply before the season for blooming should return. By dividing and subdividing, with a trowel for her only tool, she made of the one bunch a row, edging a border extending for a length of at least twenty feet. A favorable season following, in about ten days, upon examination, she found to her surprise that every little plant was not only alive, but in full bloom. This was in October. The same experiment, more often made in spring, has been followed by the same results. The soil best suited for the cultivation of the violet is a rich loam mixed with leaf-mould. If you wish an early show of bloom, by all means select a warm sunny spot, sheltered by wall or other defense from the north winds, and lying, if possible, with a southeasterly exposure. A slight covering of straw, wood-pile manure, or simply evergreen boughs affords indeed sufficient protection from the cold of winter. We must not omit to mention that poultry-raising and violet-rearing can not flourish within the same inclosure, of the truth of which statement we have had lamentable experience. As a rule, too, ignorant gardeners have an especial aversion to violets, and invariably root out every one they find if not watched and instructed otherwise. Double violets, white and blue, are a valuable addition to the flower garden, coming into bloom as they do just after the single ones, and being exquisitely fragrant. The Russian and Neapolitan violets have the advantage over others of continuing in bloom nearly the whole year, and are also very sweet. They are rather more delicate, requiring, when grown in pots, the addition of a little silver sand to the soil, and are propagated by cuttings under glass. Florists are generally supplied with them, and they are popularly known as "monthly violets."

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The odor of the violet is so refined and delicate as to be found almost universally acceptable, even in the sick-room. Let us not neglect, then, the small modicum of exertion required to furnish our homes with violets for the refreshment of the sick, the cheering of the sad, and the delight of all.

DOLLY VARDEN.

O DOLLY! Dolly Varden!
Is a lady's form a garden,
That thou madly trail'st it o'er
With a thousand vines or more?
Now its every turn discloses
Lilies, pinks, and blushing roses,
Violets, forget-me-nots,
Larkspurs, and I don't know whats.
All the colors of the year
In a single gown appear;
Flowers of every season,
In and out of reason,
All a single yard in
Hast thou, Dolly Varden.

Dolly! Dolly Varden!
Still thy pranks we pardon;
For a very witching thing
Is the whimsy thou dost bring;
Every pretty maiden,
With thy wealth o'erladen,
Takes where'er she goes
Charm of added rose,
Spell of all things fair
Blooming every where.
Hail to thee! But pray put guard on
Those who *can't*, dear Dolly Varden.
Every human form divine
Can't be graced with flower and vine,
Bearing o'er its back quaint story
Traced in bloom of morning-glory—
Every dame can't be a garden,
As thou know'st, poor Dolly Varden.

Vainly, Dolly Varden,
We our hearts would harden,
Witching one, new born of spring,
Full of dainty blossoming!
Whether thou dost come in lawn,
Bright and misty as the dawn;
Calico that wakens choler
With its every yard a dollar;
Or in softly rustling silk,
Wool, and fabrics of that ilk—
Still thou'rt winsome, gay, and fair,
Peerless past all base compare.
Let old fogies ask your pardon,
Nor paternal purse keep guard on.
Never more our hearts we'll harden:
Thou hast conquered, Dolly Varden!

HARPER'S BAZAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY the Publishers will send out gratuitously a RICHLY ILLUSTRATED EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing a great variety of fresh and interesting reading matter.

☞ *Our next Supplement Number will contain an Extra-sized Pattern Sheet, with numerous full-sized Patterns, Illustrations, and Descriptions of Ladies' and Children's Spring and Summer Street and House Dresses; Wrappings, Bonnets, etc.; Devices for Looping Trained Dresses; Dress and Cloak Trimmings, Fancy-Work, Embroidery Patterns, etc.; with choice literary and pictorial attractions.*

ENFORCED SPONTANEITY.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

HUSBANDS and wives should have no secrets from each other: so the marriage manuals say, bidding the young husband and wife lay it down as the first law of their new life, and counting its violation as the fatal stumbling-block in the royal road to lasting bliss. Undoubtedly there is a truth somewhere in the vicinity of such a precept; but this precept is by no means the way to it. It rather lies in the way of it. The confidence of spontaneity is the true gold: confidence under authority is but a spurious and worthless thing. When Arabella's John moved into her sitting-room, horse, foot, and dragoons, because he could not live away from her, she had gained a victory; but if, when she had found his library door locked, she had raved and staved it in, and made such an ado that he never dared lock it again, she would, indeed, have secured a certain communism, but there would have been no increase of domestic happiness. She would have gained her point, but she would have lost every thing that the point involved. I, who know all about how every thing should be done in earth and heaven, and especially how it should be done in earth as it is in heaven—I should rather say to my young lovers: Do not be in haste to cast out your drag-net. Respect above all things each other's individuality. Regard inviolably the limits of each other's being. If you suspect that your friend—husband or wife—has a secret from you, be not disturbed nor solicitous to wrest it from him. On the contrary, make it easy and natural for him to retain its exclusive possession without suspicion or observation. Give him ample opportunity to make his life as separate and secluded as he chooses, and give yourself solely to being so considerate, comprehensive, sympathetic, and discreet that you shall gradually grow into his second, his better self; that he shall have no inclination to withhold any thing from you; that he shall instinctively turn to you in every new experience, with every fresh plan, conjecture, or fancy, as the plant turns to the sun, not to pay you any compliment of consultation, or to fulfill any duty of contract, but because your thought has become his, and he does not know how a matter lies in his own mind till he has seen how it lies in yours. But this kingdom cometh not by violence. If you start in life with a determination, where is found space for spontaneity? If you resolve that you will have no secret from your friend, where is the pleasure of your outpouring trust? If you are bound by an oath to confidence, how can your friend tell whether every fresh revelation is the product of a freshly springing love or the penalty of a dead and burdensome oath? The marriage contract is but a sort of title-deed to two contiguous estates. It vests the ownership of the two in the two proprietors, fencing them in from all other claimants, and forbidding them to lay claim to any other fields. But this is all. It does not prescribe how these estates shall be cultivated, or whether they shall be cultivated at all. Whether they shall grow corn and wine, or thorns and thistles, depends upon the individual owners almost as much as before they became joint owners. If they choose to unite their forces, they can become far richer than either could alone. But their power to blight each other is as greatly increased as their power to bless. Their union gives them neither wealth nor happiness, only the opportunity for both. Possession depends upon themselves, and is the slow growth of time.

On the other hand, I, who am always right, reproach other Mentors, who may sometimes be wrong, for saying so much to married people about the necessity of adapting themselves to each other. Dissimilarity enough of tastes, habits, and manners does, indeed, exist to give rise to such exhortations, but the real source of trouble often lies too far back for any forced adaptation to be able to remove. Adapt yourself, if you must, but it is poor business at best, and you will never make any great figure at it. The question that presents itself to the ingenuous mind is, why did you marry each other unless you were already adapted? From what we read we should sometimes fancy that uncongeniality and unfitness were the natural conditions of marriage, and that its great object was the discipline of two individuals by forcing their jarring natures into harmony. But marriage is really, or ought to be, the union of two natures already consonant. It is true that people are so hasty, thoughtless, and crude that they will risk the happiness of their whole lives on a short and superficial acquaintance, on a slight and passing attraction; and when they are suffering the consequence of their weakness in family discord and personal discomfort, when the charm of novelty has given way to the repulsion of ill-temper, when the graceful languor is seen to have been but the mask of a disgraceful laziness, when the brusqueness of honest manhood has degenerated into a heartless roughness, there is little use in saying what ought to have been. No resource remains but to make the best of a bad state of things. But let us not refuse to recognize that it is a bad state of things. Let us not attempt to shield ourselves from the responsibility of our own haste, or folly, or short-sightedness by assuming that this is the necessary lot, and exhort young people to prepare themselves for similar tribulations. The true moral for young people is that they should look before they leap into such a possibility. There is such a thing as a marriage that is of itself harmonious. The music of its spheres is evolved from their own free motion. There is no pushing and pulling and blocking to turn a squeak into a song, and that is not the natural way songs come. Let one-half the care be taken to insure such marriages as is taken to mitigate the rigor of marriages that never ought to have been made, and we should have hope of better times for the future. Let the young people be brought up to believe that marriage ought to widen their vision, not contract it; that it ought to minister to the gratification of their better nature, not repress it; that it ought to develop every faculty, and dwarf none; that it ought to be preceded and attended on both sides by a love so profound and absorbing that every service is pleasant, but that such love can hardly come unless the two natures are so suited to each other that even the little ways which are hardly important enough to be called habits, the little likings which hardly rise to the dignity of tastes, the little weaknesses, waywardnesses, and willfulnesses of each, are dear and pleasant. The conjugal training that goes along with love and admiration is as delightful in the process as it is excellent in the result. The training that implies disapprobation, and involves dislike, and assumes superiority is detestable, root and branch, seed and fruit; neither sweet to the eyes nor desirable to make one wise. A degree of pride is as necessary as love to a happy marriage, and in some cases would perhaps be an easier, perhaps a surer, test of the fitness of the marriage.

MANNERS UPON THE ROAD.

Of an Inseparable Comrade.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—There is one of the most inseparable of our fellow-travelers whom we do not like to think of. His attentions are incessant and most urgent, but most of us avoid him, and many of us pretend not to have any acquaintance with him, and, indeed, not to know of his existence. But that does not help us. He is not dismayed nor rebuffed. He will not desert us, however we try to elude him; and I will confide to you, although I am not suspected of knowing it, that I lately saw him touching Dulcinea's cheek and playing with Sabrina's hair. His acquaintance, indeed, is universal. There are none of our company whom he does not know, although there are some who are honestly unconscious of that fact, and who really do not recognize him. I saw him only yesterday in the Park with Cornelia. But although he was patting her children's heads, they did not see him nor know him, although she looked wistfully at him, and I could see that she was wondering what influence he would have upon her darlings.

It was a natural wonder, for this universal acquaintance affects in some way all whom he knows, and he knows every body. There are many, as I said, who pretend to be ignorant of him. Let those laugh that win. He is very silent; he never blusters. I never knew him to demand satisfaction even from those who show the most offensive manners toward him. But he has his revenge. *Aspetto*—I wait—is his motto; and Tancred's friend wrote his name upon the walls of the chamber in Damascus. I have known persons who steadily refused to acknowledge him, even when they were thirty, forty, fifty years old! "No," they said, "we have no acquaintance." I wonder if they deceived themselves, for they certainly deceived nobody else. Even while they spoke I, at least, could see that he had been with them. I saw the mark of his hand. He had been leaning upon their arm, and they still seemed to bear his weight. He had breathed upon their cheeks, and they showed the traces of that familiarity.

His influence, I say, upon his acquaintances is very various. It is like that of the sun, which both hardens and softens. Look at Lucia. When she was a child she was very pretty and very gentle and unaffected. How simply she dressed! How maidenly was her manner! What an artless grace and nameless refinement lurked in every movement! And as we, who were old, looked at her, we asked ourselves what prince would come out of a fairy tale to marry her—for which of the young gentlemen whom we knew was worthy? But as she came to know this fellow-traveler, and the acquaintance became more intimate, how hateful his influence was! I do not think that he was guilty. It was, I am sure, an unconscious influence and without ill intent. But the longer she knew him the more that exquisite charm faded. Her toilette was no longer simple and tasteful. It was elaborate, tawdry, extravagant, until she seemed bedizened with stuffs and crusted with gold and precious stones like a barbaric princess. And in place of that sweet and gentle address appeared an artificial manner which repelled us all. Instead of moving visibly before us and lingering in memory a vestal maiden, Saint Agnes or Saint Catherine, she was Aspasia or Ninon; and we old fellows shook our heads together and asked whether it had not been better that Lucia had died than have lived to be so influenced by the mysterious fellow-traveler.

There was her sister Angelica, not much younger; but the good fairies seemed to have brought to her cradle none of the gifts which they had lavished upon Lucia. She was not pretty, nor graceful, nor winning. Nobody stopped her in the street with her maid and said, "Nurse, whose beautiful little lady is that?" The subtle fate had entered that house, the fate which gives with the right hand and refuses with the left. But when Angelica began to know the fellow-traveler he affected her as the sun affects the earth in spring. It has been brown and frost-bound, but the sun awaking looks steadily at it for a little while, and lo! it smiles all over with flowers, and murmurs with gurgling brooks, and warbles with young birds. So seemed he to look at Angelica, and day by day, if she did not become beautiful, you forgot that she was not so. If she were not more and more graceful, at least she seemed so; and Lucy Ashton was not more enticing to Edgar of Ravenswood than Angelica to all who saw her. It was the spell which this strange companion of ours had thrown around her. And now, although it is long ago that we first observed the change, it still continues. Her hair is white now, and she is a grandmother for many years, but that refinement and spiritual grace which Lucia as a child suggested, and which vanished as she knew the traveler, is shown by the woman Angelica, because she has known him.

The diverse influence is as marked upon my own sex. I have seen him for many a year in constant attendance upon Publius, who was a youth of the utmost candor and of the highest promise. He had that frank, hearty, generous manner which does more for men in a public career than genius or knowledge. He passed lightly from honor to honor, but somehow each distinction gained was a draught that quickened and did not quench a fiery thirst. Gradually, like Lucia, but in another way, he changed. The generous manner became a crafty smoothness; the high hope that sparkled in his eye, that made his voice music, and which seemed to steep his life in morning dew, like that dew exhaled and left his heart dry. He no longer believed in honorable motives, because he had seen falsehood and betrayal. He thought mankind mean, because some men were base. He renounced faith, because there were unbelievers.

To-day you know Publius as well as I. He is the obedient humble servant of the people, whom he loudly praises and inwardly despises. He does not speak to his idea of justice and honor, but to his conception of what is wanted by those who can not comprehend the matter. He is consumed by a restless fever to rise, thinking that he can rise in outward dignity only as he falls in his own respect and in the regard of good men. Like a drunkard who has lost all sense of the exquisite aroma and flavor of wine, and seeks in it only a burning draught, so he craves an excitement that can not gratify; and as in actual drinking it is the drunkard who points the argument against wine, so in public life it is men like Publius who are cited as beacons and warnings against a political career. Young men still pure and ardent, still capable of heroic devotion, of noble sacrifice, look at Publius and wonder if that is the inevitable result. Sweethearts and wives look at him also, and if the lover or the husband pleads the call of patriotism and of honor, they are prayed to consider Publius and beware!

It is a sad work that has been wrought in the mind and life of the youth whom I recall so proudly hopeful and self-trusting. And as I know it is due to that fellow-traveler of ours, he sometimes seems to me as hateful as Mephistopheles in the garden with Faust. Not less does he seem to poison feeling and to destroy faith in some, while in others he fosters every beauty and every grace. Is there any magician in any story so incomprehensible? Is there any of a power so various and so universal? In other years, when I was a gay young man strolling and dancing through the flowery world, I went with your grandfather, my dear Arthur, night after night to the most brilliant scenes. You think that you go to pretty parties now, I suppose. Poor boy! you should have seen ours. There were those who used to think Grisi a charming singer—but they should have heard Malibran! And others who were delighted with Jenny Lind—but if they had only heard Grisi! And now I meet those who are enchanted by this fair young Swede, the goddess of the hour. Why do they not remember Jenny Lind? Do you understand, my boy? There have never been balls like those at which your grandfather and I danced.

Yet there was always another partner with every couple. Night after night—yes, year after year—I handed out my companions, and we floated off upon the music. And there was our fellow-traveler dancing with us. My lovely comrades had a partner they did not see. He breathed upon the lustre of their hair, upon the bloom of their cheeks, upon the spring of their light motion; and the music saddened as I listened, and died away from a dance to a dirge. But is he, then, so invincible? If he must travel with us always, and if his power over us is so sure, can we not have our own way with him, and mould that power to our own service? It is what I ask myself as I sit with him upon the way, and it is what I ask him. If I recall my partners, and Lucia and Publius, not less do I remember Angelica. For, indeed, his influence is a force

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which he can not help, but which we can mould as we choose. In my uncle's grounds there was a noble stream, which swelled in the spring-time, and ran to waste. But he banked it, and turned it, and did with it as he would, saying to my aunt that he could not dry up the river, nor drain it away, but he could make it water his gardens and his orchards, filling the air with sweetness and the eye with beauty, and heaping his table with luscious fruit, while far below he could put it to grind wheat for bread. This fellow-traveler, dear Arthur, we can not avoid, nor escape his power. But we can make him fill our lives with the unfading flowers of hope, and the perennial fruit of faith and charity. *Bon voyage*, fellow-traveler! It is our fault if Time gets the better of us.

Your friend, AN OLD BACHELOR.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

SPRING AND SUMMER WRAPS.

BLACK cashmere of light quality will be the popular material for spring mantles and for the cool days of summer; gray and brown camel's-hair cloth less heavy than that of the winter, black crinkled barathea, repped Sicilienne in all quiet colors, with light gray and tan serge cloth, complete the list of woolen fabrics for wraps. Drap d'été is rather heavy, but is sometimes made up without lining. Faille is retained for sacques and polonaises.

The sleeveless sacque or double cape will be most generally worn; the talma with hood is considered very stylish, and there is an effort to revive the regular mantilla with long square ends in front and round back. Very young ladies and misses cling to paletots; short, stout ladies and those with broad shoulders also object to capes, as they give an appearance of breadth.

The handsomest imported wraps glisten with jet: first, they have fringe with the netted heading and long tassels made entirely of fine jet beads; above this is silk embroidery, with leaves and wheat ears wrought in jet; row after row of oval bits of jet surround other garments as a heading for lace; and buttons are of round flat jet as smooth as glass. These garnitures are on wraps from the popular houses of Worth and Pingat. Guipure lace, or else rich fringe, edges all wraps, and in many cases the lace and fringe are combined. Guipure insertion set in—that is, without lace or silk beneath it—is very stylish. Two or three rows of narrower lace are often laid smoothly on the garment. Passementerie is much used as a heading for trimming. Rich, thick braid in clusters of three or four straight rows is a simple but effective trimming; a curled row is added on each side of the clusters. Elaborate soutache braiding makes a garment rather heavy for summer. A single bias band of gros royale (lustrous repped silk), or else three tiny overlapping folds, make handsomer headings than ruches or pleatings of silk. A collar or a ruche of lace finishes the neck of all wraps.

A cashmere talma with simply shaped hood, trimmed with narrow guipure, may be bought as low as $15; those at $25 are very handsome. Stylish cashmere mantles, fitted to the back and held in place by a belt underneath, trimmed with tiny folds and fringe, cost $25 or $30. A talma of gray serge cloth tastefully trimmed is sold as low as $12. Faille paletots and polonaises with rich ornaments of jet or lace cost from $50 to $200. Graceful jackets of light gray cloth, with bands of blue or violet silk piped with white, are made in the neatest manner for girls, beginning with sizes small enough for a child of one year: price $6. Double capes of light cloth scalloped and bound with silk are also shown for children: price $8 and upward.

LACE SACQUES AND POINTS.

The three-cornered lace point is unchanged in shape, but is wrought in new designs. Loose sacques slightly longer than those of last year, and with half-flowing sleeves, will be in favor for the summer. These are imported in llama lace as low as $15 for very light qualities; $18 or $20 buys a llama sacque with sabot sleeve, having a sort of side-pleated ruffle falling on the hand; the qualities sold for $30 are in the newest shape, and so handsome that the most fastidious ladies, who once scorned llama, now choose them to wear with black suits. A novelty is a cashmere colored border wrought in llama sacques—a rich Oriental fashion, and part of the effort now making abroad to introduce gay colors on all black garments. They cost from $35 to $55.

Guipure jackets are especial objects of desire. They are made of guipure net, insertion, and lace sewed together, and can not be sold of real guipure for less than $60. The handsomest guipure jackets are hand-made—that is, wrought in shape—and cost $150. The same amount buys a Chantilly lace sacque.

COLORED TRIMMING LACES.

Guipure is the favorite trimming lace, and the real hand-made worsted guipure is now imported in colors to match handsome silk suits. It is shown in écru, gray, purple, olive green, and all the stylish colors, at prices beginning as low as 50 cents a yard.

BLACK GRENADINE.

The newest black grenadine suits have satin striped, armure, or brocaded grenadine polonaises with skirts of plain square-meshed grenadine. The flounces are usually of the striped fabric. The trimming is guipure lace, insertion, jet, and ruches of the grenadine edged with lace. Lace jabots trim the entire front, and often fall behind in Watteau design. Écru guipure is also used on black grenadine.

SLEEVELESS BASQUES AND POLONAISES.

Sleeveless basques and polonaises, to be worn over dresses of a lighter shade or of different material, are much in vogue, and are illustrated in the present number. For instance, the basque and over-skirt of a suit are of nut brown cashmere, the coat sleeves and lower skirt of cuir-colored silk; or a silk suit has the polonaise and flounce of pansy-color, with sleeves, vest, and skirt of lighter purple. During the winter black velvet polonaises with gros grain sleeves and skirt were fashionable; now we have black cashmere polonaises and postilions with sleeves of gros grain. Contrasts are also seen in these suits, as a gray cashmere basque and tunic are worn with sleeves, vest, and lower skirt of pale blue silk.

BLACK WITH COLORED TRIMMING.

An effort is being made abroad to revive the fashion of trimming black silk with colors. At a late opening at a fashionable furnishing house there were shown French polonaises of black faille exquisitely embroidered with white floss and with flowers of natural color. Other black silks had frills and cascade of pale buff guipure lace, a fashion of enlivening black silk that will probably supersede the Swiss pleatings of last year. A sleeveless postilion of black gros grain trimmed with écru guipure was marked $100. An exclusive French modiste shows black silk suits, made by Pingat, with facings of pale blue and lavender silk. The skirt of one of these costumes had first a box-pleated frill, bias, an eighth of a yard wide, with a tiny fold of sky blue silk appearing below the edge; overlapping this was a straight scantily gathered flounce twice as wide, with the lower edge in leaf points, showing a blue facing; the heading was a bias band and two erect frills also edged with blue. The polonaise is a novelty. The front has a basque with a flat apron of crescent-shaped folds fastened to the sides of the garment by large smooth jet buttons. Puffs and an intricately draped scarf faced with blue form the back of the skirt, and a Watteau bow of blue faille ribbon ornaments the corsage. Coat sleeves with two crescent-shaped cuffs pointing toward the hand, and tied by a little scarf. The Marie Antoinette collar is of three silk folds, with oblong bits of jet and fringe for trimming. Inside the neck is a standing box-pleating of bias white organdy, doubled. Another similar polonaise has a netted fringe entirely of jet, and the edges show lavender facings.

Many Parisian costumes have Marie Antoinette collars of folds of China crape or of silk, edged with a lace frill or with fringe. Regular fichus lapped on the bosom in Marie Antoinette fashion are also revived.

SILK COSTUMES.

Réséda, the new mignonette shade popularly called sage green, promises to be the choice color of the season; next in favor for silk suits are the cameo browns, usually showing two shades in a costume. A sage green faille from Worth's has two wide puffs around the skirt, the fullness held in reversed side pleatings with three pleats in a group; a box-pleated ruche of darker shade separates the puffs, and a gathered frill at the edge is of this darker shade. The over-skirt is armure crape with light crimped fringe. The basque is of the darkest réséda faille, with sleeves and vest of lighter shade.

NEW PIQUÉ AND BATISTE SUITS.

The handsomest piqué suits of the season have just been imported. They consist of a polonaise and skirt trimmed with insertions and ruffles of open-work English embroidery. Repped piqué is the first choice; that with satin jean stripe is also stylish. A repped piqué suit from Pingat's had three scantily gathered flounces of white cambric embroidered in open compass pattern, headed by an insertion band of the same design (inserted in the piqué, not merely laid on), and a narrow standing frill. The flounces, nearly a quarter of a yard wide, were placed quite apart from each other. The tight-fitting polonaise fell widely open from the waist down, and the back formed two large puffs like the paniers of three years ago. An embroidered ruffle and inserted band surrounded the whole garment, passing up the front and forming a collar. Coat sleeves with sabot frill.

Flax gray and écru batistes, trimmed with tamboured embroidery and guipure lace of the same color, will be very fashionable for midsummer. These will not be confined to black silk under dresses, but will be worn over blue, green, and brown silk slips. A polonaise and a wide gathered flounce are usually imported together. Another pretty set consists of over-skirt, blouse-waist, and talma, with elaborate embroidery and lace. Soutache braiding in embroidery designs is also seen on these garments. Ready-made over dresses of batiste are expensive, the lowest priced yet shown being $50. Handkerchiefs of batiste are imported to match suits. Striped batiste is being made up by tasteful modistes, and many prefer it as a greater change from the solid buffs and grays so long worn. Some unique over dresses of a fabric like Russian bath toweling are also displayed. These are in solid colors, and in inch-wide stripes of white and flax-color, trimmed with guipure lace. They cost $75 or $80.

White Swiss muslin polonaises of Parisian make are fashioned of stripes an inch wide, alternately of insertion and muslin, and the garment is bordered with lace. Guipure and Valenciennes are both used for these garments. They are then ornamented with bows of blue or rose-colored faille ribbon, set about in the manner described in a former number of the *Bazar*.

CRAVAT BOWS.

Instead of regular neck-ties we now have the cravat bow of Valenciennes or of Swiss muslin, or else China crape in colors. These finish the standing frill of lace or muslin. Neck-ties of bias white twilled silk are, however, considered stylish, but are becoming only to very fresh complexions.

For information received thanks are due Mesdames DIEDEN; BERNHEIM; and GEDNEY; and Messrs. A. T. STEWART & Co.; and ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & Co.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL SHERMAN is having such an ovation abroad as must cheer the very cockles of his heart. When he was in Egypt, the other day, the Khedive not only gave him something to eat at breakfast, but had several grand reviews for him, in which the descendants of PHARAOH, MORDECAI, HAMAN, and other historical gents figured as officers and soldiers. Special railroad trains were placed at his disposal, and sped him across old burial-places, where respectable old mummies had been reposing for ever so many millions of years.

—Mr. J. LOTHROP MOTLEY, late United States minister to England, continues to reside at the Hague, where he is engaged in a literary work of magnitude.

—A man of Troy, reckless of his future, has dramatized Mr. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS'S "Potiphar Papers."

—Colonel FORNEY, of the Philadelphia *Press*, is now five-and-fifty years old, and was brought up a printer.

—Count VON BEUST recently stated to a Hungarian journalist: "People believe that I amassed riches while I was Chancellor of the Austrian empire. The truth is, I am to-day poorer than when I came to Vienna."

—The Rev. Dr. MUHLENBERG, author of the hymn "I would not live alway," and founder of St. Luke's Hospital, although an aged man, attends regularly to his pastoral duties, and supervises the educational and industrial school for cripples at St. Johnland, Long Island. Dr. M.'s name appears in several biographical dictionaries, but his age is not given. He is a bachelor.

—Another "personal" of DISRAELI and GLADSTONE; this one by a London correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser:* "There is one figure which you notice as somewhat at variance with the others. It is magnificently noticeable—haggard, with the remains of a certain beauty and coquettishness of expression, with really fine eyes and a firm, manly mouth, but with a burned-out expression and a dinginess of attire which mark the world-weary man and the exhausted dandy. The whole figure is a cross between the fop and the philosopher. As it rises there is a hum on all the benches; as the face is lifted there is a decorous but hardly restrained murmur of impatience from some, of joy from others. It is DISRAELI, and the administration is likely to suffer at his hands. His voice is penetrating, picturesque, cynical. Now leaning upon the table in front of which he stands, DISRAELI fastens his glittering eye upon the leader of the party in power, and calls him to respond to certain accusations. The words are like scourges, the sentences like blows. The Americans and the treaty are discussed in courtly yet inimical language; and when the speech has ceased the figure instantly glides away, and seems to sink into the shadows out of which it was so lately born. Then a death-like stillness ensues, and the honorables hold their breaths, for the trumpet-like, superbly sonorous voice of GLADSTONE rings through the hall, and the echoes seem to lovingly repeat his well-fashioned phrases, and to bear them upward and away over the great smoky city, over land, over sea, into infinity. There is no cynicism, but a cold and classical disdain apparent in every sentence; and to the opposition it is as a savor of death unto death. Criticism is checked; the disturbers stand still. Some petty measures are next taken up, and one of the inferior members of her Majesty's government rises, hemming and hawing, to defend his bill. After you have heard DISRAELI and GLADSTONE you may as well go out; you will find nothing more to interest you, and the hesitancy of many of the speakers will disgust you."

—The Queen of Madagascar is said to be very fond of nice apparel. It is quite to the credit of her Majesty that she is a subscriber to and regular reader of *Harper's Bazar*.

—FRIEDLANDER, the court jeweler at Berlin, had recently a magnificent emerald ring, for which he asked $14,000. The Jewish bankers wanted to buy it; but the jeweler said before letting them have it he would offer it to the Emperor WILLIAM. The Emperor admired it, but on hearing the price, said, "No, my friend; I can not spend so much money. You had better offer it to some of our wealthy Jews. They have recently made so much money that they can afford to buy such things. I am too poor."

—Lady WALMSLEY, carrying out the wishes of the late Sir JOSHUA WALMSLEY, has decided upon presenting to the English nation the celebrated portrait gallery that belonged to him, which comprises portraits of GLADSTONE, COBDEN, BRIGHT, DISRAELI, and HUME; also the celebrated portrait of GEORGE STEPHENSON, for which the late Sir JOSHUA was offered several thousand pounds; and portraits, by LACY, of CROMWELL, NELSON, and GARIBALDI.

—"You were quite right, M. le President," said a deputy to M. THIERS the other evening; "therefore I voted for you." The President replied, "It is not when I am right that I wish you to vote for me, but when I am wrong."

—Mr. WILLIAM ORTON, president of the Western Union Telegraph Company, in his testimony before a committee of the Senate, said that government clerks are paid more in proportion to their labors than private employés, because they must pay political assessments; also that their places are not so desirable as those of ordinary business men, because they are insecure. Hence the necessity of civil service reform.

—Lord ROKEBY, the owner of the famous library of the MONTAGUE family, will soon dispose of it at auction in London. It consists of rare books and tracts in all languages, many of them printed by finical people exclusively for private circulation, bearing the name, in some instances, of a "nobby" little *littérateur*, or "swell" author, who would probably not acquire opulence by means of copyright. Some of those works belonged to Mrs. ELIZABETH MONTAGUE, the celebrated *bas bleu* of the last century, and have her autograph on the fly-leaf.

—Signor GRAFFIGNA, of Milan, instructor of Mademoiselle NILSSON, has arrived in London with a pupil of great promise, Mademoiselle ANNA RENZI. This lady has a rich, powerful soprano voice, and promises to be a great success.

—SYDNEY SMITH said that taking MACAULAY out of literature and sending him to Parliament was like taking the chief physician out of London during a pestilence.

—Miss MARGARET J. PRESTON, of Virginia, now in London, wrote a beautiful poem, entitled "Sandringham," which was published in Colonel FULLER'S *Cosmopolitan*. The Princess of Wales was so much pleased with it that she wrote Colonel F. a letter of thanks for having published it.

—The Hon. CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS returns to Europe in the *Russia* on the 24th inst.

—MARIO has married again, and is living with his new young wife, Lady HARRIET BEAUFORT, in Paris. His daughters live with them.

—JOAQUIN MILLER is to lecture in New England next fall. Since he was divorced from his wife he has engaged himself to a Scotch peeress, and wears a shirt with pink boa-constrictors writhing on a green ground.

—Father TAYLOR, of Boston, once astonished a divine who had refused to enter his pulpit because a Unitarian minister had been in it, by falling on his knees on the pulpit stairs and crying out, "O Lord! deliver us in Boston from two things—bad rum and bigotry. Thou knowest which is worst, but I don't."

—The widow of MARK LEMON, late editor of *Punch*, has received from the British government a pension of $500 per annum.

—Sir RICHARD WALLACE is an admirer of pretty things. He has just given $20,000 for a set of fine tapestries representing Jason and Medea.

—Mr. W. W. CORCORAN has made another substantial present to the Washington and Lee University, viz., the Howard Library.

—The Hartford *Times* says one of the finest private libraries in the world is that of GEORGE BRINLEY, who has several copies of ELIOT'S Indian Bible.

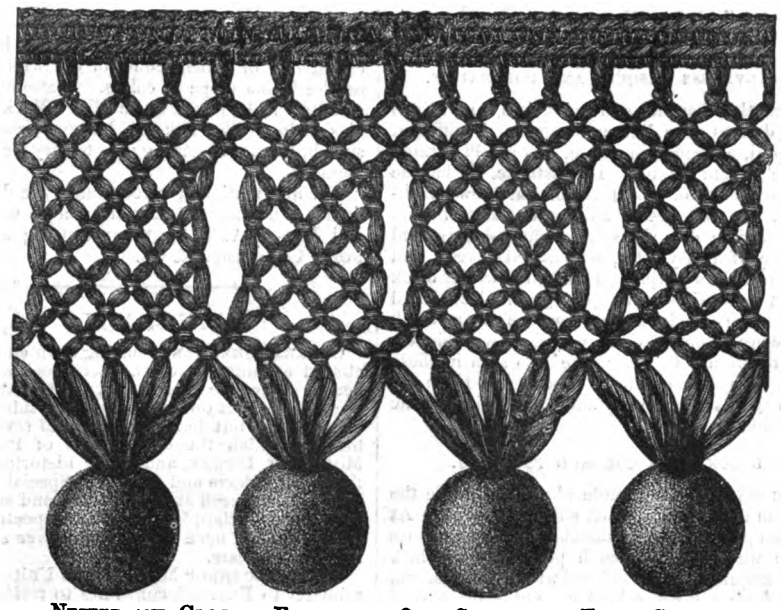
—ALEXANDRE DUMAS, père, describing the curious and contradictory elements that make up the character of his son, says: "He is lazy, he is industrious; he is a gourmand, he is abstemious; he is lavish, he is economical; he is suspicious, he is incredulous; he is blasé, and he is innocent; he is slow in speech and rapid in action; he ridicules me with all the brilliant wit of which he is master, and yet he loves me with all his heart; he is always ready to fleece me out of all my money like Valère, or to fight for me like the Cid. His imagination is the most vivid and the most sustained that I have ever known in a young man of twenty-one years. It bears me away like a torrent; it shines like a half-hidden flame; it reveals itself in reverie as in excitement, in quiet as in danger, in smiles as in tears. From time to time we quarrel with each other, and, like the prodigal son, he takes his portion and quits the paternal mansion. On that day I buy a calf and begin to fatten it, sure that before a month he will return to get his part of it. It is true that evil-minded people say that it is for the sake of the calf that he comes back, and not for mine; but I am not more than half inclined to believe that."

—Twelve or fourteen years ago the editors of a new magazine received a story from an unknown author. The scene of this story was Paris, the characters were French and English, the dramatic plot was French, the admirable art was French, and there appeared, withal, a familiarity with the topography and atmosphere, the life and social manners, of the world's metropolis which could only, it seemed, belong to a resident and a man of ripe years and culture. Therefore these editors, lingering and thirsting for the new and the surprising, as the nature of editors is, took counsel together, saying, "This marvelous story is plainly a translation; wherefore must we return it with thanks." Whereupon appeared unto them in a day or two a distinguished author, and said, "I know the writer of 'In a Cellar,' which is absolutely original. She is a young girl, born in Maine, bred in Newburyport, whose farthest journey has been to Boston. She is the coming woman in literature, for she has not only genius, but I know that she can toil terribly." Then the editors exalted their horn, enlarged the borders of their garments, and greatly magnified their office, printing "In a Cellar" with the name of the author in large capitals, thus: HARRIET PRESCOTT. We are reminded of this story by the marvelous diary of Gaston in this now famous author's new romance, "The Thief in the Night." It is an episode of the tropics, which she has never seen; but so wonderful is her skill that we who read not only see—we breathe—the heavy air, we are bathed in tropic calms, we faint with the cloying sweetness of massed perfumes—even escaping wholly from these bitter winter skies to the deep blue and the still heats of that dreaming land. No other palette in America holds such hues as hers. Familiar, dull, and pale words come from her magical touch musical as Italian, palpitant with passion, and saturated with color. Readers of HARPER'S publications, however, need no introduction to HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD'S works, and we began this paragraph with the simple intention of affording them a personal interview. Mrs. SPOFFORD is a little above the medium height, with a slight and willowy figure, and face of great intellectual beauty, lighted by wonderful eyes—"eyes not down-dropt nor over-bright"—and shaded by dark, soft, curling hair. Leaving out the youth and freshness of her countenance, it reminds one vividly of Mrs. BROWNING, not so much by resemblance as by suggestion. When she is moved or interested her talk is brilliant, poetic, and most original, and her humor, which is almost wholly absent from her writings, is the most quaint and prankish. She does not like writing, but pursues it with most delicate conscience, since she has made it her work, and finishes it with the utmost care. Her poems, however, she writes from real love of them, and values them far above her prose. She is eagerly sought for in refined society, but goes out very little, and her best friends are constrained to forgive her long absence and silence, when the fruits thereof are books so absorbing, so passionate, yet so pure and so lovely, as literary art, as are hers.

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Netted and Crochet Fringe.

THIS fringe, which is that used in the over-skirt with talma sacque and cape, page 285, may be worked with black or colored worsted, and is suitable for trimming water-proof cloaks, traveling dresses, etc. Make a foundation of the requisite length with double zephyr worsted on a netting mesh half an inch in circumference. Then work, always on the same mesh, going backward and forward, three rounds of 1 st. (stitch) on every st. of the preceding round. Take a thread fifty-six inches long, double it, and pass it through the eye of a canvas needle in such a manner that the loop forms the under end of the double thread; then fasten it to the first st. of the third round. To do this slip the thread loop of one end through the st., draw the needle and thread through the loop, and draw the latter tight. With the double thread thus fastened work one knot on that st. of the preceding round to which the thread was fastened; then one knot on each of the following 3 st., so that 4 st. are formed; * turn the work, work 4 st. on the preceding 4 st., and repeat three times from *. Cut off the thread five-eighths of an inch from the last knot. In a similar manner fasten a double thread to the next free st. of the third round, and work, always going backward and forward, a piece of the same length as the preceding, which should only be 3 st. wide, however. Work in a similar manner always alternately one piece 4 st. and one piece 3 st. wide, until all the st. of the third round are used up. Join these pieces on the under edge by two rounds worked in connection, as shown by the illustration. In working the knot which comes on the joining stitch of both pieces in the second round, fasten in the thread end there. Finally, work one more round on a netting mesh an inch and a quarter in circumference. On the upper edge of the fringe crochet on each foundation st. 3 sc. (single crochet), having first removed the thread and loosened the knots of the foundation, then one more round of sc. On the under edge of the fringe fasten together, always alternately, once 4 st. and once 3 st. of the last round, and on them fasten a worsted ball. To make these balls tie coarse thread, at intervals of an inch and a quarter, on a worsted strand seventy threads thick, and knot the ends of the thread tightly. Then cut through the worsted strand in the middle between every two knots. Always sew two worsted tassels together in the middle, and cut the tassels round in a ball.



NETTED AND CROCHET FRINGE FOR OVER-SKIRT WITH TALMA SACQUE AND CAPE.—[See Page 285.]

Paletot for Girl from 11 to 13 Years old, Figs. 1 and 2.

THIS paletot is made of sage green serge. The trimming consists of woolen fringe two inches wide and a braiding of silk cord of the same color. To make the paletot, which requires a yard and a quarter of material fifty-two inches wide, cut two pieces each from Figs. 77–79 and 83, Supplement, and one piece each from Figs. 80 and 81. Cut the sleeves from Fig. 82, observing the outline of the under part. Sew up the back from 80 to 81 and from 81 to 82, lay pleats at the bottom, bringing × on ●, and join Figs. 77–79 according to the corresponding figures. Face the front edge of the paletot with a strip of the material two inches and a half wide, backstitch a hem on the under edge, including the slits, half an inch wide, and sew on the trimming as shown by the illustration and partly indicated on Fig. 77, Supplement. Having hemmed the collar (Fig. 80) on the outer edge, excepting the neck, and trimmed it as shown by the illustration, baste it on the neck of the paletot according to the corresponding figures, and sew the paletot together with the collar, from 85 to 80, into the material and lining of the braided standing collar (Fig. 81). Sew up the upper and under parts of the sleeves from 86 to 87 and from 88 to 89, make a narrow hem on the bottom and along the slits, and trim them to correspond with the paletot, as shown by the illustration. Hem the cuffs, Fig. 83, on the outer edge, trim them as shown by the illustration, and sew them on the sleeves according to the corresponding figures and signs. Sew the sleeves into the armholes, bringing 89 on 89 of the fronts, and furnish the paletot with hooks and eyes for closing.



Fig. 1.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD. FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 59–66.



Fig. 1.—PALETOT FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—FRONT.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 77–83.



Fig. 2.
PALETOT
FOR GIRL FROM 11 TO 13 YEARS OLD.—BACK.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XIII., Figs. 77–83.



Fig. 2.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR GIRL FROM 9 TO 11 YEARS OLD. BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. X., Figs. 59–66.

Crumb Brush and Tray, Figs. 1 and 2.

BOTH brush and tray are made of carved wood stained brown, and ornamented with embroidery as shown by the illustration. Fig. 84, Supplement, gives the design for the tray, and Fig. 85 that for the brush. To work the embroidery first transfer the designs to pieces of light brown leather cut from Figs. 84 and 85, and then cut away the material inside of the design figures. Under each of these pieces of leather paste a piece of dark brown leather of the requisite size, so that the design figures show dark on the light foundation. The outlines of the design figures are surrounded with dark brown coarse twisted silk, which is cross stitched with light brown sewing silk. The finished pieces of embroidery are then set on the articles for which they are designed. Cover the tray on the under side with dark brown watered paper, and edge the embroidered part of the brush with fine brown silk cord.

Scrap-Basket.

THIS basket is made of light willow braid and dark stained bars of cane. It is sixteen inches and seven-eighths long, eleven inches and a quarter wide, seven inches and three-quarters high (excepting the lid), and is fastened on a frame of light cane bars. The lid is made of willow braid and cane to correspond with the basket. The basket and lid are lined with pink linen, and trimmed on the outside with tabs of pink linen, white Swiss muslin, and white guipure lace an inch wide, as shown by the illustration. The seam made by sewing on the tabs on the upper edge of the basket is covered by a row of guipure lace, and the seam of the tabs on the lid by a ruche of linen and Swiss muslin. The bottom of the basket and the middle surface on the inside of the lid are covered smoothly with linen, while the remainder of the basket and lid is lined with pleated linen. On the smooth piece of linen in the middle of the lid sew a puff of white Swiss muslin, and trim the outer edge with gathered guipure lace. For the outer trimming of the basket cut of linen fourteen tabs in full size from Fig. 87, Supplement, and eight tabs which are half an inch smaller all around; trim the outer edge of these tabs, excepting the top, with a ruffle of linen an inch wide, which is pinked on one side and arranged in box-pleats on the other. The eight smaller tabs are designed for trimming the lid, and are laid each in a flat pleat in the middle of the top so that they fit the arch of the lid. Cover each tab with a Swiss muslin puff of the requisite size and with guipure lace as shown by the illustration. Finally, arrange the larger tabs on the basket, and the smaller tabs on the lid, as shown by the illustration.

Embroidered Case for Letters, etc.

THIS case, which may be locked, is made of carved wood stained brown, and ornamented in front with an embroidered medallion. The partitions of the case are covered with white watered paper, and the soufflets are made of dark brown silk. For the foundation of the medallion use brown leather, or silk, satin, moiré, etc. On this foundation work the embroidery in the design, one-half of which is given on Fig. 86, Supplement, with brown saddler's silk in different shades, and with narrow light brown silk gimp and fine twisted gold cord in point Russe, half-polka, and knotted stitch. The monogram is worked in satin and half-polka stitch with saddler's silk. The medallion is edged with a twisted cord of brown silk and gold thread.



Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERED CRUMB-BRUSH.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 85.



SCRAP-BASKET.
For pattern see Supplement, No. XVI., Fig. 87.

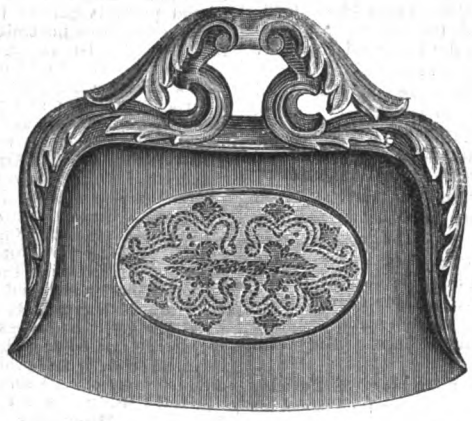


Fig. 1.—EMBROIDERED CRUMB-TRAY.
For pattern and design see Supplement, No. XIV., Fig. 84.



EMBROIDERED CASE FOR LETTERS, ETC.
For design see Supplement, No. XV., Fig. 86.

THE USES OF TATTOOING.

THE great moral of the Tichborne case, though we have not as yet seen it mentioned, is the desirableness of tattooing youthful heirs. Every young gentleman who has a fair prospect of inheriting a title or an estate should be indelibly

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marked in his infancy. It would be easy to arrange the marks in such a way as to defy the ingenuity of forgers. It might be contrived, for example, that a pattern should be made by a machine on the skin like the complex device on a bank-note. The original instrument would then be laid up in the family archives, and could be produced in case of necessity. A very little ingenuity would suffice to perfect this rough suggestion; and it would be inexcusable not to bestow as much care on securing the identification of a human being as is generally bestowed upon our shirts and table-cloths. Before long we expect to see an advertisement in all the papers, "Do you tattoo your children yet?"

The advantage of such a plan is obvious; but it is a melancholy proof of the feebleness of the human intellect and of human language. We talk in all manner of superlatives about the marvelous powers of style possessed by our great writers. Shakspeare is supposed to have had a talent for description; and nobody could ever hit off the external features, at least, of a face with greater skill than Dickens. But if we could imagine Shakspeare and Dickens rolled into one, and set them to describe a person so that he might be recognizable from the description alone, would not the task exceed the powers even of such a combination? We suspect that the dullest police officer who could measure a man's height, and take a note of a broken nose or a cast in the eye, would supply far more serviceable information than the greatest artist in words could extract from characteristics not accurately measurable by a foot-rule. Language at its best is a coarse and clumsy instrument to paint the infinitely varying and minute peculiarities upon which our recognition of a human countenance depends. You may walk the streets for a day and not meet two people whose noses are indistinguishably alike; and yet the whole catalogue of phrases applicable to noses—short, snub, aquiline, and so forth—would scarcely do more than enable you to mark unmistakably the difference between the organs of the Duke of Wellington and of a negro. The chances are, therefore, that even if a witness could distinguish one commonplace nose from another beyond all possibility of doubt, he would be utterly unable to convey to other persons the differences on which his recognition depends. If another witness, who was either dishonest or whose perceptions were blunter, chose to contradict him, we could not look into their minds in order to inspect the ideal patterns by comparison with which the difference or the identity was established; and there is no art of verbal photography. Our perceptions altogether outrun our powers of utterance, and it is only to a very limited extent that we are capable of communicating ideas. We can no more define in words a color or a sound than we can point out with a walking-stick the minutest markings on a butterfly's wing; and it would be vain, therefore, to attempt the description of voices and complexions which we instantaneously recognize when heard or seen.



SERGE CLOTH MANTELET.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 54–58.



CASHMERE AND GROS GRAIN WATTEAU PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. II., Figs. 9–13.



MANTELET FOR ELDERLY LADY.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. I., Figs. 1–8.



SERGE CLOTH MANTELET.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IX., Figs. 54–58.



BLACK VELVET PALETOT.—FRONT.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 48–53.



BLACK VELVET PALETOT.—BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VIII., Figs. 48–53.

If, however, tattooing is desirable to supply the deficiencies of language, it is still more imperatively required to supply the deficiencies of the intellect which uses that imperfect instrument. Our language can not render our perceptions visible and audible; but even if it could, they would supply a most treacherous ground for positive conclusions. Every body has remarked since the speech of the Attorney-General the curious process by which the believers in the claimant were converted; how, when a single trick had been successfully played off upon them, their vanity became interested in believing the whole story, and their intellects succeeded in representing every new fact as somehow confirmatory of the foregone conclusion. The lesson was an instructive one in many ways; for the secret of the claimant's power was precisely the secret upon which all spiritualist and other impostors depend for success. A man is first asked whether he has been the victim of a hoax, or the laws of nature have been suspended. Naturally, he prefers to believe that the laws of nature have been suspended; and from that moment he becomes unintentionally the ally of the impostor, and develops a strange ingenuity in evading all difficulties, and seizing every bit of evidence that seems to make in his favor. When we have once come to appreciate this process we see how erroneous is the ordinary assumption that people habitually speak the truth and are tolerable judges of evidence. David tells us that he was hasty in asserting that all men are liars; but he might have said deliberately that most men are either liars or the unconscious accomplices of liars. The quantity of sheer unmixed lying which exists in this world is, we suspect, greatly underestimated by most people; and of the quantity of false statement which is not quite lying, because it begins by self-deception, few persons have even a faint conception. The reason of this seems to be simple enough. For practical purposes we are obliged to assume that people speak the truth. A certain quantity of mutual trust is necessary in order to carry on the business of life; and we naturally make the mistake of confounding a provisional assumption which for ordinary purposes is accurate enough with a statement of actual facts, and then apply it to cases where it is more frequently falsified than verified. We infer from the practical necessity of trusting people in trifles that they are always trustworthy even in serious matters; and thus we exaggerate beyond all bounds the weight which should properly be attached to a simple unsupported assertion. If a respectable person—that is to say, a man in a black coat who has not been convicted of picking pockets—tells us the wildest story of ghosts or rapping-tables, the one hypothesis which the ordinary mind altogether refuses to admit is the surely not inconceivable one that he is a liar and a cheat. It is thought to be almost paradoxical to assert that any one outside of the criminal classes is ever guilty of downright falsehood. The weakness is certainly amiable; and yet it may fairly be doubted whether a capacity to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, is not as rare as the habit of unequivocal lying.

It seems, then, at first sight rather singular that personation is not a more common trick than it appears to be in fact. For this is one of those cases in which there is a natural predisposition among persons of ill-regulated minds, or, in other words, among the great majority of the human race, to go half-way to meet the impostor. Even where no claim has been actually put forward the popular imagination is ready to invent an appropriate legend in order to satisfy its own natural longing for the marvelous. The history of simpler times is full of such occurrences. Whenever a great hero died in an obscure manner a legend immediately grew up telling how he was waiting in some enchanted land, or beneath the roof of some mysterious mountain, for the day when he should once more reappear in his ancient glory. Sometimes a clever pretender took advantage of this state of mind, but the legend was able to maintain itself even without such a nucleus around which it might crystallize. The poor Lady Tichborne, refusing to believe in the death of her son, and always on the look-out for his return, is merely a type of the popular state of mind when any object of widely spread interest has vanished from the world. Royal personages are now surrounded so closely by observers of all their actions, they are so much in the habit of being interviewed, even at the moment of death, that there is little chance of the uncertainty which is necessary to generate even a popular delusion. They are no longer withdrawn in a cloud from our midst like a Homeric hero from a battle, but take their leave of us in as public a fashion as that in which princes used to be ushered into the world. And yet, even in our days, there were probably large districts in France where Napoleon III. would easily have been accepted rather as a new avatar of the first emperor than as his nephew. In families of a position beneath royalty there are, of course, more frequent opportunities for fraud; and now that a conspicuous example has been presented, we may possibly expect to see a repetition of the experiment. It is perhaps not quite out of the question that a new Sir Roger may yet start from the Australian bush or the backwoods of America. The profession of a personator is not altogether so disagreeable as many other modes of precarious existence. The claimant may be certain of a good deal of popular sympathy if he shows a moder-



STEEL BLUE CLOTH OVER-SKIRT WITH TALMA SACQUE AND CAPE.—BACK.—[See Page 284.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 41–47



STEEL BLUE CLOTH OVER-SKIRT WITH TALMA SACQUE AND CAPE.—FRONT.—[See Page 284.]
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. VII., Figs. 41–47.

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ate amount of skill in making out his case; some of the difficulties in his path have been buoyed out by the last adventurer; and if the worst comes to the worst, he will ultimately be provided for at the public expense. Probably after a short time the pangs of what serves him for a conscience, if he is rash enough to maintain such a luxury, would be satisfactorily quenched. It is a question which can never be satisfactorily answered, but which appears to be open to discussion, whether the claimant himself did not at some time or other really believe himself to be what he professed. George IV., it is credibly said, believed himself to have been at the battle of Waterloo, by dint of telling the story often enough. There is certainly a period at which a liar of the first water, a man who has that passion for falsehood which great thinkers have for truth, gradually loses the power of distinguishing between fact and fiction. Garrick maintained that, for the time of acting, he believed himself to be Richard III. A man who systematically represents the part of somebody else may end, after a sufficient course of lying and dissimulation, in becoming puzzled as to his own identity. Every body has sometimes been puzzled between the recollection of having done something and the recollection of having heard about it. How can we assign limits to such a process, or say confidently that we may not, by assiduous labor, generate a kind of permanent hallucination which will become to us a second nature? It has often been asked lately, what is the value of our recollections of another person whom we have not seen for fourteen or fifteen years? We may go further, and ask, what is the value of our recollections of ourselves? Are they not sufficiently shadowy to make it possible, by sufficient doses of what is at first deliberate falsehood, to render them altogether evanescent, and to substitute for them a set of factitious recollections gradually acquiring firmness and consistency?

The question is obviously insoluble, because we can not look into a rogue's mind, and it is precarious work to infer it from his outward words and actions. If such a feat could be performed, it would, of course, make the task of detection easier. Meanwhile we have the consolation of reflecting upon the advantages of the tattooing. It is easy enough to persuade a large part of the world, and even, it may be, to deceive one's self; but, after all, there generally remain a certain number of hard insoluble facts which have an awkward way of cropping up without having been properly foreseen. The ease with which an impression can be made upon uncritical minds illustrates the ease with which a legend would spring up in ages before criticism was possible; but the difficulty of satisfying any thing like a genuine inquiry remains so enormous that the chances must always be indefinitely great against permanent success. Luckily we have not yet reached the consummation of settling legal facts by universal suffrage and the average common-sense. When that happens we may expect some very singular results, and nobody would know with any great certainty whether he was himself or somebody else.

NATURE'S JEWELS.

THE orchard lands are all aglow with gems,
Rich perfumed gems, from Nature's casket strewn—
Pearls on the pear, on apple opals pink,
Rich rubies on the quince, and amethysts
Upon the peach and almond: fairer gems
Than light the sceptre of the proudest throne.

The scarlet blush sits on the queenly blooms
Of the pomegranate, and the whitening buds
Of April snow-showers flake the jargonelle;
Here the pink blossoms of the glorious peach,
Superb sultana, mingle with the flowers
Of the retiring tender apricot;
And there the quince her fragrant petals hides
Beneath the shadow of the damascene.

Showed ever iris in prismatic bow
More gorgeous mingling of a thousand hues
Than show the orchards, while the trellised wall
Glows 'neath the stars of yellow jessamine
In natural topaz, and the sapphire gleams
In heaven's unclouded ceiling purely blue?

Jewels, rich jewels, fair and sweet and rare,
Renewed from year to year; jewels all sweet,
That cost nor tolling days nor sleepless nights
For gold to purchase them; jewels on which
The humblest eye may gaze, the poor and rich
May both alike have share; gems which when dead
Leave a rich legacy of fruits to earth,
And with the spring reviving bloom again!

A ROSE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

SHE was a rose herself—Anne Nichols; not a stately white rose with every petal in proportion, but a little red cinnamon rose, rather, shining with the dew of the morning, and so sweet that the bees were always hovering about her—one of those roses whose crowded pink and gold tissue has been in such a hurry to get into the gay, fresh world that it could not stay to see whether it was petal or stamen or both together, for hers was that bright irregular beauty that is seldom seen twice in the same light.

In fact, Anne Nichols was one whose face, if not perfect according to the laws of art, was so according to the laws of nature; and though it would have been impossible to preserve its charm in sculpture, it was imperishable, you would have said, when once engraved on the heart. The skin of a downy peach, the eye of forget-me-not blue, the laughing lips, the dimples, the hair almost as yellow as Roman gold, made something that, if the rest had been harmonious, would have been dazzling; yet the mouth a trifle too large, the forehead a trifle too high, prevented your finding absolute loveliness in the girl unless you first had loved her. But then almost every body did already love Anne Nichols.

I doubt, though, if an idea as to whether she was attractive or not had ever, until lately, entered her head. Her life had been busy with the care of her little cousins, whose parents gave her a home, and with her books and work. She had only within the year gone into society, and not very freely then, for she was but seventeen. Without having a great deal to give happiness, she was nevertheless happy in the way that belongs to youth when it feels the world before it; dull and dreary days of commonplace life, torture of pin-pricking vexations, shadow of calamity—nothing of all that ever entered into Anne Nichols's dream of the future—nothing very definite did, in fact. It was all a rose-colored, sunshine-smitten mist, through which now and then one face, one pair of dark and splendid eyes, looked up—eyes that had looked too kindly on her if they were not to look more kindly yet.

But Anne Nichols had been reared after an almost obsolete fashion; and though I believe it would have been impossible for her not to be aware of the state of her own feelings, yet if any question rose in her mind as to the state of Clarence's, she shrank away from it as suddenly as though with a profane foot she had penetrated the holy of holies—shrank back into that atmosphere of maidenly modesty which surrounded her like a frosty halo round the moon. For all that I doubt not but far away in her inner world there was something that acquainted her well enough with the truth, and suffered her heart to beat more quickly, and her blood to bubble more warmly along her veins, at the sound of his voice softening as it called her name, the fall of his foot as his way bent toward her, without giving her an ensuing sense of harm or shame, or any thing but a still sort of joy—joy unfathomed, uncontemplated, only felt; the joy that belongs to seventeen summers as the perfume does to the fresh violet; that never can be had quite the same again, because with later years the divine unconsciousness has gone, and wisdom, that weighs and measures, has come instead. For the acquaintance of the two had reached that point where every thing pauses, either of them loath to break the spell, to change one atom of the delightful dream that thralled them both.

Clarence was a young officer of the frigate that had anchored for repairs beneath the cliff, and whose stay had afterward been prolonged by orders from the Department to lie in wait for some illegal cruiser whose escape from port was apprehended. The frigate had rocked there now two months and more of the heavenly summer weather with but little intermission, and her officers, each and all in their turn, had made merry on shore, gladly hailed in the stagnant old watering-place, and doubly welcomed where Anne Nichols lived, for her aunt by marriage was Clarence's aunt as well. Anne Nichols's beauty had drawn them too; so simple and sweet, so shy and yet so gay at once, so bright and yet so modest, she was a fresh experience among womankind to every one of them; and the court they paid her made her brighter and gayer, yet with a naïve and novel enjoyment of her power that was something very pleasant to see. But Clarence had, in a way, appropriated her from the first, and the attentions of the others were somewhat in sailor fashion and somewhat in fealty to the lady chosen by one of their mates.

Clarence had been on the cliff with her by sunrise, on the water with her by sunset; he had lain lazily on the garden seat, and helped and hindered her in keeping the children quiet during his aunt's long afternoon slumber; and at the balls given at one and another of the houses of the summerers in honor of the naval guests he had danced with her till his aunt had remonstrated privately with Anne against such an exhibition of her favor, for Mrs. Nichols knew very well that marriage with the penniless little Anne would not be the brilliant establishment in life which she desired for her sister's son. But it made little odds to Anne whether she were dancing with Clarence or not, when she was in the same set with him, when he clasped her hand or her waist in changes of the figure, when he came for her and took her from her partner, and wandered down the verandas or the conservatories with her, murmuring delightful words in her ear to the sound of the distant violins, too well pleased to think what any thing meant just now so long as she enjoyed it.

For all that Clarence had not told her that he loved her, except as every thing but words might tell it—whether he liked to dally, whether he feared to put his fate to the touch, or whether, as most probably it was, because he also was young and happy and felt eternities before him, and hesitated to disturb the perfect harmony of the present moment.

He had come on shore one afternoon, though, with a more serious front than he was wont to wear, and was strolling up the walk, having met Anne at the gate, on which the baby Nichols sat to bar his way, and taken the child on his shoulder, while all the flock of cherubs had sprung into sight and hearing at once, as they usually did on his arrival, much as if they had sprung out of the air, and now hung about the path and their cousins in a way which made Clarence think that though cherubs were all very well in their place, yet just at that particular time they would be serving better purpose in the heavenly latitudes than in these.

"Perhaps," said he, "I shall not walk up this path again for many a day." Anne's breath began to come and go, as the color did on her cheek, like a flame that some one fanned. "We are expecting sailing orders at any moment," added he. "Anne," he began again, after gazing at the pretty flutter of the color on her cheek; and he paused while she looked up at the trembling in his tone—looked up to see his face as white as hers was rosy. "Anne, my Anne," he began again, half under his breath; and just then the whole flock broke out in a chirruping chorus of sorry ejaculations:

"Oh, Cousin Clarence, did you say you were going? Is the frigate going? Sha'n't you be here at the garden-party to-night? And oh, Cousin Clarence, you won't go before the garden-party?"

"Yes, yes, yes," cried Clarence, "the frigate is going. No, no, no, not before the garden-party." And ere any more could be uttered Mrs. Nichols came stepping down from the veranda for her baby, and walked on with them.

"Your uncle is waiting for you in the library, Clarence," said she, as they mounted the steps; "he has a letter he wishes you to read;" and she held her arms for the child.

But perhaps Clarence did not notice her gesture. They were Anne's arms which most frequently surrounded the boy, and in Anne's arms he left him now—only he left in her hand as well the rose with which he had been playing, murmuring as he did so, "Wear it, wear the flower to-night, if it is indeed my Anne!" and followed his aunt to the library.

If Anne dropped the baby then and there, and abandoned him to the care of his brothers and sisters while she ran to her room in an ecstasy of bliss, it could at least be said in her excuse that a nurse was in the distance, and the rose needed water. She hid her mouth in it a moment when she was alone, and then she blushed, as if guilty of some unmaidenly behavior. She put it in a glass of water, and she sat down, with her arms crossed on the table, and her pretty, dimpled chin nestled between them, and gazed and gazed at the unconscious flower before her, the happy smile growing and deepening on her face, and thought of what was to be and memory of what had been dying out in one rapt reverie of contentment with what now was. He loved her, she loved him; the rose was to speak for her to-night, was to tell him what she would hardly dare to find words to say otherwise. He had touched it, he had held it, he had given it to her, he had given his heart to her with it! The perfect rose, heavy with its folded sweetness—so creamy, so impassive, with its pale outside petals so royal, rich, and red at heart, and shedding such a wealthy breath about it—it was like his love for her, her love for him! She could think of nothing but that. An hour ago putting the fact and the fancy from her, or only touching them as a bird might touch a spray and fly again—now clinging to it and resting there in absolute abandon. Some disembodied spirit could be as much cast loose from the things of the world as she was at that moment. Clarence and his nobility, his honor, his goodness, his beauty, his love—thought of it all wrapped her about in a cloud of warmth and joy. Nothing broke her dream but a voice, a voice singing down in one of the garden paths:

"I never saw a fairer,
I never lo'ed a dearer,
And neist my heart I'll wear her,
For fear my jewel tine.
The warld's wrack we share o't,
The warstle and the care o't;
Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
And think my lot divine!"

She stole to the window, and under the folds of the blowing muslin curtain looked out; but the singer was hidden, and all she saw was the sunset's crimson beginning to melt in the mellow purple of the evening; and watching it minute after minute—watching it with eyes anointed in that new chrism which makes new beauty visible in all creation—it seemed to her in her rapt mood as though it were the sky of another planet, for those colors and those glories could not belong to such a weary, work-a-day world as this is—as though she had been translated to some blissful star, and the sphere of light trembling just on the horizon's rim were the old earth fading from her sight.

"Not dressed yet, Anne!" was suddenly cried by harsh tones that had never sounded so harsh, and she turned to see her aunt sail in, quite ready to receive her guests. "The lanterns are being lighted on the lawn," she said, "and the awnings and carpets are spread, and they are preparing the blue fires, and you have not so much as changed a ribbon. For goodness' sake, what have you been doing?"

"Dreaming, I fancy," said Anne, gayly. "Never mind, Aunt Marcia, I will be ready in fifteen minutes—my things are all out."

"Fifteen minutes! I want you now! Who ever heard of dressing for a party in fifteen minutes! A pretty-looking— Well, Arly will have to stand alone with me and receive. But be sure and not loiter. You have such a way of dreaming with your eyes open, Anne, and your mouth too! Here, Arly"—and she beckoned in the pleasant young heiress who was visiting at the house—"here is just what you want, Arly, above that bit of ribbon—a rose. Where did you get it, Anne? I thought the roses were all gone. Over the left ear—there, that is very coquettish."

"Oh, Aunt Marcia!" cried Anne, springing forward, "that is my rose. Arly, please, it was—it is—I—"

"Anne, I am surprised at you! I am ashamed of you! A fuss about a flower—to a guest! Come, Arly, we have no time to spare. I thought I heard a carriage. Fifteen minutes, remember, Anne!" And she pushed the rather unwilling damsel from the room, and left Anne to her toilette and her tears.

What should she do? She walked up and down the room, and found out by instinct how to wring her hands. What could she do? Was it possible to go down and let Clarence see her without the rose? Even if she could get another rose, could she deceive him by wearing it? What would he think? what would he believe? what would he feel? And when she had mechanically dressed herself she still sat listlessly in her chair, half of the mind not to go down at all, when the door burst open and her aunt appeared, and, with an outcry, swept her from the place as though a whirlwind had been behind her.

So she stood by her aunt and Arly on the glittering veranda, receiving the gay throngs that came up for their welcome in the soft, dewless warmth of the summer night. Over her the many-tinted lights were streaming, the vines and flowers were waving; her eyes were shining with eagerness, her cheeks were rich with color; she was herself the loveliest thing in all the lovely spectacle—the spectacle of beautiful women in beautiful dress, of flowers and banners and sparkling lights, and sheets of blue fire illumining by fits and starts the long aisles and recesses of the garden, and throwing its weird lustre far out across a purple sea. But to all those who lingered about her with admiring words and glances Anne had nothing at all to say, nor did she even hear or comprehend them. On tiptoe with excitement, hoping now to see Clarence before he fairly saw herself, meaning to say to him that she had been robbed, she waited, flushed and sparkling; and all at once there was an uproar among the children, who had been allowed the first hour of the festival, and Clarence was hailed; and she saw him bending slightly over her outstretched but untaken hand, speaking no syllable, but gazing at her with great angry eyes as he led Arly out to the first dance.

Then she felt herself growing as white as he was, growing cold in all the delicious warmth, answering this person and the other more at random than before, moving through the dances as though a ghost danced and not she; and when suddenly a rocket shot up the startled night from the frigate in the offing, signaling her officers to come on board, and, without interrupting others, hurried adieux had been made to the hostess by the little knot of gallant fellows, Anne saw them hastening down the shore, Clarence among them, and without a word to her. Then the music was whirling like a great wheel all around her, and she had fainted on her partner's breast.

But after Arly was sound asleep that night a figure glided into the room and snatched a faded flower from among her cast-off finery and vanished with it almost triumphantly. And sitting and watching, as she might, a ship whose white wings, stretched on the soft land breeze, bore her slowly and silently away down the moon-lighted horizon, Anne wet the faded flower with tears and followed the ship with prayers.

As day after day dragged by then, another girl perhaps would have written the pained and angry lover, and if she did not say a word of love, would at least have told the story of the stolen flower; but not Anne Nichols: that would have been a thing impossible to her; and for the rest she knew perfectly well that Clarence could never guess the truth, and thought she knew that, fêted in every port, and indignant with the memory of what he had left behind him, he would have another love to heal his hurt ere long, and she herself would be forgotten. There was nothing defiant in the way she took her trouble; she bent before it; she simply tried to close a sepulchre in her heart and roll the stone against the door; and she grew pale and sad and recluse, and all her piquant charm had fled, and she said to herself that Clarence would be glad things were as they were, could he see her now; for the sweet grace, like a kind of saintliness, that had replaced the other, was something of which she could not be herself aware and still possess it.

One year crept by then, slow and lonesome and heart-breaking; and the other was the same; and yet another followed: weary seasons, sickness and sorrow in them, and little joy for Anne save that which came from ministering to the sickness and sorrow of the others. Night had shut down so suddenly upon the flush and rise of her aurora that when her bewilderment had passed away she found hardly any thing to hope for. Too young to desire death, and perhaps not quite miserable enough, yet conscious that life had few promises, the chief satisfaction she could have was that of giving others the happiness denied herself.

Not that Anne was altogether a love-lorn melancholy lassie now. She found a good deal worth living for, on the contrary: she loved the beauty of the summer night still as much as when she and Clarence used to wander down the garden path together beneath the stars; she loved the splendor of the sea as much and more than ever; her music was a consoler in itself; and she loved the little children whose teacher she had been so long, and found herself looking forward to their future now rather than to her own. And she had one selfish pleasure left—a brief enjoyment whose thrill was more pain than pleasure, after all. It was when she was left alone in her little sitting-room, whose windows opened on the garden plots, and where she heard the children's lessons half the day, and where her easel with its drawing and her desk with its treasures stood; it was then to unclose the secretest place of the desk, and draw out a folded bit of silver paper, and open the paper, and hang silently above the faded rose it held—an old rose, yellow and dry, all its heavy sweetness gone, its color and its softness too, the creamy petal and the royal red lifeless together as they wrapped its withered heart—nothing alive about it except one bristling thorn that pierced the lip that kissed it. Once, having gazed at this phantom of a flower a long time, she laid it down, wet, but not with the dew of summer twilight. "Dead," sighed Anne; "dead and dropping: soon it will be only fragrant earth—dead as his love. Oh, Clarence! Clarence! if you had had a little faith in me, a little more love for me, and could have waited to hear how she robbed me of it!" And her head drooped upon the desk, and lay there with the old dead rose against her cheek.

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And while she sat there an arm stole about her. She did not stir, she thought it only the arm of a dream; a cheek touched hers, a breath warmed her. She was motionless, yet in one long rapture, till her head was at last bent gently back, and a voice was murmuring in her ear, "Oh, Anne! my little Anne! can you ever forgive me, then, these three years of pain? Can you trust such a hot-tempered fool again?" And Anne hid her burning face as she bent to disentangle the flower, whose thorn had caught upon her breast-knot; and then she took the faded rose and kissed it, and laid it on his lips—a sweet go-between that at once promised what he asked for the future, and imposed silence on what he hated of the past. But he brushed it aside and scattered all its leaves in claiming the trembling mouth that it had touched. "The rose is dead!" he cried. "I wish it had been dead before it ever blossomed. Alive and in bloom, it parted us; dead, it unites us: but my love, my little Anne, will be alive and fresh when all the roses of the world are dust!"

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

The Dilke Motion.—Cock-Crowing in the House of Commons.—Retirement of the Conservative Members.—The Twiss Libels.—Burned Jew.

OUR House of Commons revived last night (March 19) the days of Tittlebat Titmouse, M.P., in "Ten Thousand a Year," who preserved a ministry by cock-crowing. In the present case, however, it was a constitution. It was well understood, when Sir Charles Dilke gave notice of his inquiry into the expenses of the Civil List, that there would be "a row" in the House. A direct motion in favor of a republic would have met with less disfavor, and would unquestionably have secured more adherents. The House of Commons is not only loyal, but exceedingly sensitive to court interest and patronage. Any member of it who attempts retrenchment in the matter of royal expenses of any sort will tell you, however gross may be the abuse he proposes to attack, or the number of votes that may be promised him, that, as the day comes near for discussing the matter, the small minority that he had counted upon wanes and dwindles without external reason, like a man in an atrophy. Mr. A has "pressing business in the country, which, much to his regret, will prevent his being present to support his honorable friend;" and Mr. B has "a sharp attack of bronchitis." The real reason is generally that of the man in the parable—they have married wives, and therefore they can not come; for if you read the *Morning Post* about that date you will remark that Mrs. A and Mrs. B (who have not before enjoyed that honor) are among the invited guests at the morning concert or the evening assembly at Buckingham Palace. The ministry also, who are necessarily brought into personal connection with the court, use all their influence to lessen the unhappy patriot's following—or, in other words, the scandal—and he finds himself in the lobby alone, or at the head of what may be aptly termed a band of outlaws; men whose wives are forever excluded from the court circle, and who themselves will never figure in "shorts and silks." Thus it happened in the case of the Princess Louise's dowry, and thus it happened last night. Even bold, blind Professor Fawcett, whom none suspect of truckling to royalty, declined to enter the lobby with Sir Charles Dilke, upon the ground of that gentleman's now famous autumn speech having been a personal reflection upon her Majesty herself. He spoke up, however, loyally for his friend; and especially warned the cock-crowers that in "attempting to stop free discussion, as they had done that evening, they were affording the most efficient assistance to the democratic party." It certainly seems curious that in a country where "civil and religious liberty" is the watch-word alike of conservative and liberal, that the whole of the former party should leave their seats in the House of Commons because a man avows himself, what Milton was, a republican! It must be acknowledged that neither Sir Charles Dilke nor the Hon. Auberon Herbert—the "tellers" of the minority of 4 against 274—delivered very brilliant orations; but the latter made a good point when, in defending his friend from the charge (very commonly made against him) of ingratitude to the court from which he had received his title, he said, "Whenever a motion is introduced into this House to do away with titles I shall remember that argument, and quote it to show that a title, great or small, is held to influence a man's mind, and that, having once accepted it, he becomes enslaved to the giver." The speech of the evening was, however, Professor Fawcett's.

We are fortunate just now in London in the supply of sensational trials. No sooner was the Tichborne case summarily concluded, in its civil form at least—for the criminal charge is happily yet to come—than the Twiss libel gladdened our itching ears. This was founded upon a statutory declaration made by one Chaffers, a *ci-devant* attorney, against the wife of the Queen's Advocate and Vicar-General of the Province of Canterbury, Sir Travers Twiss, and which accused her of shocking immoralities. The questions put to her by the defendant in court were of a terrible character, and whether true or not could have been asked of a woman only by a scoundrel of the deepest dye. She denied, however, all his allegations, until the day came for the calling of the witnesses for the defense, when, to London's amazement, it heard that the charge of libel was withdrawn, and that her ladyship had fled abroad. If she were ten times guilty, however, her traducer makes every man regret that we have done away with the pillory, and not introduced the institution of Lynch law. The scandal he has made, however, is something tremendous, and of course Sir Travers must needs give up all his ecclesiastical appointments and retire into (very) private life. All would have been well with him, perhaps, had he not introduced his wife, well aware as he was of her unhappy antecedents, to court; but "Good Heaven, Sir," as an old gossip observed to me, "to have deceived the Lord Chamberlain!" which, indeed, in this case includes Majesty herself, is an offense inexpiable. He had been buying Chaffers's silence, it seems, for many a year, and on his refusal to be bled more freely was thus dealt with. Another charge of libel, involving similar infamies, was made by a second gentleman against this modern Titus Oates, and also withdrawn at the last moment, the new victim having been probably terror-stricken by the result of the first trial. So here is a nice little profession to be followed with impunity by solicitors and others who have contrived to gain interesting information respecting one's private delinquencies. Oh for that instrument of wrath, which, if not "your country's boast," is said to be occasionally employed in it—a cowhide—for the execution of righteous vengeance upon this villain! The gusto with which any domestic revelation in high life is generally received is in this case, I am glad to say, quite swallowed up in the universal execration of the wretch that has so basely drawn aside the curtain. The famous definition of "What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" is thus applied: it would be an accident if Mr. Chaffers fell into the main sewer, but it would be a misfortune if any body pulled him out again. The saddest part of the business—though what happens now means ruin—was probably over, so far as Sir Travers was concerned, when he decided to dare this rascal's worst; but what he must have suffered when conciliating, supplicating, soft-sawdering him will never be known. From his notes (one of them apologizes for his wife having omitted to notice Chaffers in the Park) it would appear that he really believed his relentless foe to have been capable of sentiments of delicacy, or at least of mercy, and appealed to them. But one might just as well have turned out the fire brigade on the aurora borealis—the creature being quite out of the reach of such hose. It is curious to reflect, indeed, how out of the reach of all less direct agencies than the scaffold or the cat-o'-nine-tails such persons are. Public opinion is nothing to them. Courage and virtue, treachery and cowardice, are mere names. The press is useful to them on account of the publicity into which it brings their acts, and the consequent terror it inspires in their victims; but its lashes hurt them not. They are pachydermatous. The *Times*, of whose influence a Jewish acquaintance of mine once remarked, "I hope it will never write against the tribe of Israel. With the *Telegraph* we are safe, for it belongs to us; but I do hope the *Times* will never endeavor to revive a taste for burned Jew; for three consecutive leaders would insure it—and my baptism!"—the *Times* itself, I say, might write against Chaffers for a fortnight, and he would never feel it. The poet sings of being "steeled in honesty," but there is no panoply so efficacious as the brass of roguery.

Talking of the advantage of our imperfections, did you ever hear of the married gentleman who congratulated himself on being "color blind" on the ground that his wife was fond of flirting with the red-coats? "For, thank Heaven, I can never see them." R. KEMBLE, of London.

COLORS FOR EVENING DRESS.

A LADY of taste will not forget that colors change according as they are looked at by day or by lamp-light, and we see her in the middle of the day stepping into a closed saloon lit up with gas to choose her evening dresses.

A rule soon learned by experience in such things is that a color gains or loses in beauty by daylight according to the greater or lesser quantity of *yellow* it contains. Violet, which is the opposite of yellow, is that which changes most; it becomes of a dull reddish-brown. Blue, if pure, becomes greenish; if dark, it looks hard and blackish; if light, it loses color and turns gray. There is a shade of blue which has no brilliance by day, but acquires a great deal by the yellow light of gas, while *turquoise* silks, charming by daylight, are quite *effacée* under the lamp of a ball-room.

Those greens which incline most to yellow look the prettiest of an evening. Thus apple green acquires the brilliant tints of emerald; peacock green loses its blue *reflets*, and becomes too yellowish. Yellow materials are certainly those which appear best by lamp-light, especially silks and satins. Buttercup yellow, so bright at any time, is brighter than ever of an evening; straw-color becomes rosier, *sulphur*-color does not change, and maize becomes exquisitely soft and clear. All brunettes know how extremely becoming it is to them in the ball-room.

Pink changes to salmon-color. The yellow light of gas or candles, so hostile to all *blue* tints, enhances the splendor of red. Ruby becomes more brilliant, *nacarat* appears lighter, *cérise* deepens to crimson, and crimson inclines to *capucine*, which itself assumes a more orange-like tone, and orange vies with fire-color.

Even black and white are subject to the alterations caused by artificial light; bluish-blacks, by far the most handsome by day, lose all their beautiful blue shade, and become hard and dull. White, on the contrary, gains much by lamp-light; if faded, it lights up again, and actresses often choose yellowish-white dresses, knowing they will look best on the stage. Perhaps the loveliest of all shades for the evening is silver gray, which acquires a somewhat rosy tint; but grays which contain any amount of blue, such as pearl gray, lose all their beauty and look dull as soon as lamps are lit.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE visitor at Washington who has rambled through the vast Capitol until he is weary and confused among its intricate windings, will find a quiet resting-place in the Congressional Library. Pass out from the Rotunda through the west door and you will presently find yourself in a bright, cheerful room, walled with books, and furnished with reading-tables and comfortable arm-chairs. There are no restrictions which will prevent you from calling for a book and sitting down and reading as long as you please. Is the book you desire a rare one, a very old, or a very new one? No matter; it will be speedily forthcoming. The pleasant interview which we had with the enthusiastic and devoted librarian, Mr. A. R. Spofford, impressed us with the belief that he was acquainted with the contents of every book under his care, and that he might readily put his hand upon any one of the 240,000 volumes which line the shelves of the library, to say nothing of some 40,000 or 50,000 pamphlets. The alphabetic arrangement of the books in the library of Congress is carried to a great degree of perfection to facilitate reference to them. Alphabets are arranged within alphabets, each subject being divided and subdivided, and strict alphabetic arrangement preserved in each subdivision.

The room and all the shelving are entirely fire-proof, a precaution which past experience would certainly favor. A few facts concerning this library may interest our readers. It was first established by act of Congress in 1800, and for a few years a room which had been occupied by the House of Representatives was used for the books, which were few in number. In 1814, when the Capitol was burned by the British, the library was wholly destroyed. About 7000 volumes were afterward purchased from Mr. Jefferson as the commencement of a new library, and a room temporarily provided in the Post-office building. There it remained until in 1819 it was removed to the north wing of the Capitol. In 1824 it was removed to permanent quarters in the centre of the building. By an accidental fire, resulting from defective flues, 35,000 volumes were destroyed in 1851. About 20,000 volumes were saved, and $10,000 were immediately appropriated to restore the library. Large additions have been made from time to time from the Smithsonian Institution, from the Patent-office library, and from other sources. Since 1865 the law which requires a copy of all copyrighted books to be deposited in the Congressional Library has been strictly enforced. Hence there are constant and large accessions from this source. Already the accommodations for this great and growing collection are becoming restricted, and soon it will be necessary to enlarge its present quarters, or to erect a separate library building.

The question whether a cold plunge bath is a necessary part of the daily physical education of a child seems to be exciting considerable interest just now, particularly in Boston. Good common-sense, and a very little knowledge of physiology, would teach those who have the care of children that hundreds of them never ought to be subjected to any such violent shock. A hardy, robust child, whose system has plenty of reactionary power, *may* be benefited by plunging into cold water; but the feeble, delicate child, who shrinks in terror from the very thought of such a bath, is altogether likely to receive serious injury from it.

A genuine Rip Van Winkle, who formerly lived in Chicago, recently waked up in his roost in Nebraska, and returned to the scene of his former life. He desired to "put up" at the City Hotel, and was amazed to learn that, in company with a large part of the city, that respectable establishment had been burned up. He seemed truly grieved, and exclaimed, "Ef I'd 'a known o' this, I wouldn't 'a come to Chicager."

China boasts of a newspaper which has just entered upon its two thousandth volume. We are not surprised to learn that all its original staff are dead.

The decorations of St. Paul's on the occasion of the general thanksgiving for the recovery of the Prince of Wales cost seventy thousand dollars.

Those who happened to live about that time, and remember about it, say that the March of 1772 was a month of high winds and severely cold weather—just such as we had last month. It is a great satisfaction to know this. How about April, 1772?

Strollers through the Capitol at Washington will remember the allegorical clock over the north door of the old hall of the House of Representatives. The constructor of this clock died before his work was paid for, and left no heirs. The appropriation for it is yet in the treasury.

Berlin has twenty female physicians, and all of them are said to be excellent practitioners, and to have amassed ample pecuniary means by their profession.

"Do use your influence against such a fashion as *that*," said a lady to us the other day. We turned in the direction indicated: a pretty-looking woman, neatly and tastefully attired in every detail that appertained to the upper part of her person—dainty lace, fresh ribbons, nicely fitting gloves—but her rich silk dress was trailing in the dirty street. There had been rain the day before, and several inches of the skirt were discolored with mud. "How can any one who is really neat wear such a garment as that?" continued the lady. "Fancy the stockings beneath, receiving all that is gathered up by that train! Such a dress, after being dragged over filthy pavements, is not fit to be kept on a moment in the house; and what a task to clean it sufficiently even to go into the streets again!" The most sensible fashion women have had for years is the short walking dress, convenient and cleanly. And we believe that one and all would regret any innovation in street dresses which would force upon them a garment which must trail through mud and filth. It seems impossible that ladies, pure, delicate, and dainty, can endure the thought even of the contamination that must gather on these back-trailing dresses. It is simply disgusting. Long skirts should be confined to the house and carriage. Women of good sense, with a love of purity and comfort, may well oppose any fashion that necessarily entails impurity and discomfort. Better resume the old style of long dresses, which could be looped or held up, than those that are just long enough to sweep all horrible dirt in a continuous stream upon shoes and stockings and under-garments.

According to the report of the chief Signal Service officer, Washington has the palm for snow-storms during the past winter. From November to March inclusive, there were twenty-five snow-storms in Washington, twenty in Philadelphia, nineteen in New York, and twenty-one in Boston. So much for the number of storms. As to the quantity of snow, Washington might not stand first among the cities.

In commenting upon the toilettes worn at the recent drawing-room of Queen Victoria the *Court Journal* says: "The prevailing color last year was eau de Nil—certainly a most beautiful tint of green, but trying to some complexions. This year the fashionable color is 'a new shade of blue,' which is simply thus designated without any distinguishing name; it is very becoming, and will certainly find much more favor than the color it deposes."

Cairo, Egypt, is now regarded by the English people as "one of the most charming places" in which to spend a winter. The place is full of tourists now, and it is, in every sense of the word, "fashionable."

"Aida," the new opera of Verdi's, which a short time ago was first produced at Cairo, and there met with a most enthusiastic reception, has since been received with triumphant honors in the famous "La Scala" Theatre at Milan. The critical Italians gave it the warmest welcome, although the opera is written on an Egyptian subject, and was especially prepared for an Egyptian theatre.

Probably it is not generally known that all the flags for the Navy, War, and Treasury departments are now made seamless. The fabric is woven in white bunting, and the red stripes and blue field dyed in pattern. They are much brighter, and are found to wear longer than the old-fashioned make.

The Young Women's Christian Association of Boston intend to erect a new home for indigent young women at a cost of $80,000.

Wood may be rendered—so it is asserted—nearly as capable of resisting fire as brick or stone, and without great labor or expense. The dried lumber is soaked a short time in a solution of soluble glass, a silicate of soda or potash, after which it is immersed in lime-water, by which the silicate of soda is decomposed and the pores of the wood filled with a silicate of lime. The substance is fire-proof, and can not be dissolved in water, and its presence and effect in the fibre of the wood are, therefore, permanent. Soluble glass is readily obtained, being already largely used for various purposes in this country.

The Jews in Roumania have been suffering great persecution and cruelties from the other residents of the province. The town of Cahul numbers about seven thousand inhabitants. One thousand are Jews. These were suddenly attacked by their fellow-townsmen, and the most frightful barbarities were practiced upon them.

Litigation is productive of vast evils. Not the least of them is the wear and tear of mind to those intimately concerned, which not unfrequently results in absolute insanity. Not long ago a woman called at the White House to see the President on business, as she said, of the utmost importance. She was very neatly dressed, and appeared to be about fifty years of age. She seemed to be a lady of unusual intelligence, and said that she had come all the way from Maine to obtain an interview with the President, and must see him in regard to her business. She finally consented to enlighten General Dent as to her errand, and informed him in the most serious manner possible that she owned the whole of the United States; that the possession of so much real estate had become burdensome to her; and that she had a deed prepared, giving to the President the United States for and in consideration of a certain sum to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life. She explained minutely how the whole country came into her possession, and produced the deed of gift—a formidable-looking document, evidently drawn up by some waggish lawyer to gratify the old lady. An interview with the President was courteously denied; but on her repeatedly demanding it, the deed was taken to the President, who returned it with the message that he respectfully declined it with thanks. The eyes of the indignant woman flashed with rage as she withdrew, saying, "Tell the President, Sir, that since he refuses the deed, I shall advertise and sell the United States at public auction. Such treatment is infamous, and I shall resent it." This unfortunate woman became insane in consequence of litigation in regard to some property in Maine.

A novel invention to relieve the fatigue of the limbs in traveling is an air cushion for the feet. Could not somebody devise an elastic air seat, which would be still more effectual?

A quarter of a million of cats and a hundred thousand dogs is the estimated number of these quadrupeds in London. A calculation of the food they consume annually is startling.

Boys "take" to politics naturally, though occasionally they get them a little mixed. In a Massachusetts Sunday-school recently a boy was asked by his teacher how many commandments there were. "Eleven," was the prompt reply. The teacher said there had been one added, then, and asked him what it was. The boy looked perplexed, scratched his head a moment, and then triumphantly replied, "The Fifteenth Amendment."

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Fig. 1.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. XII., Figs. 71-76.

Fig. 2.—GRAY PONGEE DRESS.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 3.—SUIT FOR GIRL FROM 10 TO 12 YEARS OLD.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 4.—FAWN-COLORED SERGE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 5.—BROWN SILK DRESS.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Fig. 6.—BUFF PONGEE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 7.—BROWN SILK DRESS IN TWO SHADES.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 8.—PEARL GRAY POPLIN DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

Fig. 9.—SILK AND CASHMERE DRESS.
For description see Supplement.

FIGS. 1-9.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS.

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Figs. 1 and 2.—DOUBLE CAPE WITH POINTED HOOD.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern see description in Supplement.

Figs. 3 and 4.—GRAY CLOTH PALETOT IN TWO SHADES.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. III., Figs. 14-19.

Figs. 5 and 6.—BLACK CASHMERE PALETOT.—FRONT AND BACK.
For pattern and description see Supplement, No. IV., Figs. 20-26.

Figs. 7 and 8.—GRAY CASHMERE PALETOT (FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN). FRONT AND BACK.—[For pattern and description see Suppl., No. V., Figs. 27-33.]

Fig. 9.—BLACK GROS GRAIN PALETOT.
For pattern and description see Suppl., No. VI., Figs. 34-40.

FIGS. 1-9.—LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SPRING AND SUMMER WRAPPINGS.

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PARIS GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THOSE DREADFUL AMERICANS.

WELL, dreadful as they are, and many and manifold though be their iniquities, none but a heart of stone could refuse to pity them. They sin, but swiftly and heavily their sins are visited on their heads as well as upon ours. Listen to the following veracious history of an American family who have recently accomplished the arduous, but to most of their compatriots delightful, task of furnishing a handsome apartment in Paris. Needless to dwell on how long they hesitated before embarking on the perilous venture of slipping their necks into the noose of a lease from a French landlord, and of placing their domestic peace in a great measure, and their domestic comfort altogether, at the mercy of a French concierge; but finally vanquished by the solicitations of friends (the writer strikes her breast, and in bitterness of spirit pleads guilty to having swelled the list of the throng of evil counselors), and the prospect of a voyage across the ocean, with its train of luggage and custom-house worries, and other unmentionable horrors inseparable from the twelve days' life on board, and the anguish of tearing themselves away from the land, not of cypress and myrtle, but of bonnets and bijoux, and the prospect of being driven into the sorry plight of the distant sisterhood who labor under the difficulty of residing in New York and shopping in Paris—overruled and persuaded by these many-sided and conflicting arguments, they yielded at last to their fate, and after two months' hard labor and conscientious endeavors to break their necks or their legs, or bring on a spine complaint by climbing up and toiling down stairs as numerous, and in many instances as bright from bees-wax, as the stars; after discoursing with innumerable concierges, and having their brains addled by the voluble praises of the cheapness and the convenience and the beauty and the incomparable advantages of each particular apartment they inspected, and the perfections of its landlord, who in every case was declared to be the model and beau ideal of landlords—obliging, reasonable, conscientious—a very father to his locataires; after, I say, going through all this mental and physical anguish, our friends submitted to their doom, and bravely signed a lease for a charming suite of rooms on one of the gay new avenues that run from the Champs Elysées to the Faubourg St. Honoré. Then came the excitement of furnishing, the "mounting in hot haste" early in the morning, the "hurrying to and fro" all day long, the asking advice from every friend and acquaintance in the city, all Americans, of course (the infatuated beings had not discovered until an advanced stage of misery what a treasure they possessed in the writer's acquaintance). They wanted to know the best shops—viz., the dearest, the flashiest, the most American-frequented. Some who had been long residents in Paris spoke oracularly about "the way French people do these things, so much more economically," and so forth; but to my certain knowledge no live French man or woman was called into council. The consequence was that our poor friends went to the most expensive places, paying tremendous prices, offering themselves, in fact, like lambs to the shearers, and submitting with unmurmuring resignation to the process of fleecing. To be sure, the process has its compensations. Nowhere is furniture more varied in texture, shape, and design, more irresistibly fascinating to weak human womankind, than in Paris; and if the bills were monstrous, it did not much matter: the lambs were fat, and could afford it. But the principle? You dear, innocent *Bazar*, who on this broad bright earth cares one rush for that superannuated old fogy called principle except you and I? We are of the old-fashioned school that has passed to a better world than this best of all possible ones, where, let us hope, our joint labors in the cause of philanthropy and many other noble things will be better appreciated than they are at present. How to make money and how to enjoy life are the only principles that sensible people care an old song for nowadays. Poor men who are fighting the battle of life the world expects to have principles, and to act up to them, to be sure; why, I never could make out. Whether it is a sort of expiation or justification of their poverty that rich men feel bound to exact from their pariah brothers, I am not enough of a philosopher to say. I should like to hear your opinion on the subject. But don't let us wander from upholstery into metaphysics. Let us turn to the tables and chairs, not with a view of making them turn at any future period—an operation which I have already told you in confidence I highly disapprove of.

The fashionable fournisseur who was so fortunate as to secure the order for the complete furnishing of the apartment in question swore as only a Paris fournisseur can swear, with a pathos of conviction, an earnest, self-devoting zeal, never to be seen elsewhere, that in eight days from receiving his final instructions the salon, boudoir, dining-room, four masters' bedrooms, kitchen, etc., should be in apple-pie order, ready for the reception of the family. The furnished apartment which they had previously occupied being let over their heads, they were obliged to vacate it and go to a hotel for this intervening week. They were informed on arriving at the hotel that the rooms which they were shown to were let for the ensuing week, so that in the event of their wishing to prolong their stay, the landlord would be reluctantly compelled to invite them to another suite on the story above. He was prolific in his assurances of devotion and despair in case this should cause them the slightest shade of distress; but if he had known, etc. Mrs. X——, however, consoled and silenced him by protesting that she had not the remotest idea of remaining a day beyond the stipulated term. Trusting implicitly to the impassioned "*Je vous le jure, madame!*" of the fournisseur, they had not the smallest misgiving as to their being able to migrate to their pretty new nest on the closing day of the week. The upholsterer, with a pride in his work which did honor to his feelings as a man and his susceptibilities as an artist, had implored Mrs. X—— not to mar the effect of the coup d'œil to him and to herself by going near the house till it was quite ready: he had an artist's vanity in the success of his work, and he desired that it should burst on the astonished gaze of his customers in all the glory of satin drapery, and the glitter of lustres, and the blaze of buhl and rose-wood, and the soft glow of rainbow-hued carpets—the harmonious beauty, in fact, of a finished and perfect whole. Thus adjured, Mrs. X—— and her daughters generously promised to forego the delight of examining piecemeal the furniture as it arrived, and viewing room after room during the interesting process of adornment. The fournisseur with much emotion thanked them for this consideration toward him and his workmen, and so they parted. The last day of the week happened to be a Saturday. The bill was settled with the landlord; the bags and parcels, and that heterogeneous multitude of odds and ends that seems the natural appendage of ladies when they move from one house to another, be it only three doors off, were counted for the sixteenth time as Mr. and Mrs. X—— and their two daughters stowed themselves and their belongings into two cabs, and drove off in a pleasant flutter of expectation to their new abode. The trunks and heavy cases had been dispatched beforehand early in the morning. The day was fine, the sun shone brightly; Nature seemed to participate in the satisfaction of the family, and to smile with genial warmth on their installation in a home of their own in Paris. The cabs drew up at the door of the house. Mrs. X—— had had some vague picture in her mind of the upholsterer and a couple of his men waiting under the porte cochère to welcome them all with beaming faces, and assist them to alight, and help out the bundles and bags, etc.; she fancied that the enthusiastic little Frenchman would, in fact, get up a sort of triumphal entry for them on a small scale. But the porte cochère was only half open, and Mr. X—— was obliged to get down and call out to the concierge, who was prowling in some mysterious region behind the stables of the locataire of the first floor; and there was some delay before he came and opened the other half of the door, and enabled the cabs, that looked rather ignominious, stuffed full with small boxes and bundles, etc., to drive in. The concierge and his wife precipitated themselves to the doors, and were profuse in their professions of pleasure and welcome: these, however, were somewhat marred by the unfeigned expressions of surprise that accompanied them.

"Why did madame not let us know she would arrive to-day? We would have been so happy to put things a little in order for madame, to make ourselves useful in any way. We are always at the orders of monsieur and madame and ces demoiselles. These ladies will find it rather *triste*, and, perhaps, they will even be much incommoded for some time; but any thing that concierge could do, or any *article de ménage* that concierge in his humble way possessed, was entirely at the disposal of madame. But probably madame meant to order her dinner from the restaurant for the present? It was very *commode* in this neighborhood. There was a first-rate restaurant close by. Concierge would be proud and happy to take the order from madame if she had no one to send. Also monsieur might be glad to know, perhaps, that there was a capital upholsterer a few doors down, a man to be trusted, a man who would not hire out bedding that had been used in a case of contagious fever, *par example*—not like that unprincipled Jean Brac in the faubourg, who was the death of the two sons of M. le Préfet de —— only a month ago by hiring them a couple of mattresses that had just come back from two typhus patients and not been disinfected. Those things are liable to happen to strangers who don't know what shops to go to; but he, concierge, knew every fournisseur in the whole faubourg, and no fear of his letting a locataire be taken in by rascals who had no conscience."

All this information the man and woman gabbled out as fast as they could into the bewildered ears of the new-comers, while they gathered their bundles about them on the trottoir of the porte cochère.

"Are they both tipsy or crazy, or do they mistake us for somebody else?" asked Mrs. X—— of her husband when the tirade came to a stand-still, and the cabs, after being paid, were moving off.

"We are the locataires of the second floor," said Mr. X——, who, by-the-way, has that happy faculty of never interfering in any domestic arrangement whatever until pay-day comes, and then he executes himself like a man and a husband. "We have engaged two servants, who have, no doubt, made every thing ready for us; so we shall not need your good offices either to provide dinner or beds for us."

The concierge and his wife looked from one to another, and then, half mockingly, half compassionately, exclaimed in chorus, "Mon Dieu! how monsieur deceives himself!"

There was a sincerity of surprise and pity in the tone that fell like a wet blanket upon the hearts of the four listeners. They dared not ask a question, but started resolutely up the stairs, determined to see the worst for themselves.

"Will monsieur take the key, or shall I go round and open from the back stairs?" the concierge cried after them, with indomitable obligingness.

"Are there no bells up?" demanded Mrs. X——, aghast.

"Oh yes, madame, admirable bells, that ring from every room separately, and have different tones, so that the servants may not be confused. I can answer for their being perfect—the bells—for it was I who—"

"Well, that will do," Mr. X—— broke in, shortly; "we will ring the bell, and the servants will open to us."

"But monsieur deceives himself," insisted the concierge, with the brightest of smiles: "there are no servants in the apartment."

"In the name of mercy what does it all mean?" cried the mystified family.

"Go up, then, and open to us somehow," said Mr. X——. And they resumed their ascent, a heavy foreboding making the softly carpeted stairs as steep and rugged as a mountain pass.

The door was opened. But I shall say no more to-day. The recollection of the sufferings of this unhappy family overpower me, as I dare say they will you, most tender-hearted *Bazar*; so I shall spare myself and you the harrowing account of what followed at this crisis till we have both recovered ourselves sufficiently to pursue the lamentable theme. Let us take leave of them there as they stand, breathless and with sinking hearts, at the door of their cheerless home, its welcome melted away like the "baseless fabric of a vision," and the sense of their blind confidence in the "Je vous le jure, madame," of the fournisseur ringing in their ears like the avenging knell of folly and misguided trust.

COMET.

BRIDAL CUSTOMS OF THE NORTHERN GERMANS.

THERE still exists, even at this time, when imagination has been dethroned by cheerless reality, and form and fashion have utterly banished romance from the circle of domestic happiness, a charm interwoven with the nuptial ceremonies of the Germans which preserves the warm and social emotions of the heart in their primitive brightness and purity.

When a young girl is once betrothed, were the Hindoo *tali* (whose bond death only can dissolve) around her neck she could not feel herself more irrevocably joined to him whom her plighted faith has blessed. She is, therefore, moved by no calculating motives for concealment; she is not coquette enough to court the attentions of other men, whom her unacknowledged vows might mislead; and a faithless lover, a jilted lady, and a broken engagement are phenomena in her land too rarely heard of to be dreaded. Thus she does not blush to proclaim to the world her

"Pure, open, prosperous love,
That, pledged on earth and sealed above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile, and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness."

Her acquaintances are soon made partakers of her happiness. From this hour to that of her marriage she is called "bride" (resigning the name the instant she becomes a wife), and regarded as a being on whom every testimony of affection and every kindness of friendship are to be lavished. Her friends and connections select her as the queen of their *fêtes*, and at the dinner-parties daily given in her honor the seats of the bride and bridegroom grace the head of the festive board. Their plates are wreathed with garlands of natural flowers, and bouquets of the most exquisite buds and blossoms bloom in vases beside them. The first health proposed is the bride's, often accompanied by a feeling and beautiful address to the happy pair. It is usual for the bridegroom to express his thanks in an answer.

A week before the nuptials the most intimate friend of the bride invites her young companions to a festival, called "The Binding of the Myrtle Wreath." On this occasion no married person is admitted.

The myrtle wreath which is to mingle with the tresses of the bride at her nuptials is woven by the hands of young maidens, and the gentlemen are excluded from their presence until this ceremony is completed. The evening is divided between dancing and amusing games.

When the bridal morning arrives bright-colored flags float gayly from the windows of the bridegroom's friends and business acquaintances, and a profusion of cadeaux, flowers, and poetry is showered in upon the bride. At the altar her brow is encircled by the myrtle wreath whose binding she witnessed a few days previous, the emblem of that everlasting faith and constancy implanted in her heart. During the evening there is always a sportive attempt to pluck the leaves of her garland, over which, to prevent these depredations, the bridegroom becomes guardian, and his hand alone, when her friends withdraw, removes the wreath from her brow. A serenade beneath their windows closes the ceremonies.

Twenty-five years after the day of their union, should both parties be so fortunate as to reach together that advanced period, another festival celebrates the virtues of the wife, who again receives gifts, and tokens of affection, and congratulatory poems (some I have seen printed on satin) from her friends. Seated on a chair of state, at an appointed hour her two youngest children (if she have any) approach her, bearing a basket heaped with newly gathered flowers, among the leaves of which glitters a silver crown. Presenting their beautiful burden, they recite some verses, generally composed by the elder children. The father, who stands by her side, receives the crown, and places it on the head of his wife, whose thoughts, perhaps, wander back to the eve when the myrtle wreath lay freshly there, and over the years that have since fled, which start up one by one before her, while she asks her heart if it has been as true and as fond as it vowed to be, or whether there is not yet some evidence unshown, some sacrifice of affection unoffered, by which she can add to the felicity of her husband and his home.

When half a century has rolled away, and the bride of fifty years ago has survived to be the beloved wife of half a hundred years of unchanging affection, an event so extraordinary and so unfrequently witnessed is celebrated by the "golden hochzeit," or golden wedding, at which a crown of gold is presented to the reverend matron. A clergyman, addressing the aged pair, rehearses the blessings which have been granted to them in the long life they have spent together, and revives the emotions of their youth in the remembrances of its by-gone pleasures.

By some these customs would be esteemed useless or absurd, but when we reflect that they cherish and keep fresh the kindliest feelings of the heart, constrain those who are honored by them to review their past lives, and ask themselves whether the silver and the golden crown—the rewards of constancy and affection—have been fairly won, we may rather lament that these ceremonies should be confined to romantic Germany alone.

(Continued from No. 15, page 255.)

TO THE BITTER END.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"IF IT COULD ALWAYS BE TO-DAY?"

THERE was a small oval table at the end of the dining-hall—small, that is to say, in comparison with the long banqueting tables on each side of the hall, but capable of accommodating twelve or fourteen people, a table at which the Prince Regent had dined with a chosen few when all the country was assembled to do him honor—and it was this board which Mr. Walgrave insisted upon spreading with the contents of Mrs. Redmayne's basket. He helped to lay the cloth himself, handing Grace the glasses and knives and forks as dextrously as if he had been a professional waiter accustomed to earn his three half crowns nightly.

"We are used to picnicking, in chambers," he said. "I always help to lay the cloth when I have fellows to breakfast or dine with me. What a banquet you have brought, Mrs. Redmayne! I suggested a joint and a salad, and you have prepared an aldermanic feast—pigeon-pie, corned beef, chicken in savory jelly, and—oh, pray inform me, what is this sloppy compound in a stone jar? Are we to return to the days of our infancy, and eat curds-and-whey?"

"That's a junket, Mr. Walgry," replied Aunt Hannah, with rather an offended air. "It wasn't an easy thing to bring, I can tell you; but I think it has come all right. My mother was a West-country woman, and taught me to make junkets. They're reckoned a dainty by most people."

"Rely upon it, I shall not be backward in my appreciation of the junket, Mrs. Redmayne. Now, Grace, you are to sit at the bottom of the table and be Lady Clevedon, and I shall take my place at the top as Sir Hubert. Mr. Wort, you will take the right of her ladyship; Mrs. Redmayne, I must have you by my side; and the rest any where."

The two young men had come in from their ramble by this time, and the whole party, except one, fell to with hearty appetite, and made havoc of the pigeon-pie and boiled beef, savory jelly and other kickshaws, in the way of salad, cucumber, etc.; while Mr. Moles, the butler, waited upon them with as stately an air as if he had been presiding at the head of an army of serving-men at one of the princely banquets of days gone by. He permitted himself a quiet smile once or twice at some facetious remark of Mr. Walgrave's, but was for the most part the very genius of gravity, pouring out the Brierwood cider, and the sherry contributed by Mr. Walgrave, with as much dignity as if the liquors had been cabinet hocks or Madeiras of priceless worth.

It was a merry meal. The barrister seemed as light-hearted as if his fame and fortune were made, and he had nothing more to do in life than to enjoy himself. Not always does Apollo strain his bow, and to-day the string hung loose, and Apollo abandoned himself heart and soul to happy idleness. He talked all through the meal, rattling on in very exuberance of spirits, while the two lads, who had some dim sense of humor, laughed vociferously ever and anon in the intervals of their serious labor; and Grace, in her post of honor at the bottom of the table, smiled and sparkled like a fountain in the sunshine. She had no need to say any thing. It was enough for her to look so joyous and beautiful. Perhaps any blackbird in the Clevedon woods might have eaten as much as Miss Redmayne consumed that day; but it is only when every spiritual joy has vanished from a human soul that the pleasures of the table come to be pleasures, and the food which Grace ate that day was not grown on earthly soil. She was in fairy-land, and had about as much consciousness of the common things of this world as Titania when she caressed her loutish lover.

They were nearly two hours in the dining-hall, two hours which appeared to Grace just one brief half hour of perfect happiness—a vague dreamy joy which almost confused her senses; and then they went out into the gardens.

At Clevedon the gardens covered some eight acres, and were the chief glory of the place.

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Sorely neglected now, a very wilderness of rose and syringa, honeysuckle and clematis, moss-grown paths, arched alleys, where the foliage grew in tangled masses, passion-flower and Virginia creeper choking each other in their wild luxuriance; here a fallen statue, there an empty marble basin, which had once been a fountain; at one end of an alley a wide pond half hidden by water-lilies, at another a broad stretch of bowling-green, bounded by a dense holly hedge. The grass was cut now and then, and that one Italian flower garden which had belonged to Lady Clevedon was kept in tolerable order, and that was all. The rest was chaos.

"I think if I were a millionaire I would have at least one garden kept just in this condition," said Mr. Walgrave, as they wandered among the straggling rose-bushes, caught every now and then by some trailing branch that lay across their path; "a garden in which the flowers should grow just as they liked, should degenerate and become mere weeds again if they pleased. I always fancy that bower of roses by Bendemeer's stream some wild, neglected place like this. There are lovelinesses of form and color in these rank masses of foliage which no gardener's art could ever produce."

Of course Grace agreed with him. She thought every word that fell from his lips a pearl of wisdom.

They found a delightful green arbor, spacious and cool, and tolerably free from spiders, where Uncle James and Mr. Wort could smoke their after-dinner pipes and sip the milk-punch; in which pleasant retreat they invited Mr. Moles, the butler, to join them for a friendly half hour. It was not to be supposed, however, that Mr. Walgrave would hob and nob with a butler; and Mrs. Redmayne was in no manner surprised when, after just tasting the punch, he strolled away with Grace and her cousins. The cousins soon fled from the humdrum beauty of the gardens, and went back to the woods, where there were wild creatures to chase and trees to climb; so Grace and Mr. Walgrave had the gardens all to themselves.

Perhaps in all Grace Redmayne's brief life that was the happiest day—a day of perfect unalloyed delight. No matter that her lover had only declared his love in one breath to tell her in the next that there was an insurmountable barrier between them. The time must come by-and-by when the thought of that would be despair; but it was not so yet. He loved her. In that one sentence was concentrated all she could imagine of earthly bliss. She had thought of him as something so far away—she had given him all her heart in childish ignorance of the cost. Life had been very sweet to her of late merely because he was near her. Even while she supposed him indifferent, only courteous with a stranger's courtesy to a woman of lower rank than his own, to see his face and to hear his voice had been enough. What was it, then, to know that he loved her—that this one supreme, almost incredible hazard had befallen her? Of all the women who had worshiped him—and a girl of Grace's sentimental temper is apt to suppose that every woman who has ever beheld him must needs adore her idol—he had chosen her. Ineffable condescension! The poor little foolish heart fluttered still with the emotion of that overpowering moment when he uttered those sublime words, "Grace, I love you."

As for Mr. Walgrave himself, he too found that dreamy afternoon wandering in neglected fruit and flower gardens—now pausing to pluck a rose, now loitering to gather a little heap of white raspberries on a broad green fig-leaf—not by any means an unenjoyable business. There was a faint flavor of worry and vexation of spirit mingled in the cup of joy. Even among the roses, looking down at Grace Redmayne's sweet girlish face, the shadow of future trouble fell darkly across his path. It was all very well to be so happy for to-day; but to-morrow was very near—and how could he break with a girl who loved him like this? It would be an awful wrench for him, let it come when it might; and yet a week ago he had made very light of this rustic flirtation, and had told himself that he was the last man in the world to come to grief in such a manner. Pretty faces were not new to him. He had lived among attractive women—had been courted and petted by them ever since his professional prospects had begun to bud with promise of rich blossom in days to come.

"I told her the truth, at any rate," he said to himself as he watched Grace's ardent face, on which the light of happiness shone supernal. "I'm very glad of that. What a dear little confiding soul she is, with not a thought of the future, with not one selfish calculation in her mind—happy only to be loved! I wish I had held my tongue. I suppose I ought to leave Brierwood to-morrow. It's like sporting on the edge of a precipice. And yet—"

And yet he meant to stay, and did stay.

The afternoon lasted three hours. In the arbor pipes and gossip and punch and soothing slumbers beguiled the elders into unconsciousness of the flight of time. It was only when a perceptible fading in the glory of the day, a mellower light, a cooler air, a gentle whispering of summer winds among the trees, warned them that evening had come unawares, that Mrs. Redmayne suddenly bestirred herself to see about tea. They must drink tea, of course, before they bent their way homeward. The day's festivities would be incomplete without a tea-drinking.

Happily there was not much for Aunt Hannah to do, or the light would have scarcely lasted them. The lads had selected an eligible spot under a great Spanish chestnut in the woods, had collected firing, and lighted the fire and boiled the kettle. Every thing was ready. "Mother" was only wanted to make and dispense the tea.

They followed the lads gayly through those delicious woods, where birds, which ought to have been nightingales if they were not, were warbling and jugjugging divinely; followed to a fairy-like amphitheatre of greensward, shut in by tall limes and Spanish chestnuts, under the biggest of which the lads had spread their rustic tea-table, while the wood fire smoked and smouldered a little way off.

Grace clapped her hands with delight.

"Oh, if we could always live here," she cried, "how sweet it would be!"

If we could always live here—if it could always be to-day, she thought; and then to her childish fancy it seemed that with the fading of that blissful day the end of all her happiness must come. For the first time she began to realize the actual state of the case; for the first time she felt the shadow of coming trouble—parting—tears—death: for could it be less than death to lose him?

They sat side by side under the chestnut. Aunt Hannah glanced at them sharply, but could see nothing suspicious in the manner of either. It was not strange that Mr. Walgrave should be polite to her niece, who really was a pretty girl, and fifteen years his junior. There could hardly be any danger.

It was a pleasant, innocent, rustic tea-drinking—the two young men and their father consuming innumerable cups of tea, and eating bread-and-butter with an air of having fasted for the last twenty-four hours. That chasing of tender young beastlings of the squirrel tribe had given the lads an alarming appetite. There were shrimps in abundance—pretty pink young things, which looked as if one might have strung them into coral necklaces—shrimps and plum-cake. The young Redmaynes were ready for any thing. They were noisy, too, in their exuberance, and were altogether so boisterous in their mirth that Hubert Walgrave and his companion had plenty of time for low sweet converse, unheard and unobserved. Grace brightened again as her lover talked to her, and again forgot that life was not bounded by to-day—forgot every thing except that she was with him.

The twilight was darkening into night when the crockery-ware was all packed and the party ready. Mr. Walgrave and Grace had strolled a little way in advance while the packing was in progress—hardly out of sight, not at all out of hearing. Aunt Hannah could catch a glimpse of her niece's light muslin dress glimmering between the trees every now and then—could hear her happy laugh. They were just gathering themselves together to follow, when a piercing scream rang through the wood.

"Lord have mercy upon us, what's that?" cried Mrs. James. "'Twas Grace's voice, surely. Run and see, Charley."

Both young men sped off, and one of them ran against Mr. Walgrave, who came toward them with Grace in his arms, her head lying helplessly on his shoulder, her face ghastly white.

"She has fainted," he said. "I never saw any one so frightened. We sat down upon a felled tree yonder for a minute, waiting for you, and a viper—I think it must have been—shot out of the grass between us and ran across her dress. It was the surprise, I suppose, that overcame her."

He laid her gently down upon the grass with her head upon her aunt's lap. They all looked more frightened than the occasion seemed to warrant.

"It's only a faint," Mr. Walgrave said, reassuringly. "Lay her flat upon the grass, and she'll come round quickly enough. Run for some water, Charley, there's a good fellow."

He was kneeling by the girl's side, with one little cold hand in his. Her face was still deadly pale—almost livid; and Aunt Hannah was looking at it with an anxious countenance.

"It isn't as if it was any one else," she said, chafing the girl's disengaged hand. "Fainting is no great matter for most folks; but it isn't easy to bring her round. She went off just like this the day her father went away, and gave us all a fine turn. I thought she was gone. It's her heart, you see."

"Her heart!" cried Mr. Walgrave, aghast. "What's the matter with her heart?"

He laid his hand upon the girl's breast with an alarmed look.

"I'm afraid there's something wrong. Her mother died of heart complaint, you know—went in-doors one summer evening to fetch her needle-work, and dropped down dead at the foot of the stairs. The heart had stopped beating all in a moment, the doctor said; and the same doctor has told me that Grace isn't a long-lived woman—she's too much like her mother."

There was a faint fluttering under his hand. Thank God for that! The heart that loved him so fondly, so foolishly, had not ceased to beat. But Mr. Walgrave had experienced a smart shock notwithstanding; and when Grace opened her eyes presently, and looked up at him, his face was almost as pale as her own.

She drew a long shuddering breath, drank a few spoonfuls of water, and declared herself quite well, and then rose with tremulous limbs, and looked round her, smiling faintly.

"I'm afraid I've given you all a great deal of trouble," she said. "It was very foolish of me; but the sight of that horrid creature frightened me so. It didn't sting—any one, did it?" she asked, nervously, looking at Hubert Walgrave.

"No, Grace; there has been no harm done," he answered, with a cheering smile, though his face was still white. "The beast was only a little innocent worm. I could not have believed you would behave so like a fine lady."

"It was a viper," cried Grace. "Vipers have stung people to death in this country. And he darted out just between us, as if—as if—"

She faltered and stopped; but Hubert Walgrave knew very well what she would have said: "as if he came to part us."

"Take my arm, Miss Redmayne," he said, in his easiest way; "and don't alarm yourself about vipers. I hold them very harmless, unless they take the biped form. Do you feel equal to walking home at once? or would you like to rest a little?"

"I am not at all tired. I am quite ready to go."

And so they went arm in arm through the narrow pathways, brushing against the bearded barley and the feathery oats and the fast-ripening wheat, all silvered by the summer moonbeams, and anon emerging upon some smooth stretch of meadow, where the new-grown grass was sweet, and where a clump of trees made an island of shadow here and there. They went home together, only a few yards in advance of the Brierwood party, and yet alone; and Grace forgot the viper.

CHAPTER VIII.

"RECALL HER TEARS, TO THEE AT PARTING GIVEN."

It was some time, however, before Mr. Walgrave forgot what he had heard in the wood about Grace's mother—that dark hint of heart disease. He took occasion to question Mrs. James next day upon the subject, and made himself fully acquainted with the details of Mrs. Richard Redmayne's death, and what the doctor had said about Grace. He had made no examination, it appeared; no stethoscope had ever sounded the innocent young heart; but he had remarked to Mrs. James once confidentially that there was something about her niece's appearance he hardly liked, and that it would not surprise him if her constitution should develop the same tendency that had been fatal to her mother. This had been said while Richard Redmayne was in England; and his sister-in-law had not cared to alarm either him or her niece by any hint of what the doctor had said.

"If it was heart disease, you see," said Mrs. James, "there'd be no cure for it; and if it wasn't, it would have been cruel to upset poor Rick in the midst of his troubles, which was coming pretty fast upon him just then; so I thought the wisest thing I could do was to hold my tongue."

"Quite right, Mrs. Redmayne. No doubt the doctor wanted a job. Your medical men can have very little to do in this pure atmosphere. A chronic case, rich farmer's only child, and so on. Heart disease! No; I don't for a moment believe that your niece Grace has any thing amiss with her heart. At her age the very idea seems preposterous."

"Well, it do, Mr. Walgry—don't it? But her mother was only seven-and-twenty when she died. They're not a long-lived family, any of the Norbitts; and Grace's mother was a Norbitt."

Mr. Walgrave persisted in making light of the matter. He would not permit himself to think that any thing so bright and sweet as Grace Redmayne was doomed to vanish suddenly and untimely from this earth. He pooh-poohed the country surgeon's opinion, and very speedily contrived to get rid of any uneasiness which the subject might have caused him.

An event occurred to divert his attention in some manner a few days after the picnic. He had more than half made up his mind to leave Brierwood, and go abroad somewhere for the rest of the long vacation. He could not quite shut his eyes to the peril of remaining where he was. He had recovered his strength—was almost as well as ever he had been, in fact. In every way it would be best and wisest for him to go.

He began to pack his portmanteau one night, took out his *Bradshaw*, and made a profound study of the Continental routes. Why should he not spend his autumn abroad? There was Spain, for instance. He had an intense desire to see Spain, from the Escurial to the Alhambra. Yet to-night, somehow, the vision of dark-eyed damsels and bull-fights had scarcely any charm for his imagination. He flung the railway-guide into a distant corner with an impatient sigh.

"Why should I run away from her when I love her so dearly?" he said to himself. "Can not a man live two lives—give his outward seeming and all the labor of his brain to the world, and keep his heart in some safe shelter, hidden away from the crowd? Other men have done it; why should not I? Is there a man upon earth who would throw away such a treasure as that girl?"

And then Mr. Walgrave fell into a profound meditation, and went to bed at last in the gray morning to spend three mortal hours tossing to and fro, tormented by the most perplexing thoughts that had ever wearied his brain. He was trying to reconcile things that were irreconcilable. His future life had been planned long ago—judiciously, he believed. He did not mean that any thing should alter those plans. Whatever new element might arise must be made subservient to those. He was not a man to turn aside from the path which he had cut for himself—a high-road to fame and fortune—for any consideration whatever. He meant to renounce nothing.

But—but if he could hold fast by all he valued so highly, and yet win that other prize—that sweeter, nearer delight? Fame and fortune must come in the future—he would do nothing to forfeit the certainty of those. But why should he not snatch this other joy in the present, and let that future, so far as it concerned Grace Redmayne, take care of itself? If that croaking country surgeon's opinion were indeed correct, and the poor child were not destined to live long, so much the easier would it be to provide for the happiness and security of her future. There was no sacrifice, short of that entire sacrifice of his own prospects, which he would not make for her. And so his thoughts rambled on, shaping first one scheme and then another, only to abandon them. And when he got up in the morning, he said to himself, resolutely:

"I will make it the business of my life to forget her. A man who takes such a step as that always wrecks himself. Sooner or later his folly comes home to him. I have gone through life without a single error of that kind. It would be madness to begin now."

He went down stairs, and sauntered out into the garden. It was still early. All the pleasant bustle of farm-house life was at its height in dairy and outhouses and kitchen. Grace, with a basket on her arm and a pair of scissors in her hand, was clipping and trimming the roses near the house, fair as Tennyson's famous gardener's daughter when first her lover saw her in the porch.

The vivid blush, lighting up the fair pale face, the sudden look of pleased surprise—how sweet they were!

"And I am going to surrender all this," Mr. Walgrave thought, with a sharp pang. He had quite made up his mind to go away, by this time, but he could not make up his mind to tell her his intention. Better to put off that until the very last moment, and then with one desperate wrench tear himself away.

They strolled round the garden, Grace clipping the roses as she went, not quite so neatly as she would have clipped them without that companionship. The hands fluttered a little among the leaves as they did their work. He was talking to her; those unfathomable gray eyes were watching her. He had never spoken of his love since that day at Clevedon; had said scarcely a word which her uncle and aunt might not have heard; but he had lost no opportunity of being with her; and she had been almost completely happy. She did not forget what he had told her. He was engaged to marry another woman. He would go away by-and-by, and her life would be desolate; but she only looked forward to this desolation with a vague terror. She could not be unhappy while he was near her.

They wasted about an hour in the garden. Grace had breakfasted half an hour ago, early as it was. Mr. Walgrave's breakfast was waiting for him in the cool airy parlor. He went slowly back to the house at last, still with Grace by his side. Aunt Hannah was up to her eyes in dairy-work at this time of the day. There was no one to observe them. They were talking of the books Grace had been reading lately—books which opened a new world to her—and her brightness and intelligence delighted her lover.

"If all Miss Toulmin's pupils are any thing like you, Grace, I shall certainly make a point of sending my daughters to her some day," he said, lightly.

She looked at him for a moment, and then grew very pale. His daughters! He was talking of a time when he should be married to that other woman—when she would have passed out of his life altogether. That careless speech of his had brought the fact sharply home to her. He was nothing, never could be any thing, to her.

"You will have forgotten my existence by the time your daughters are old enough to go to school," she said.

"Forgotten you, Grace? Never! Fate rules our lives, but not our hearts. I shall never forget you, Grace. I behaved very badly the other day, when I told you the impression you had made upon me. It was an offense against you—and some one else. But I think that you, at least, have forgiven me."

He spoke as lightly as he could, like a man of the world, but was very far from feeling lightly. Grace was silent. That common-sense tone of apology cut her to the quick. She scarcely knew what she had hoped or dreamed within the last few days; but they had been so happy together that the image of her unknown rival, the woman he was destined to marry, had seemed very vague and unreal.

"I have nothing to forgive," she said, coldly. "It is for—the—the other person to be angry."

"The other person would be very angry, no doubt, if I were to make a full confession of my sins; but I don't mean to do so, believe me. The other person will go down to her grave in ignorance of the truth. But I want to be assured of your forgiveness, Grace. Just raise those sweet eyes of yours, and say, 'I forgive you for having loved me too well.'"

Grace smiled—a bitter smile.

"So well that you—that you will go away and marry some one else," she said, the practical phase of the situation coming home to her with that first pang of jealousy.

"My dearest girl," cried Mr. Walgrave, who had by no means desired the conversation to take this turn, "there are very few men in this world who can choose their own road in life. Mine was chosen for me long ago. I am not my own master. If I were—"

"If you were," repeated Grace, with a sudden desperate courage that was as much a surprise to herself as it was to him—"if you were, would you marry a bankrupt farmer's daughter?"

"If I were the master of Clevedon, Grace—if I had five thousand a year—yes. But I have my own way to make in the world, and I am weak enough to value success. I am engaged to marry a woman whose fortune will help me to win a position and to maintain it. That is as much as to say I am going to sell myself, isn't it?"

"It sounds rather like that."

"Men do it every day, Grace—quite as often as women; and the thing answers fairly enough in ten cases out of twenty. I dare say I shall

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make a very tolerable average kind of husband. I shall not spend all my wife's money, and I shall go to dinner-parties with her. I think I can give her almost as much heart as she will give me; and yet, Grace, I never loved but one woman upon this earth, and her name is Grace Redmayne."

The girl was silent. He was cruel, he was base; and yet it was still sweet to her to be told that he loved her. With all her heart and soul she believed him.

"I never meant that our talk should take this turn," Hubert Walgrave went on, after a rather lengthened pause. "I meant only to bid you good-by, and to go away without one dangerous word."

She looked up at him with sudden terror in her face.

"You are going away!" she exclaimed. "Soon?"

"Very soon; to-day, in fact, if possible. What should I do here? The wrench must come, Grace. The sooner the better."

She tried to answer him, but her lips only trembled, and then began to cry. All the eloquence that ever poured from the lips of woman exalted by passion would not have touched him so keenly as that mute look, those childish tears. It was little more than a child's unreasoning love that she gave him, perhaps, but it was so pure and perfect of its kind!

They had turned away from the house, instinctively avoiding it as their conversation grew more tender, and were walking slowly toward the orchard, quite out of human ken. Mr. Walgrave drew his arm around the girl's waist, comforting her—drew her close to him, until that graceful head sank on his shoulder. Never had so fair a head rested there before. He bent down and kissed the pure young brow.

This was the manner in which he began to forget her.

"My dearest, my sweetest!" he said, pleadingly, "your tears go to my heart of hearts. I am so anxious to do what is wise, what is right. Upon my soul, Grace, I believe that I could bring myself to forego all questions of worldly advantage"—he did fancy for the moment that this was so—"if—if my honor were not involved in this marriage which I speak of. But it is, darling; it is quite too late for me to recede from my engagement. I should be the vilest of defaulters if I did. Let us be reasonable, then, my sweet one. I wish to do what is best for you, for both of us. Don't you think that it would be wisest for me to go away?"

"I don't know whether it would be wise or foolish," she sobbed, with her head still upon his shoulder; "but I think my heart will break if you go."

He drew her a little closer to him. Great Heavens, why had he not five thousand a year, and the right to marry this village maiden? It



"'OH, IF WE COULD ALWAYS LIVE HERE,' SHE CRIED, 'HOW SWEET IT WOULD BE!'"

seemed to him a very hard thing that he was not able to win this way-side flower, and yet keep all the other advantages he valued so highly.

"But remember, dearest," he said, trying his uttermost to be worldly and practical, "it is at best only a question of a week or so, more or less. It is very sweet to me to be with you. I doubt if I ever felt what real happiness was before I knew you; but I can not linger in this happy valley forever. The time of parting *must* come at last, and will seem the harder for every hour we spend together. Would it not be wiser to part at once? Say yes, Grace, for both our sakes."

"I can't. I can't be glad for you to go away. If you are really happy here, why should you be so anxious to go? I know that I can never be any more to you than I am now—that you must go away at last—to that—other person—"

"And yet you would rather have me stay?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Very well, then, I stay; but it is at your request, remember, Grace; and when the time *does* come for our parting, you will be reasonable. We will bury our love in a deep, deep grave, and you will forget that you ever knew me."

"We will bury our love," the girl answered, softly.

After this Mr. Walgrave went slowly in to breakfast, with very little appetite, and with a vague sense of having made a fool of himself, after all. All those tossings to and fro—those schemes made and unmade—that final resolve on the side of prudence—had come to nothing. He was going to remain.

"Heaven help any man of five-and-thirty who has the ill luck to win the heart of a girl of nineteen!" he said to himself. "Sweet Grace Redmayne, what a child she is!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HONG-KONG WASHER-WOMEN BOARDING A VESSEL.

THE first to welcome a traveler on his arrival in a Chinese port are the washer-women, sure that their services will be needed. "No sooner had we cast anchor," says the captain to whom we are indebted for the accompanying graphic sketch, "than our steamer was surrounded by a cloud of small craft, propelled for the most part by strong, active little Chinese women. Suddenly the neat, plump, pleasant, bright, but oblique eyed damsels stand before us on the deck of the vessel. 'Can catchee your washing, Sar?' which, translated out of pigeon-English, means, 'Shall I wash for you, Sir?' Thus inquires the brightest and most impudent of the two, in such insinuating and persuasive tones that my fat, susceptible friend Jones exclaims, 'Washing!- Yes, and me too, if you like, my duck of diamonds!'"



HONG-KONG WASHER-WOMEN BOARDING A VESSEL.

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Passementerie and Crochet Agrafes, Borders, Tassels, etc., for Spring and Summer Wrappings, Figs. 1–11.

These trimmings are partly made of silk round cord, soutache, and beads, and partly crocheted with saddler's silk.

Fig. 1.—Round Cord and Bead Agrafe. The upper part of this agrafe consists of three connected leaves of round cord. Baste the cord on linen on which the design has previously been drawn, and sew it together at the intersecting points and at the point of the leaves without passing the needle through the foundation. The veins of the leaves are simulated by two rows of black cut beads, which are fastened on the cord. A cluster of fifteen berries, which are worked separately, is joined to the leaves. For each of these berries sew a piece of cord flat in six coils, beginning from the middle, and trim the foundation thus formed with five covered wooden beads and several cut jet beads as shown by the illustration. The completed berries are sewed together on the wrong side, as shown by the illustration.



Fig. 1.—Round Cord and Bead Agrafe.—⅔ Size.

Fig. 2.—Round Cord and Crochet Agrafe with Tassels. This agrafe consists of three large leaves of round cord sewed together flat, which are ornamented in the middle with covered wooden beads. Each of these leaves is begun from the point. Small crocheted leaves are set under the lower leaf as shown by the illustration. Each of these leaves is crocheted with coarse saddler's silk, beginning at the middle, as follows: Make a foundation of 7 ch. (chain stitch); passing over the last of these, crochet all around the foundation, from left to right, six rounds of slip stitches, in doing which work 1 ch. each at the beginning and in the middle of every round in order to form the points of the leaf. At the end of the last round fasten the thread on the right side; the wrong side of the crochet-work forms the right side of the leaflet. The joining point of the three leaves made of cord is covered by a woven ring wound with cord, which is ornamented with three crocheted leaves; the latter are crocheted like the leaves previously described, but on a foundation of only 4 ch., and the seam made by sewing them on is covered by a covered wooden bead. The ring thus ornamented is joined, as shown by the illustration, by means of braid and a knot of cord, with a second woven ring wound with cord. On the points of each of the lower leaves fasten a tassel of black saddler's silk wound with silk, as shown by the illustration.

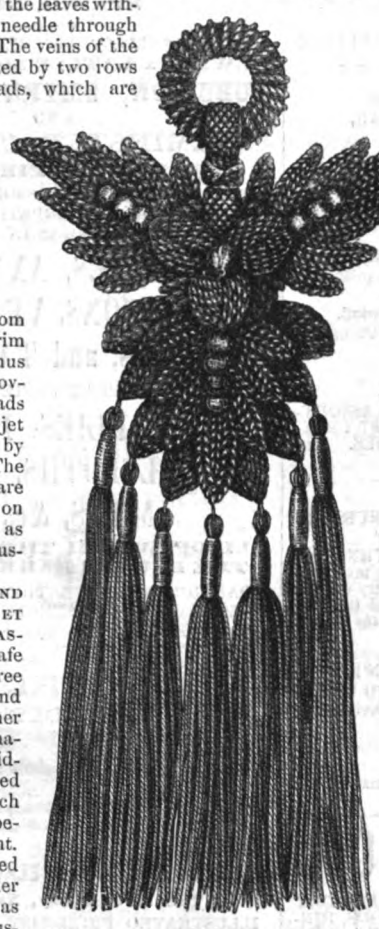


Fig. 2.—Crochet Agrafe with Tassels.—⅔ Size.



Fig. 4.—Tassel with Crochet Head. ⅔ Size.

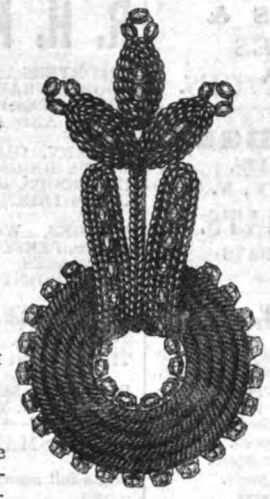


Fig. 6.—Cord and Crochet Loop.—⅔ Size.



Fig. 5.—Tassel of Cord, Saddler's Silk, and Covered Grelots.—⅔ Size.

Fig. 3.—Cord and Crochet Agrafe with Tassels. The upper part of this agrafe consists of two pointed leaves and three flat dots of fine cord, on the under side of which four short bars, made of silk braid and a covered wooden bead, are fastened as shown by the illustration. A loop of silk braid is sewed on the middle of the leaves. A medallion crocheted of black saddler's silk is joined to the bottom of the cord leaves. For the outer edge of this figure work, first, three rounds, working the first round closely in sc. (single crochet) on a piece of cord four inches long. In the second round lay on a piece of cord four inches and seven-eighths long, and on this work sc. also, always inserting the needle in the upper vein of every stitch in the preceding round. For the third round work on every third following stitch of the preceding round 2 sc. separated by 4 ch.; after this always 1 ch. Then make a foundation of 57 ch., and on this crochet three rounds also. 1st round.—All in sl. (slip stitch). 2d round (on the other side of the foundation on the still free veins of the stitches there).—Always alternately 1 sc., 4 ch.; with these pass over 2 st. (stitch). 3d round.—1 sc. on the third st. of every ch. scallop in the preceding round, then 1 ch., 1 p. (picot), 2 ch.; for each p. work 3 ch., and draw the loop of the third ch. through the first ch. For the centre make a foundation of 6 ch., close these in a ring, and crochet from left to right six rounds of sl. Join the separate parts thus worked by means of fine sewing silk, sewing the centre on the middle 14 ch. scallops of the part previously worked, and then fastening this part on the outer edge, as shown by the illustration. The wrong side of the crochet-work forms the right side of the medallion. On the under edge of the latter set tassels of saddler's silk and fine round cord as shown by the illustration.

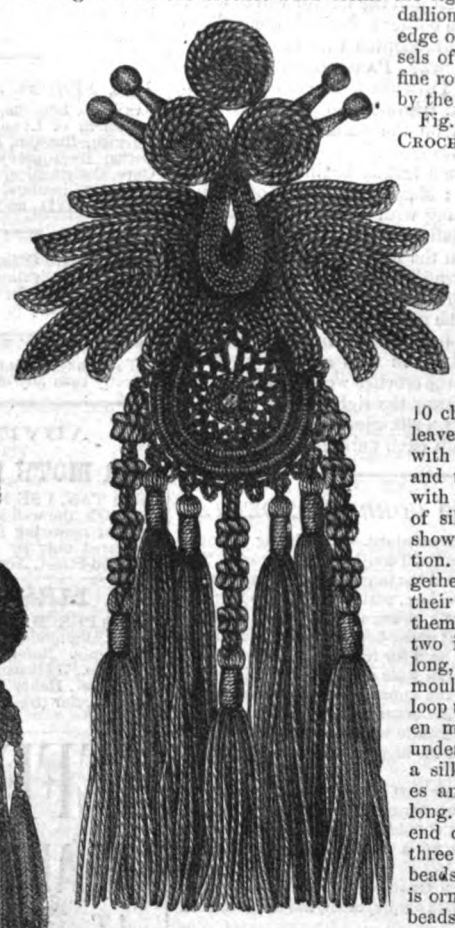


Fig. 3.—Cord and Crochet Agrafe with Tassels. ⅔ Size.

Fig. 4.—Tassel with Crochet Head. The head of this tassel consists of a covered wooden mould on which crocheted leaves are fastened. These leaves are worked like those described in Fig. 2, in five rounds of sl., on a foundation of 10 ch. Ornament the leaves in the middle with several cut beads, and the point of each with three small tassels of silk and beads, as shown by the illustration. Sew the leaves together on the sides half their length, and fasten them to a cord loop two inches and a half long, above the wooden mould. Slip this cord loop through the wooden mould, and on the under end of it fasten a silk tassel two inches and three-quarters long. On the upper end of the loop string three covered wooden beads; the middle bead is ornamented with cut beads.

Fig. 5.—Tassel of Cord, Saddler's Silk, and Covered Grelots. The head of this tassel consists of one round and one oblong wooden mould, which are covered with a braiding of fine black silk cord. The lower part of the tassel is formed by a tassel of black saddler's silk, which is surrounded by oblong covered grelots. The latter are fastened to small leaflets of cord and beads.

Fig. 6.—Cord and Crochet Loop. These loops are chiefly designed for wrappings which are closed with hooks and eyes; they are sewed on the wrapping instead of buttons, and when set on in close succession they form a pretty border. The original consists of a ring made of coarse round cord and ornamented with beads. With this ring three crochet leaflets are connected by means of fine round cord trimmed with beads, as shown by the illustration; these leaflets are crocheted separately, like those in Fig. 2, in four rounds, on a foundation of 5 ch., and then sewed together and trimmed with beads.



Fig. 7.—Tassel Rosette of Cord, Silk, and Beads.—⅔ Size.

Fig. 7.—Cord, Silk, and Bead Tassel Rosette. This rosette consists of five leaves of fine round cord. For each leaf sew the cord flat together in eight coils, beginning at the middle. Then trim the leaves, as shown by the illustration, with cut beads strung on wire, sew them on a foundation of stiff linen, and bend them in the requisite shape by means of the wire. On the middle of the rosette set a silk tassel and several short bead strings.



Fig. 8.—Rosette of Cord and Beads with Grelot. ⅔ Size.

Fig. 8.—Cord and Bead Rosette with Grelot. This rosette consists of three large and two smaller leaves, which are made of fine round cord each, beginning at the middle of the top, as shown by the illustration, and sewed together at the lower points. The leaves are ornamented with beads and passementerie silk cord as shown by the illustration. A cord rosette, in the middle of which an acorn-shaped grelot, furnished with gimp cord and beads, is fastened, covers the joining point of the leaves.

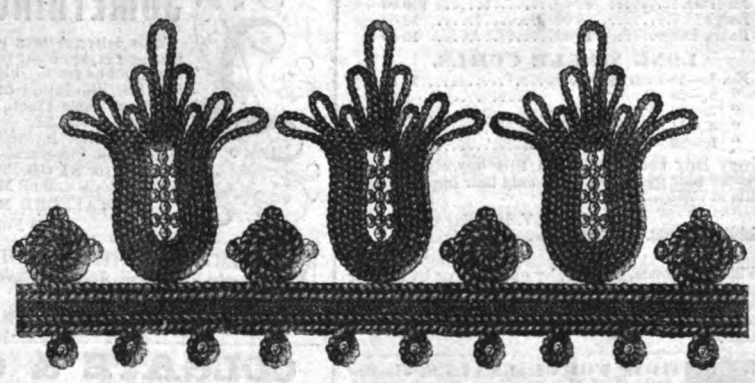


Fig. 9.—Border of Coarse and Fine Round Cord, Soutache, and Beads.—Full Size.

Fig. 9.—Border of Coarse and Fine Round Cord, Soutache, and Beads. The straight edge

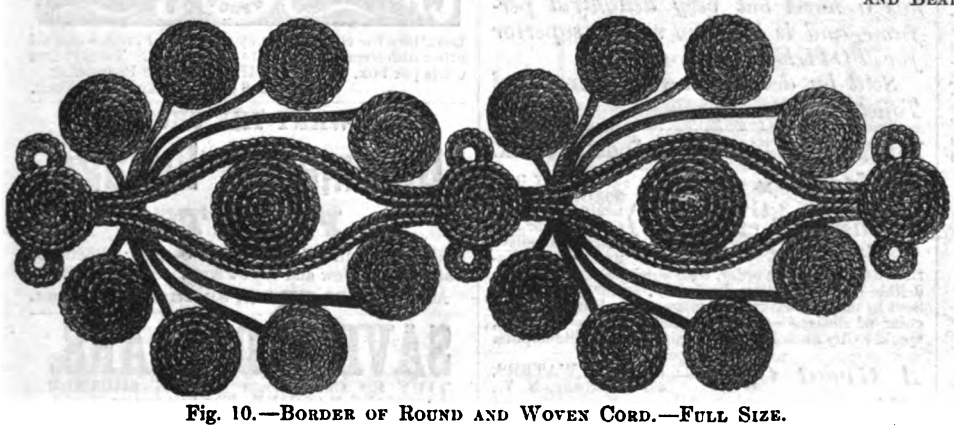


Fig. 10.—Border of Round and Woven Cord.—Full Size.

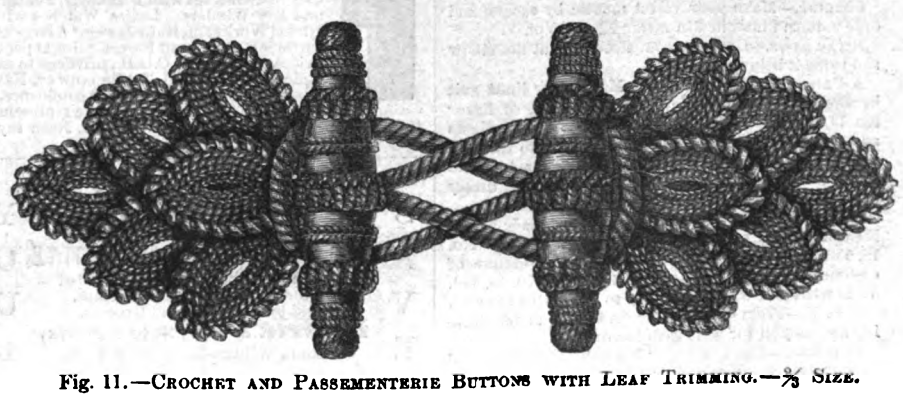


Fig. 11.—Crochet and Passementerie Buttons with Leaf Trimming.—⅔ Size.

Figs. 1–11.—PASSEMENTERIE AND CROCHET AGRAFES, TASSELS, BORDERS, ETC., FOR SPRING AND SUMMER WRAPPINGS

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of this border, the loops, and the dots are of coarse round cord and beads, while the remaining figures are made of fine round cord, and ornamented with beads.

Fig. 10.—ROUND AND WOVEN CORD BORDER. The dots of this border and the scallop lines in the middle are made of fine round cord, and the stems which join the dots of woven cord. If a more elaborate border is desired, the scallops and dots may be ornamented with beads.

Fig. 11.—CROCHET PASSEMENTERIE BUTTONS WITH LEAF TRIMMING. These buttons are covered with silk, trimmed on the ends with crochet-work, and on the remaining part with cord and crochet leaflets, as shown by the illustration. Work each leaflet, beginning from the middle, as follows: Make a foundation of 18 ch., close these in a ring with 1 sl., and crochet all around the foundation, from left to right, one round of sl. Turn the work and crochet 1 ch.; then, going backward, work one round of sl. also; at the end of the round fasten to the ch. at the beginning of the round; again turn the work and crochet three more rounds in a similar manner. The second round thus appears right on the wrong side of the crochet-work. The wrong side of the work forms the right side of the leaf. Edge the leaves with silk gimp. A cord loop is fastened underneath each button.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A TWO YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—Half-fitting basques conceal the figure, and will continue to be worn. The polonaise is considered the most desirable garment of cashmere; fringe and lace, with cords for heading, are its trimmings. Some dresses have revers opening over vests of silk, but under-handkerchiefs are seldom seen. Satin is little used for trimming.

LENA MAY.—You can wear a black polonaise with a white skirt, though the opposite arrangement is most used. Alpaca suits are often made with polonaises.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Cambric wrappers are made by the Watteau pattern, but the loose sacque wrapper pattern is simpler.

MARY.—Canceled stamps are not purchased by the government, being utterly useless to it.

MADGE.—The lady should be the first to signify her readiness to set out for a place of amusement or to leave a party.

A SUBSCRIBER AND OTHERS.—We can not tell you where you could obtain employment, nor have we need of your services.

INQUIRER.—For the benefit of those who wish further information with respect to the Hoosic Tunnel, we will say that it is situated in the northern part of Berkshire County, one end being in the immediate vicinity of the village of North Adams. The principal object aimed at in its construction was to secure a new through route from Boston to the West.

ALMA.—The average cost of living in France and Germany is much less than in our great cities; but it varies so much with time and place that it would be impossible to give you minute information. "Harper's Hand-Book for Travelers in Europe and the East" will supply all the details you require. Dresden, Leipsic, Munich, and Vienna are noted musical centres, and possess excellent educational advantages.

T. B.—The Marquis of Steyne, Becky Sharpe, and others of Thackeray's prominent characters were probably suggestions rather than portraits of actual personages. Novelists commonly take great liberties with the originals of their sketches, often converting villains into heroes, and *vice versa*, to suit the purposes of fiction; and it is hardly worth while to make any serious attempt at identifying characters of romance that have been made up from a dozen different sources.

INFORMATION.—We have not space to answer puerile questions, or to repeat answers that have already been given, as is the case with the replies to your queries.

WILLIS.—Letters addressed to the authors you mention, in care of their publishers, will probably reach them. Our advertising columns will give you all necessary information about the firm you mention.—That the initials H.R.H. signify His Royal Highness seems to us almost a universally known fact.—If your letters have not been answered, it has probably been because the queries were irrelevant, or had been answered already.

TANGRED.—A subscriber sends us a simple remedy for warts, corns, bunions, etc., which may be worth trying, though we do not vouch for its efficacy. Dip a piece of pumice-stone into strong soap-suds, and rub the wart or corn gently with it for a few moments. Two or three applications, it is claimed, will complete the cure.

A CONSTANT READER.—We can not conceive of any circumstances which would justify the use of a toothpick at table, and do not understand how the question of its propriety could ever have been raised for a moment as you say.

JEANNETTE.—You had better address the advertisers directly.

JOHN P.—The advertisements of Harper & Brothers furnish all necessary information concerning the sending of MSS.

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JANE.—The vest should fit snugly to the figure. Over-skirts are not lined. Thick, strong silk is used as a lining for grenadine waists, and the grenadine is laid over it smoothly, and sewed in with it, as is done with any other dress lining.

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RIVER EDGE.—Cut your coat sleeve off at the elbow and ruffle it below.

A FRIEND OF THE "BAZAR."—Make your linen suit by directions given in New York Fashions of *Bazar* No. 14, Vol. V. The blue silk with Swiss kilt pleats and a Swiss polonaise made in Marguerite fashion, trimmed with pleats to correspond and black velvet bows, would be a pretty suit for evening and dressy occasions, but is rather gay for church.

M. C. K.—A black cashmere polonaise made by the Marguerite Dolly Varden pattern, shown in *Bazar* No. 15, Vol. V., or else a sleeveless cape and sacque of cashmere by pattern illustrated in *Bazar* No. 13, Vol. V., is what you want for a wrap to wear with any suit.

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INQUIRER.—The story of "Hannah" was completed in our last volume, and is now published in book form.

C. L. B.—There is no dépôt for the sale of *Bazar* patterns in Baltimore.

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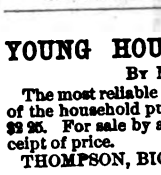
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EARLY FRENCH FROM THE NURSERY.

ETHEL. "Je suis fashay de vous donner tant de *trouble*, Plantagenêt!"
PLANTAGENET. "Oh! ne le *mentionnez* pas!"

FACETIÆ.

THE question is often asked, "What becomes of all the pins?"
Answer. "They become terra-pins."

Are ladies generally inclined to be bald?—No; they don't like it, as a rule.

A vocalist was nearly choked recently by his swelling notes.

Why ought one not to joke about a queen?—Because she's no subject.

A bachelor is politely described as a man who has neglected his opportunity of making some poor woman miserable.

Gravity is no more evidence of wisdom than a paper collar is of a shirt.

DEFINITIONS.—*Rebus*, to kiss one again; *omnibus*, to kiss them all; *blunderbuss*, to kiss another man's wife; *sylla(y)bus*, one lady kissing another.

What are the oldest tops in the world?—Mountain-tops.

FELINE DISCIPLINE.—A matronly cat in care of her kittens is an instance of severe matronly discipline: she is *licking* her offspring pretty much all the time.

SHORT CROPS—Convicts' hair.

To become the lion of a part is it not necessary to make a beast of one's self?

Savings-banks create considerable *interest*.

A gentleman in the vicinity of Philadelphia recently lost his wife, and a young miss of six, who came to the funeral, said to his little daughter of about the same age, "Your pa will marry again, won't he?"
"Oh yes," was the reply, "but not until after the funeral!"

A gentleman of the negro persuasion thus philosophizes and reasonizes with the white world: "All men are made of clay, and, like a meerschaum pipe, are more valuable when they are highly colored." There is something in "negro head," after all.

An editor makes the following announcement: "We positively decline to publish any anonymous communication in the future unless it is accompanied with the name of the writer."

A student of theology describes a woman's original sphere to be apples.

A Yankee in Texas, who sat listening to the stories of a Louisianian in regard to the marvelous growth of sugar-cane on his plantation near New Orleans, finally said: "That ain't nothing. I've seen cane in old New England more'n a mile in length!"
"What kind of cane was it?" was the general inquiry.
"A hurricane!" answered the triumphant Yankee.

An old lady followed up an Episcopal bishop as he traveled over his diocese, and was confirmed several times before she was detected. She wished the ordinance to be repeated because she had "understood it was good for rheumatism."

OUR ADVERTISING COLUMN.

IF Jemima Meek, who quarreled with her husband a week or two since, and, after striking him violently on the boot with her left eye, aggravated the offense by giving him in charge, will return to her home, and resume her occupation of supporting him, all will be forgiven, and she will be treated the same as ever.

B. C., late in the employ of Messrs. Nabhim & Nailer, who absconded with five thousand dollars belonging to that firm, is earnestly requested to call or send his address to Inspector Catchafiatski at the Tombs, as his employers are anxious to see him.

IF the gentleman who asked a lady he met casually in an omnibus to meet him in Central Park on the following Sunday kept that appointment, the lady will be glad to learn the fact per advertisement, as it rained cats and dogs, and she hopes he caught a violent cold as a reward for his insolence.

FOUND—In the pocket of a lady traveling by rail, a purse containing a fifty-dollar bill and some change. The finder means to keep it for his trouble, and requests that the cost of advertising may be forwarded to him, addressed Kinchin, Sharp's Alley, City.

LOST—A one-eyed yellow mongrel, with three legs and no tail. Doesn't answer to any name, as it is deaf. The finder is warned not to go to the cost of advertising, as its late owner doesn't want it back; and even if sold (which is doubtful), it would not cover the expense.

IF the three gentlemen who called at Lone Villa, Washington Heights, late at night, and took away the plate chest, are disappointed on discovering that it contained only plated articles, they can be accommodated with real silver in exchange, if they will call any day between twelve and two, on payment of the difference.

A Yankee was narrating some of the war sights he had seen to a crowd of astonished Germans, and among the rest he said, "Why, when I was in Mexico under Scott, I saw a ball larger than this house." This was too much for the credulity of the Germans, and one of them said,
"Dunder und blitzen! vere vould dey got de cannon to fire it off?"
"Dunno," replied the imperturbable Yankee, "but I saw it."
"Vat kind of ball vas it?"
"Oh, a ball given by the general in Mexico to celebrate the victory."

An exchange says fashionable young people are calling upon somebody to invent a new dance. Suppose "somebody" invents one wherein the young lady dances around the house and looks after every thing.

"Where have you been since the cow kicked?" Chicagonians now ask each other.

A lady of high rank had the misfortune recently to lose a near relative. She was much afflicted on account of the necessity of putting off her Monday evening receptions, but arranged the matter satisfactorily at last. The *habitués* were bidden not to regard the family misfortune, and when they arrived in the *salon* they found themselves plunged in a semi-obscurity, one light only illuminating the scene, while a pianiste of talent was playing the funeral march by Chopin and other kindred sombre airs.

MAMMA. "Now take your medicine like a good girl, and when you get well I'll buy you a nice dolly."
SICK CHILD. "Please, ma, have it a Dolly Varden."

"Mamma," said a precocious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

The new Yankee term for vaccinated is "virused."

"Doctor, how can I expand my chest?"
"By constantly carrying a large heart in it."



BREAKING THE ICE.

SPRIGHTLY LADY. "Mr. Dormers, would you oblige me with—"
BASHFUL CURATE (*who had scarcely spoken to his fair Neighbor*). "Oh, certainly! What shall I have the pleasure to offer?"
LADY. "A Remark!"

What two colors are undiscernible?—Invisible green and blind-man's buff.

THE HEIGHT OF COOLNESS—The top of Mont Blanc.

Two women are partners in the law business in Kansas: they are sisters-in-law.

A benevolent elderly gentleman, being drawn into conversation by some sharpers in a railway car, was induced by them to buy a draft for $157, for which he gave them two hundred-dollar notes, and received from them $48 in cash. The conductor of the train took the first opportunity to suggest quietly to the innocent old gentleman that he was afraid the draft was a fraud.
"Well," was the bland response of the imperturbable greeny, "if it is any bigger fraud than my two one-hundred-dollar notes were, then I am not $48 ahead—which I think I am."



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